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WORLD'S HISTORY

AN ENCYCLOPEDIA

OF THE WONDERFUL, THE CURIOUS AND THE BEAUTIFUL, AS
RECORDED IN THE HISTORICAL LITERATURE OF EUROPE
AND AMERICA, FROM THE EARLIEST ERAS
TO THE PRESENT TIME.

THE PROGRESS OF THE HUMAN RACE REFLECTED IN THE CHOICEST LITERATURE
OF ALL AGES. EMBRACING STRANGE INCIDENTS, THRILLING
DESCRIPTIONS, AND REMARKABLE FACTS
IN THE LIVES OF

CELEBRATED HISTORICAL CHARACTERS.

RULERS OF NATIONS, GREAT GENERALS AND THEIR BATTLES, HEROES IN MORALS AND RELIGION,
AND LEADERS IN THE WORLD'S PROGRESS,

By **WILLIAM S. BRYAN**,
THE RENOWNED WRITER AND HISTORIAN.

INTRODUCED BY

JOHN CLARK RIDPATH, LL. D.,
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OF UNIVERSAL HISTORY.*

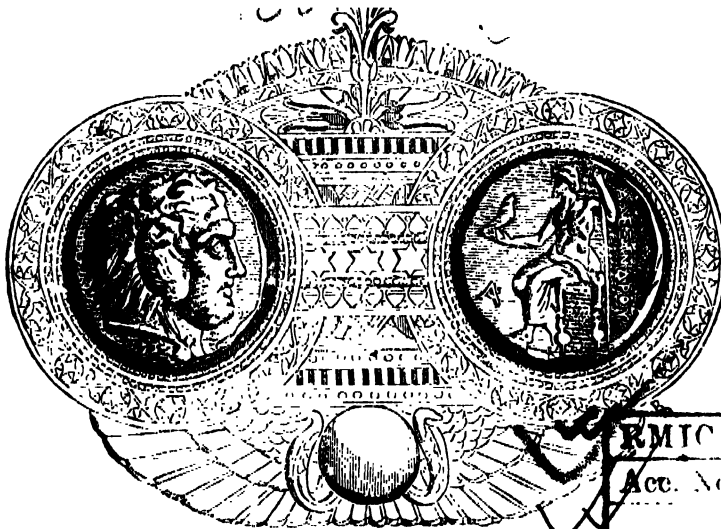
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WE may gather out of History a policy no less wise than eternal.—*Walter Raleigh.*

INDUSTRIOUS persons, by an exact and scrupulous diligence and observation—out of monuments, names, words, proverbs, traditions, private records and evidences, fragments of stories, passages of books that concern not story, and the like,—do save and recover somewhat from the deluge of time.—*Francis Bacon.*



OF all the subjects which have invited the attention of mankind, History stands preëminent in interest and importance. To this sublime theme the highest and best literary genius of the world has been devoted. To this the strongest intellects have given their energies through years of toil and privation and sacrifice. In the prosecution of historical researches and in drawing therefrom the golden threads of truth the enthusiasm of youth has been consumed, the strength of manhood expended, and

the remaining embers of old age wasted to white ashes on the hearthstone of a lifelong task.

In extent and variety, also, the historical records of the human race far surpass all other kinds of composition. One has only to glance at the vast array of human annals to discover how greatly this mountain of purpose and endeavor and application rises above all other heights of the intellectual landscape, overshadowing all other monuments and trophies of human greatness, resting like an eternal pyramid on the breast of earth, and lifting its emblazoned summit to the clouds. It is not wonderful, then, that the interested gaze of all civilized peoples is turned with ever-recurring interest and enthusiasm to those imperishable records to which men have given the name of *History*.

The reader may be curious to note, in the first place, the beginnings of historical composition. Philosophically considered, History is the first conscious effort of the rising race to express its knowledge of itself. Just as the individual,

at a certain stage of his development in childhood, becomes conscious of his own existence—just as at that epoch he begins to look around him, to consider the fields and hills as objective to himself, and his fellow-creatures as apart from his own being—so a youthful people, rising into the civilized state, becomes at length conscious of itself, and begins to record its beliefs respecting its origin, its purpose, its will and destiny.

From this time forth, History begins to be cultivated as a form of literary art. At the first, the poet appears; but his song is not a lyric, not a ballad of love and fancy, but an epic of the past. The primitive rhapsodist recites either the traditions which he has heard or the visions which he has seen in dreams. After him comes the rude annalist, the chronicler, who, in the forms of prose, lays fact on fact with date and circumstance, but with no attempt at interpretation or formal narrative.

For a long period in the progress of civilization these methods of song-craft and story-craft continue to hold their place as the best expression of the rising nation. But at length a taller genius appears, and the crude materials which he finds in the songs and stories of his race are seized with a master hand and compelled to give up their living significance. The historian comes and begins to explain in the language of his people the true evolution through which men have passed in their course from darkness to light, from barbarism to humanity. From this time forth, history, as a branch or department of human knowledge, becomes ever more important as the nations grow in enlightenment and power. All other branches of knowledge recede and sink to a lower plane. Poetry yields its palm, music its harp, and art its chisel, to the superior claims of that serious and exalted lore in which the deeds and hopes and sorrows of the human race are imbedded.

It is difficult to take a general view of history, noting only its salient points and omitting from the count all events and movements of minor interest. It is only with the strongest wing that the observer is able to rise to such a height that he may survey the continental landscapes which spread around him, before him and behind him, until their further borders are lost in the infinity of distance. But it is necessary that we should at times thus ascend the mountain and endeavor in our practical and realistic age to discriminate the important from the unimportant in the records of mankind.

It may be well for us, in attempting to gain such a broad view of human events, to note in a few paragraphs the *general course* which History has taken from the primæval ages to the present time. Let us trace, if we may, the windings of the mist-covered river on whose breast the destinies of the human race have been borne along with the ever-increasing floods from the far hill countries and valleys of Asia to the limitless plains, the pine forests and the Pacific shores of our three Americas.

Perhaps the true historical fountains of man-life in the earth may never be discovered; but we are able to note the gathering streams of the various races in their infancy and childhood. As to the Aryan race, from which we as a people are descended, its history begins with the valleys of India. There it was that the oldest branch of the Indo-European family planted itself and began to flourish. Perhaps the migrating tribes had come thither by long and perilous journeys from the highlands of Bactria and the plateau of Iran. At any rate, before the Persians were Persians or the Greeks were Greeks, our Indic ances-

tors had established themselves in civilized communities on the banks of the great rivers which still flow down to the tropical ocean. There the rudiments of civilization were discovered. There the primitive people built the first houses of wood, dreamed the dreams of the first mythology, and sang the first hymns of the ancient Vedas.

From this point of departure we might well take our way in the path of the diverging race across the Himalayas, noting the character and tendencies of the primitive Chinese and Japanese nations—those early Asiatic Mongoloids, the easternmost rim of whose Oriental borders we now behold from our western shores beyond the broad Pacific. Thus far in the history of modern life the barriers of ethnic prejudice and of long separation have prevailed to prevent rational intercourse and mutual advantage by acquaintance with the nations of the far East. Nor has history herself presumed to record, as yet, the story of the tedious and long-procrastinated evolution of the civilized life in China and Japan.

From our first glance at the destinies of the Aryan race in India, we may next discover the movements of man-life in the valley of the Nile. We see in that peculiar land, from Pelusium to Thebes, and from Thebes to Elephantis, the multiplication and expansion of one of the great ancient peoples. There we behold on every side the evidences of that monumental toil, with the ruins of which the modern traveller is still astonished and perplexed. There we may note the development of political institutions capable of surviving for centuries, and a religious superstition inflected into a thousand forms and ceremonies. There ambition and conceit wrought together in the creation of sculptured monuments, the like of which cannot be found elsewhere among the records of mankind. The story of what the primitive Egyptians accomplished in an age before Europe had been touched with the first pencillings of the coming dawn can never cease to fascinate, never cease to instruct the peoples of after times.

Meanwhile, on the plateau of ancient Iran, corresponding in general with modern Persia, a new people, closely related by blood with the tribes of the Indian valleys, sprang into existence, and a new civilization appeared. The primitive Medes and Persians emerged from the darkness, and at Ecbatana and Persepolis the evidences of a new form of culture hitherto unknown were seen in the life of that strange and warlike people, whose ethical code required that men should "ride the horse and draw the bow, and speak the truth with their lips."

From these ancient and remote seats of Aryan life and culture the race to which we belong made its way westward through the northern countries of Asia Minor, found the shores of the *Ægean* and the isles of the Cyclades, and, crossing by easy stages, gained a footing in that famous land which more than any other was destined to contribute to the culture of the human race. It is in Hellas that the modern inquirer comes into contact for the first time with a form of life and an aspect of civilization with which he seems to be already familiar. The intellectual character of the Greeks, their artistic tastes and love of letters, their wit and genius and vivacity have flowed down with the blood of the European peoples and diffused themselves with the other elements of progress among all the nations of modern times. Of the Greeks it is sufficient to say in passing that they presented in their day of greatness the most highly intellectual, if not the most rational, form of human existence ever yet manifested on our globe.

Westward through Europe the movement of civilization is easily to be traced, first through the southern peninsulas, and afterwards across the Alps. On arriv-

ing at Italy, we find ourselves on the scene of the most permanent, and, perhaps, the most powerful nationality which has ever yet appeared on the earth. Neither Assyria among the ancient nations, nor Great Britain among the modern, has equalled in extent of time or breadth of territory that tremendous Rome, which, fixing itself first on the banks of the Tiber, grew from that second soil, over-shadowed Italy, spread its branches above all the countries of the Mediterranean, and then expanded in Imperial majesty from the furthest limits of Parthia to the chalky cliffs of Britain, from the frozen shores of the Baltic to the cataracts of the Nile. It must needs be that the historian and the student of history will pause long under the almost infinite branches of this great power, where, in the vicissitude of things, Cincinnatus and Cato are to give place to Cæsar and Constantine, and where Jove and the gods of ancient Rome are to yield at length to the Pope and the hierarchy of the Saints.

Space forbids that we should pause in this connection to dwell upon the decadence and ruin of the Roman Empire, or to descant upon the triumph of Barbarism. The time came when the classical world went down before the impact of barbarian violence and fury. Doubtless the time had come when the sins and crimes of antiquity must be revisited upon the races by whom they had been committed. The hour struck when that silent Nemesis—

“Who never yet hath left the unbalanced scale”—

came swiftly with retribution on her wings and a fiery sword in her hand. Vengeance was done upon the blood-stained nations of the ancient world. Great as they were, they were swept into oblivion, and a chaos of barbarism supervened even in the cities and palaces where munificent art had flourished and immortal poems had been recited in the presence of Emperors and lords.

Modern history has done much to illumine those gloomy and obscure ages in which for several centuries the European peoples seemed to whirl round and round, like driven clouds of mist impelled by chaotic and perverse winds. To these times men have given the name of Dark Ages. Not that the skies were indeed—

“Discrowned of the sunlight,
Or the earth dispossessed of the sun.”

But the human mind and spirit were clouded with thick darkness and the terrors of night. Doubtless the outer world, from the fifth to the thirteenth century, continued to smile. The flowers bloomed and the tall grass waved in summer. The light of day flooded the valleys and hills, and the sunset of summer was glorified with bars of light shooting up from the horizon to the zenith. But man himself was down. The dragons of barbarism had taken possession of him; his work was done in superstitious fear, and his imagination fluttered bat-like in the dark places of caverns, or came forth only in the night.

Meanwhile, however, another form of the civilized life had appeared in the East. Over Arabia a star had arisen, and its light was seen from Bagdad to the Pillars of Hercules. That ancient Semitic race which had given to the far-off world the primitive seers—Abraham and Moses and David—and the Christ—had now sent forth from the descendants of the bondwoman, even from the tribe of Kassim, another Prophet who, false or true, had become a conqueror, under the circle of whose sword the nations of Africa and Western Asia cowered into submission. The Crescent of Islam was borne far and wide, first through the Ara-

bian peninsula, then through Syria eastward to the Euphrates, then westward to Constantinople, and finally along the northern coast of Africa and northward through Spain, over the Pyrenees, to the field of Tours. After the times of fiery evangelism and battle came an epoch of science and refinement. The scholars of Arabia sat in their schools in Medina, in Damascus, in Jerusalem, in Antioch, in Cairo and in Cordova. Arabian culture shone with a refulgent light from east to west over a large segment of the world, and the still half-barbarous followers of the Cross found in Mohammedan universities the rudiments of modern art and the seed-germs of modern progress.

The next general aspect of history presents Europe in an insurrection. The Christian warriors of the West, though they had been victorious at Tours—though they had succeeded in beating back the Arabs beyond the Pyrenees—were never satisfied so long as the Crescent was seen in Europe. Meanwhile, the pilgrims began to bring back from Palestine the story of insults and outrages done by the savage Turcomans upon the followers of the Cross, even at the tomb of Christ. During the Arabian ascendancy the Christians had had little cause of complaint as they journeyed through Egypt and Palestine to pay their vows at the holy places of the East. But after the days of Togrul Beg, all this was changed. The refined Arabians were dispossessed of the City of David, and the opium-smoking Turk sat cross-legged on the sacred stones of the Holy Sepulchre.

Henceforth the Christian pilgrims were treated with ever-multiplying indignities. Some were slain. Others were kicked like dogs in the streets of the sacred city. The Mosque of Omar usurped the place of the Holy Temple of Israel. The scallop-shell and sandal-shoon of the pilgrims were no longer the badges of protection, but rather the signs of a hostile faith inviting the savage Turcomans to outrage and sacrilege. Of all this the rumor was borne to Europe. The pilgrims came home in shame and confusion, and the holy fathers of the eleventh century to whom they told their story became at once the prophets and preachers of war against the Infidels of the East.

The next two hundred years show us all the peoples of the West in a state of eruption and martial enthusiasm. At first the peasants rose, called from their vassalage and penury by Peter of Picardy and Walter the Penniless. Then the contagion spread to the middle ranks of mediæval society, and finally affected the feudal barons, the princes and the kings. All classes then swept away on the wild tides of war, and Europe was precipitated upon Asia. The conflict lasted to the close of the thirteenth century, and by that epoch the Western nations had been transformed into a new condition. Europe, so long distracted by the forces of feudalism, became at length consolidated into principalities and kingdoms.

Over all these was extended the broad and powerful wing of Rome. The Pope was virtually the ruler of Christendom. Kings and princes were his servants and ministers. Ecclesiastical absolutism was established in the religious world, and secular absolutism was favored and promoted in the civil and political affairs of the nations. A severe and unlimited reign of authority was established over all the peoples of the West, and though the despotism was not for a season so keenly felt as in an age of knowledge and refinement, the tyranny was nevertheless galling and the bondage bitter. The human mind, still unenlightened, still dispossessed of its inheritance of liberty and right, still trammelled with the shackles which barbarism and the Middle Ages had imposed upon it, groped to find the light, and sighed for emancipation.

The reader may readily perceive in these conditions the antecedents of that great struggle which, beginning in the early part of the sixteenth century, has not yet ceased in its effects to agitate the nations. It was the conflict of human reason and personal right against the authority and dominion of that powerful Mother Church which had extended her name and influence as far as the borders of the Roman Empire. At length the reviving spirit and intellect of man, aspiring ever to regain the religious and philosophical freedom which he had enjoyed in the classical ages under the tolerant disposition of the Greeks and Romans, broke into rebellion against the Ancient Church and sought to recover, first by contention and afterwards by a century and a quarter of warfare, the right of free inquiry in matters of faith and doctrine.

To this event, so violent in itself, so far-reaching in its consequences, history has given the name of the Reformation of Religion. All the efforts to throw off the authority of Rome had hitherto failed and come to naught. The Bohemian insurrection at the beginning of the fifteenth century had been suppressed. The blind old Ziska, captain of the first Protestant hosts in battle, had led the Calixtines and the Taborites until what time he perished of the plague. The souls of Huss and Jerome had already ascended through the flames. Wickliffe had taught in England and had translated the Latin Bible into the language of our ancestors. But it remained for the resolute monk of Wittenberg, Martin Luther, son of the slate-cutter of Eisleben, to break the sword of Rome and to lead the German race to a new religious life.

From the date of the Reformation the States of Western Europe were for a long time divided into a Catholic and a Protestant league. The one religious party was arrayed against the other. In general, those nations and peoples which had derived their character and institutions from the Romans held fast to the ancient faith, while those which were for the most part descended from the barbarians of the North went over to the cause of Protestantism. The Roman race in its descendants and the Romish Church in its hierarchy combined on the one side against the Teutonic peoples and their freedom-seeking instincts and practices on the other. The appeal was first to the sword, and afterwards to intrigue, cunning, diplomacy, perfidy and Jesuitism. The reader needs not to be reminded of the character of the weapons with which Rome strove through nearly four generations to suppress her adversaries, and to which the Protestants themselves—having learned the dreadful lessons of persecution—were often too willing to resort.

The religious wars of the sixteenth century constitute a chapter in the annals of mankind over which the spirit of humanity would fain cast a shroud. Bitterness, hatred, falsehood, the cruel spirit of revenge, the awful malignity of religious fury, and the bigotry and superstition of a half-benighted age, all combined to make the epoch one of the most dolorous and gloomy in the whole story of the world. The Thirty Years' War—extending from 1618 to 1648—with which the conflict was nominally concluded, and which, with its treaty of Westphalia, gave to modern Europe many of her present features, was a struggle in which the ferocity of uncurbed human nature, the fierce passions of religious revenge and unlicensed political madness were exemplified and illustrated as they had never been before in the annals of the race. Meanwhile the Inquisition had been set up. The fires were kindled about the stake. The chains clanked, and the flames roared around

—the heretical Scot,
Bohemian martyr and Huguenot.

All the currents of history became stained with blood; and the waters of the great river of human life have not even to this day regained their crystal clearness.

The aggregate result of the reformatory movement was the dismemberment of the Romish Church. Her power as a unit was broken, though by no means destroyed. On the other hand, a partial but not complete emancipation of the human mind was effected. Protestantism came as a palliative in the religious history of the modern nations. The insurrection against Rome was successful to this extent, that the example of it was immediately reflected into political society. The very same spirit and instinct which had sought freedom for the religious nature of man now began to strive for liberty on the side of his civil and political nature. Secular society began to feel the throes of the same earthquake which had rolled and burst under the surface of religious society. The one followed the other. Already before the conclusion of the Thirty Years' War a civil conflict had broken out in England with such violence that the pillars of the ancient monarchy were pushed asunder and the whole edifice thrown into a ruin. A commonwealth was established and then a Protectorate on the site of the abolished edifice. The princes of the House of Stuart were seen afar like spectres in the horizon, and for a brief season it seemed that a great political revolution had been accomplished in the British Isles.

At length, however, the waves returned, and the new institutions of the Mother Country were swept away. Republican England passed quickly from sight, and the restored monarchy was hailed with shouts of joy. But the effects of the great upheaval did not cease with the event. On the contrary, they entered into all the subsequent history of England, became a part of her Constitution, and are felt at the present time as a vital energy throughout the British Empire. Moreover the political agitation, thus begun at the middle of the seventeenth century in England, spread rapidly to the Continental States, diffused itself through all the nations of Western Europe, and made forever impossible the recurrence of the political despotism and irresponsible methods which had prevailed in the Middle Ages.

In the mean time a great change had taken place, not indeed in the surface of the globe, but in the knowledge of mankind respecting its continents and seas. A New World had been discovered. The Man of Genoa had gone forth on the breast of the western waters, and in the closing decade of the fifteenth century had found the islands and shores of the new America. While Luther and the Reformers had been endeavoring to lift the clouds in which the human spirit, the conscience and soul of man had been so long benighted, the adventurers and discoverers had traversed the Atlantic, and drawn aside the fabulous curtains behind which the glorious mysteries of the West had been so long concealed.

In the very age of the religious emancipation of man, a New World was thus made known as a fitting arena for his activities and progress. Henceforth the Old World began to lose its singular and exclusive importance. Just as Asia had, in the annals of antiquity, sunk back with the revelation of Europe, so with the revelation of our vast and virgin world Europe in turn began to lose her primacy and to yield her best adventure and loftiest spirit for the possession and development of our great continents. Round about this marvellous discovery a vast cycle of historical episodes—fraught with every variety of human interest

and adorned with all the fancies and aureole of romance and drama—fixed itself as the source and boundary of a new chapter in the history of the human race.

If the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were the epoch of religious and political upheaval, the eighteenth century was the epoch of intellectual revival and efflorescence. At this period men began to think more boldly than ever before. A mental audacity was seen in the speeches and writings of men the like of which had not been displayed since the days of the free democracy of Athens. The mind seemed to avail itself, at least during the first three-quarters of the eighteenth century, of the lull which followed the former agitations, and to try its powers in hitherto unvisited fields of inquiry. The old forms of knowledge were flung away. The past seemed no longer to satisfy the hunger and aspiration of the race. New forms of belief appeared. Experiment took the place of dogma in every field of investigation. Science arose in the midst of scholasticism and said, "Lo, here am I!" The dogmatic spirit which had so long dominated the beliefs of men in all questions of religion, philosophy and economics was suddenly dethroned and driven from the kingdom of the human mind. From France as a centre—from her universities, her seats of learning, her societies and clubs—scientific inquiry, the love and inspiration of actual knowledge were rapidly diffused through all the kingdoms west of the Vistula, and the new French philosophy, as expounded by the great Encyclopædists, entered into the cogitations and dreams not only of the enthusiastic French, but also of the young American democrats who were presently to lead the rising nation in the struggle for Independence. True it is that the first three-quarters of the century were not without their bloody and devastating wars; but after all, the leading feature of this age was the growth of the human intellect, the coming into the breast and brain of man of the consciousness of power and of audacity in his tongue and pen to declare—as in his sword to defend—the beneficent principles which the humane philosopher had so triumphantly announced in the *Rights of Man*.

The student of history need scarcely be told that such an epoch as that just described is the invariable precursor of great and salutary changes. So surely as the sunrise follows the dawn, as the noonday follows the morning, so surely will great and beneficent changes in human society rapidly succeed the age of intellectual freedom and progress. The office of prophecy was not required in 1775 to foretell the swift evolution which was about to ensue. The event answered quickly to expectation. The American rebellion against the Mother Country gave the note of warning that the New Era was at the door. He that ran might read the signs of the times, and discover afar the greatness of the things about to be revealed.

At no other epoch in the history of mankind did the human race emerge so rapidly from its old conditions as in the last quarter of the eighteenth century. It was an age in which tradition suffered much; ancient tyrannies were startled from the throne, and the fallow-ground, long soaked with the cold drippings of the Middle Ages, was torn up and turned to the sun and air with the terrible plowshare of radicalism. Institutions were swiftly transformed. The cruel usages and customs of bygone centuries were attacked and destroyed with the enginery of right reason and of war. Men became courageous to the degree that many were willing to die in order that the rest might live in freedom and happiness. A generous humanity diffused itself through the nations, and the song of liberation and brotherhood was heard above the roar of battlefields.

It was a battle of the new against the old—of the present and the future against the past. The past was obsolete. The past no more sufficed for the aspirations and desires of men. The ancient statecraft and priestcraft and kingcraft were no longer tolerable to the awakened freemen of the world. The dream of emancipation went abroad everywhere; but the actual insurrection began in America. The crime of the Mother Country against the liberties of the colonists brought its legitimate results; and the riflemen of New England gathered at Concord and Lexington. On the slopes of Bunker's Hill the red coats of a thousand British soldiers lay strangely still in the meadow grass of June, while the patriots, with powder-smutted faces and coarse shirts torn open at the throat and rude muskets brandished club-wise about their heads, glared fiercely over the summit.

It was the first rational battle for the political liberties of men. The torch which had been lighted two centuries before in Holland and lifted on high by William the Silent—which had been borne aloft by Cromwell and his Ironsides in the good fight for the Commonwealth of England—had become a beacon to the American democracy. But the latter, more than the others, had learned the logic of battle and the aim for which they contended. It remained for our fathers of the Revolution to draw a Charter of Freedom which neither sophistry nor force could successfully assail, and to defend it against the skepticism and ill-will of the world. Here it was that true government by the people began to be. Here it was that intelligent republicanism as a form of political society emerged triumphant from the fires of war, and a Union of free States was made the bulwark and citadel of progress and peace and power.

The successful revolt of the Old Thirteen Colonies against the Mother Country furnished both an example and a motive to the people of Europe. The patriots of France were first to catch the contagion. Their great Revolution of 1789 followed swiftly in the wake of our own. French society, ever so full of life and promise, was shaken to its depths. The States-General at Versailles began to debate the principles of liberty and the methods of reform. The voice of Mirabeau was heard, and the rising enthusiasm portended a storm. It was soon seen that reform meant abolition, and that abolition had uproar and ruin in its train.

Across the pathway of the insurrection lay every impediment and stumbling-block which the Middle Ages had invented. There was the ancient monarchy and there was the ancient Church, planted like mountains in the broad road of regeneration. There was the powerful nobility, with their estates and hunting-grounds between the people and their rights. Monasteries, cathedrals, convents, palaces, prisons, fortresses, feudal towers—everything that centuries of oppression, ignorance and despotism had been able to build on the moaning breast of France stood as so many frowning battlements and barriers before the insurgent people. Though the French Commons really constituted the nation—though they were ninety-six one-hundredths of the whole—they were counted as naught by the powers that governed France. The other four-hundredths were noblemen, priests, and princes. They were everything; the people were nothing. But the ninety-six-hundredths who were nothing rose against the four-hundredths who were everything.

Never before was witnessed such a revolt of the naked, unarmed many against the clothed and full-armed few. But the French peasant, roused at last

from his long sleep of oppression, and the man of the Faubourgs, starting from his shop and cellar, were more than a match for the nobility, the priests and the king. The monarchy of the Bourbons reeled from its base and came down in ruins. Institutions, firmly planted for a thousand years, were abolished in a night. Princes were refugees. The properties of the feudal nobility and the feudal church—those vast estates and parks and cathedrals and villas which had been created by centuries of unrequited toil—were seized by the fierce Republic, stuffed into the mouths of vomiting cannon, and discharged in death-blasts at the enemies of liberty, equality and fraternity.

Old things passed away, and all things became suddenly new in the turmoil of war. The Reign of Terror swept like a red spectre across the stage. The banded kings round about France took up arms to beat her down, but were themselves hurled back from her borders. The political evolution went on with ever-increasing rapidity. First the Assembly, then the Convention, then the Directory, then the Consulate, and at last the solitary bronze figure of the Little Corsican rose before the mob, with his cocked hat and gray overcoat and bloodless face, and stood statue-like in the midst of the confusion.

The Napoleonic wars filled up the measure of the eighteenth century and the first segment of our own. The epoch was one of the most violent which had ever been witnessed in Europe. The French Empire expanded under the shield of Bonaparte, till it seemed at intervals that all Western Europe would be swallowed up. As between the new system of Imperial government and the ancient hereditary monarchy which had so long dominated the nations of the West, there could be neither peace nor compromise. The two could not coëxist. Europe could not even be divided between them. The one or the other had to yield and perish. Either the remaining political forms and usages which modern Europe had inherited from the past must cease to exist, or else the Napoleonic system which had drawn into itself the energies and essence of the new society of France must go down under the blows of the reactionary party. Thus from Marengo and Austerlitz to Friedland, from Friedland to Borodino, and from Borodino to Waterloo the conflict raged, until the sun of Imperial France went down behind the plateau of Mont St. Jean, and the allied monarchs entered Paris.

The history of modern times this side of the treaties of Vienna and Ghent—this side of Waterloo and New Orleans—seems to constitute a section by itself. In the calm which followed the Napoleonic wars, it was easy to discover the altered conditions of society. Though a great reaction in favor of the past had come in, though the nations seemed for the time being to have rejected the principles which they had fought for and won in the American and French Revolutions, yet it was clear that the ancient order had not been—and could not be—restored. Another spirit had supervened, and another system of government in civil and religious society had taken the place of the forms which had prevailed in the eighteenth century. Now it was that the States of the New World were finally separated from those of the Old. Republicanism became the prevailing type from the St. Lawrence to the Straits of Magellan. Even in Western Europe, the efforts of the reactionists were unavailing. The head of restored Bourbonism, set painfully on the ancient throne, dropped half comatose, first on this shoulder and then on that, and all the stays and props of a factitious royalism could not hold it up in the attitude of life. Though the emigrant nobility came back in the wake of the monarchy, their parks and hunting grounds were

gone and their chateaux were inhabited by strangers. Liberalism cried out even in the fogs of London, and one reform bill succeeded another until, in the Victorian era, the spirit of Republicanism has taken possession alike of Westminster and Windsor Palace. In France, the Revolution of 1848, completed the work begun by that of 1830, and in our age the Second Empire has yielded to the Third Republic. Meanwhile, beyond the Rhine the petty feudal governments have at last been cast aside with the rubbish of the mediæval times, and a great and rational Empire has arisen with regular methods of administration and a measure of justice for all the German peoples.

In America, we have beheld an equally marvellous transformation. Here the spirit of humanity refused to reside any longer in the same temple with the spirit of bondage. At the middle of our century the institution of African slavery had become deeply imbedded in the political and social structure of the United States. It was an element of everything. American commerce was touched in every part with the hand of slavery. The producing energies of the nation were dependent in a large degree upon the energy and efficiency of the system. In proportion as a doubt was entertained as to the validity and righteousness of slavery, just to that extent did the champions of the peculiar institutions rise up to defend it. If the moral sense of one class of the people was outraged at the spectacle of bondage, the moral sense of the remainder was fortified by the pulpit and the press of at least one-half of the States of the Union. Those who had grown up in the presence of the system of servitude, who were familiarized from their infancy with slave labor and its incidents, were unable to divest themselves of the prejudice of environment, or to see the institution in all its hurtful and degrading aspects.

In the mean time the great States of the North outgrew those of the South in wealth and population. The policy of slave-holding began to be challenged more and more by a class of American citizens who had only seen it from afar. The dispute at length grew hot. The clamor was heard from the halls of the Capitol to the log school-houses of Wisconsin and the cabins at the foot of the Ozark mountains. Then the rustic fife was heard and the tat-tat of the drumsticks, as they played their angry note in the spring morning of 1861. There was a cannon shot in the side of Sumter, and then an uprising of hundreds of thousands of soldiers. The wild storm of Civil War was on, and the nation reeled and shook with the onset of opposing armies.

Gradually the line of fire contracted around the desolated South until the remnant of the overthrown Confederacy ceased to contend. The two leaders sat face to face in the historic room at Appomattox. Then it was that the horizon began to clear, and men everywhere might see the nature of the change which had passed over the social and political landscape of the United States. African bondage had perished. The theories of government upon which the Confederacy had been established were destroyed by the shock of war. The Black Man rose above the rout.

The bow of promise was set in view
On the skirts of the vanishing day;
But Liberty wept for the Man in Blue,
And sighed for the Man in Gray.

The general result of the historical movements of the nineteenth century has been the centralization of nations and governments. Localism and individu-

ality have suffered much under the action of the historical forces of our age. We have only to glance around the horizon to see on every hand the evidences of the unification of the great peoples of the earth and of the systems of government which they have chosen to adopt. At the beginning of the century, or rather at the close of the first quarter thereof, our own country was a loose confederation of States, held in one by an uncertain and disputed tie; but with the last quarter of the century we have a veritable Union of almost imperial proportions and power. The whole political structure of the United States has been unified and harmonized to the extent that the question of the fundamental character of our Constitution can hardly again be revived.

The same tendency to oneness of character and destiny is seen abroad. Great Britain has become an Empire. The eastern dominions of the Crown are so vast in extent and population that the name of *Great Britain* belongs rather to the south of Asia than to the small islands on the northwestern borders of Europe. Victoria is not only Queen of the United Kingdom, but Empress of India. Germany, as we have seen above, is no longer an assemblage of petty and segregated States, under the dominion of feudal customs and usages, but an Imperial government almost as wide as the borders of the Teutonic nations.

More striking still has been the transformation of Italy. From the distraction and chaos which prevailed a half century ago—from the division into petty principalities, dukedoms and insignificant kingdoms—a great semi-republican State has arisen with thirty millions of people for its subjects and a domain extending from the Alps to Sicily. The work of Victor Emanuel and Count Cavour, energized and made effective by the enthusiasm of Mazzini and Garibaldi, has been successfully completed in the organization of a constitutional Monarchy, resting its one hand on a responsible ministry and the other on the reason and assent of the Italian people. In every quarter of the historical horizon we note the one significant feature of union under law and civil liberty under the ægis of public authority.

Such in brief has been the general course of history from the beginnings of civilization in the great river valleys of the East to its present stage of development in the kingdoms and free States of the Western world. But the sketch is meagre in the last degree. Such an outline can give but a faint idea of the vast tide of events rolling on with multiplying volume through the centuries. The generalization of the historical movements of mankind is more difficult than that of any other class of facts to which the human mind has devoted its energies. It is, however, none the less essential in the Introduction of a work such as the "Footprints of the World's History" that the reader's mind should be directed along the general course of events, to the end that he may better apprehend the particular parts about to be set before him. As the artist with chalk in hand begins his work with a bold sketch of the landscape which he is about to paint—dashing a line here and another there as if to contain and hold in unity the details upon the execution of which months of labor are to be expended—so the historian must first produce the limiting outlines of his scene before the actual delineation of men and things is undertaken.

The first instructive fact which impresses itself upon the student of the affairs of men is the distinction which he at once discovers between the great things and the little things of history. No sooner does he enter upon his inquiry than he perceives the varied character of the landscapes before him. The distinctions in the scenery

strike his senses even as the vicissitude of woodland and hill, of field and valley, impresses the senses of a child. The historical student is amazed at the differences of situation, the variety of facts and even the apparent contradictions in the panorama which begins to pass before his vision. He glances from the lowland to the mountain heights and from regions that rest in shadow to luminous points that rise above the clouds. He notes the fact that on the whole the greater part of the landscape is but feebly lighted; that whole continents and islands and seas rest in the obscurity of semi-twilight or even of thick cloud. But other spots are flecked with light. Here and there the actors of the scene appear as tall as giants, and their helmets and cloaks flash with an excess of brilliancy. To these luminous parts of the historical scene his attention is quickly drawn, and he perceives in himself a strong disposition to omit all obscurities and to dwell only on the glorious parts of the panorama.

It is this condition of things that has led so many writers and compilers in ancient and modern times to gather from the historical records of mankind its interesting and attractive parts, combining them in abridgments and compendiums from which the greater mass of matter has been omitted. Modern life has become so complex and vehement that even the professional student of history may with difficulty find time and opportunity to enter into the vast details which constitute the body of the civilized life of man. He is constrained by the circumstances of his times to fix his attention chiefly on the more important parts, to the exclusion of particulars and minutiae.

It has thus happened that the majority of our historical writings are compressed rather than expanded, in order that they may be brought within the compass and opportunity of the average citizen of the present age. The vast and magnificent monuments of historical lore, to the construction of which the great geniuses of the past centuries devoted their industry and talent, still exist; but they have been remanded to the obscure shelves of great libraries and the dimly-lighted studies of assiduous scholars. Both classes of productions—that is, the elaborate history of human events and the epitome of the more interesting parts of the civilized life of man—have their legitimate place in the economy and needs of modern society; but the place of the one cannot be taken by the other.

It is useful for us to inquire by what principle of choice the great things are gathered out of the smaller things of history. The law of rational selection is not far to seek. We must remember, in the first place, that human society, as well as the individual man, has two kinds of energy; namely, physical force and moral force. The display of the one or the other in any striking manner will produce an event which, taken by itself, constitutes one of the critical points of current history. The physical force of society is generally expended in war. Thus far in the history of mankind, though the statement may appear paradoxical, civilization has advanced by violence. The greater part of the events which have constituted the woof of history have had behind them the sanction of force; and force in its highest form is expressed in conflict and war.

The moral forces of society, on the other hand, display themselves, for the most part, in the world of opinion. In the nature of things, institutions, customs and beliefs become abusive and at length intolerable to the roused-up conscience of a people. A better way than the old is discovered, and the evangel of the new goes forth with the cry of reform on his lips. Thus come to pass in the world those social and religious agitations in which so large a part of the humane

energies of men have been expended, and by which each succeeding age has become the inheritor of the best gifts of the ages past. It is in these two methods, namely, by battle and reform, that the social evolution goes forward; and the historian, in selecting from the annals of the world its essential parts, will have much to say of great battles and great reforms.

It happens not infrequently that the marvellous, the wonderful, constitutes the essence of a historical event. The thing most unexpected frequently occurs, and the senses of the beholders are struck dumb with amazement at some phenomenal portent or prodigy. It has chanced, for instance, that eclipses of the sun and moon have by coincidence happened at the same time with some important movements of mankind on the fields of action. Great battles have thus been speedily ended with armistice and treaty. Sometimes the earthquake has, in like manner, shaken the body of the world coincidently with some transaction of men on its surface. Nature has often been supposed to sympathize with the sentiments and deeds of the earth's inhabitants; and such is the constitution of the human mind that the marvellous, the novel, the wonderful—whether of the natural world or in the domain of man's activity—always fix the interest of human beings and transmit a lasting memory. Such events must, in the nature of the case, constitute a part of the "Footprints of History," and be repeated in song and story as episodes in the record of human life.

If we descend from the general movements of society, as illustrated by peoples and communities and nations, to the individual life, we shall find in it also the same distinctions between the important and the unimportant parts. Some men are of the heroic, others of the unheroic stature. It could not be claimed that all men are of the historic mould and creation. True there is a sense in which all alike are members of the universal humanity, and in that sense all men have a place in history. But only a few are real actors in the drama. The multitude are but the lay-figures of the play, merely standing in the places where they are set by the master spirits of society.

The historian who would gather from the records of the world its salient points and living interests must in the nature of the case exclude from his list of characters the great mass of men whose deeds have risen no higher than themselves. For the rest, he selects *Great Men and Great Deeds* to adorn his pages. Human character itself, when produced on a large and generous scale, constitutes one of the best and noblest facts with which the historian has to deal. The world has been honored with such in every age, and the example has been an inspiration among all peoples. All departments of human activity have been illumined with the presence of men and women whose very names are odorous as balm and incense in the art, the literature, the song and story of every civilized land under the sun. Sketches and pencillings of such characters scattered through the historical writings of a given epoch furnish to every aspiring spirit a sort of mirror in which the highest virtues of the race are reflected into the hopes and purposes of the passing generation. The historian, as well as other men, is attracted by the existence of such personages, and often turns from the narrative of general events to delineate the character and deeds of great men. Indeed the discrimination between Biography and History has never been, and perhaps can never be, distinctly drawn. The life of the individual flows into the general current of affairs, and the event is always modified and colored with personal influences which not infrequently constitute the more attractive parts of the narrative.

How great indeed have been the great men of history! There, they stand, statue-like and majestic, along the confines of the world. Generals and warriors are there. Statesmen are there. Discoverers and adventurers are there. Builders of monuments, makers of cities, engineers of aqueducts and highways, brave captains from the sea, still braver travellers from unexplored regions of the earth, are there. Kings and princes and potentates, nobles in rich regalia and learned teachers of hidden mysteries are there. Philanthropists and sages and sacred bards are there, prophets whose vision has pierced the shadow and the cloud, rhapsodists with upturned faces, and last of all the heroic sufferers, with tear-stained cheeks and patient, half-withered hands, toiling for the sake of men and weary in the cause of love, are seen like evangelists in the throng.

He who traces the "Footprints of the World's History" must needs dwell much upon the lives and characters, the deeds and aspirations of the great. For him the ancient patriarchs will live again on the plains of the East. He will see them with their flocks and herds sitting at the doors of their tents in the cool of the evening, studying the movements of the planets and saying often, "It shall come to pass." To him the great destroyers of the primitive world, men who battled with adversaries of their own kind or the wild beasts of the jungle, will appear with clubs and spears, the skins of slain lions and trophies snatched from the enemy. There will be seen Nimrod and Nebuchadnezzar, Menes and Sesostri, Theseus and Cadmus, Romulus and Porsenna, Wodin and Beowulf. There with the further development of society will arise the youthful Alexander and Xerxes with his fire-worshipping kings; Hannibal and Scipio; Pericles and Epaminondas; Cæsar and Trajan and Belisarius. Further on, Charlemagne comes into the field, battling with the Arabs and the Saxons; Alfred the Great scolded by the peasant woman for burning her cakes, or driving the Danes beyond the Humber. Then follow Godfrey and Tancred, Robert of Toulouse, Barbarossa and the Lion-Heart Plantagenet. Still further, Gustavus Adolphus, Tilly and Wallenstein are seen, and in the New World the Spanish conquerors go to and fro in armor. Now it is Cromwell and now Marlborough; now Turenne, and now Frederick the Great; now Washington and Napoleon; Victor Emanuel and Von Moltke; Lincoln and Grant and Lee. 18934.

In like manner we may trace from epoch to epoch the great moral heroes of humanity. From those religious poets who sang the hymns of the Vedā to Zoroaster, from Abraham to David, from the great philosophers of Greece to Paul and St. Augustine, from Socrates to the Christ, from the Martyrs to the Reformers we may follow the glowing torches of individual enthusiasm and sacrifice through the darkness. In more recent ages philanthropy enters the arena, and the stony features of human life relax into gentleness and peace. Prisons are opened; dungeons are penetrated; the slave-whip is broken; the gyves are slipped from the wrists of innocence, and the cruelties of the Middle Ages are swept away. The voices of Wilberforce and Garrison are heard on the two sides of the Atlantic, and the pale faces of Howard and Florence Nightingale are seen in the prison-houses of despair. Rousseau, the dreamer of humanity, writes his vision of brotherhood in a book for the nations; and Franklin, the philosopher and lover of men, according to the aphorism of his medal, "snatches the lightning from the skies and the sceptre from tyrants."

But the "Footprints of History" must include also the stages of human progress in discovery and invention. It is not only the thinker and philanthro-

pist, the warrior and the sage who are worthy of places in the pantheon of the great. They also who have subordinated the forces of nature, and made them subservient to the will of man, shall have their places among the immortals. Their steps also, as well as the steps of kings and princes, of battlemen and prophets, of enthusiasts and sufferers, shall be reckoned among the "Footprints" of that eternal progress which no hand can stay until the world is taken for humanity and men have risen to truth and fraternity and immortal life.

In the ancient world the blind forces of nature were dominant over man. Before them he cowered and hid away. He imagined that nature was his enemy, and that he must defend himself against the treachery and implacable ire of the physical world. The history of the human race is virtually the story of its emancipation from the old-time dread and thralldom of man to nature, of his rising above the conditions of his environment, and of the subjugation of the agents of nature to his intellect and will. Here it is that discovery and invention have done their beneficent work. The human mind has become emboldened as it has made its way among the mysterious forces of nature, taking them one by one and reducing them to friendly service.

It were long to tell the story of the slow but steady progress which the intellect of man has made in the subjugation of physical nature. Time was when the pressure of the wind against the open sail of his boat was the highest form of physical assistance which he was able to obtain; but at length the compass came, and with it the possibility of traversing the trackless ocean. Gunpowder came, and with it the possibility on the part of the civilized life of keeping all barbarism at bay forever. The invention of printing came, and with it the possibility of diffusing the generous thoughts of men among all peoples—from the palace of the noble and the cloister of the scholar to the soldier's bivouac and the peasant's cottage at the foot of the hill. The imprisonment of steam came, and the vast enginery of civilization began its magnificent piston-stroke and revolution. The catching of the electrical flash and its peaceable direction over wire and rod came, and with it the possibility of exemption from the crash of the thunderbolt and of instantaneous converse between mind and mind, even across continents and seas. The discovery of the vibratory character of sound and of the means of reproducing its physical equivalents came, and with it the possibility of the transmission of speech for thousands of miles from friend to friend, and of the record and reproduction from phonographic plates of all the music and literature of mankind.

Thus from stage to stage, with the progress of invention and the conquest of physical nature, men have risen to higher and higher levels in activity and happiness and power. Faust and Gutenberg were thus the sons of the morning; and Barthold Schwartz, though he was called *the Black*, was really the apostle of light and freedom. Watt and Stephenson made a highway for the car of civilization, and Franklin and Davy and Morse and Edison have led the van in the enfranchisement, prosperity and greatness of the nineteenth century.

Of all these things—of this general course of history in the world and of its individual parts and interests—the Author of the "Footprints of the World's History" has fully availed himself in the following pages. Viewing the progress of society as in one sense a progress by violence and war, he has deduced from the great military histories of the nations their most striking and dramatic paragraphs. The great and critical battles of the Old World and the New, as

described by the best genius of Europe and America, have here been represented not only in the glowing descriptions of the ablest historians and poets, but with the best aid of pictorial art. The struggles which have taken place in the religious world—the conflict between dogmatism and despotic power on the one side and the spirit of toleration and freedom on the other—have also received at the Author's hands an abundant and judicious treatment. Incidents and episodes of the great moral reforms and intellectual revolutions, which have constituted so considerable a part of the history of the past, are here summarized and repeated as so many scenes from the panorama of ancient and modern times.

But most of all has the compiler of these pages drawn from the rich store-houses of personal history the material for his work. In this respect the book will be found of surpassing interest. The contents cover almost every variety of incident and adventure, of heroic trial and astonishing success, which the history of the lives of men has so abundantly furnished. Here the reader may see once more the personal triumphs of the great. All manner of events in the careers of those who have reached the historic rank and fame, even from the birth-scene to the death-scene, will be found delineated in these pages by the skilful pen and pencils of the masters. Here the reader may see again the caprices and crimes of the princes of the House of Tudor; the flames roaring around the stake of martyrdom; the ravages of the Black Death of the fourteenth century, and the last hours of Walter Raleigh. He may follow again the devastation of the great fire in London; witness the conquest of Jerusalem by the Crusaders; or review the character and work of Julius Cæsar. He may shudder at the death of Marshal Ney; stand with Jackson behind the ramparts at New Orleans; or follow the moving lips of Payne over the manuscript of "Home, Sweet Home."

In few volumes of modern literature will the reader be more likely to find an immediate and permanent interest than among these "Footprints of the World's History." Here the individual and the social life of man will be found revealed as they have been seen by the keenest intellects and best artists of modern times. In no other work may the passing hour of the incidental reader or the evening study of the persistent student be spent with greater reward of interest and information. The narratives here gathered of the great things done and thought and suffered by the actors of the historical drama contain the summary, the essence and real presence of the ages, and both the thoughtful and the thoughtless may gain therefrom the best lessons and noblest inspirations for the duties and responsibilities of a worthy and successful life.



Greencastle, Indiana.

JANUARY, 1891.

THE WONDERFUL, THE CURIOUS, AND THE BEAUTIFUL

IN THE

WORLD'S HISTORY.

LIFE AND MAXIMS OF FRANKLIN.

GREATEST among all the philosophers, in the beneficial results of his discoveries and maxims, stands the name of Benjamin Franklin. For this reason we have thought it proper and right that a sketch of his life, and the best of his maxims, should have the first place in this collection.

Parentage and Boyhood.

Benjamin Franklin was born at Boston, on the 17th day of January, 1706, and was the youngest but two of a family of seventeen children, two daughters being born after him. His ancestors, as far as they can be traced back (at least three hundred years), were petty freeholders at Eaton, in Northamptonshire; but if we may judge by the surname of the family—the ancient Norman appellation for a country gentleman—we may conclude they had originally been of some consequence. After the Reformation, the immediate progenitors of Benjamin continued zealously attached to the Church of England till towards the close of the reign of Charles the Second, when his father Josias, along with his uncle Benjamin, became dissenters. These men were both bred to the trade of silk-dyeing. Josias married early in life; and about the year 1682 he emigrated, with his wife and three children, to America, on account of the persecutions to which he was exposed for his dissenting principles. On arriving in New England, he embraced the occupations of soap-boiler and tallow-chandler, of which businesses he previously knew nothing, but only from their being at the time the likeliest to provide maintenance for his increasing family. He appears to have been a man of great penetration and solid judgment; prudent, active and frugal; and although kept in comparative poverty by the expenses of his numerous family, was held in

great esteem by his townsmen. In no respect was his practical good sense more conspicuous than in the education of his children; and his illustrious son frequently alluded, in terms of thankfulness and gratitude, to the many exemplary precepts and sound moral lessons he received while under the paternal roof. The following passage may be read with no little instruction by the heads and members of all families similarly circumstanced. "He was fond of having at his table, as often as possible, some friends, or well-informed neighbors, capable of rational conversation; and he was always careful to introduce useful or ingenious topics of discourse, which might tend to form the minds of his children. By this means he early attracted our attention to what was just, prudent and beneficial in the conduct of life. He never talked of the meats which appeared on the table; never discussed whether they were well or ill dressed, of a good or bad flavor, high-seasoned or otherwise, preferable or inferior to this or that dish of a similar kind. Thus accustomed from my infancy to the utmost inattention to these objects, I have since been perfectly regardless of what kind of food was before me; and I pay so little attention to it even now that it would be a hard matter for me to recollect a few hours after I had dined, of what my dinner had consisted. When travelling, I have particularly experienced the benefit of this habit; for it has often happened to me to be in company with persons, who, having a more delicate, because a more exercised taste, have suffered in many cases considerable inconvenience; while, as to myself, I have had nothing to desire." Benjamin was at first designed to be a clergyman, and at eight years of age was put to the grammar-school with that view, having previously been taught to read. His uncle Benjamin, who had

likewise emigrated, encouraged this project. 'This individual appears to have been an equally eccentric and ingenious man. He cultivated the Muses with a success that gave himself, at least, entire satisfaction. But what he was most proud of was a species of short hand of his own invention, wherewith he had carried off from the conventicles in England several volumes of sermons whole and entire; and these he designed for his nephew's stock in trade, when he should set up as preacher. But young Franklin had not been a year at school when his father perceived that his circumstances were quite inadequate to the expenses necessary to complete his son's education for the clerical profession. He accordingly removed him from the more learned seminary, and placed him under a humbler teacher of reading and writing for another twelvemonth, preparatory to binding him to some handicraft trade.

Apprenticeship.

When his term at school was expired, being then ten years of age, he was taken home to assist his father in his business; but he soon testified such repugnance to the cutting of wicks for candles, running errands, waiting in the shop, with other drudgery of the same nature, that, after a tedious and ill-borne trial of two years, his father became afraid of his running off to sea (for which he confesses to have had a predilection), as an elder brother had done, and resolved to put him to some other occupation. After much deliberation, therefore, he was sent on trial for a few days to his cousin (a son of Benjamin), who was a cutler; but that relative being desirous of a larger apprenticeship-fee than his uncle could spare, he was recalled. His brother James, a short time previous to this period, had returned from England, whither he had been sent to learn the printing business, and set up a press and types on his own account at Boston. To him, therefore, after no little persuasion, Benjamin at last agreed to become an apprentice, and he was indentured accordingly for the term of nine years; that is, until he should reach the age of twenty-one.

The choice of this profession, as it turned out, was a lucky one; and it was made after much careful and correct observation on the part of the parent. He had watched his son's increasing fondness for books, and thirst for information, and that, too, of a solid and instructive sort; and he therefore judiciously resolved to place him in a

favorable situation for gratifying this propensity in the youthful mind; while he would, at the same time, be instructed in a profession by which he could always independently maintain himself in whatever quarter his fortunes might lead him, within the bounds of the civilized world. Franklin thus speaks of his early and insatiable craving after knowledge:

"From my earliest years I had been passionately fond of reading, and I laid out in books all the money I could procure. I was particularly pleased with accounts of voyages. My first acquisition was Bunyan's collection, in small separate volumes. These I afterwards sold, in order to buy an historical collection by R. Burton, which consisted of small cheap volumes, amounting in all to about forty or fifty. My father's little library was principally made up of books of practical and polemical theology. I read the greatest part of them. There was also among my father's books 'Plutarch's Lives,' in which I read continually, and still regard as advantageously employed the time devoted to them. I found, besides, a work of De Foe, entitled, 'An Essay on Projects,' from which, perhaps, I derived impressions that have since influenced some of the principal events of my life." It seems to have been lucky for himself and mankind that the last-named author's most celebrated work, "Robinson Crusoe," did not fall into his hands at this period.

By his assiduity Franklin soon attained great proficiency in his business, and became very serviceable to his brother. At the same time, he formed acquaintance with various booksellers' apprentices, by whose furtive assistance he was enabled to extend the sphere of his reading. This gratification, however, was for the most part enjoyed at the expense of his natural rest. "How often," says he, "has it happened to me to pass the greater part of the night in reading by my bedside, when the book had been lent me in the evening, and was to be returned the next morning, lest it might be missed or wanted!" His studious habits and intelligent conversation also attracted the notice of a wealthy merchant who was in the habit of coming about the office, who invited him to his house and gave him the use of an excellent library.

It is a singular peculiarity of all minds of an active and aspiring character, that they uniformly endeavor to do whatever others have done, and

from which they themselves have derived enjoyment or benefit. Franklin, from the delight he took in the perusal of books, at last bethought him of trying his own hand at composition; and as has happened, we believe, with a great proportion of literary men of all ages, his first efforts were of a poetical nature. His brother, having come to the knowledge of his attempts, encouraged him to proceed, thinking such a talent might prove useful in the establishment. At the suggestion of the latter, therefore, he finished two ballads, which, after being printed, he was sent round the town to sell; and one of them, the subject of which was a recent affecting shipwreck, had, he says, a prodigious run. But his father, having heard of the circumstance, soon let down the pegs of the young poet's vanity, by analyzing his verses before him in a most unmerciful style, and demonstrating, as Franklin says, what "wretched stuff they really were." This sharp lesson, which concluded with a warning that versifiers were almost uniformly beggars, effectually weaned him from his rhyming propensities.

Franklin immediately afterwards betook himself to the composition of prose, and the first opportunity of exercising his pen and his faculties in this way occurred in the following manner: He had a young acquaintance of the name of Collins, who was like himself passionately fond of books, and with whom he had frequent and long arguments on various subjects. In narrating this circumstance, Franklin comments, in passing, on the dangerous consequences of acquiring a disputatious habit, as tending to generate acrimony and discord in society, and often hatred between the best of friends. He dismisses the subject with the following singular enough observation: "I have since remarked, that men of sense seldom fall into this error—lawyers, fellows of universities, and *persons of every profession educated at Edinburgh*, excepted!" But to proceed: Franklin and his companion having as usual got into an argument one day, which was maintained on both sides with equal pertinacity, they parted without bringing it to a termination, and as they were to be separated for some time, an agreement was made that they should carry on their dispute by letter. This was accordingly done; when, after the interchange of several epistles, the whole correspondence happened to fall into the hands of

Franklin's father. After perusing it with much interest, his natural acuteness and good sense enabled him to point out to his son how inferior he was to his adversary in elegance of expression, arrangement, and perspicuity. Feeling the justice of his parent's remarks, he forthwith studied most anxiously to improve his style; and the plan he adopted for this purpose is equally interesting and instructive.

"Amidst these resolves," he says, "an odd volume of the 'Spectator' fell into my hands. This was a publication I had never seen. I bought the volume, and read it again and again. I was enchanted with it, thought the style excellent, and wished it were in my power to imitate it. With this view I selected some of the papers, made short summaries of the sense of each period, and put them for a few days aside. I then, without looking at the book, endeavoured to restore the essays to their due form, and to express each thought at length, as it was in the original, employing the most appropriate words that occurred to my mind. I afterwards compared *my* Spectator with the original. I perceived some faults, which I corrected; but I found that I chiefly wanted a fund of words, if I may so express myself, and a facility of recollecting and employing them, which I thought I should by that time have acquired, had I continued to make verses. The continual need of words of the same meaning, but of different lengths, for the measure, and of different sounds for the rhyme, would have obliged me to seek for a variety of synonyms, and have rendered me master of them. From this belief, I took some of the tales of the Spectator, and turned them into verse; and after a time, when I had sufficiently forgotten them, I again converted them into prose. Sometimes, also, I mingled my summaries together; and, a few weeks afterwards, endeavoured to arrange them in the best order, before I attempted to form the periods and complete the essays. This I did with a view of acquiring method in the arrangement of my thoughts. On comparing afterwards my performance with the original, many faults were apparent, which I corrected; but I had sometimes the satisfaction to think, that, in certain particulars of little importance, I had been fortunate enough to improve the order of the thought or style; and this encouraged me to hope that I

should succeed in time in writing decently in the English language, which was one of the greatest objects of my ambition."

But it was not only by such rigorous self-imposed tasks that this extraordinary man, even at so early an age, endeavored to chasten his mind, and make every animal propensity subservient to his sense of duty. He also began to exercise those acts of personal self-denial which the heyday of youth, the season for animal enjoyment, feels as the most intolerable of all restrictions. Having met with a work recommending a vegetable diet, he determined to adopt it. Finding, after some days' trial, that he was ridiculed by his fellow-boarders for his singularity, he proposed to his brother to take the half of what was now paid by that relative for his board, and therewith to maintain himself. No objection was, of course, made to such an arrangement; and he soon found that of what he received he was able to save one-half. "This," says he, "was a new fund for the purchase of books, and other advantages resulted to me from the plan. When my brother and his workmen left the printing-house to go to dinner, I remained behind; and despatching my frugal meal, which frequently consisted of a biscuit only, or a slice of bread and a bunch of raisins, or a bun from the pastry-cook's, with a glass of water, I had the rest of the time till their return for study; and my progress therein was proportioned to that clearness of ideas and quickness of conception which are the fruits of temperance in eating and drinking."

About three years after Franklin went to his apprenticeship, that is to say, 1721, his brother began to print a newspaper, the second that was established in America, which he called the "New England Courant:" the one previously established was the "Boston News Letter." The new publication brought the most of the *literati* of Boston about the printing office, many of whom were contributors; and Franklin frequently heard them conversing about the various articles that appeared in its columns, and the approbation with which particular ones were received. He became ambitious to participate in this sort of fame; and having written out a paper, in a disguised hand, he slipped it under the door of the printing-office, where it was found next morning, and submitted, as usual, to the critics when they assembled.

"They read it," he says; "commented on it in my hearing; and I had the exquisite pleasure to find that it met with their approbation; and that in the various conjectures they made respecting the author, no one was mentioned who did not enjoy a high reputation in the country for talent and genius. I now supposed myself fortunate in my judges, and began to suspect that they were not such excellent writers as I had hitherto supposed them. Be this as it may, encouraged by this little adventure, I wrote and sent to press, in the same way, many other pieces which were equally approved—keeping the secret till my slender stock of information and knowledge for such performances was pretty completely exhausted." He then discovered himself, and had the satisfaction of finding he was treated with much more respect by his brother and his friends than heretofore.

The two brothers, however, lived together on very disagreeable terms, in consequence of the hasty and overbearing temper of the elder; and Benjamin anxiously longed for an opportunity of separating from him. This at last occurred. His brother was apprehended and imprisoned for some political article which offended the local government, and upon his liberation was prohibited from ever printing his newspaper again. It was therefore determined that it should be published in Benjamin's name, who had managed it during his brother's confinement with great spirit and ability. To avoid having it said that the elder brother was only screening himself behind one of his apprentices, Benjamin's indenture was delivered up to him discharged, and private indentures entered into for the remainder of his time. This underhand arrangement was proceeded in for several months, the paper continuing to be printed in Benjamin's name; but his brother having one day again broken out into one of his violent fits of passion, and struck him, he availed himself of his discharged indentures, well knowing that the others would never be produced against him, and gave up his employment. Franklin afterwards regretted his having taken so unfair an advantage of his brother's situation, and regarded it as one of the first *errata* of his life. His brother felt so exasperated on the occasion, that he went round to all the printing-offices, and represented Benjamin in such a light that they each in turn refused his services.

Proceeds to Philadelphia.

Finding he could get no employment in Boston, as well as that he was regarded with dislike by the government, he resolved to proceed to New York, the nearest town in which there was a printing-office. To raise sufficient funds for this purpose, he sold part of his library; and having eluded the vigilance of his parents, who were opposed to his intention, he secretly got on board of a vessel, and landed at New York on the third day after sailing.

Thus, at the age of seventeen, Franklin found himself three hundred miles from his native place, from which he was in some sort a runaway, without a friend, or recommendation to any one, and with very little money in his pocket. To complete his dilemma, he found, on applying, that the only printer in the town could give him no employment. That person, however, recommended him to go to Philadelphia, where he had a son, who, he thought, would give him work; and he accordingly set off for that place. His journey was a most disastrous one both by water and land, and he frequently regretted leaving home so rashly. He reached his destination at last, however, and in a plight which certainly did not bode over-auspiciously for his future fortunes. His own graphic description of his condition and appearance, on his first entrance into Philadelphia, is at once interesting and amusing:—

"I have entered into the particulars of my voyage, and shall in like manner describe my first entrance into this place, that you may be able to compare beginnings so unlikely with the figure I have since made. I was in my working dress, my best clothes being to come by sea. I was covered with dirt; my pockets were filled with shirts and stockings; I was unacquainted with a single soul in the place, and knew not where to seek a lodging. Fatigued with walking, rowing, and having passed the night without sleep, I was extremely hungry, and all my money consisted of a Dutch dollar, and about a shilling's worth of coppers, which I gave to the boatmen for my passage. At first they refused it because I had rowed, but I insisted on them taking it. A man is sometimes more generous when he has little than when he has much money, probably because he is, in the first place, desirous of concealing his poverty.

"I walked towards the top of the street, looking eagerly on both sides, till I came to Market street,

where I met a child with a loaf of bread. I inquired where he had bought it, and went straight to the baker's shop which he pointed out to me. I asked for some biscuits, expecting to find such as we had in Boston; but they made, it seems, none of that sort at Philadelphia. I then asked for a threepenny loaf; they made no loaves of that price. I then desired him to let me have threepence worth of bread, of some kind or other. He gave me three large rolls. I was surprised at receiving so much. I took them, however, and having no room in my pockets, I walked on, with a roll under each arm, eating the third. In this manner I went through Market street to Fourth street, and passed the house of Mr. Read, the father of my future wife. She was standing at the door, observed me, and thought with reason that I made a very singular and grotesque appearance. I then turned the corner, and went through Chestnut street, eating my roll all the way; and, having made this round, I found myself again on Market street wharf, near the boat on which I arrived. I stepped into it to take a draught of the river water; and finding myself satisfied with my first roll, I gave the other two to a woman and her child who had come down the river with us in the boat, and was waiting to continue her journey. Thus refreshed, I regained the street, which was now full of well-dressed people all going the same way. I joined them, and was thus led to a Quakers' meeting-house, near the market-place. I sat down with the rest, and after looking round me for some time, hearing nothing said, and being drowsy from my last night's labor and want of rest, I fell into a sound sleep. In this state I continued till the assembly dispersed, when one of the congregation had the goodness to wake me. This was consequently the first house I entered, or in which I slept in Philadelphia."

Having with some difficulty procured a lodging for the night, he next morning waited on Mr. Bradford, the printer to whom he had been directed. That individual said he had no work for him at present, but directed him to a brother in trade of the name of Keimer, who, upon application, made him the same answer; but, after considering a little, set him to put an old press to rights, being the only one indeed he possessed; and in a few days gave him regular work. Upon this, Franklin took a lodging in the house of Mr. Read, his future father-in-law.

Franklin had been some months at Philadelphia, without ever writing to or hearing from home, and, as he says, trying to forget Boston as much as possible, when a brother-in-law of his, a master of a vessel, having accidentally heard where he was, wrote to him, pressing his return home in the most urgent terms. Franklin's reply, declining compliance with the request, happened to reach his brother-in-law when the latter was in the company of Sir William Keith, governor of the province; and the composition and penmanship struck him as so much superior to the ordinary style of letter-writing, that he showed it to his excellency. The governor was no less pleased with it, and expressed the utmost surprise when told the age of the writer. He observed, that he must be a young man of promising talents, and said that if he would set up business on his own account at Philadelphia, he would procure him the printing of all the public papers, and do him every other service in his power. Franklin heard nothing of this from his brother-in-law at the time; but one day while he and Keimer were at work in the office, they observed, through the window, the governor and another gentleman (who proved to be Colonel French of Newcastle, in the province of Delaware), finely dressed, cross the street, and come directly for the office, where they knocked at the door. Keimer ran down, in high expectation of this being a visit to himself; "but the governor (says Franklin) inquired for me, came up stairs, and with a politeness to which I had not at all been accustomed, paid me many compliments, desired to be acquainted with me, obligingly reproached me for not having made myself known to him on my arrival in town, and wished me to accompany him to a tavern, where he and Colonel French were going to taste some excellent Madeira wine! I was, I confess, somewhat surprised, and Keimer was thunderstruck. I went, however, with the governor and Colonel French to a tavern at the corner of Third street, where, while we were drinking the Madeira, he proposed to me to establish a printing-house. He set forth the probabilities of success, and himself and Colonel French assured me that I should have their protection and influence in obtaining the printing of the public papers for both governments; and as it appeared to doubt whether my father would assist me in this enterprise, Sir William said that he would give me a letter to

him, in which he would recommend the advantages of the scheme in a light which he had no doubt would determine him to agree to do so. It was thus concluded that I should return to Boston by the first vessel, with the letter of recommendation from the governor to my father. Meanwhile, the project was to be kept secret, and I continued to work for Keimer as before. The governor subsequently sent for me every now and then to dine with him. I considered this a very great honor; and I was the more sensible of it, as he conversed with me in the most affable, friendly, and familiar manner imaginable."

In pursuance of the above arrangement, Franklin set out on his return homewards, in the end of April, 1724, having been absent about seven months, during which time his parents and relations had heard nothing of him whatever, his brother-in-law never having written to inform them where he was. All the family, with the exception of his brother James, were delighted to see him; and not the less so, perhaps, that he was apparelled in a complete new suit of clothes, had an excellent silver watch, and about five pounds sterling in his pocket. His father was exceedingly surprised when informed of the object of his visit, and still more at the contents of Governor Keith's epistle. After long deliberation, he came to the resolution of refusing compliance with the request, on account of his son being too young to undertake the management of such a speculation; adding, that he thought the governor a man of little discretion in proposing it. He promised, however, when his son had attained his twenty-first year, that he would supply him with what money he required to set him up in business, praising him highly, at the same time, for his industry and good conduct. Franklin, accordingly, was necessitated to return to Philadelphia with the news of his bad success, but left Boston on this occasion, accompanied by the blessings of his parents. When he arrived at Philadelphia, he immediately waited upon the governor, and communicated the result of his journey. Sir William observed that his father was "too prudent;" but added, "Since he will not do it, I will do it myself." It was ultimately arranged, therefore, that Franklin should proceed personally to London, to purchase everything necessary for the proposed establishment, for the expense of which the governor promised him a letter of credit to the extent

of £100, with recommendations to various people of influence.

Sails for England.

It had been arranged that Franklin was to go to England in the regular packet-ship; and as the time of her sailing drew near, he became importunate for the governor's letters of credit and recommendation, but the latter always put him off under various pretences. At last, when the vessel was on the point of departing, he was sent on board, under the assurance that Colonel French would bring the letters to him immediately. That gentleman accordingly came on board with a packet of dispatches tied together, which were put into the captain's bag, and Franklin was informed that those intended for him were tied up with the rest, and would be delivered to him before landing in England. When they arrived in the Thames, accordingly, the captain allowed him to search the bag, but Franklin could find no letters directed either to himself or addressed as to his care; but he selected six or seven, which, from the directions on them, he conceived to be those intended for his service. One of these was to the king's printer, and Franklin accordingly waited upon that gentleman with it; but the latter had no sooner opened it, than he exclaimed, "Oh, this is from Riddlesden!—(a well-known rascally attorney at Philadelphia); I have lately discovered him to be an arrant knave, and wish to have nothing to do either with him or his letters." So saying, he turned on his heel, and resumed his occupation. In short, it turned out that none of the letters were from the governor; and he soon learned from a gentleman of the name of Denham, who had been a fellow-passenger with him, and to whom he explained his awkward situation, that the governor was a complete cheat, deceiving people, from vanity and a love of self-consequence, with promises which he neither intended nor was able to fulfil; and laughed at the idea of a man giving a letter of credit for £100 who had no credit for himself.

Franklin's situation was now even more desolate than when set ashore, ragged, hungry, and almost penniless, at Philadelphia, little more than a twelvemonth before. But the heart at eighteen is not naturally inclined to despond, and never was one less so than Franklin's. He immediately applied for and obtained employment in the office of the celebrated Mr. Palmer. Among other books

on which he was set to work here was a second edition of "Wollaston's Religion of Nature." Conceiving some of the positions assumed in it to be weak or erroneous, he composed and published a small metaphysical treatise in refutation of them. This pamphlet acquired him considerable credit with his master as a man of talent; but that gentleman reprobated, with the utmost abhorrence, the doctrines maintained in his publication, which were completely irreligious, so far as regarded the Christian faith, or any other acknowledged system of belief. Free-thinking, however, was then in fashion among the higher and more learned classes, and his pamphlet procured him the countenance of various eminent individuals; among the rest, of Dr. Mandeville, author of the "Fable of the Bees," and Dr. Pemberton, Sir Isaac Newton's friend. He was likewise waited upon by Sir Hans Sloane, who had been informed of his bringing some curiosities with him from America; among others, a purse of asbestos—a natural substance which resists the action of fire, and then very little known—for which he paid Franklin a high price. From Mr. Palmer's office he removed to Mr. Watt's, for the consideration of a higher wage. Here he gave a striking proof of that resolute adherence to temperance, industry, and frugality, which were among the leading features of his character. While Mr. Watt's other workmen spent generally five or six shillings a week on beer, which was brought into the office to them during the day, he drank nothing but water; and they were surprised to see that he was much stronger than any of them, while he himself had the additional comfort and satisfaction of being always clear-headed. At first they ridiculed his abstinence, and conferred upon him the sobriquet of the *American Aquatic*; but as his character rose among them, his example, he says, "prevailed with several of them to renounce their abominable breakfast of bread and cheese, with beer; and they procured, like me, from a neighboring house, a good basin of warm gruel, in which was a small slice of butter, with toasted bread and nutmeg. This was a much better breakfast, which did not cost more than a pint of beer, namely, three halfpence, and at the same time preserved the head clearer." His assiduous application to business, at the same time, together with remarkable quickness in *composing* (setting up the types), recommended him to his employer,

and procured him all the most urgent and best-paid work: so that, with his frugal mode of living, he quickly laid up money.

Returns to America.

After having been about eighteen months in London, much to his advantage in every respect—for, besides becoming more proficient in his business, he had stuck to his books as sedulously as ever, even although he frequently went to the play, made little pleasure excursions, and mingled a good deal in society—he was about to set out on a tour through Europe, with a young intelligent fellow-workman (designing to maintain themselves during their pilgrimage by means of their calling), when he accidentally met with Mr. Denham, before noticed as being his fellow-passenger from America. That gentleman was on the eve of returning to Philadelphia, to open a merchant's store, and offered Franklin the situation of his clerk, with a salary of £50 per annum. This sum was less than he was making as a compositor; but an anxious desire to revisit his native country induced him to accept of it. They set sail accordingly—Franklin now supposing that he had relinquished the composing-stick for ever—and arrived at Philadelphia on the 11th of October, 1726. Upon his arrival, he found that his old acquaintance, the governor, had been supplanted in his office, and was held in general contempt. They met several times, but no allusion was ever made by Franklin to the disgraceful imposture the other had practised upon him.

Franklin's new employer had only been in business for a few months, when both were seized at the same time with a violent disorder, which carried off the master in a few days, and brought the clerk to the brink of the grave. On his recovery, being thus once more left destitute, he was fain to accept employment as a printer from his old master Keimer, who was now somewhat better off in the world, but still utterly ignorant of his profession. The whole charge of the office, with that of instructing four or five ignorant apprentices, devolved on Franklin. "I also," says he, "upon occasion, engraved various ornaments, made ink, gave an eye to the shop—in short, I was, in every respect, the *factotum*." But he likewise, at this time, gave another remarkable instance of his versatile ingenuity.

"Our press," says he, "was frequently in want of the necessary quantity of letter, and there was

no such trade as that of letter-founder in America. I had seen the practice of this art at the house of James, in London, but had at the time paid it very little attention. I, however, contrived to fabricate a mould. I made use of such letters as we had for punches, founded new letters of lead in matrices of clay; and thus supplied, in a tolerable manner, the wants that were most pressing." Franklin's inventive mind would seem here to have obtained a distant glimpse of the principle of *stereotyping*, which has since been carried to such a height of usefulness and perfection.

Keimer having engaged Franklin solely with the view of having his apprentices so far initiated in the art as that he could dispense with their instructor's services, took the first occasion to quarrel with him when he thought he had sufficiently attained his object. Upon their separation, one of Keimer's apprentices, named Meredith, who, like all the others, had conceived a great veneration for Franklin, proposed that they should enter into partnership together—Meredith's friends undertaking to furnish the capital necessary for purchasing the materials, etc. This offer was too advantageous to be refused, and types, press, etc., were forthwith commissioned from London; but while preparing to put their plan into execution, Franklin was induced, during the interval, to return again to Keimer, at the urgent solicitation of the latter. The motive for this humble entreaty was that individual's having taken a contract for the printing of some paper-money for the State of New Jersey, requiring a variety of new cuts and types, which he knew well nobody in that place but Franklin could supply. This also presents us with a very striking instance of Franklin's remarkable gift of invention.

"To execute the order," says he, "I constructed a copperplate printing-press—the first that had been seen in the country. I engraved various ornaments and vignettes for the bills, and we repaired to Burlington together, where I executed the whole to the general satisfaction, and he (Keimer) received a sum of money for this work which enabled him to keep his head above water for a considerable time longer."

At Burlington, Franklin formed acquaintance with all the principal personages of the province, who were attracted by his superior abilities and intelligence. Among these was the inspector-general, Isaac Decon, "who," says Franklin,

"was a shrewd and subtle old man. He told me that his first employment had been that of carrying clay to the brickmakers; that he did not learn to write till he was somewhat advanced in life; that he was afterwards employed as underling to a surveyor, who taught him his trade; and that, by industry, he had at last acquired a competent fortune. 'I foresee,' said he, 'that you will soon supplant this man (speaking of Keimer), and get a fortune in the business at Philadelphia.' He was wholly ignorant at the time of my intention of establishing myself there, or anywhere else."

Enters into Business.

Franklin had scarcely returned from Burlington when the types commissioned for himself and Meredith, from London, arrived; and having settled matters with Keimer, the partners immediately took a house, and commenced business. They were in the act of opening up their packages, when a countryman came in to have a job done; and as all their cash had been expended in their various purchases, "this countryman's five shillings," says Franklin, "being our first-fruits, and coming so seasonably, gave me more pleasure than any crown I have since earned." A number of young men having, during the preceding year, formed themselves, at Franklin's suggestion, into a weekly club for the purpose of mutual improvement, they were so well pleased with the beneficial results they experienced from their meetings, that, when the originator of their society set up in business, every one exerted himself more than another to procure him employment. One of them obtained from the Quakers the printing of forty sheets of a history of that sect, then preparing at the expense of the body. "Upon these," says Franklin, "we worked exceeding hard, for the price was very low. It was in folio, upon *pro patria* paper, and in the *pica* letter, with heavy notes in the smallest type. I composed a sheet a day, and Meredith put it to press. It was frequently eleven o'clock at night, sometimes later, before I had finished my distribution for the next day's task; for the other little jobs that came in kept us back in this work; but I was so determined to compose a sheet a day, that one evening, when my form was imposed, and my day's work, as I thought, at an end, an accident broke the form, and deranged two complete folio pages. I immediately distributed and composed them anew before I went to bed." This unwearied industry,

which soon became known, acquired Franklin great reputation and credit among his townsmen, and business began rapidly to flow in upon them.

Starts a Newspaper.

The establishment and management of a newspaper seems to have all along been a favorite project with Franklin; probably because, from his former experience in it, and the consciousness of his powers of writing, he felt himself so well adapted for the task. The partners soon found themselves in circumstances to enable them to make the trial; but Franklin having incautiously divulged their intention to a third person, that individual informed their old master Keimer of the fact, who immediately took steps to anticipate them, and issued a prospectus of a paper of his own. The manner in which Franklin met and defeated this treachery is exceedingly characteristic. There was another paper published in Philadelphia by Mr. Bradford, which had been in existence for some years, but was such a miserable affair, that it only preserved its vitality because no other arose to knock it on the head. In order to keep down Keimer's publication, however, Franklin saw the policy of supporting the old one until prepared to start his own. He thereupon set about writing a series of amusing articles for it, which the publisher, Bradford, was of course very glad to insert. "By this means," says Franklin, "the attention of the public was kept fixed on that paper, and Keimer's proposals, which we burlesqued and ridiculed, were disregarded. He began his paper, however; and after continuing it for nine months, having at most not more than ninety subscribers, he offered it to me for a mere trifle. I had for some time been prepared for it; I therefore instantly took it upon myself, and in a few years it proved very profitable to me." In fact, it obtained notoriety and applause at the very first number, in consequence of some observations therein by Franklin, on an important colonial question; and various members of Assembly exerted themselves so well in his behalf, that the printing of the House was speedily transferred from Bradford to his two young rivals. In the management of his newspaper, Franklin pursued a system of unflinching integrity. He steadfastly refused to give admission into his columns of any article containing personal abuse of particular individuals. Whenever he was requested to publish anything of this sort, his answer was, that he

would print the piece by itself and give the author as many copies for his own distribution as he wished. He very wisely considered that his subscribers expected him to furnish them with useful and entertaining information, and not with personal slander or private discussions with which they had no concern.

Commences Business by Himself.

Luckily for Franklin, almost at the commencement of the newspaper, an opportunity occurred of getting rid of his partner Meredith, who had become an idle, drunken fellow, and had all along been of comparatively little use in the concern. Meredith's father failed to implement the bargain for advancing the necessary capital to pay the demands of the paper-merchant, and other expenses necessarily attending their speculation, when they became due. A suit was accordingly instituted against the partners; and as Meredith's father declared his inability to pay the amount of the claims upon them, the son offered to relinquish the whole concern into Franklin's hands, on condition that the latter would take upon him the debts of the company, repay his father what he had already advanced, settle his own little personal debts, and give him thirty pounds and a new saddle! By the kindness of two friends, who, unknown to each other, came forward simultaneously and unasked to his assistance, Franklin was enabled to accept the offer. The agreement was carried into effect, and thus do we find this extraordinary man, at the age of twenty-four, and in the place where he had arrived penniless only seven years before, settled down in business, with a thriving trade, proprietor of an extensively circulated newspaper, and a firmly established reputation of no ordinary kind. All this success, however, the result of his own good conduct, perseverance, and frugality, had no undue effect on his well-regulated mind, or could induce him to assume those airs of arrogant superiority and pretension, which have but too frequently blemished the character of those who have praiseworthy achieved their own elevation in society. On the contrary, he dressed more plainly, and deported himself more humbly than ever; and to show that he was not above his business, he sometimes wheeled home on a barrow, with his own hands, the paper which he had purchased at the stores.

Soon after getting the whole printing and news-

paper concern into his hands, there was an outcry among the people for a new emission of paper money. Franklin took up the cause, and by his arguments in a pamphlet which he published on the subject, contributed so greatly to the success of the proposal, and obtained himself so much popularity, that upon its being resolved to issue the notes, Franklin was selected to print them. He then opened a stationer's shop, and from his success in business, began gradually to pay off his debts. Meanwhile, his old master Keimer went fast to ruin, and with the exception of old Mr. Bradford, who was rich, and did not care for business, he was the only printer in the place. He shortly afterwards married Miss Read, the lady named in a former part of this memoir. Franklin's behavior to this young lady had not been altogether blameless. Previous to his sailing for England, he had exchanged pledges of affection with her; yet, all the while he was away, he only sent her one letter. Her friends and herself concluding that he either never meant to return, or that he wished to drop connection with her, she was induced to accept the hand of another suitor, and on his return to America Franklin found her married—an event that seems to have given him extremely little uneasiness. The lady's husband proved a great rogue, deserted her, and it was subsequently ascertained that he had still a former wife living. After being established in business, and rising in the world, the intimacy between Franklin and her family was renewed, and it was not long ere, despite her dubious situation, they hazarded a fulfilment of their early vows. The lady was about Franklin's own age, and proved, according to his own testimony, "an honor and a blessing to him."

We now find him, at the early age of twenty-five or twenty-six, fairly embarked in life as a tradesman, citizen, and a lover of literary and scientific pursuits. His first consideration was scrupulous attention to business and to his family. He took care, he says, not only to be *really* industrious and frugal, but also to avoid every appearance to the contrary—was plainly dressed, and was never seen in any place of amusement; never went a-fishing or hunting; his only relaxation being in a game of chess, of which he was very fond. He devoted the greater part of his leisure time to self-examination and improvement. On instituting a rigorous examination into his conduct and charac-

ter, he found that he possessed many faults, which he resolved upon amending; he even conceived the bold idea of seeking to attain *moral perfection*. With the view of carrying this project into execution he fell upon the device of methodizing his time during the twenty-four hours of every day, and of laying down certain rules by which he should regulate his conduct and sentiments. He rose at 5 in the morning; the next three hours he appropriated to devotional exercise, study, cleaning of the person, and breakfast. From 8 to 12 he was at work. From 12 to 2 he read, did any desultory duties, and dined. From 2 till 5 he was again at work. From 6 to 10, he devoted to reading, conversation, intercourse with his family, and supper; and from 10 to 4 or 5 in the morning, to sleep; after which he arose and pursued the same routine as before. We thus see that early rising was a leading feature in his habits of life, and to this alone he doubtless owed much of his success.

Of Franklin's intercourse with his family little has been made known, though it is ascertained, by a few scattered hints in his writings, that he was an affectionate husband and father, and placed much of his happiness in home. In his household affairs the most exact economy prevailed, and, for several years after his marriage, his breakfast consisted simply of bread and milk, which he ate from a twopenny earthenware porringer with a pewter spoon. Fortunately, his wife was as much disposed to be industrious as he was; she assisted him in his business, folded the sheets of books which he printed, kept his shop, and executed other humble but useful duties. By following this industrious and economical plan of living, they gradually accumulated wealth, and were enabled to possess comforts and luxuries which were at first beyond their reach. Still, Franklin was not puffed up by prosperity, but continued to live in a style of simplicity agreeably to the notions he had formed at the outset of his career.

In conducting his business, he happily united the occupation of a printer with the profession of an author, and thus became the publisher of his own literary productions. No large work, however, was given by him to the world. His writings were chiefly of a minor character, such as detached pamphlets on subjects of local import, and short essays; and he did not, as it appears, write much that has been thought worthy of republication in a succeeding age. His newspaper was the

"Pennsylvania Gazette," which had been started by Keimer in 1728, and which, after about a twelve-month's mismanagement, had come into the possession of Franklin and Hugh Meredith. By Franklin's ingenuity, the paper rose in general estimation.

As Franklin advanced in worldly prosperity, he endeavored to make his personal acquirements keep pace with his upward progress in society; and among other accomplishments, applied himself sedulously to the study of the dead and modern languages, of which, besides his native tongue, he as yet scarcely knew anything. The following is his own account of his private *curriculum* :—

"I had begun in 1733 to study languages. I soon made myself so much a master of the French, as to be able to read the books in that language with ease. I then undertook the Italian. An acquaintance, who was also learning it, used often to tempt me to play chess with him. Finding this took up too much of the time I had to spare for study, I at length refused to play any more, unless on this condition, that the victor in every game should have a right to impose a task, either of parts of the grammar, to be got by heart, or in translations, etc., which tasks the vanquished was to perform upon honor before our next meeting. As we played pretty equally, we thus beat one another into that language. I afterwards, with a little pains taking, acquired as much of the Spanish as to read their books also. I have already mentioned that I had only one year's instruction in a Latin school, and that when very young, after which I neglected that language entirely; but when I had attained an acquaintance with the French, Italian, and Spanish, I was surprised to find, on looking over a Latin Testament, that I understood more of that language than I had imagined, which encouraged me to apply myself again to the study of it; and I met with the more success, as those preceding languages had greatly smoothed my way."

Civic Preferments and Duties.

It was not to be supposed that a man of Franklin's comprehensive mind, and useful practical talents, would be allowed to remain long in the ranks of private life. Accordingly, in the year 1736, he was appointed clerk to the General Assembly of Pennsylvania. No opposition was made to his appointment the first year; but on

the next election, a new member of the house opposed his return in a long speech. Franklin was, however, again elected, much to his satisfaction; for although the place was one of almost no direct emolument, it gave him an opportunity of making friends among the members, and ultimately to secure to himself the printing of most of the public papers, which was previously shared with his rivals. The new member who had resisted his re-election was a man of talents and character; and Franklin, although too independent to pay any cringing servility to him, perceived the propriety of gaining his good opinion; and the expedient he hit upon for this purpose affords another instance of his shrewdness and knowledge of human nature. Having learned that the gentleman possessed a very rare and curious book, he wrote him a polite note, requesting that he would do him the favor of lending it for a few days. The book was immediately sent; and in about a week was returned by the borrower, with a short epistle, expressive of his gratitude for the favor. The member was so much conciliated by the circumstance that the next time he met him in the house, he addressed him with great civility; manifested ever afterwards a great desire to serve him; and they became, in short, intimate friends. "This is another instance," observes Franklin, "of the truth of an old maxim I had learned, which says, 'He that has done you a kindness will be more ready to do you another than he whom you yourself have obliged.' And it shows how much more profitable it is prudently to remove than to resent, return, and continue, inimical proceedings." He was thereafter re-elected to the same post without opposition, for several years successively. In the following year, 1737, he supplanted his rival in trade, Bradford, in the office of deputy-postmaster for the State of Pennsylvania. These honorable preferments induced him to incline his thoughts to, and take a more active part in, public affairs than he had hitherto done.

About this period (1739), the celebrated preacher Whitefield arrived at Philadelphia from Ireland. He was at first permitted to preach in some of the town churches; but the clergy soon took a dislike to him, and he was compelled to exercise his eloquence in the open streets or fields. This circumstance, however, like all displays of persecution in matters exclusively connected with private opinion, only rendered him the more popular; and

the effects of his oratory speedily manifested themselves.

"It was wonderful," says Franklin, "to see the change soon made in the manners of our inhabitants. From being thoughtless or indifferent about religion, it seemed as if all the world were growing religious, so that one could not walk through the town in an evening without hearing psalms sung in different families of every street; and it being found inconvenient to assemble in the open air, subject to its inclemencies, the building of a house to meet in was no sooner proposed, and persons appointed to receive contributions, than sufficient sums were soon received to procure the ground and erect the building, which was one hundred feet long and seventy broad; and the work was carried on with such spirit as to be finished in a remarkably short time."

On leaving Philadelphia, Mr. Whitefield went, preaching all the way, through the colonies to Georgia. The settlement of that province had been recently commenced, and was attempted by people entirely unfit for such an experiment. They were unable to endure the fatigues and hardships of their situation, and perished in great numbers, leaving many helpless children with nothing to feed or clothe them. "The sight of their miserable situation," says Franklin, "inspired the benevolent heart of Mr. Whitefield, with the idea of building an orphan house there, in which they might be supported and educated. Returning northward, he preached up this charity, and made large collections; for his eloquence had a wonderful power over the hearts and purses of his hearers, of which I myself was an instance. I did not disapprove of the design; but as Georgia was then destitute of materials and workmen, and it was proposed to send them from Philadelphia at a great expense, I thought it would have been better to have built the house at Philadelphia, and brought the children to it. This I advised; but he was resolute in his first project, rejected my proposal, and I therefore refused to contribute.

"I happened soon after to attend one of his sermons, in the course of which I perceived he intended to finish with a collection, and I silently resolved he should get nothing from me. I had in my pocket a handful of coppers, three or four silver dollars, and five pistoles in gold. As he proceeded, I began to soften, and concluded to

give the coppers. Another stroke of his oratory made me ashamed of that, and determined me to give the silver; and he finished so admirably, that I emptied my pocket wholly into the collector's dish, gold and all!"

At this time there was no military defensive force in Pennsylvania. The inhabitants were mostly Quakers, and neglected to take any measures of precaution against the dangers to which, from the French possessions in Canada, they were continually exposed. All the exertions of the governor of the province to induce the Quaker assembly to pass a militia law proved ineffectual. Franklin thought something might be done by a subscription among the people; and to pave the way for this, he wrote and published a pamphlet called "Plain Truth." In this he clearly exposed their helpless and perilous situation, and demonstrated the necessity of co-operation for their mutual defence. The pamphlet had a sudden and surprising effect. A meeting of the citizens was held, at which proposals of the intended union, previously drawn up and printed by Franklin, were distributed about the room, to be signed by those who approved of them; and when the company separated, it was found that above twelve hundred signatures had been appended to the papers. Other copies were distributed through the province, and the subscribers at length amounted to upwards of ten thousand! All these individuals furnished themselves, as soon as they could, with arms; formed themselves into companies and regiments; chose their officers, and had themselves regularly instructed in military exercises. The women made subscriptions among themselves, and provided silk colors, which they presented to the companies, embellished with devices and mottoes furnished by Franklin. Such influence has one master-mind among his fellows in a time of emergency!

Franklin's modesty, however, was more than commensurate with his patriotism. The officers of the companies composing the Philadelphia regiment unanimously chose him for their colonel, but he declined the office in favor of a man of greater wealth and influence, who, on his recommendation, was immediately elected. These exertions of Franklin procured him great confidence from the governor and council, who consulted him on all their public measures. Notwithstanding, too, the passive principle of the

Quakers, it was soon seen that the precautions of military defence were anything but disagreeable to them. A distinguished individual of their number, Mr. Logan, published an address declaring his approbation of defensive war, and supporting his opinion by able and elaborate arguments.

This gentleman, who came over from England when a young man, as secretary to the famous William Penn, used to relate an anecdote respecting his old master, which is sufficiently amusing. During their voyage, they were chased by an armed vessel, supposed to be an enemy. Their captain prepared for defence, but told Penn and his company of Quakers that he did not expect their assistance, and that they might retire into the cabin. This notification they all complied with, excepting Logan, who remained on deck, and was quartered to a gun. The supposed enemy proved a friend, so that there was no fighting; but when the secretary carried the joyful news for his friends in the cabin, Penn reproved him severely for staying on deck, and lending his assistance in defence of the vessel, as being a breach of the principles of the society. Logan, nettled at this comment on his courageous conduct, which was made before the whole company, replied, "I being thy servant, why did thee not order me to come down? but thee was willing enough that I should stay and help to fight the ship, when thee thought there was danger!"

Franklin's Electrical Discoveries.

Some time previous to 1749, Franklin became interested in the experiments with electricity that were then attracting so much attention, and several important discoveries were made by him.

We now advert to another brilliant discovery by this illustrious philosopher, namely, the similarity between lightning and electricity. The Abbe Nollet had, before him, hinted his suspicions of this resemblance, but only in the most loose and distant way.

In a paper, dated November 7, 1749, Franklin enumerates all the known points of resemblance between lightning and electricity. In the first place, he remarks, it is no wonder that the effects of the one should be so much greater than those of the other; for if two gun-barrels electrified will strike at two inches' distance, and make a loud report, at how great a distance will ten thousand acres of electrified cloud strike, and give out fire;

and how loud must be that crack ! He had known for some time the extraordinary power of pointed bodies, both in drawing and in throwing off the electric fire. The true explanation of this fact did not occur to him ; but it is a direct consequence of the fundamental principle of his own theory, according to which the repulsive tendency of the particles of electricity towards each other, occasioning the fluid to retire, in every case, from the interior to the surface of bodies, drives it with especial force towards points and other prominences, and thus favors its escape through such outlets ; while, on the other hand, the more concentrated attraction which the matter of a pointed body, as compared with a blunt one, exerts upon the electricity to which it is presented, brings it down into its new channel in a denser stream. In possession, however, of the fact, we find him concluding the paper we have mentioned as follows : "The electric fluid is attracted by points. We do not know whether this property be in lightning ; but since they agree in all the particulars in which we can already compare them, it is not improbable that they agree likewise in this. Let the experiment be made."

Full of this idea, his attention was one day drawn to a kite which a boy was flying, and it suddenly occurred to him that here was a method of reaching the clouds preferable to any other. Accordingly, he immediately took a large silk handkerchief, and stretching it over two cross sticks, formed in this manner his simple apparatus for drawing the lightning from its cloud. Soon after, seeing a thunder storm approaching, he took a walk into a field in the neighborhood of the city, in which there was a shed, communicating his intentions, however, to no one but his son, whom he took with him to assist him in raising the kite : this was in June, 1752.

The kite being raised, he fastened a key to the lower extremity of the hempen string, and insulating it by attaching it to a post by means of silk, he placed himself under the shed, and waited the result. For some time no signs of electricity appeared. A cloud, apparently charged with lightning, had even passed over them without producing any effect. At length, however, just as Franklin was beginning to despair, he observed some loose threads of the hempen string rise and stand erect, exactly as if they had been repelled from each other by being charged with electricity.

He immediately presented his knuckle to the key, and, to his inexpressible delight, drew from it the well-known electrical spark. He said afterwards that his emotion was so great at this completion of a discovery which was to make his name immortal, that he heaved a deep sigh, and felt that he could at that moment have willingly died. As the rain increased, the cord became a better conductor, and the key gave out its electricity copiously. Had the hemp been thoroughly wet, the bold experimenter might, as he was contented to do, have paid for his discovery with his life. He afterwards brought down the lightning into his house, by means of an insulated iron rod, and performed with it, at his leisure, all the experiments that could be performed with electricity. But he did not stop here. His active and practical mind was not satisfied even with the splendid discovery, until he had turned it to a useful end. It suggested to him, as is well known, the idea of a method of preserving buildings from lightning, which is extremely simple and cheap, as well as effectual, consisting, as it does, in nothing more than attaching to the building a pointed metallic rod, rising higher than any part of it, and communicating at the lower end with the ground. This rod the lightning is sure to seize upon, in preference to any part of the building ; by which means it is conducted to the earth, and prevented from doing any injury. There was always a strong tendency in Franklin's philosophy to these practical applications.

Franklin's discoveries did not at first attract much attention in England ; and, in fact, he had the mortification to hear that his paper on the similarity between lightning and electricity had been ridiculed when read in the Royal Society. Having fallen, however, into the hands of the naturalist, Buffon, that celebrated man translated and published it in Paris, when it speedily excited the astonishment of Europe. What gave his book the more sudden and general celebrity, was the success of one of its proposed experiments for drawing lightning from the clouds, made at Marley. This engaged the public attention everywhere. "The Philadelphia experiments," as they were called, were performed before the king and court, and all the curious of Paris flocked to see them. Dr. Wright, an English physician, being at Paris at the time, wrote to a member of the Royal Society of London, with an account of these

wonders, and stating the surprise of all the learned men abroad of Franklin's writings being so little noticed in England. The society were thus in a manner compelled to pay more attention to what they had previously considered as chimerical speculations, "and soon," says Franklin, "made me more than amends for the slight with which they had before treated me. Without my having made any application for that honor, they chose me a member, and voted that I should be excused the customary payments, which would have amounted to twenty-five guineas, and ever since have given me their Transactions gratis. They also presented me with the gold medal of Sir Godfrey Copley for the year 1753, the delivery of which was accompanied with a very handsome speech of the president, Lord Macclesfield, wherein I was highly honored."

Although the numerous important public duties which Franklin was called upon latterly to discharge chiefly engrossed his time, he still returned to his philosophical studies on every occasion that offered, and made several curious and interesting discoveries.

Perhaps no philosopher ever stood on a prouder eminence in the world's eye than Franklin during the latter half of his life. The obscurity of his origin served but to make his elevation the more brightly conspicuous; and honors were showered on him from all quarters of the civilized world. In 1757 he visited England, and before his return made a tour of Scotland, where he formed an intimacy with Lord Kames, and had the degree conferred upon him of Doctor of Laws by the University of St. Andrews. In 1764 he again visited England, from which he proceeded to the continent of Europe. In Holland, Germany and France, he was received with the greatest testimonies of respect from all men of science and distinction. At Paris Louis XV. honored him with the most distinguished marks of his favor.

Political Career.

This part of Franklin's life need only be very generally touched on, the scenes and transactions in which he bore a part having long since become matter of history, with which almost every individual is now more or less acquainted. We have before mentioned that he was elected a member of the General Assembly of Pennsylvania, as burgess for the city of Philadelphia, in 1747. Warm disputes at this time subsisted between the Assembly and

the proprietaries,* each contending for what they conceived to be their rights. Franklin, a friend of the interests of *the many* from his infancy, speedily distinguished himself as a steady opponent of the claims of the proprietaries, and he was soon looked up to as the head of the opposition. His influence with the Assembly is said to have been very great. This arose not from any superior powers of elocution; he spoke but seldom, and he never was known to make anything like an elaborate harangue. "His speeches," says his intimate friend, the late Dr. Stuber, of Philadelphia, "frequently consisted of but a single sentence, or of a well-told story, the moral of which was always obviously to the point. He never attempted the flowery fields of oratory. His manner was plain and mild; his style of speaking was, like that of his writings, simple, unadorned, and remarkably concise. With his plain manner, and his penetrating and solid judgment, he was able to confound the most eloquent and subtle of his adversaries, to confirm the opinions of his friends, and to make converts of the unprejudiced who had opposed him. With a single observation he has rendered of no avail an elegant and lengthy discourse, and determined the fate of a question of importance."

Franklin had conducted himself so well in the office of postmaster for the State of Pennsylvania, and had shown himself so well acquainted with the business of this department, that it was thought expedient to raise him to a more dignified station. In 1753, he was appointed deputy-postmaster-general for the British colonies. It is said that the revenue from this source, in Franklin's hands, yielded to Great Britain three times as much as that of Ireland. In 1754, Franklin drew up the celebrated "Albany Plan of Union," the purpose of which was the establishment of a general government in the colonies, to be administered by a president-general, appointed by the crown, and by a grand council, consisting of members chosen by the representatives of the different colonies; the whole executive authority to be committed to the president-general; the legislative to the grand council and president jointly, and all laws to be approved by the king. This plan was unanimously approved of by the commissioners for the crown and the colonies appointed

* The descendants of the original settlers who had received grants of land from the British government, who claimed exemption from all taxes, and other privileges.

to consult on the question, but its final fate was singular. It was rejected by the ministry of Great Britain as too democratical, and by every local assembly as too despotic. These verdicts were, perhaps, the best proof of its excellence and of its having steered exactly in the middle betwixt the interests of both.

The British government having thus rejected a proposal of internal defence in the colonies, they were soon obliged to adopt measures of another sort for their protection. Aggressive operations were again threatened by the French; and in 1754 General Braddock was dispatched from England with two regiments of regular English troops to resist them. The troops were landed at Alexandria, and marched thence to Fredericktown in Maryland, where they halted for carriages to transport their baggage, ammunition, etc., to the frontiers. Great reluctance was manifested by the country people to supply these, and, in fact, so few were sent in, and so many other difficulties occurred, that the general was about to abandon the expedition altogether. In this dilemma he was fortunately joined by Franklin, who, aware of the necessity and importance of the expedition, asked General Braddock what recompense he would afford to the owners for the use of their wagons and horses. General Braddock referred the terms to himself; they were drawn up and accepted; and Franklin immediately published them in an advertisement, with an animated appeal from himself to the loyalty and patriotism of his countrymen. The consequence was, that, in two weeks, 150 wagons and 260 horses poured into the camp, the owners of which, however, declined the security of the British commander for compensation, and insisted on having the personal bond of Franklin. This he accordingly gave them, and even advanced several hundred pounds of his own in present payment.

The expedition accordingly set forward, and its disastrous issue must still be well remembered. Although a brave man Braddock had far too much confidence in the prowess of his regular troops, and too much contempt for the Americans and Indians. About one hundred of the latter joined him on his march, who would have proved of the utmost use to him as guides and scouts, but he treated them so slightly that they all left him. No appearance of the enemy was seen until the troops had penetrated far into the in-

terior; and the first intelligence which they had of the approach of a foe was in finding that they had fallen into an ambuscade, where they were mowed down in hundreds by invisible antagonists secreted among the trees and bushes. A general rout and confusion almost immediately ensued. The drivers cut their horses' traces and fled, abandoning the wagons, which also obstructed the retreat of the soldiers. The general was with difficulty brought off, severely wounded; and out of eighty-six officers, sixty-three were killed or wounded, with seven hundred and fourteen privates killed, out of eleven hundred who fell into the snare. All the artillery and stores, of course, were left to the enemy.

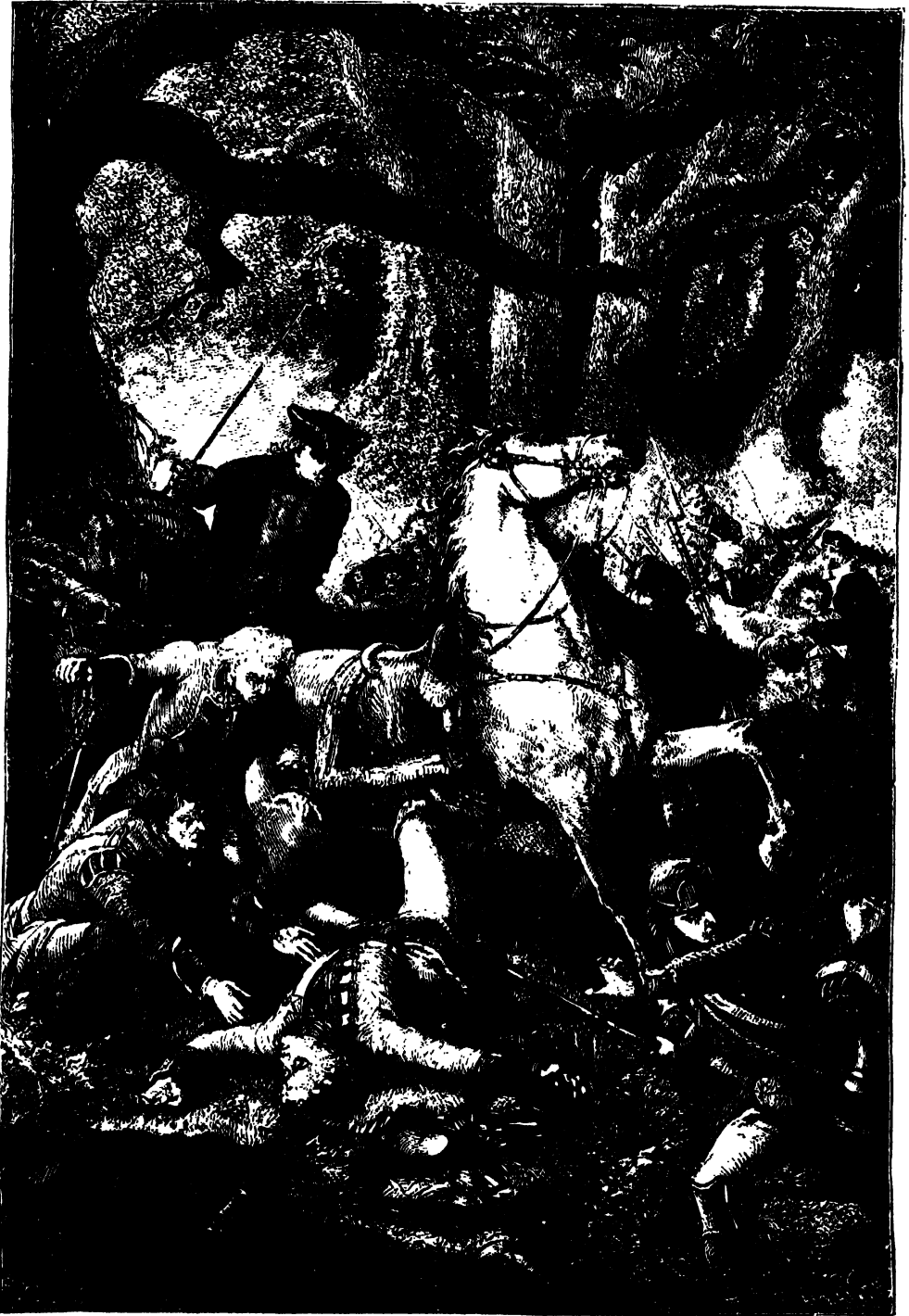
As soon as the news of the defeat, and the loss of the wagons and horses, became generally known, the owners came in a body upon Franklin for the amount of their claims, for which he had given bond, amounting to nearly £20,000! It was with difficulty that many of these claimants were prevented from suing him, until government had time to examine into their charges and order payment; but the matter was at length satisfactorily settled.

The assembly now laid a tax, to raise money for the defence of the province, and Franklin was appointed one of the commissioners to dispose of it. He had also carried a bill through the house for establishing and disciplining a voluntary militia. To promote the association necessary to form the militia, he wrote a dialogue upon the subject, which was extensively circulated, and thought to have great effect. While the several companies in the city and country were forming and learning their exercise, the governor prevailed upon Franklin to take charge of the northwestern frontier, which was infested by the enemy, and provide for the defence of the inhabitants, by raising troops and building a line of forts. Franklin did not think himself very well qualified for the military, but was willing to be of all the service in his power. He received a commission from the governor, with full authority, and a parcel of blank commissions for officers, to be given to whom he thought fit. Five hundred and sixty men were soon raised and placed under his command.

The first place selected for the erection of a fort was Gnadenhutter, a small settlement of Moravians; and thither Franklin set out in the middle of winter, amid torrents of rain, and through al-

most impassable roads. Upon arriving at the village, he lost not a moment in planning and marking out the fort, with a circumference of 455 feet; and the men were instantly set to work with their axes to cut down trees for palisades. Seeing the trees fall so fast, Franklin had the curiosity to look at his watch when two men began to cut at a pine. In six minutes they had it upon the ground, and it was fourteen inches in diameter. Each pine made three palisades of eighteen feet long, pointed at one end. While these were preparing, other men dug a trench all round, of three feet deep, in which the palisades were to be planted. When these were set up, the carpenters built within them a platform of boards all round, about six feet high, for the men to stand on and fire through the loop-holes. They had one

they had such pieces. Thus their fort, such as it was, was finished in a week, though it rained



FALL OF GENERAL BRADDOCK.

swivel gun, which they mounted, and fired as soon as it was fixed, that the Indians might know so hard every other day that the men were almost unable to work.

"This gave me occasion to observe," says Franklin, "that when men are employed they are best contented. For on the days they worked they were good-natured and cheerful, and, with the consciousness of having done a good day's work, they spent the evening gayly. But on our idle days they were mutinous and quarrelsome, finding fault with the pork and the bread, and were continually in bad humor; which put me in mind of a sea captain, whose rule it was to keep his men constantly at work; and when his mate once told him that they had done everything, and there was nothing further to employ them about, '*Oh,*' said he, '*make them scour the anchor.*'"

"This kind of fort," he continues, "however contemptible, is a sufficient defence against Indians, who have no cannon. Finding ourselves now posted securely, and having a place to retreat to on occasion, we ventured out in parties to scour the adjacent country. We met with no Indians, but we found the places on the neighboring hills where they had lain to watch our proceedings. There was an art in their contrivance of those places that seems worth mentioning.

"It being winter, a fire was necessary for them; but a common fire, on the surface of the ground, would by its light have discovered their position at a distance: they had therefore dug holes in the ground about three feet in diameter, and somewhat deeper; we found where they had, with their hatchets, cut off the charcoal from the side of burnt logs lying in the woods. With these coals they had made small fires in the bottom of the holes, and we observed among the weeds and grass the prints of their bodies made by their lying all round, with their legs hanging down in the holes to keep their feet warm, which with them is an essential point. This kind of fire, so managed could not discover them either by its light, flame, sparks, or even smoke; it appeared that the number was not great, and it seems they saw we were too many to be attacked by them with a prospect of advantage.

"We had for our chaplain a zealous Presbyterian minister, Mr. Beatty, who complained to me that the men did not generally attend his prayers and exhortations. When they enlisted they were promised, besides pay and provisions, a gill of rum a-day, which was punctually served out to them, half in the morning and half in the evening, and I observed they were punctual in

attending to receive it." Franklin advised that the rum should be distributed only just after prayers; and never were prayers more generally or more punctually attended.

Franklin's military career, was, however, a short one, for he had scarcely completed his defensive preparations, when he received a summons to attend the assembly, where his advice and assistance were found indispensable.

Upon the breaking out of the fatal disturbances in consequence of Mr. Grenville's Stamp Act, Franklin had again returned to England, as agent for Pennsylvania and other States. During his residence in England, he consulted, with unremitting industry, the best interests of his native country. He was everywhere received with respect, on account of his reputation as a writer and philosopher. Franklin was unwearied in his efforts to bring about a reconciliation. He had frequent interviews with Lord Howe and Lord Chatham, and other distinguished English statesmen, who entertained for him the highest respect and esteem. Most of the time during his present residence in England was occupied in these vain efforts. It is well known that the first violent demonstrations against the imposition of the Stamp Act, broke out in Franklin's native place, Boston, the capital of the State of Massachusetts. The governor, Hutchinson, and other functionaries, wrote to the home government, recommending the adoption of the most rigorous coercive measures, inveighing in unmeasured terms against the leading characters of the State. By some unaccountable means, these letters fell into Franklin's hands ere they reached their destination. He instantly transmitted them back to the assembly at Massachusetts, who, enraged at the conduct of the governor, sent a petition to the king, praying for his dismissal, and Franklin was appointed to present it. As might have been expected, the petition was dismissed as "frivolous and vexatious;" and Franklin incurred so much obloquy for his interception of the governor's despatches (the mode of which was never discovered) that he was dismissed from his office of deputy-postmaster-general. He still continued in England, however, and left nothing untried to effect a reconciliation between the mother country and the colonies; but finding all his endeavors unavailing, he returned to America in 1775. The day after his arrival, he was elected by the Legislature

of Pennsylvania as a delegate to Congress. Hostilities had then commenced; but it would be repeating a thrice-told tale to enter into any account of the protracted and bloody struggle that ensued, or the nature of its termination. In 1778, Franklin was sent as ambassador to the court of France, where he soon brought about an alliance between that nation and the North American States. When the British ministry at length saw the necessity of recognizing the independence of the States, the definitive treaty to that effect was signed at Paris, on the 3d of September, 1783, by Dr. Franklin, Mr. Adams, and Mr. Jay, for the States, on the one hand; and by Mr. David Hartley, for Great Britain, on the other. Franklin continued at Paris for the two following years; but at last, by his own urgent request, was recalled. Shortly after his return, he was elected president of the supreme executive council, and lent all his still perfect energies to consolidating the infant government. Age and infirmities, however, claimed their usual ascendancy; and in 1788 he retired wholly from public life.

Death.

Franklin's last public act—and it was one in beautiful accordance with the whole tenor of his life—was putting his signature, as president of the Anti-Slavery Society, to a memorial presented to the House of Representatives, praying them to exert the full powers intrusted to them to discourage the revolting traffic in the human species. This was on the 12th of February, 1789. From this day forward, he was confined almost constantly to bed with the stone, from which he suffered the most excruciating agony. Yet, when his paroxysms of pain drew forth, as they did occasionally, an irrepressible groan, he would observe, he was afraid he did not bear his suffering as he ought—acknowledged his grateful sense of the many blessings he had received from the Supreme Being, who had raised him from small and low beginnings to such high rank and consideration among men, and made no doubt but his present afflictions were kindly intended to wean him from a world in which he was no longer fit to act the part assigned him. He latterly sank into a calm lethargic state; and on the 17th April, 1790, about eleven o'clock at night, he quietly expired. He was then aged exactly eighty-four years and three months. The following epitaph was written by himself many years previous to his death, but

only the simple inscription "Benjamin and Deborah Franklin, 1790," was placed upon the plain marble slab that covers his grave.

"The Body of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Printer, [like the cover of an old book, its contents torn out, and stript of its lettering and gilding,] lies here food for worms; yet the work itself shall not be lost, for it will (as he believed) appear once more in a new and more beautiful edition, corrected and amended by THE AUTHOR."

Character.

In looking back on Franklin's career, it is evident that the principal feature in his character was *worldly prudence*—not in the usual and selfish acceptation of the term, but that prudence, founded on true wisdom, which dictates the practice of honesty, industry, frugality, temperance, in short, all those qualities which may be classified under the name of "moral virtues"—as being the only certain means of obtaining distinction, respect, independence and mental cheerfulness. There is no other writer who inculcates lessons of practical wisdom in a more agreeable and popular manner, and we much regret that the limits of this sketch prevent our giving many extracts illustrative of this quality. His whole conduct and writings, indeed, present the somewhat singular union of great genius with practical good sense, and of singular worldly shrewdness with the loftiest integrity of principle. The greatest worldly honors—and few have attained higher—could not for a moment make him forget or deviate from the fixed principles with which he started in life. Ever keeping before his mind his own origin and rise, he justly considered every man to be originally on a par in as far as regarded real intrinsic worth; and equally, by precept and example, contributed more, perhaps, than any individual who ever existed to breaking down these invidious bars to eminence and success in life which the conventional habits and artificial feelings of society had theretofore interposed to the elevation of those unblessed by birth and fortune.

Some of Franklin's Maxims.

As the present biography must be considered as more immediately instructive to the industrious and productive portion of mankind, we shall conclude it by giving the following "Advice to a Young Tradesman," written by Franklin at the time when his industrious and frugal habits were

just beginning to be rewarded with independence and worldly respect.

"Remember that *time* is money. He that can earn ten shillings a-day by his labor, and goes abroad or sits idle one-half of that day, though he spends but sixpence during his diversion or idleness, ought not to reckon *that* the only expense; he has really spent, or rather thrown away, five shillings besides.

"Remember that *credit* is money. If a man lets his money lie in my hands after it is due, he gives me the interest, or so much as I can make of it during that time. This amounts to a considerable sum where a man has a good and large credit, and makes good use of it.

"Remember that money is of a prolific generating nature. Money can beget money, and its offspring can beget more, and so on. Five shillings turned is six; turned again is seven and threepence; and so on till it becomes a hundred pounds. The more there is of it, the more it produces every turning, so that the profits rise quicker and quicker. He that kills a breeding sow destroys all her offspring to the thousandth generation. He that murders a crown destroys all that it might have produced, even scores of pounds.

"Remember that six pounds a year is but a groat a day. For this little sum (which may be daily wasted either in time or expense, unperceived) a man of credit may, on his own security, have the constant possession and use of a hundred pounds. So much in stock, briskly turned by an industrious man, produces great advantage.

"Remember this saying: 'The good paymaster is lord of another man's purse.' He that is known to pay punctually, and exactly to the time he promises, may at any time, and on any occasion, raise all the money his friends can spare. This is sometimes of great use. After industry and frugality, nothing contributes more to the raising of a young man in the world than punctuality and justice in all his dealings: therefore, never keep borrowed money an hour beyond the time you promised, lest a disappointment shut up your friend's purse forever.

"The most trifling actions that affect a man's credit are to be regarded. The sound of your hammer at five in the morning, or nine at night heard by a creditor, makes him easy six months longer; but if he sees you at a billiard-table, or hears your voice at a tavern, when you should be at work, he

sends for his money the next day; demands it before he can receive it in a lump.

"It shows, besides, that you are mindful of what you owe; it makes you appear a careful as well as an honest man, and that still increases your credit.

"Beware of thinking all your own that you possess, and of living accordingly. It is a mistake that many people who have credit fall into. To prevent this, keep an exact account, for some time, both of your expenses and your income. If you take the pains at first to mention particulars, it will have this good effect—you will discover how wonderfully small trifling expenses mount up to a large sum, and will discern what might have been, and may for the future be saved, without occasioning any great inconvenience.

"In short, the way to wealth, if you desire it, is as plain as the way to market. It depends chiefly on two words—*industry* and *frugality*; that is, waste neither *time* nor *money*, but make the best use of both. Without industry and frugality nothing will go, and with them everything. He that gets all he can honestly, and saves all he gets (necessary expenses excepted), will certainly become *rich*—if that Being who governs the world, to whom all should look for a blessing on their honest endeavors, doth not, in His wise providence, otherwise determine."

Keimer's Attempt at a New Religion.

THE following sketch from one of Franklin's experiences with Keimer, the printer referred to in the previous article, is taken from Weems' "Life of Franklin." Parson Weems was the Mark Twain of early American literature, and his description of Keimer's attempt to establish a new religion occupies a deservedly high position in humorous composition:

Ben was naturally comic in a high degree, and this pleasant vein, greatly improved by his present golden prospects, betrayed him into many a frolic with Keimer, to whom he had prudently attached himself as a journeyman, until the Annis should sail. The reader will excuse Ben for these frolics when he comes to learn what were their aims; as also what an insufferable old creature this Keimer was. Silly as a booby, yet vain as a jay, and garrulous as a pie, he could never rest but when in a stiff argument, and acting the orator, a which he looked on Cicero himself as but a boy to him. Here was a fine target for Ben's Socratic

artillery, which he frequently played off on the old Pomposo with great effect. By questions artfully put, he would obtain of him certain points, which Keimer readily granted, as seeing in them no sort of connection with the matter in debate. But yet these points, when granted, like distant nets slyly hauling round a porpoise or sturgeon, would by degrees, so completely circumvent the silly fish, that with all his flouncing and fury he could never extricate himself, but rather got more deeply entangled. Often caught in this way, he became at last so afraid of Ben's questions, that he would turn as mad when one of them was poked at him, as a bull at sight of a scarlet cloak; and would not answer the simplest question without first asking, "Well, and what would you make of that?" He came at length to form so exalted an opinion of Ben's talents for refutation, that he seriously proposed to him one day that they should turn out together and preach a New Religion! Keimer was to preach and make the converts, and Ben to answer and put to silence the gainsayers. He said a *world of money* might be made by it.

On hearing the outlines of this new religion, Ben found great fault with it. This he did only that he might have another frolic with Keimer; but his frolics were praiseworthy, for they all "leaned to virtue's side." The truth is, he saw that Keimer was prodigiously a hypocrite. At every whipstitch he would play the knave, and then for a pretence would read his Bible. But it was not the *moral part* of the Bible, the sweet precepts and parables of the Gospel that he read. No, verily. Food so angelic was not at all to the tooth of his childish fancy, which delighted in nothing but the novel and curious. Like too many of the saints nowadays, he would rather read about the witch of Endor, than the good Samaritan, and hear a sermon on the brazen candlesticks than on the love of God. And then, oh dear! who was Melchizedek? Or where was the land of Nod? Or, was it in the shape of a serpent or a monkey that the devil tempted Eve? As he was one day poring over the Pentateuch as busy after some nice game of this sort as a terrier on the track of a weazel, he came to that famous text where Moses says, "Thou shalt not mar the corners of thy beard." Aye! this was the divinity for Keimer. It struck him like a new light from the clouds: then rolling his eyes as from an apparition, he exclaimed, "Miserable man that I

am! and was I indeed forbidden to mar even the corners of my beard, and have I been all this time shaving myself as smooth as a eunuch! Fire and brimstone, how have you been boiling up for me, and I knew it not! Hell, deepest hell is my portion, that's a clear case, unless I reform. And reform I will if I live. Yes, my poor naked chin, if ever I but get another crop upon thee and I suffer it to be touched by the ungodly steel, then let my right hand forget her cunning."

From that day he became as shy of a razor as ever Samson was. His long black whiskers "*whistled in the wind.*" And then to see how he would stand up before his glass and stroke them down, it would have reminded you of some ancient Druid, adjusting the sacred mistletoe.

Ben could not bear that sight. Such shameless neglect of angel morality, and yet such fidgetting about a goatish beard! "Heavens, sir," said he to Keimer, one day in the midst of a hot argument—

"Who can think, with common sense,
A smooth-shaved face gives God offence?
Or that a whisker hath a charm,
Eternal justice to disarm?"

He even proposed to him to get *shaved*. Keimer swore outright that he would never lose his beard. A stiff altercation ensued. But Keimer getting angry, Ben agreed at last to give up the beard. He said that, "as the beard at best was but an external, a mere excrescence, he would not insist on that as so very essential. But certainly, sir," continued he, "there is one thing that is."

Keimer wanted to know what that was.

"Why, sir," added Ben, "this turning out and preaching up a new religion, is, without doubt, a very serious affair, and ought not to be undertaken too hastily. Much time, sir, in my opinion at least, should be spent in making preparation, in which fasting should certainly have a large share."

Keimer, who was a great glutton, said he could *never fast*.

Ben then insisted that if they were not to fast altogether, they ought, at any rate, to abstain from animal food, and live as the saints of old did, on *vegetables* and *water*.

Keimer shook his head, and said that if he were to live on vegetables and water he should soon die.

Ben assured him that it was entirely a mistake.

He had tried it often, he said, and could testify from his own experience that he was never more healthy and cheerful than when he lived on vegetables alone. "Die from feeding on vegetables, indeed! Why, sir, it contradicts reason; and contradicts all history, ancient and profane. There was Daniel, and his three young friends, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, who fed on a vegetable diet, of choice; did they languish and die of it? Or rather did they not display a rouge of health and fire of genius, far beyond those silly youths who crammed on all the luxuries of the royal table? And that amiable Italian nobleman, Lewis Cornaro, who says of bread, that it was such a dainty to his palate, that he was almost afraid, at times, it was too good for him to eat; did he languish and die of this simple fare. On the contrary, did he not outlive three generations of gratified epicures, and after all go off in his second century, like a bird of Paradise, singing the praises of Temperance and Virtue? And pray, sir," continued Ben, "where's the wonder of all this? Must not the blood that is formed of vegetables be the purest in nature? And then, as spirits depend on the blood, must not the spirits secreted from such blood be the purest too? And when this is the case with the blood and spirits, which are the very life of man, must not that man enjoy the best chance for such healthy secretions and circulations as are most conducive to long and happy life?"

While Ben argued at this rate, Keimer regarded him with a look which seemed to say, "Very true, sir; all this is very true, but still I cannot *go it*."

Ben, still unwilling to give up his point, thought he would make one more push at him. "What a pity it is," said he with a sigh, "that the blessings of so sublime a religion should be all lost to the world, merely for a lack of a little fortitude on the part of its propagators."

This was touching him on the right string; for Keimer was a man of such vanity, that a little flattery would put him up to anything. So after a few hems and ha's, he said, he believed he would, at any rate, make a trial of this new regimen.

Having thus carried his point, Ben immediately engaged a poor old woman of the neighborhood to become their cook; and gave her, off-hand, written receipts for three and forty dishes; not one of which contained a single atom of fish, flesh, or fowl. For their first day's breakfast on the new

regimen, the old woman treated them with a tureen of oatmeal gruel. Keimer was particularly fond of his breakfast, at which a nice beefsteak with onion sauce was a standing dish. It was as good as a farce to Ben, to see with what an eye Keimer regarded the tureen, when, entering the room, in place of his steak, hot, smoking, and savory, he beheld this pale, meagre-looking slop.

"What have you got there?" said he, with a visage grum, and scowling eye.

"A dish of hasty pudding," replied Ben, with the smile of an innocent youth who had a keen appetite, with something good to satisfy it; "a dish of nice hasty pudding, sir, made of oats."

"Of oats?" retorted Keimer, with a voice raised to a scream.

"Yes, sir, oats," rejoined Ben; "oats, that precious grain which gives such elegance and fire to our noblest of quadrupeds, the horse."

Keimer growled out that he was no horse to eat oats.

"No matter for that," replied Ben, "'tis equally good for men."

Keimer denied that any human being ever ate oats.

"Ay!" said Ben, "and pray what's become of the Scotch? Don't they live on oats? And yet, where will you find a people so 'bonny, blithe, and gay?' a nation of such wits and warriors?"

As there was no answering this, Keimer sat down to the tureen, and swallowed a few spoonfuls, but not without making as many wry faces as if it had been so much jalap; while Ben, all smile and chat, breakfasted most deliciously.

At dinner, by Ben's order, the old woman paraded a trencher piled up with potatoes. Keimer's grumbling fit came on him again. "He saw clear enough," he said, "that he was to be poisoned."

"Poh! cheer up, man," replied Ben; "this is your right preacher's bread."

"Bread the d—l!" replied Keimer, snarling.

"Yes, bread, sir," continued Ben, pleasantly; "the bread of *life*, sir; for where do you find such health and spirits, such bloom and beauty, as among the honest-hearted Irish, and yet for their breakfast, dinner, and supper, the potato is their tetotum; the first, second, and third course."

In this way Ben and his old woman went on with Keimer; daily ringing the changes on oatmeal gruel, roasted potatoes, boiled rice, and so on, through the whole family of roots and grains in all their various genders, moods, and tenses.

Sometimes, like a restive mule, Keimer would kick up and show strong symptoms of flying the way. But then Ben would prick him up again with a touch of his ruling passion, vanity. "Only think, Mr. Keimer," he would say, "only think what has been done by the founders of *new religions*: how they have enlightened the ignorant, polished the rude, civilized the savage, and made heroes of those who were little better than brutes. Think, sir, what Moses did among the stiff-necked Jews; what Mahomet did among the wild Arabs; and what you may do among these gentle drab-coated Pennsylvanians." This, like a spur in the flank of a jaded horse, gave Keimer a new start, and pushed him on afresh to his gruel breakfasts and potato dinners. Ben strove hard to keep him up to this gait. Often, at table, and especially when he saw that Keimer was in good humor and fed kindly, he would give a loose rein to fancy, and paint the advantages of their new regimen in the most glowing colors. "Aye, sir," he would say, letting drop at the same time his spoon, as in an ecstasy, of his subject, while his pudding on the platter cooled, "aye, sir, now we are beginning to live like men going a preaching indeed. Let your epicures gormandize their fowl, fish, and flesh, with draughts of intoxicating liquors. Such gross, inflammatory food may suit the brutal votaries of Mars and Venus. But our views, sir, are different altogether; we are going to teach wisdom and benevolence to mankind. This is a heavenly work, sir, and our mind ought to be heavenly. Now, as the mind depends greatly on the body, and the body on the food, we should certainly select that which is of the most pure and refining quality. And this, sir, is exactly the food to our purpose. This mild potato, or this gentle pudding, is the thing to insure the light stomach, the cool liver, the clear head, and above all, those celestial passions which become a preacher that would moralize the world. And these celestial passions, sir, let me add, though I don't pretend to be a prophet, these celestial passions, sir, were you but to stick to this diet, would soon shine out in your countenance with such apostolic majesty and grace, as would strike all beholders with reverence, and enable you to carry the world before you."

Such was the style of Ben's rhetoric with old Keimer. But it could not all do. For though these harangues could sometimes make him fancy

himself as big as Zoroaster or Confucius, and talk as if he should soon have the whole country running after him, and worshipping him for the Great Lama of the west; yet this divinity was too much against the grain to last long. Unfortunately for poor Keimer, the kitchen lay between him and his bishopric: and both nature and habit had so wedded him to that swinish idol, that nothing could divorce him. So after having been led by Ben "*a very d—l of a life*," as he called it, "for three months," his flesh-pot appetites prevailed, and he swore, "*by his whiskers, he would suffer it no longer*." Accordingly he ordered a nice roast pig for dinner, and desired Ben to invite a young friend to dine with them. Ben did so; but neither himself nor his young friend were anything the better for the pig. For before they could arrive, the pig being done, and his appetite beyond all restraint, Keimer had fallen on it and devoured the whole. And there he sat panting and torpid as an anaconda who had just swallowed a young buffalo. But still his looks gave a sign that the "ministers of grace" had not entirely deserted him, for at sight of Ben and his young friend, he blushed up to the eyelids, and in a glow of scarlet, which showed that he paid dear for his *whistle*, he apologized for disappointing them of their dinner. "Indeed, the smell of the pig," he said, "was so sweet, and the nicely browned skin so inviting, especially to him who had been long starved, that for the soul of him he could not resist the temptation *to taste it*—and then, oh! if Lucifer himself had been at the door, he must have gone on, let what would have been the consequences." He said, too, "that for his part he was glad it was a *pig* and not a *hog*, for that he verily believed he should have bursted himself." Then leaning back in his chair and pressing his swollen abdomen with his paws, he exclaimed, with an awkward laugh, "Well, I don't believe I was ever cut out for a bishop!" Here ended the farce: for Keimer never after this uttered another word about his New Religion.

Ben used, laughing, to say that he drew Keimer into this scrape that he might enjoy the satisfaction of *starving him out of his gluttony*. And he did it also that he might save the more for books and candles: their vegetable regimen costing him, in all, rather less than three cents a day! To those who can spend twenty times this sum on tobacco and whiskey alone, three cents per day

must appear a scurvy allowance, and of course poor Ben must be sadly pitied.

HOW WASHINGTON RECEIVED THE NEWS OF THE SURRENDER OF BURGOYNE.

DURING that disastrous period of the Revolution which succeeded the defeat of Washington at Brandywine, and his subsequent repulse at Germantown, the excitement of the public mind was deep and anxious, and the spirits of the whole nation seemed depressed and paralyzed by the overthrow of their sagacious leader in two successive battles. The public expectation was on tiptoe for every breath of news, in hopes that it might bring accounts of some achievement which would wipe away the stain of Brandywine and Germantown, or lest it should inform them of some equally disastrous battle. Towards the close of a wet, uncomfortable day, a week or two after the defeat at Germantown, a horseman, heavily armed, and clad in a thick overcoat, which was nearly covered with mud, was observed to ride up from the river, through the main street of Easton. He stopped at the first tavern in sight, and inquired for the commanding officer of the station. It was presently noised through the town that an express had arrived, and the citizens flocked in crowds to the house of the commandant, to learn the news. The stranger quickly informed him that he carried an express of great importance, and that he must be immediately furnished with guides to conduct him to the camp of Washington. Two trusty men were forthwith selected, and just at candle-light the three started for Whitemarsh, whither Washington had retreated after his unfortunate attack upon the enemy at Germantown. Pursuing an unfrequented path, they were descending a little eminence which overlooked the encampment, just as the sun rose, after a wet and fatiguing ride during the whole night.

As their jaded horses slowly descended the eminence, the bearer of the express and his companions could observe the line of sentries pacing to and fro upon the wet grass, some distance from the tents, and a few officers and soldiers performing their morning ablutions. Three horsemen of their mysterious character were an unusual sight at Whitemarsh, and the officers and men regarded them with fixed and anxious attention. The fact of their approach was passed into the tents, and a crowd of officers and soldiers soon appeared, all intently

watching their designs. As they neared the sentries, they dropped their muskets to a charge and bade them halt. An officer, approaching the group at this moment, was told by one of the guides in a loud voice that they had an express for General Washington; upon which they were instantly allowed to pass. Their business reaching the ears of the troops, an immense crowd was soon collected around them, so great as to prevent their proceeding only at a very slow pace. The impatience of the troops to hear the news could not be restrained, and they called loudly to be informed. An officer approached one of the guides, and putting his hand to his mouth, begged him, for heaven's sake, just to tell him whether it was good or bad. The guide, who was himself ignorant of the news he was carrying, but ashamed to let others know it, put his finger beside his nose with a most important manner, and gave the officer a significant shake of the head, by way of reply, and which might be safely interpreted either way. He chose to receive it as favorable; and, pulling off his hat, gave three hearty cheers, which the surrounding troops immediately joined with laudable good-humor—not one of them knowing what he was cheering about! The noise reaching the ears of those in tents, they too gave three cheers, although no whit wiser than the others, and immediately joined the formidable cavalcade.

While the express and his guides were advancing, the afore-mentioned officer hastened across the fields to apprise Washington that an express was near at hand. When the concourse reached his lodgings, the multitude, dying with impatience to have their curiosity gratified, in their eagerness, tore the three from their horses, and bore them upon their shoulders up the steps of the house where Washington was quartered. At that instant, the commander-in-chief appeared from the far end of the entry, and beckoned them in. They entered a spacious room, in which was a large table covered with smoking dishes, and to which Washington, with all his staff, was about sitting down to breakfast. The door was instantly shut, and the bearer of the express stepped forward to General Washington, informed him that he bore important despatches, and opening his coat, pointed to the left lapel, in which he stated they were concealed. Instantly a dozen knives were in operation, and in a few moments

the despatches were exhibited—leaving the poor bearer with a ruined coat upon his back.

A stillness, unbroken but by the half-suppressed breathings of the spectators, succeeded. Washington, seating himself at the head of the table, unfolded the mysterious document, and perused it silently. Not a muscle of his noble features moved—but his eye was seen to lighten up a little. Around him sat the flower of the army—Knox, Pulaski, and Greene, with Hamilton, his first aid-de-camp, on his right hand. While the general read the paper, the impatience of his officers, burning to be gratified, was with the utmost difficulty restrained; yet a solemn and death-like silence reigned within the room. At the window might be seen the equally impatient troops, endeavoring to catch some certain signal from the group within. When Washington had finished, he turned to Hamilton, and desired him to read the document aloud. Hamilton began with a voice already thick with joy—for his quick eye in an instant had caught the contents of the paper. But he began. It was the official report from General Gates, communicating the original intelligence of the total defeat and capture of the British army, commanded by Burgoyne, at Saratoga!

When Hamilton had read merely enough to inform the company, the whole staff rose from the table with tears in their eyes, and in the presence of their dignified commander, gave three hearty cheers. Washington, in a voice made indistinct and tremulous with joy, commanded them to order, which with extreme difficulty he succeeded in restoring. He then requested Hamilton to read the whole. When he had done so, the officers again rose, and, in the excess of their delight, upset the table, stamped upon the dishes and untasted meats, and, in spite of Washington's repeated calls to order, broke the breakfast table and its burden into atoms.

Unable to restore silence, or careless to repress the honest joy of his friends, the general retired with Hamilton to another room, to issue new instructions suitable to the emergency. Meanwhile, the assembled multitude at the windows, the unsatisfied spectators of these extravagant demonstrations of joy, still ignorant of the cause, renewed their shoutings, and the air rang with the acclamations of five thousand veterans, not a man of them knowing what he was shouting for!

When the uproar had in a degree subsided, Washington returned to greet a second time the bearers of these welcome tidings. Addressing them with the kindest language, he told them they must be wet and hungry from travelling all night, and that whatever they might wish should be set before them. One of them, an honest German, proud of the attention shown him by that noble man, replied, with his arms akimbo, and with a consequential air, as if the fate of the nation depend upon what he had for breakfast, "Why, please your excellency, I'll have some ham and eggs!"—and according ham and eggs were given to him. A suitable reward was given to the guides, one of whom boasted, as he told the story with the tears in his eyes, that for that night's service he received five pounds in hard money.

The news was soon communicated to the neighboring detachments who were quartered in the vicinity, and orders given to stop all stragglers going in to the enemy, who had then possession of Philadelphia. Accordingly, an old woman, dressed as a market-woman, and bearing some panniers on her horse, was stopped the same day by Captain Craig, at Moorstown, a few miles from the city, and examined. On taking off her bonnet, to which she made a stout resistance, a bundle was discovered in her hair. It proved to be the official despatches from Burgoyne to General Howe, informing him of his disastrous capture. They had been brought as far as Baskingridge, in Jersey, by express, but, fearful of detection if attempted to be delivered by a man, were there intrusted to a female disguised as a market-woman. The heroine was immediately remounted on her horse with uncomfortable quickness, and started off for Philadelphia with this satisfactory ejaculation, "That as she had *such* news to take General Howe, she might be off with it as soon as she pleased."

MARSHAL NEY'S DEATH-SCENE.

THE vengeance of the Allied Powers demanded some victims; and the intrepid Ney, who well-nigh put the crown again on Bonaparte's head at Waterloo, was to be one of them. Condemned to be shot, he was led to the Garden of Luxembourg, on the morning of the 7th of December, and placed in front of a file of soldiers, drawn up to kill him. One of the officers stepped up to

bandage his eyes, but he repulsed him, saying, "Are you ignorant that for twenty-five years I have been accustomed to face both ball and bullet?" He then lifted his hat above his head, with the same calm voice that had steadied his columns so frequently in the roar and tumult of battle, said, "I declare, before God and man, that I never betrayed my country; may my death render her happy. *Vive la France!*" He then turned to the

leon and the enthusiasm that hailed his approach to Paris. Still, he was no traitor.

BATTLE OF CRECY.

THE following description of an incident in the battle of Crecy occurs in Lord Berners' translation of the writings of Froissart, published in 1523 by order of Henry VIII. It is doubtless a correct account of the event described,

and certainly a fine specimen of vigorous English of that date:

When the French king saw the Englishmen, his blood changed, and (he) said to his marshalls, "Make the Genoese go on before, and begin the battle in the name of God and St. Denis." There were of the Genoese cross-bows about a fifteen thousand, but they were so weary of going a-foot that day, a six leagues, armed with



COMBAT BETWEEN ARCHERS AND CROSS-BOWMEN. (Accurate Copy of an Ancient Engraving.)

soldiers, and striking his hand on his heart, gave the order, "Soldiers, fire!" A simultaneous discharge followed, and the "bravest of the brave" sank to rise no more. He who had fought five hundred battles for France, not one against her, was shot as a traitor! As I looked on the spot where he fell, I could not but sigh over his fate. True, he broke his oath of allegiance—so did others, carried away by their attachment to Napo-

their cross-bows, that they said to their constables, "We be not well ordered to fight this day, for we be not in the case to do any great deed of arms; we have more need of rest." These words came to the Earl of Alençon, who said, "A man is well at ease to be charged with such a sort of rascals, to be faint and fail now at most need." Also, the same season, there fell a great rain and an eclipse, with a terrible thunder; and before the rain, there



THE OLD CROSS-BOWMAN.

came flying over the battles a great number of crows for fear of the tempest coming. Then anon the air began to wax clear, and the sun to shine fair and bright, the which was right in the Frenchmen's eyes, and on the Englishmen's back. When the Genoese were assembled together, and began to approach, they made a great leap and cry, to abash the Englishmen; but they stood still, and stirred not for all that. Then the Genoese again the second time made another leap and a fell cry, and stepped forward a little; and the Englishmen removed not one foot. Thirdly again they leaped and cried, and went forth till they came within shot; then they shot fiercely with their cross-bows. Then the English archers stepped forth one pace, and let fly their arrows so wholly and thick that it seemed snow. When the Genoese felt the arrows piercing through heads and arms and breasts, many of them cast down their cross-bows, and did cut their strings, and returned discomfited. When the French king saw them flee away, he said, "Slay these rascals, for they shall let and trouble us without reason." Then ye should have seen the men-at-arms dash in among them, and killed a great number of them, and ever still the English-

men shot whereas they saw the thickest press; the sharp arrows ran into the men-at-arms and into their horses; and many fell horse and men among the Genoese; and when they were down they could not relieve again; the press was so thick that one overthrew another. And also, among the Englishmen, there were certain rascals that went on foot with great knives, and they went in among the men-at-arms, and murdered many as they lay on the ground, both earls, barons, knights, and squires, whereof the King of England was after displeased, for he had rather they had taken prisoners.

DEATH OF LORD COBHAM.

SIR JOHN OLDCASTLE, Baron of Cobham, was born during the reign of Edward III., of England, and executed, in the cruel and barbarous manner peculiar to those times, on the 14th of December, 1377. He was a soldier of distinction, but having become a convert to the doctrines of Wycliffe, he promoted them greatly; and when the king remonstrated with him he said: "Next to God I profess obedience to my king; but as to the spiritual dominion of the Pope, I can pay him no obedience." He was thereupon confined in the tower and condemned to the flames, but escaped into Wales. A reward of 1000 marks was offered for his head, and ex-



Fig. 1. *San-benito*. Garment worn by those who escaped burning by making a confession before being sentenced.



Fig. 2. *Fuego revolto*. Garment worn by those who escaped being burnt alive by making a confession after they had been condemned.



Fig. 3. *Samarra*. Garment worn by those who, refusing to confess, were about to be burnt.

COSTUMES OF THE INQUISITION.

emption from taxes promised to any town that should apprehend him. After four years he was discovered and carried to London, where he was hanged in chains on a gibbet in St. Giles' field, and roasted to death by a fire kindled under him. He was the first martyr to his religious sentiments among the English nobility. The following account of his execution was written by Bishop Bole, in 1544, and strongly illustrates the barbarism of the times:

"Upon the day appointed, he was brought out of the tower with his arms bound behind him, having a very cheerful countenance. Then was

he laid upon an hurdle, as though he had been a most heinous traitor to the crown, and so drawn forth into St. Giles' Field, where they had set up a new pair of gallows. As he was coming to the place of execution, and was taken from the hurdle, he fell down devoutly upon his knees, desiring Almighty God to forgive his enemies. Then stood he up and beheld the multitude, exhorting them in most godly manner to follow the laws of God written in the Scriptures, and in any wise to beware of such teachers as they see contrary to Christ in their conversation and living, with many other special counsels. Then he was hanged up there by the middle in chains of iron, and so consumed alive in the fire, praising the name of God, so long as his life lasted. In the end he commended his soul into the hand of God, and so departed hence most Christenly, his body resolved into ashes."

HENRY VIII. ENTERTAINED AT THE HOUSE OF CARDINAL WOLSEY.

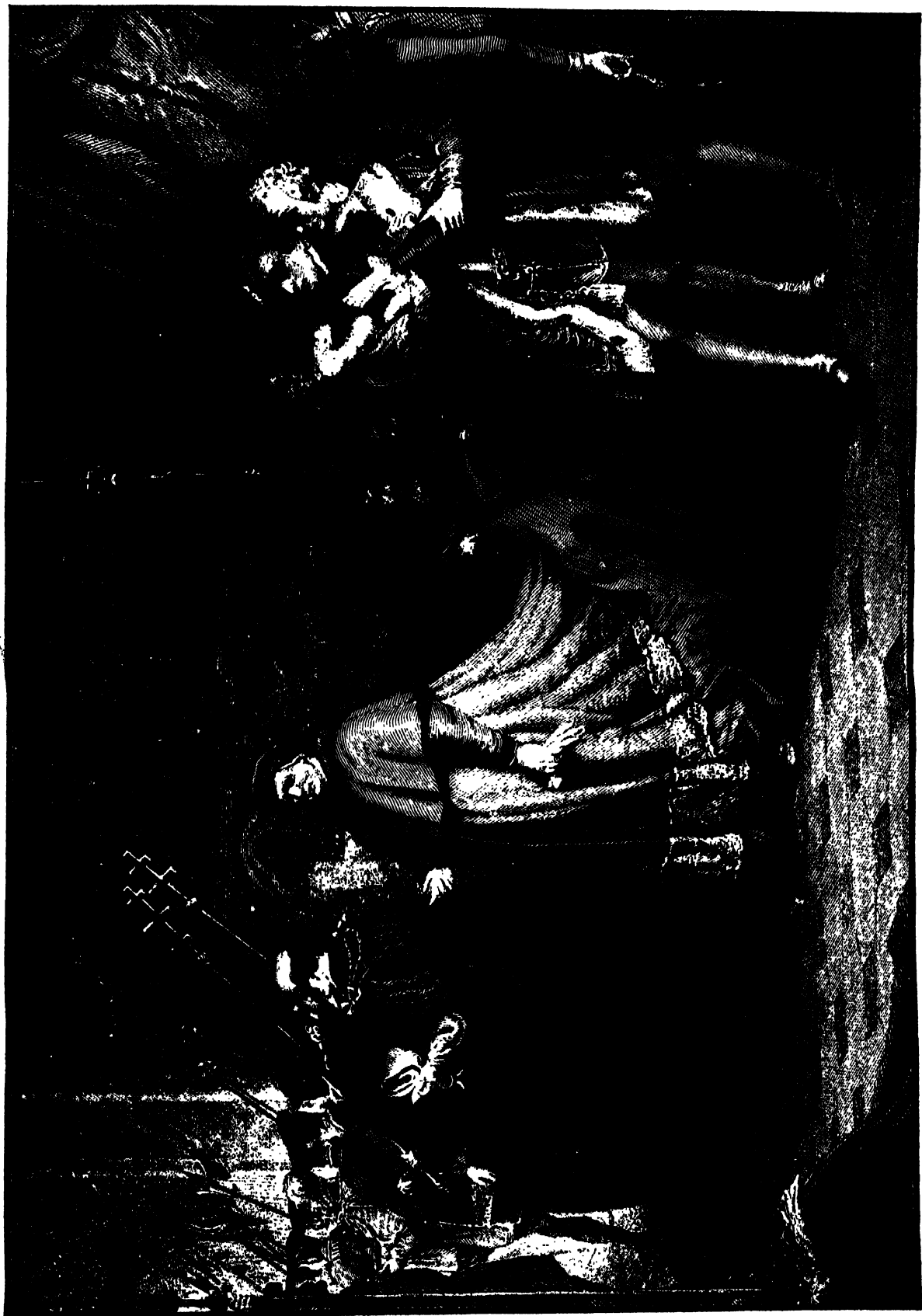
THE following account of a visit of Henry VIII. and a portion of his court to the house of Cardinal Wolsey is a splendid pen-picture of the style of kingly entertainments that prevailed in those days. It is selected from the manuscript *Life of Cardinal Wolsey* by George Cavendish, 1557:

"And when it pleased the king's majesty, for his recreation, to repair unto the Cardinal's house, as he did, divers times in the year, at which times there wanted no preparations, or goodly furniture, with viands of the finest sort that might be provided for money or friendship; such pleasures were then devised for the king's comfort and consolation, as might be invented, or by man's wit imagined. The banquets were set forth with masks and mummeries, in so gorgeous a sort and costly manner, that it was a heaven to behold. There wanted no dames or damsels, meet or apt to dance with the maskers, or to garnish the place for the time with other goodly disports. Then was there all kinds of music and harmony set forth, with excellent voices both of men and children. I have seen the king suddenly come in thither in a mask, with a dozen other maskers, all in garments like shepherds, made of fine cloth of gold, and fine crimson satin parrot, and caps of the same, with visors of good proportion of visnomy; their hairs, and beards,

either of fine gold wire, or else of silver, and some being of black silk; having sixteen torch-bearers, besides their drums, and other persons attending upon them, with visors, and clothed all in satin, of the same colours. And at his coming, and before he came into the hall, ye shall understand that he came by water to the water-gate, without any noise, where, against his coming, were laid changed many chambers,* and at his landing they were all shot off, which made such a rumble in the air, that it was like thunder. It made all the noblemen, ladies and gentlewomen, to muse what it should mean coming so suddenly, they sitting quietly at a solemn banquet. * * * Then, immediately after this great shot of guns, the cardinal desired the lord chamberlain and comptroller to look what this sudden shot should mean, as though he knew nothing of the matter. They thereupon looking out of the windows into the Thames, returned again, and showed him, that it seemed to them there should be some noblemen and strangers arrived at his bridge, as ambassadors from some foreign prince. * * * 'Then,' quoth the cardinal to my lord chamberlain, 'I pray you,' quoth he, 'show them that it seemeth to me that there should be among them some nobleman, whom I suppose to be much more worthy of honor to sit and occupy this room and place than I: to whom I would most gladly, if I knew him, surrender my place according to my duty.' Then spake my lord chamberlain unto them in French, declaring my lord cardinal's mind; and they rounding† him again in the ear, my lord chamberlain said to my lord cardinal, 'Sir, they confess,' quoth he, 'that among them there is such a noble personage, whom if your grace can appoint him from the others, he is contented to disclose himself, and to accept your place most worthily.' With that the cardinal, taking a good advisement among them, at the last, quoth he, 'Me seemeth the gentleman with the black beard should be even he.' And with that he arose out of his chair, and offered the same to the gentleman in the black beard, with his cap in his hand. The person to whom he offered then his chair was Sir Edward Neville, a comely knight of a goodly personage, that much more resembled the king's person in that mask than any

* Short guns, or cannon, without carriages; chiefly used for festive occasions.

† Whispering.



CARDINAL WOLSEY IN THE HEIGHT OF HIS POWER.

other. The king, hearing and perceiving the cardinal so deceived in his estimation and choice, could not forbear laughing; but plucked down his visor, and Master Neville's also, and dashed out with such a pleasant countenance and cheer, that all noble estates there assembled, seeing the king to be there amongst them, rejoiced very much. The cardinal afterwards* desired his highness to take the place of estate, to whom the king answered, that he would go first and shift his apparel; and so departed, and went straight into my lord's bed-chamber, where was a great fire made and prepared for him, and there new apparelled him with rich and princely garments. And in the time of the king's absence, the dishes of the banquet were clean taken up, and the table spread again with new and sweet perfumed cloths; every man sitting still until the king and his maskers came in among them again, every man being newly apparelled. Then the king took his seat under the cloth of estate, commanding no man to remove, but sit still, as they did before. Then in came a new banquet before the king's majesty, and to all the rest through the tables, wherein, I suppose, were served two hundred dishes, or above, of wondrous costly meats and devices, subtilly devised. Thus passed they forth the whole night with banquetting, dancing, and other triumphant devices, to the great comfort of the king, and pleasant regard of the nobility there assembled."

DESCRIPTION OF AN EXECUTION BY BURNING AT THE STAKE DURING THE REIGN OF QUEEN MARY OF ENGLAND.

THIS description was written by the historian, John Fox, who was a witness of the scene. We copy it in the original language of the author, peculiar to that period, because its quaintness adds materially to the interest of the recital. The victim, a young man named William Hunter, was only nineteen years of age, but he seems to have borne his sufferings with heroic fortitude:

In the first year of Queen Mary William Hunter, apprentice to a silk weaver in London, was discharged from his master's employment, in consequence of his refusing to attend mass. Having returned to the house of his father at Bruntwood, he attracted the attention of the spiritual authorities by his reading a copy of the Scriptures. He was finally condemned to die for heresy.

* Immediately.

In the mean time William's father and mother came to him, and desired heartily of God that he might continue to the end, in that good way which he had begun, and his mother said to him that she was glad that ever she was so happy to bear such a child, which could find in his heart to lose his life for Christ's name's sake.

Then William said to his mother, "For my little pain which I shall suffer, which is but a short braid, Christ hath promised me, mother (said he), a crown of joy: may you not be glad of that, mother?" With that his mother kneeled down on her knees, saying, "I pray God strengthen thee, my son, to the end: yea, I think thee as well-bestowed as any child that ever I bare."

At the which words, Master Higbed took her in his arms, saying, "I rejoice (and so said the others) to see you in this mind, and you have a good cause to rejoice." And his father and mother both said that they were never of other mind, but prayed for him, that, as he had begun to confess Christ before men, he likewise might so continue to the end. William's father said, "I was afraid of nothing, but that my son should have been killed in the prison for hunger and cold, the bishop was so hard to him." But William confessed, after a month, that his father was charged with his board, that he lacked nothing, but had meat and clothing enough, yea, even out of the court, both money, meat, clothes, wood, and coals, and all things necessary.

Thus passing away Saturday, Sunday, and Monday; on Monday at night it happened that William had a dream about two of the clock in the morning, which was this: how that he was at the place where the stake was pight, where he should be burned, which (as he thought in his dream) was at the town's end where the butts* stood, which was so indeed; and also he dreamed that he met with his father as he went to the stake, and also that there was a priest at the stake, which went about to have him recant. To whom he said (as he thought in his dream), how that he had him away false prophet, and how that he exhorted the people to beware of him and such as he was, which things came to pass indeed. It happened that William made a noise to himself in his dream, which caused M. Higbed and the others to awake him out of his sleep, to know

* Archery butts.



CONDUCTING A PRISONER TO THE STAKE.

What he lacked. When he awaked, he told them his dream in order as is said.

Now when it was day, the sheriff, M. Brocket, called on to set forward to the burning of William Hunter. Then came the sheriff's son to William Hunter, and embraced him in his right arm, saying, "William, be not afraid of these men, which are here present with bows, bills, and weapons, ready prepared to bring you to the place where you shall be burned." To whom William answered, "I thank God I am not afraid; for I have cast my count, what it will cost me, already." Then the sheriff's son could speak no more to him for weeping.

Then William Hunter plucked up his gown, and stepped over the parlor grousel, and went forward cheerfully, the sheriff's servant taking him by one arm, and his brother by another; and thus going in the way, he met with his father according to his dream, and he spake to his son, weeping, and saying, "God be with thee, son William;" and William said, "God be with you, good father, and be of good comfort, for I hope we shall meet again, when we shall be merry." His father said, "I hope so, William," and so departed. So William went to the place where the stake stood, even according to his dream, whereas all things were very unready. Then William took a wet broom faggot, and kneeled down thereon, and read the 51st psalm, till he came to these words, "The sacrifice of God is a contrite spirit; a contrite and a broken heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."

Then said Master Tyrell of the Bratches, called William Tyrell, "Thou liest," said he; "thou redest false, for the words are, 'an humble spirit.'" But William said, "The translation saith 'a contrite heart.'" "Yea," quoth Mr. Tyrell, "the translation is false; ye translate books as ye list yourselves, like heretics." "Well," quoth William, "there is no great difference in those words." Then said the sheriff, "Here is a letter from the queen: if thou wilt recant, thou shalt live; if not thou shalt be burned." "No," quoth William, "I will not recant, God willing." Then William rose and went to the stake, and stood upright to it. Then came one Richard Pond, a bailiff, and made fast the chain about William.

Then said Master Brown, "Here is not wood enough to burn a leg of him." Then said William, "Good people, pray for me; and make speed,

and dispatch quickly; and pray for me while ye see me alive, good people, and I will pray for you likewise." "How!" quoth Master Brown, "pray for thee? I will pray no more for thee than I will pray for a dog." To whom William answered, "Master Brown, now you have that which you sought for, and I pray God it be not laid to your charge in the last day; howbeit, I forgive you." Then said Master Brown, "I ask no forgiveness of thee." "Well," said William, "if God forgive you not, I shall require my blood at your hands."

Then said William, "Son of God, shine upon me!" and immediately the sun in the element shone out of a dark cloud so full in his face, that he was constrained to look another way, whereat the people mused, because it was so dark a little time afore. Then William took up a faggot of broom and embraced it in his arms.

Then this priest which William dreamed of came to his brother Robert with a book to carry to William, that he might recant, which book his brother would not meddle withal. Then William, seeing the priest, and perceiving how he would have showed him the book, said, "Away, thou false prophet! Beware of them, good people, and come away from their abominations, lest that you be partakers of their plagues." Then quoth the priest, "Look how thou burnest here, so shalt thou burn in hell." William answered, "Thou liest, thou false prophet! Away, thou false prophet! away!"

Then there was a gentleman which said, "I pray God have mercy upon his soul." The people said, "Amen, Amen."

Immediately fire was made. Then William cast his psalter right into his brother's hand, who said, "William, think on the holy passion of Christ, and be not afraid of death." And William answered, "I am not afraid." Then lift he up his hands to heaven, and said, "Lord, Lord, Lord, receive my spirit!" And casting down his head again into the smothering smoke, he yielded up his life for the truth, sealing it with his blood to the praise of God.

ORIGIN OF CERTAIN LEGENDS.

BEFORE colleges were established in the monasteries where the schools were held, the professors in rhetoric frequently gave their pupils the life of some saint for a trial of their

talent at *amplification*. The students, being constantly at a loss to furnish out their pages, invented most of these wonderful adventures. Jortin observes, that they used to collect out of Ovid, Livy, and other pagan poets and historians, the miracles and portents to be found there, and accommodated them to their own monks and saints. The good fathers of that age, whose simplicity was not inferior to their devotion, were so delighted with these flowers of rhetoric, that they were induced to make a collection of these miraculous compositions; not imagining that, at some distant period, they would become matters of faith.

When the world began to be more critical in their reading, the monks gave a graver turn to their narratives; and became penurious of their absurdities. The faithful believers contend that the line of tradition has been preserved unbroken; notwithstanding that the originals were lost in the general wreck of literature from the barbarians, or came down in a most imperfect state.

Baronius has given the lives of many apocryphal saints; for instance, of saint *Ninoris*, whom he calls a martyr of Antioch: but it appears that Baronius having read in Chrysostom this word, which signifies a *couple* or *pair*, he mistook it for the name of a saint, and contrived to give the most authentic biography of a saint who never existed! As a specimen of the happier inventions, one is given, embellished by the diction of Gibbon—

The Legend of the Seven Sleepers.

Among the legends of ecclesiastical history, I am tempted to distinguish the memorable fable of the *Seven Sleepers*; whose imaginary date corresponds with the reign of the younger Theodosius, and the conquest of Africa by the Vandals. When the Emperor Decius persecuted the Christians, seven notable youths of Ephesus concealed themselves in a spacious cavern on the side of an adjacent mountain; where they were doomed to perish by the tyrant, who gave orders that the entrance should be firmly secured with a pile of stones. They immediately fell into a deep slumber, which was miraculously prolonged without injuring the powers of life, during a period of one hundred and eighty-seven years. At the end of that time the slaves of Adolius, to whom the inheritance of the mountain had descended, removed the stones to supply materials

for some rustic edifice. The light of the sun darted into the cavern, and the Seven Sleepers were permitted to awake. After a slumber as they thought of a few hours, they were pressed by the calls of hunger; and resolved that Jamblichus, one of their number, should secretly return to the city to purchase bread for the use of his companions. The youth, if we may still employ that appellation, could no longer recognize the once familiar aspect of his native country; and his surprise was increased by the appearance of a large cross, triumphantly erected over the principal gate of Ephesus. His singular dress and obsolete language confounded the baker, to whom he offered an ancient medal of Decius as the current coin of the empire; and Jamblichus, on the suspicion of a secret treasure, was dragged before the judge. Their mutual inquiries produced the amazing discovery, that two centuries were almost elapsed since Jamblichus and his friends had escaped from the rage of a Pagan tyrant. The bishop of Ephesus, the clergy, the magistrates, the people, and, it is said, the Emperor Theodosius himself, hastened to visit the cavern of the Seven Sleepers, who bestowed their benediction, related their story and at the same instant peaceably expired.

This popular tale Mahomet learned when he drove his camels to the fairs of Syria; and he has introduced it, as a *divine revelation*, into the Koran. The same story has been adopted and adorned, by the nations from Bengal to Africa, who profess the Mahometan religion.

Peculiarities of Some of the Saints.

During the Dark Ages many saints obtained credit for holiness in proportion to their lack of cleanliness. They did not practise the maxim that "cleanliness is next to godliness." It is said that St. Ignatius delighted to appear abroad with old dirty shoes; he never used a comb, but let his hair clot; and religiously abstained from paring his nails. One saint attained to such piety as to have near three hundred patches on his breeches; which after his death, were hung up in public as an *incentive to imitation*. St. Francis discovered by certain experience, that the devils were frightened away by such kind of breeches, but were animated by clean clothing to tempt and seduce the wearers; and one of their heroes declares that the purest souls are in the dirtiest bodies. On this they tell

a story which may not be very agreeable to fastidious delicacy. Brother Juniper was a gentleman perfectly pious on this principle; indeed so great was his merit in this species of mortification, that a brother declared he could always nose Brother Juniper when within a mile of the monastery, provided the wind was at the due point. Once, when the blessed Juniper, for he was no saint, was a guest, his host, proud of the honor of entertaining so pious a personage, the intimate friend of St. Francis, provided an excellent bed, and the finest sheets. Brother Juniper abhorred such luxury. And this too evidently appeared after his sudden departure in the morning unknown to his kind host. The great Juniper did this, says his biographer, not so much from his habitual inclinations, for which he was so justly celebrated, as from his excessive piety, and as much as he could to mortify worldly pride, and to show how a true saint despised clean sheets.

In the life of St. Francis we find, among other miracles, that he preached a sermon in a desert, but he soon collected an immense audience. The birds warbled to every sentence, and stretched out their necks, opened their beaks, and when he finished, dispersed with a holy rapture into four companies, to report his sermon to all the birds in the universe. A grasshopper remained a week with St. Francis during the absence of the Virgin Mary, and pittered on his head. He grew so companionable with a nightingale, that when a nest of swallows began to babble, he hushed them by desiring them not to tittle-tattle of their sister, the nightingale. Attacked by a wolf, with only the sign manual of the cross, he held a long dialogue with his rabid assailant, till the wolf, meek as a lapdog, stretched his paws in the hands of the saint, followed him through towns, and became half a Christian.

This same St. Francis had such a detestation of the good things of this world, that he would never suffer his followers to touch money. A friar having placed in a window some money collected at the altar, he desired him to take it in his mouth, and throw it on the manure pile. St. Philip Nerius was such a lover of poverty that he frequently prayed that God would bring him to that state as to stand in need of a penny, and find nobody that would give him one!

It is said that Saint Macaire was so shocked at having *killed a louse*, that he endured seven years of penitence among the thorns and briars of a forest.

Many absurdities similar to these are still practised by the religious devotees of Mohammedan and other semi-civilized countries, but happily they have disappeared before the advancing light of knowledge and true religion in all Christian nations; and they are now worthy of notice only as relics of a past age.

HISTORY OF THE TALMUD.

THE TALMUD is a collection of Jewish traditions, which have been orally preserved. It comprises the MISHNA, which is the text, and the GEMARA, its commentary. The whole forms a complete system of learning, ceremonies, civil and canon laws of the Jews; treating indeed on all subjects; even gardening, manual arts, etc. The rigid Jews persuaded themselves that these traditional explications are of divine origin. The Pentateuch, say they, was written out by their legislator before his death in thirteen copies, distributed among the twelve tribes, and the remaining one deposited in the ark. The oral law Moses continually taught in the Sanhedrim, to the elders and the rest of the people. The law was repeated four times; but the interpretation was delivered only by word of mouth from generation to generation. In the fortieth year of the flight from Egypt, the memory of the people became treacherous, and Moses was constrained to repeat this oral law, which had been conveyed by successive traditionists. Such is the account of honest David Levi: it is the creed of every rabbi.

This history of the Talmud some are inclined to suppose apocryphal, even among a few of the Jews themselves.

The closest investigation has never been able to determine when these traditions first appeared. It cannot be denied that there existed traditions among the Jews in the time of Christ. About the second century they were industriously collected by Rabbi Juda, the holy, the prince of the rabbins, who enjoyed the favor of Antoninus Pius. He has the merit of giving some order to this very multifarious collection.

It appears that the Talmud was compiled by certain Jewish doctors, who were selected for this purpose by their nation, that they might have

something to oppose to their Christian adversaries. There are two Talmuds: the Jerusalem and the Babylonian. The last is the most esteemed, because it is the most bulky.

R. Juda, the prince of the rabbins, committed to writing all these traditions, and arranged them under six general heads, called orders or classes. The subjects are indeed curious for philosophical inquirers, and multifarious as the events of civil life. Every order is formed of treatises: every treatise is divided into chapters, every chapter into mishnas, which word means mixtures or miscellanies, in the form of aphorisms. In the first part is discussed what relates to seeds, fruits, and trees; in the second, feasts; in the third, women, their duties, their disorders, marriages, divorces, contracts, and nuptials; in the fourth are treated the damages or losses sustained by beasts or men; of things found; deposits; usuries; rents; farms; partnerships in commerce; inheritance; sales and purchases; oaths; witnesses; arrests; idolatry; and here are named those by whom the oral law was received and preserved. In the fifth part are noticed sacrifices and holy things; and the sixth treats of purifications, vessels, furniture, clothes, houses, leprosy, baths, and numerous other articles. All this forms the MISHNA.

The GEMARA, that is, the complement, or perfection, contains the disputes and the opinions of the rabbins on the oral traditions. It must be confessed that absurdities are sometimes elucidated by other absurdities; but there are many admirable things in this vast repository. The Jews have such veneration for this compilation, that they compare the holy writings to water, and the Talmud to wine; the text of Moses to pepper, but the Talmud to aromatics. Of the twelve hours of which the day is composed, they tell us that God employs nine to study the Talmud, and only three to read the written law!

The antiquity of this work is of itself sufficient to make it curious; but it is full of absurdities and old wives' tales. In illustration of this, we quote some of its rules. No beast could be "convicted" of being vicious until evidence was given that he had done mischief three successive days; if he left off his vicious tricks for three days more, he was innocent. An ox might be convicted of goring an ox and not a man, or of goring a man and not an ox; or of goring on the Sabbath and not a working day. In short, they "fitted the punishment

to the crime," and vicious oxen had to be very careful how and when they performed their evil deeds. The people were forbidden to touch fire on the Sabbath day, which seems like a useless enactment, as the natural sense of feeling doubtless taught them that it was dangerous to handle fire any day in the week. A minister was not allowed to read by lamp-light, lest he should trim his lamp; but he might direct his pupils where to read, because in doing so he would not need to trim his lamp. If a man swore he would eat no bread, and then ate all kinds of bread, he was released from his oath; but if he swore that he would eat neither wheat, barley nor rye bread, the perjury was multiplied in proportion as he ate of the several sorts. The Pharisees and Sadducees had strong differences about touching the holy writings with their hands. The doctors ordained that whoever touched the book of the law must not eat of the truma (first-fruits of the wrought produce of the ground) till they had washed their hands. The reason they gave was this: In times of persecutions they used to hide the sacred books in secret places, where it was possible that they might be gnawed by mice. The hands then that touched these books were reasonably enough supposed to be unclean, so far as to disable them from eating the truma until they were washed. On that account they made it a rule that if any part of the Bible (except Ecclesiastes, which they regarded as less holy than the rest), or their phylacteries, or the strings of their phylacteries, were touched by one who had a right to eat the truma, he should not eat till he had washed his hands.

Jesus reproaches the Pharisees in Matthew xv. and Mark vii. for flagrantly violating the fifth commandment, by allowing the vow of a son, perhaps made in hasty anger, its full force when he had sworn that his father should never be the better for him or anything he had, and by which an indigent father might be suffered to starve. There is a case in point in the Talmud, under the head of vows, and the story may amuse the reader. A man made a vow that his father should not profit by him. The man afterward made a wedding-feast for his own son, and wished that his father should be present, but he could not invite him on account of his vow. But he invented this expedient: he made a gift of the court in which the feast was to be kept, and of the feast itself, to a

SAMSON AND DELILAH. — From the Painting by Echeana.)



third person in trust, and arranged that his father should be invited by this third person. When all was arranged the latter said, "These things that you thus give me are mine, I will dedicate them to God, and then none of you can be the better for them." The son replied, "I did not give them to you that you should consecrate them." "Yours was no donation," replied the other, but only an arrangement whereby you could eat and drink with your father without breaking your oath." The matter was finally taken before the rabbins, who decreed that a gift which may not be consecrated by the person to whom it is given is not a gift, and so the property was restored to the rightful owner, who by this circumlocution had succeeded in entertaining his father without violating his oath.

The following extract from the Talmud exhibits a subtle mode of reasoning adopted by the Jews when the learned of Rome sought to persuade them to conform to their idolatry :

"Some Roman senators examined the Jews in this manner : If God had no delight in the worship of idols, why did he not destroy them ? The Jews made answer : If men had worshipped only things of which the world had no need, he would have destroyed the objects of their worship ; but they also worship the sun and moon, stars and planets ; and then he must have destroyed his world for the sake of these deluded men. But still, said the Romans, why does not God destroy the things which the world does not want, and leave those things which the world cannot be without ! Because, replied the Jews, this would strengthen the hands of such as worship these necessary things, who would then say, Ye allow now that these are gods, since they are not destroyed."

Stories from the Talmud.

The Talmud contains a vast collection of stories, apologues and jests ; many display a vein of pleasantry, and at times have a wildness of invention which sufficiently marks the features of an eastern parent. Many extravagantly profane were designed merely to recreate their young students. When a rabbin was asked the reason of much nonsense, he replied that the ancients had a custom of introducing music in their lectures, which accompaniment made them more agreeable ; but that not having musical instruments in the schools, the rabbins invented these strange stories to arouse

attention. This was ingeniously said, but they make miserable work when they pretend to give mystical interpretations to pure nonsense.

Among other stories is the following account of a dangerous adventure into which King David was drawn by the devil :

King David's Adventure with the Devil.

The king one day hunting, Satan appeared before him in the likeness of a roe. David discharged an arrow at him, but missed his aim. He pursued the feigned roe into the land of the Philistines. Ishbi, the brother of Goliath, instantly recognized the king as him who had slain that giant. He bound him and bended him neck and heels, and laid him under a wine-press in order to press him to death. A miracle saves David. The earth beneath him became soft, and Ishbi could not press wine out of him. That evening in the Jewish congregation a dove, whose wings were covered with silver, appeared in great perplexity, and evidently signified that the King of Israel was in trouble. Abishai, one of the king's counsellors, inquiring for the king, and finding him absent, is at a loss to proceed, for, according to the Mishna, no one may ride on the king's horse, nor sit upon his throne, nor use his sceptre. The school of the rabbins, however, allowed these things in time of danger. On this Abishai vaults on David's horse, and (with an Oriental metaphor) the land of the Philistines leaped to him instantly ! Arrived at Ishbi's house, he beholds his mother Orpa spinning. Perceiving the Israelite, she snatched up her spinning-wheel and threw it at him to kill him ; but not hitting him, she desired him to bring the spinning-wheel to her. He did not do this exactly, but returned it to her in such a way that she never asked any more for her spinning-wheel. When Ishbi saw this, and recollecting that David, though tied up neck and heels, was still under the wine-press, he cried out, "There are now two who will destroy me !" So he threw David high up into the air, and stuck his spear into the ground, imagining that David would fall upon it and perish. But Abishai pronounced the magical name, which the Talmudists frequently made use of, and it caused David to hover between heaven and earth, so that he fell not down ! Both at length unite against Ishbi, and observing that two young lions should kill one lion, find no difficulty in getting rid of the brother of Goliath.

The Death of Moses.

When Moses, the faithful servant of God, was to die and his hour approached, the Lord assembled his angels and said, "It is time to recall the soul of my messenger; who among you will go and summon her to come into my presence?" Then the princes of the angelic host, Michael and Gabriel, and all who stood before the throne of the Lord, implored and said, "Let us not go, for he has been our teacher." But Samael, the leader of the rebellious angels, stood forth and said, "Behold here am I, send me."

And God sent him.

He descended in wrath, wielding the flaming sword in his right hand, rejoicing beforehand at the agony of the death throes of the righteous. But when he came nearer he beheld the face of Moses, "his eyes were not dim nor his natural force abated." The servant of the Lord was writing the words of his last song; his countenance was resplendent, radiant with the peace and brightness of heaven.

The enemy of mankind stood abashed; his sword dropped out of his hand and he hurried away. "I cannot bring the soul of this man," he said to the Lord, "for in him I have found nothing impure."

And the Lord descended to summon the soul of his faithful and beloved servant. Michael and Gabriel and the host of angels that stood before him followed in his train. They prepared Moses' bier and surrounded it, and the voice was heard, "Fear not; I myself will bury thee." Then Moses prepared himself to die and sanctified himself. And the Lord called unto his soul and said, "My daughter! One hundred and twenty years is the term allotted for thy inhabiting my servant's earthly tenement. The time is expired; come forth, and tarry not."

And the soul of Moses answered and said, "O Lord of the universe! I know that thou art God, the sovereign Ruler of all spirits and of all souls, and that the living and the dead are alike in thy hand. From thee I received thy glorious law; I saw thee in the flame; girt with thy power, I entered the palace of Egypt's king; I took the crown from off the head of the proud Pharaoh and did manifold signs and wonders in his land. I led forth thy people and parted the sea, and I have made known thy will unto the sons of man. I dwelt beneath the throne of thy glory; my tent

was under the pillar of fire, and I have spoken to thee face to face, as a man speaketh with his friend. And is not all this enough for me? Receive me, therefore, for now I come to thee."

The breath of the Most High touched the lips of Moses, whose soul departed in the touch. So Moses died at the mouth of God, and the Eternal buried him, and "no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."

Solomon's Strange Adventure with the Devil.

Of Solomon, another favorite hero of the Talmudists, a fine Arabian story is told. The king was an adept in necromancy, and a male and female devil were always in waiting for any emergency. It is observable that the Arabians, who have many stories concerning Solomon, always describe him as a magician. His adventures with Aschmedai, the prince of devils, are numerous; and they both (the king and the devil) served one another many a slippery trick. One of the most remarkable is when Aschmedai, who was prisoner to Solomon, the king having contrived to possess himself of the devil's seal-ring, and chained him, one day offered to answer an unholy question put to him by Solomon, provided he returned him his seal-ring and loosened his chain. The impertinent curiosity of Solomon induced him to commit this folly. Instantly Aschmedai swallowed the monarch, and stretching out his wings up to the firmament of heaven, one of his feet remaining on the earth, he spit out Solomon four hundred leagues from him. This was done so privately that no one knew anything of the matter. Aschmedai then assumed the likeness of the king, and sat on his throne. From that hour did Solomon say, "*This*, then, is the reward of all my labor," according to Ecclesiasticus i. 3; which *this* means, one rabbin says, his walking staff, and another insists was his ragged coat. For Solomon went a begging from door to door, and wherever he came he uttered these words, "I, the preacher, was king over Israel in Jerusalem." At length coming before the council, and still repeating these remarkable words without addition or variation, the rabbins said, "This means something; for a fool is not constant in his tale!" They asked the chamberlain if the king frequently saw him, and he replied to them, No! Then they sent to the queens to ask if the king came into their apartments, and they answered, Yes! The rabbins then sent them a messenger to take

notice of his feet, for the feet of devils are like the feet of cocks. The queens acquainted them that his majesty always came in slippers, but forced them to embraces at times forbidden by the law.

name was engraved, and led him to the palace. Aschmedai was sitting on the throne as the real Solomon entered; but instantly he shrieked and flew away. Yet to his last day was Solomon

afraid of the prince of devils, and had his bed guarded by the valiant men of Israel, as is written in Cant. iii. 7, 8.

Abraham's Stratagem to Save Sarah.

Abraham, so say the stories of the Talmud, was jealous of his wives, and built an enchanted city for them. He built an iron city and put them in it. The walls were so high and dark the sun could not be seen in it. He gave them a bowl full of pearls and jewels, which sent forth a light in this dark city equal to the sun. Noah, it seems, when in the ark had no other light than jewels and pearls. Abraham, in travelling to Egypt, brought with



ABRAHAM DISMISSING Hagar. (From the Painting by Van Dyck.)

He had attempted to lie with his mother Bathsheba, whom he had almost torn to pieces. At this the rabbins assembled in great haste, and taking the beggar with them, they gave him the ring and the chain in which the great magical

him a chest. At the custom-house the officers exacted the duties. Abraham would have readily paid, but desired they would not open the chest. They first insisted on the duty for clothes, which Abraham consented to pay; but then they

thought by his ready acquiescence that it might be gold. Abraham consents to pay for gold. They now suspected it might be silk. Abraham was willing to pay for silk, or more costly pearls; and he generously consented to pay as if the chest contained the most valuable of things. It was then they resolved to open and examine the chest. And behold as soon as it was opened, that great lustre of human beauty broke out which made such a noise in the land of Egypt; it was Sarah herself! The jealous Abraham, to conceal her beauty, had locked her up in this chest.

The Four Wicked Judges of Sodom.

Some of the stories of the Talmud display considerable humor in their inventions, as in the following account of the manners and morals of the infamous town of Sodom:

There were in Sodom four judges, who were liars, and deriders of justice. When any one had struck his neighbor's wife and caused her to miscarry, these judges thus counselled the husband: "Give her to the offender, that he may get her with child for thee." When any one had cut off an ear of his neighbor's ass, they said to the owner, "Let him have the ass till the ear is grown again, that it may be returned to thee as thou wishest." When any one had wounded his neighbor, they told the wounded man to "give him a fee for letting him blood." A toll was exacted in passing a certain bridge; but if any one chose to wade through the water, or walk round about to save it, he was condemned to a double toll. Eleazar, Abraham's servant, came thither, and they wounded him. When before the judge he was ordered to pay his fee for having his blood let, Eleazar flung a stone at the judge and wounded him; on which the judge said to him, "What meaneth this?" Eleazar replied, "Give him who wounded me the fee that is due to myself for wounding thee." The people of this town had a bedstead, on which they laid travellers who asked to rest. If any one was too long for it, they cut off his legs; and if he was shorter than the bedstead, they stretched him to its head and foot. When a beggar came to this town every one gave him a penny, on which was inscribed the donor's name; but they would sell him no bread nor let him escape. When the beggar died from hunger, then they came about him, and each man took back his penny. These stories are curious inventions of keen mockery and malice,

seasoned with humor. It is said some of the famous decisions of Sancho Panza are to be found in the Talmud.

Some of the fancies in these Talmudic stories strongly resemble those of the Arabian Nights, as, for instance, the following accounts of certain large birds, a flock of fat geese, manna in the wilderness, and a judgment that came upon Titus for his blasphemy of the God of Israel:

A certain bird was so large that when it spread its wings it blotted out the sun.

An egg from another fell out of its nest, and the white thereof broke and glued about three hundred cedar-trees and overflowed a village. One of them stands up to the lower joint of the leg in a river, and some mariners, imagining the water was not deep, were hasting to bathe, when a voice from heaven said, "Step not in there, for seven years ago a carpenter dropped his axe, and it hath not yet reached the bottom."

"A rabbin once saw in a desert a flock of geese so fat that their feathers fell off, and the rivers flowed in fat. Then said I to them, shall we have part of you in the other world when the Messiah shall come? And one of them lifted up a wing, and another a leg, to signify these parts we should have. We should otherwise have had all parts of these geese; but we Israelites shall be called to an account touching these fat geese, because their sufferings are owing to us. It is our iniquities that have delayed the coming of the Messiah, and these geese suffer greatly by reason of their excessive fat, which daily and daily increases, and will increase till the Messiah comes!"

What the manna was which fell in the wilderness has often been disputed, and still is disputable. It was sufficient for the rabbins to have found in the Bible that the taste of it was "as a wafer made with honey," to have raised their fancy to its highest pitch. They declare it was "like oil to children, honey to old men, and cakes to middle age." It had every kind of taste except that of cucumbers, melons, garlic, and onions, and leeks; for these were those Egyptian roots which the Israelites so much regretted to have lost. This manna had, however, the quality to accommodate itself to the palate of those who did not murmur in the wilderness, and to these it became fish, flesh or fowl.

Their detestation of Titus, their great conqueror, appears by the following wild invention.



After having narrated certain things, too shameful to read, of a prince whom Josephus describes in far different colors, they tell us that on sea Titus tauntingly observed in a great storm that the God of the Jews was only powerful on the water, and that therefore he had succeeded in drowning Pharaoh and Sisera. "Had he been strong he would have waged war with me in Jerusalem." On uttering this blasphemy a voice from heaven said, "Wicked man! I have a little creature in the world which shall wage war with thee!" When Titus landed, a gnat entered his nostrils, and for seven years together made holes in his brains. When his skull was opened the gnat was found as large as a pigeon; the mouth of the gnat was of copper and the claws of iron.

Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.

We close these Talmudic stories with the following, about Solomon and the Queen of Sheba:

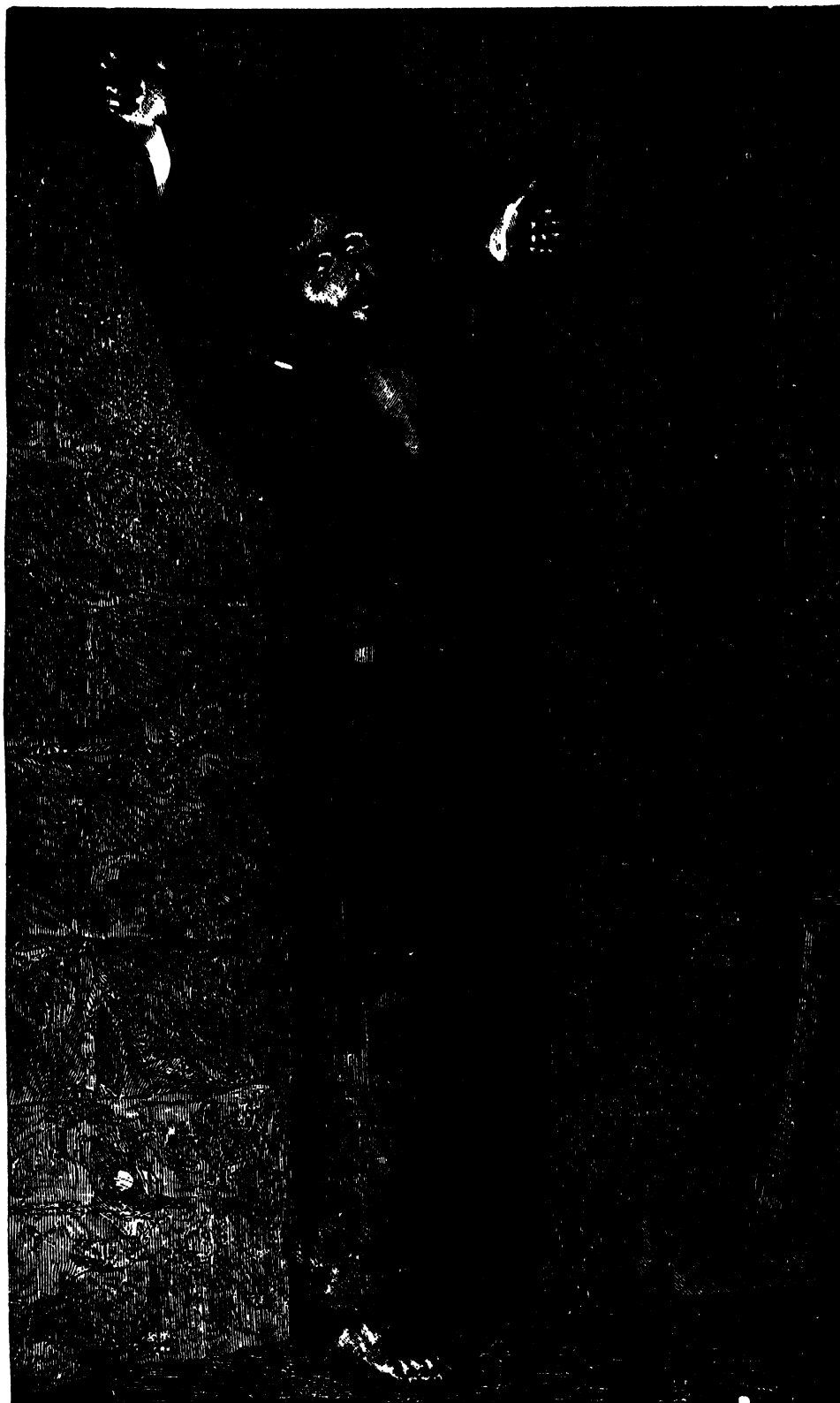
The power of the monarch had spread his wisdom to the remotest part of the known world. The Queen of Sheba, attracted by the splendor of his reputation, visited this poetical king at his own court; there, one day to exercise the sagacity of the monarch, Sheba presented herself at the throne; in each hand she held a wreath; the one was composed of natural, the other artificial flowers. Art, in the labor of the mimetic wreath, had exquisitely emulated the living hues of nature; so that at the distance it was held by the queen for the inspection of the king, it was deemed impossible for him to decide, as her question imported, which wreath was the production of nature, and which the work of art. The sagacious Solomon seemed perplexed; yet to be vanquished, though in a trifle, by a woman, irritated his pride. The son of David, he who had written treatises on the vegetable productions "from the cedar to the hyssop," to acknowledge himself outwitted by a woman, with shreds of paper and glazed paintings! The honor of the monarch's reputation for divine sagacity seemed diminished, and the whole Jewish court looked solemn and melancholy. At length, an expedient presented itself to the king; and it must be confessed worthy of the naturalist. Observing a cluster of bees hovering about a window, he commanded that it should be opened; it was opened; the bees rushed into the court, and alighted immediately on one of the wreaths, while not a single one fixed on the other. The

baffled Sheba had one more reason to be astonished at the wisdom of Solomon.

TRIALS AND PROOFS OF GUILT IN SUPERSTITIOUS AGES.

THE strange trials to which those suspected of guilt were put in the middle ages, conducted with many devout ceremonies, by the ministers of religion, were pronounced to be the *judgments of God*! The ordeal consisted of various kinds; walking blindfold amidst burning ploughshares; passing through fires; holding in the hand a red-hot bar; and plunging the arm into boiling water; the popular affirmation—"I will put my hand into the fire to confirm this," appears to be derived from this solemn custom of our rude ancestors. Challenging the accuser to single combat, when frequently the stoutest champion was allowed to supply their place; swallowing a morsel of consecrated bread; sinking or swimming in a river for witchcraft; or weighing a witch; stretching out the arms before the cross, till the champion soonest wearied dropped his arms, and lost his estate, which was decided by this very short chancery suit, called the *judicium crucis*. The bishop of Paris and the abbot of St. Denis disputed about the patronage of a monastery; Pepin the Short, not being able to decide on their confused claims, decreed one of these judgments of God, that of the cross. The bishop and abbot each chose a man, and both the men appeared in the chapel, where they stretched out their arms in the form of a cross. The spectators, more devout than the mob of the present day, but still a mob, were piously attentive, but *belled* however, now for one man, now for the other, and critically watched the slightest motion of the arms. The bishop's man was first tired—he let his arm fall, and ruined his patron's cause forever! Though sometimes these trials might be eluded by the artifice of the priest, numerous were the innocent victims who unquestionably suffered in these superstitious practices.

In the tenth century the right of representation was not fixed; it was a question, whether the sons of a son ought to be reckoned among the children of the family; and succeed equally with their uncles, if their fathers happened to die while their grandfather survived. This point was decided by one of these combats. The champion in behalf of the right of children to represent



SELF-ACCUSATION AS AN EVIDENCE OF INNOCENCE.

their deceased father proved victorious. It was then established by a perpetual decree that they should henceforward share in the inheritance, together with their uncles. In the eleventh century the same mode was practised to decide respecting two rival *Liturgies*! Two knights, clad in complete armor, were the critics to decide which was the authentic and true Liturgy.

If two neighbors disputed respecting the boundaries of their possessions, a piece of turf of the contested land was dug up by the judge and brought by him into the court, and the two parties touched it with the points of their swords, calling on God as a witness of their claims—after this the *combat* decided their rights!

In these times those who were accused of robbery were put to trial by a piece

of barley-bread, on which the mass had been said ; and if they could not swallow it they were declared guilty. This mode of trial was improved by adding to the *bread* a slice of *cheese* ; and such were their credulity and firm dependence on Heaven in these ridiculous trials, that they were very particular in this holy *bread* and *cheese*, called the *corsned*. The bread was to be of unleavened barley, and the cheese made of ewe's milk in the month of May.

Du Cange observes that the expression—" *May this piece of bread choke me !*" comes from this

if the slightest change was observable in the eyes, the mouth, the feet, or hands of the corpse, the murderer was conjectured to be present, and many innocent spectators must have suffered death ; "for when a body is full of blood, warmed by a sudden external heat and a putrefaction coming on, some of the blood-vessels will burst, as they will all in time." This practice was once allowed in England, and is still looked on in some of the uncivilized parts of those kingdoms as a detection of the criminal. It forms a rich picture in the imagination of our old writers ; and their histories



SINGLE COMBAT TO BE DECIDED BY THE JUDGMENT OF GOD. (A Manuscript of the Fifteenth Century.)

custom. The anecdote of Earl Godwin's death by swallowing a piece of bread, in making this asseveration, is recorded in our history. If it be true, it was a singular misfortune.

Amongst the proofs of guilt in superstitious ages was that of the *bleeding of a corpse*. If a person was murdered, it was believed that at the touch or approach of the murderer the blood gushed out of the body in various parts. By the side of the bier,

and ballads are labored into pathos by dwelling on this phenomenon.

Strange to say, this species of superstition was at one period admitted as evidence in the Scottish criminal courts. The following incredible instance was communicated to Sir Walter Scott, and is given in his "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border :"

"Two young men, going a fishing in the River Yarrow, fell out, and so high ran the quarrel that

the one in a passion stabbed the other to the heart. Astounded at the rash act, he hesitated whether to fly, give himself up to justice, or conceal the crime; and in the end, fixed on the latter expedient, burying the body of his friend very deep in the sands. As the meeting had been accidental, he was never suspected, although a visible change was observed in his behavior, from gayety to a settled melancholy. Time passed on for the space of fifty years, when a smith, fishing near the same place discovered an uncommon and curious bone, which he put in his pocket, and afterwards showed to some people in his smithy. The murderer being present, now an old white-headed man, leaning on his staff, desired a sight of the little bone; but how horrible was the issue!—no sooner had he touched it, than it streamed with purple blood. Being told where it was found, he confessed the crime, was condemned, but was prevented by death from suffering the punishment due to his crime."

We need only add, that no evidence is given of the truth of this improbable tale, and it is utterly unworthy of belief.

HOW AN INDIAN COWARD WON A REPUTATION FOR BRAVERY.

SILVERHEELS was known all through the Land of Flowers as the greatest coward in the Seminole tribe. He was condemned by even the meanest squaw in the Everglades. Osceola, being the bravest warrior in the Indian Nation, was the only one that thought of, and looked upon him with pity unmingled with contempt. In spite of the youth and great beauty in face and form of Silverheels, there was no woman in the tribe who cared to call him husband. He was a man apart. Now and then Osceola would speak kindly to him, and try to make redder his heart by courageable words, for Osceola knew that Silverheels could no more help being a coward than Osceola could help being the dauntless man he was. One night the tropical sky split into fragments, and through the rents in heaven fell forks, lances and sheets of lightning, cataracts of rain, and all of the million thunderbolts from gigantic Jove's armory. The storm raged all night. In the morning the dilapidated tribe looked upon a dilapidated village and forest, and upon Silverheels lying near two enormous mountain lions bathed in blood, with a long

blood-caked knife in his hand. The lions were disembowelled. Ever after, Silverheels was known as the bravest of the brave, for he told no one that the lions were dead (through fright) before he butchered them.

SINGULAR FACTS ABOUT THE COMPUTATION OF TIME.

THE extra day given to the month of February every four years, except the centennial years of time, and to these if they are divisible by 400, dates back to the time of Julius Cæsar, who first noticed that twelve lunar months were not quite enough to constitute a solar year, while thirteen were too many. Julius also noted the fact that 365 days were not enough for the year, and that 366 exceeded what the calendar called for. Cæsar corrected this error by constituting every fourth year to consist of 366 days, and the others of 365 each; the long or leap year was always known to be an exact multiple of four. This calendar was called the Julian, and the mode of reckoning "old style." This was quite an improvement on the old year, as it got within eleven minutes of the real period. When Gregory became Pope in the sixteenth century it was found that the simple error of eleven minutes each year had put time ahead ten whole days and nights in the comparatively short period of sixteen centuries. In order to get rid of this error, Gregory had ten days taken out of October, reckoning the 5th as the 15th. Still, there was that eleven minutes overplus. To get rid of this it was agreed that there should be no February 29th in centennial years unless the year is divisible by 400. According to this plan everything is so evenly poised that there will not be an error of one whole day until the time when you begin to date your letters 5448.

NAPOLEON AT THE BATTLE OF EYLAU.

THE battle of Eylau was fought February 7th and 8th, 1807, between the French under Napoleon, and the combined Russian and Prussian armies. The French had 85,000 men and 350 cannons, while the opposing armies were 75,000 strong and 460 guns. Nearly 40,000 were killed and wounded, and both sides claimed the victory. During a critical period of the battle, Napoleon was about to be made prisoner, but

NAPOLEON AT THE BATTLE OF EYLAU.



saved himself by his presence of mind and the heroism of his bodyguard of 100 men.

The following account of this great battle is from Guizot's "History of France :—"

"Long before the dawn of a slowly breaking and cloudy day, Napoleon was already in the streets, establishing his guard in the cemetery of Eylau, and ordering his line of battle. The formidable artillery of the Russians covered their two lines; presently the shells fired the town of Eylau and the village of Rothenen, which protected a division of Marshal Soult. The two armies remained immovable in a rain of cannon balls. The Russians were the first to move forward, in order to attack the mill of Eylau; 'they were impatient at suffering so much,' says the fifty-eighth bulletin of the grand army. Nearly at the same moment the corps of Marshal Davout arrived; the Emperor had him supported by Marshal Augereau. The snow fell in thick masses, obscuring the view of the soldiers; the troops of Augereau turned swiftly to the left, decimated by the Russian artillery. The Marshal himself, already ill before the battle, was struck by a ball. The officers were nearly all wounded. The Emperor called Murat: 'Wilt thou let us be annihilated by these people?' The cavalry shot immediately in advance; only the imperial guard remained massed round Napoleon.

"In a moment Murat had routed the Russian centre, but already the battalions were reforming. Marshal Soult defended with difficulty the positions of Eylau; Davout maintained a furious struggle against the left wing of the Russians; the Prussians, preceding by one hour Marshal Ney, who had been pursuing them for several days, made their appearance on the battle-field. The dead and dying formed round the Emperor a ghastly rampart; gloomy and calm he contemplated the attack of the Prussians and Russians united, in great numbers, and pressing upon Marshal Davout. The latter glanced along the ranks of his troops: 'The cowards will go to die in Siberia,' said he, 'the brave will die here like men of honor.' The effort of the enemy died out against the heroic resistance of the French divisions, who maintained their positions.

"Night was falling: the carnage was horrible. In spite of the serious advantage of the French troops, General Bennigsen was preparing to at-

tempt a new assault, when he learned the approach of Marshal Ney, who was debouching towards Althof. The bad weather and the distance retarded the effects of the combinations of the emperor. He had caused much blood to be spilt: victory, however, remained with him; the Russians and the Prussians were decidedly beating a retreat. The French remained masters of this most sanguinary battle-field, destitute of provisions, without shelter, in the wet and cold. Marshal Ney, who had taken no part in the action, to which, however, he assured success, surveyed the plain, covered with corpses and inundated with blood. "He turned away from the hideous spectacle," says M. de Fezensac, "crying, 'What a massacre, and without result!'" The Russians had retreated behind the Pregel to cover Königsberg. Napoleon re-entered his cantonments. He established his headquarters at a little town of Osterode, directing from this advanced post the works of defence on the Vistula and Passarge, at the same time as the preparations for the siege of Dantzic. On arriving there he wrote to King Joseph: "Staff-officers, colonels, officers, have not undressed for two months, and a few of them not for four; have myself been fifteen days without taking off my boots. We are in the midst of snow and mud, without wine, without brandy, without bread, eating potatoes and meat, making long marches and countermarches, without anything to sweeten existence, and fighting at bayonet-point and under showers of grape-shot, the wounded very often obliged to be removed on a sledge for fifty leagues in the open air. After having destroyed the Prussian monarchy, we are making war against the remnants of Prussia, against the Russians, the Calmucs, the Cossacks, and the peoples of the north who formerly invaded the Roman Empire; we are making war in all its energy and all its horror." Such vigorous language was not permitted to all. "The gloomy pictures that we have drawn of our situation," wrote Napoleon to Fouché on April 13th, "have for authors a few gossips of Paris, who are simply blockheads. Never has the position of France been grander or finer. As to Eylau, I have said and resaid, that the bulletin exaggerated the loss; and, for a great battle, what are 2000 men slain? There were none of the battles of Louis XIV. or Louis the XV. which did not cost more. When

I lead back my army to France and across the Rhine, it will be seen that there are not many wanting at the roll-call."

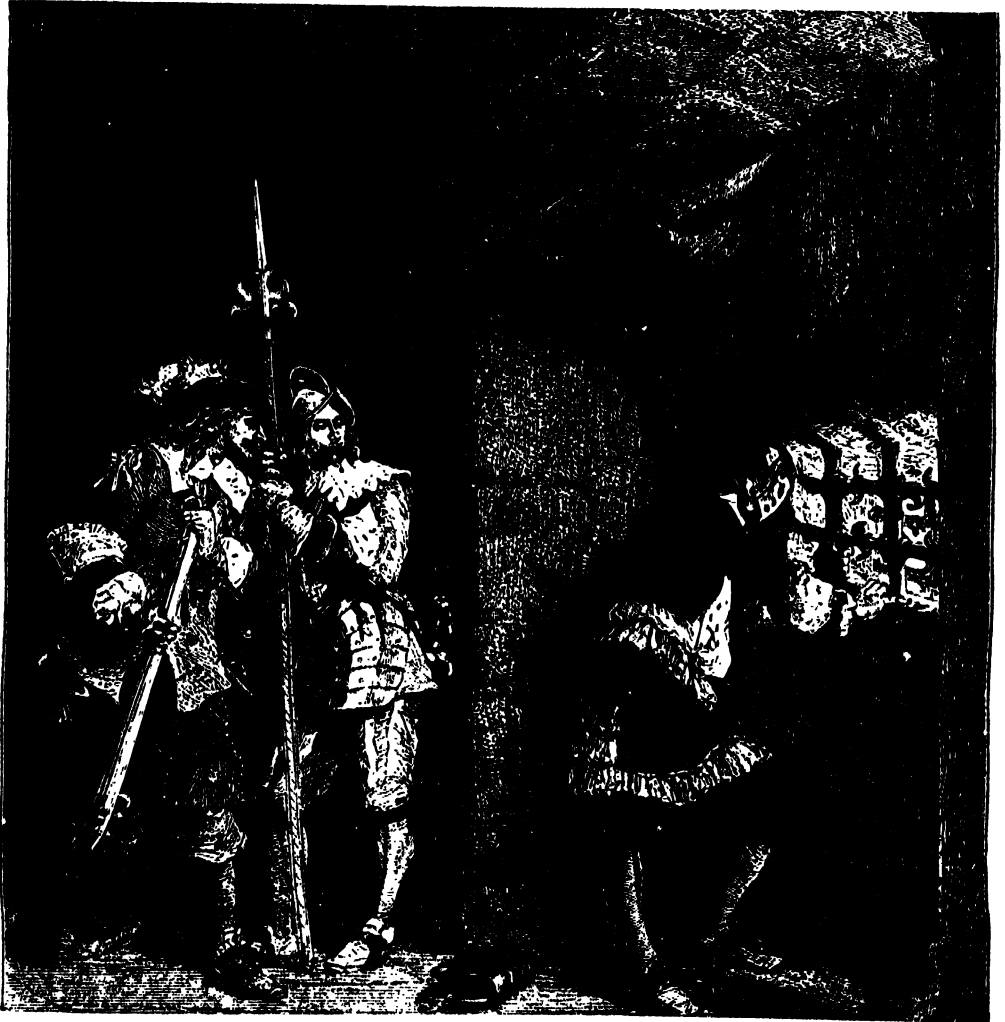
THE IRON MASK.

THE "Man in the Iron Mask" is one of the insolvable mysteries of history. Voltaire first gave shape to the story of the mask, and since that time numerous attempts have been made to establish the identity of the unfortunate prisoner, but invariably without success. The facts established by history are as follows:

"On Thursday, September 18, 1698, a mysterious prisoner was committed to the Bastille, in Paris, having been brought thither from the Island of St. Marguerite, by Saint-Mars, who in that year exchanged the governorship of the state prison in that place for that of the Bastille."

The prisoner was carried in a close litter, which preceded that of the governor, and was accompanied by a mounted guard. His face was covered with a black velvet mask, fastened with steel springs, which he was forbidden to remove on pain of instant death. He was confined in one of the dungeons of the Bastille, a place of horrors, and fit only for the breeding of vermin and poisonous va-

pors. These dungeons were located in the towers, the walls of which, at the base, were from thirty to forty feet in thickness. Each cell had an aperture in the wall, defended by iron gratings, the bars of which were an inch thick, and so arranged that only two inches of space were left unobstructed. The dungeons were nineteen feet below the level of the court-yard, and five below that of



THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK.

the ditch surrounding the walls of the Bastille, with no opening to admit air and light except the grated window just described, which opened not into the sunlight and pure air of the outside world, but into the poisonous and filthy ditch. In such a place as this the unfortunate prisoner remained for a little over five years, when death came to his relief, November 19, 1703. During the time of

his imprisonment he was not allowed to speak to any one except the governor, who watched him with a jealous care and always kept a pair of loaded pistols within reach to destroy him in case he made an effort to reveal himself. The governor attended him at his meals and his toilet, and personally removed and examined the linen which he had worn, lest he might make known his secret by means of some mark upon it. At mass he was forbidden to speak or remove his mask, the guards who attended him with loaded muskets having strict orders to shoot him instantly if he made the attempt. After his death he was buried in the cemetery of St. Paul, and everything which he had used or worn was burned. This incident occurred during the reign of Louis XIV. Numerous theories have been advanced as to the identity of the mysterious prisoner, but no satisfactory solution has ever been reached. He was doubtless some influential person, possessed of a dangerous state secret, which the king and his advisers thought best to bury with him in the living tomb of the Bastille."

ANECDOTES OF SOME GREAT MEN AND THEIR AMANUENSES.

IT is said of Julius Cæsar that, while writing a dispatch he could, at the same time, dictate four others to his secretaries, and, if he did not write himself, could dictate seven letters at once. The same thing is asserted of the Emperor Napoleon, who had a wonderful capacity of directing his whole mental energy to whatever came before him.

At Marengo, whilst Napoleon reconnoitred the enemy's movements, and gave his orders in writing, a cannon-ball struck the officer to whom he was dictating, and threw him mutilated on the ground. Napoleon ordered another secretary—he came. At the moment when Napoleon resumed his dispatch, the wounded man raised himself. "General!" said he, in a dying voice—"General—we stopped there." And he repeated the last words that Napoleon had dictated.

Marshal Junot was originally a private soldier, and, being a good penman, he was frequently employed in the writing of dispatches. On one occasion he was ordered to write a letter at the dictation of an officer. Junot was seated in an exposed situation, and just as he had finished the letter, a shell burst, and almost buried this intrepid

soldier with earth. "In very good time," exclaimed Junot; "we wanted some sand!" The officer was Napoleon, and this circumstance occasioned Junot's advancement.

Goldsmith's Failure at Dictating.

A voluminous author was one day expatiating on the advantages of employing an amanuensis, and thus saving the time and trouble of writing. "How do you manage it," said Goldsmith. "Why, I walk about the room and dictate to a clever man, who puts down very correctly all that I tell him, so that I have nothing to do, more than just look over the manuscript, and then send it to the press." Goldsmith was delighted with the plan, for his love of labor was not one of his distinguishing characteristics, and he desired his friend to send the amanuensis to him the next morning. The scribe accordingly waited upon the author with his implements of pens, ink and paper, placed in order before him, ready to catch the oracle. Goldsmith paced the room with great solemnity for some time, but his thoughts refused to flow, and finally, putting his hand in his pocket, and presenting the man with a guinea, he said. "It won't do, my friend; I find that my head and my hand must go together."

INTERESTING INFORMATION ABOUT THE ALPHABETS OF DIFFERENT LANGUAGES.

THE invention of the first alphabet is attributed to Cadmus, a mythical king of Thebes, son of Agenor, king of Phœnicia, who is said to have introduced into Hellas the sixteen simple letters of the Greek alphabet. The history of Cadmus and his accomplishments is so interwoven with fiction that it is difficult to arrive at the truth, but enough is known to entitle him to the credit of being an earnest and successful patron and promoter of learning and the arts as they existed in his time.

He left his native country, so the legends run, in search of his sister, Europa, who had been carried off by Jupiter. On making inquiry of the Delphic Oracle as to what state he should choose for settlement, he was advised to follow a heifer, which would meet him. He found the heifer in Phocis, and followed her into Bœotia, where she sank into the ground on a spot which Cadmus called Cadmea, and upon which the citadel of Thebes was afterward built. He sent some of his company to draw water from the sacred well of

Mars, which was guarded by a dragon that slew the intruders. Cadmus slew the dragon in turn, and was directed by the goddess Minerva to sow the monster's teeth. Upon obeying this injunction a host of armed men sprang from the ground who were called the *Sparti*, or the Sown. These were about to turn upon Cadmus, but he threw a stone among them, and in the fight which ensued he slew all except five. These he forced into sub-

vention of the Greek alphabet, as it is given in the leading encyclopedias.

We think it will be equally as entertaining and far more instructive to read the romantic, but true, history of an American Cadmus, as given in the following sketch :

The Inventor of the Cherokee Alphabet.

The invention of the Cherokee alphabet is one of the most remarkable events in the history



THE DRAGON OF ANCIENT FABLES.

jection to him, and they aided him in building a new city, which he called Thebes. To recompense him for his perils the gods gave him Harmonia, the daughter of Mars and Venus, for a wife. He subsequently became king of the Enchelians, carried on a war against the Illyrians, and had a son called Illyrius; finally he and his wife were changed into serpents and removed to Elysium. And so ends the fanciful history of the in-

vention of the aborigines. The best account we have seen of it is by Samuel L. Knapp, who became acquainted with See-quah-yah, its author, in 1828. The English name of this celebrated Indian was George Guess. He is said to have been a half-breed; but whether he was so or not, he never associated with the whites, or spoke any language but that of the Cherokees. Prompted by his own curiosity, and urged by several literary friends,

Mr. Knapp applied to See-quah-yah, through the medium of two interpreters, to relate to him, as minutely as possible, the mental operations, and all the facts, in his discovery.

The substance of his communications to Mr. Knapp was as follows :

"That he, See-quah-yah, was now about sixty-five years old ; that in early life he was gay and talkative ; and although he never attempted to speak in council but once, yet was often, from the strength of his memory, his easy colloquial powers, and ready command of his vernacular, story-teller of the convivial party. His reputation for talents of every kind gave him some distinction when he was quite young, so long ago as St. Clair's defeat. In this campaign, or some one that soon followed it, a letter was found on the person of a prisoner, which was wrongly read by him to the Indians. In some of their deliberations on this subject, the question arose among them, whether this mysterious power of *the talking leaf* was the gift of the Great Spirit to the white man, or a discovery of the white man himself? Most of his companions were of the former opinion, while he as strenuously maintained the latter. This frequently became a subject of contemplation with him afterwards, as well as many other things which he knew, or had heard, that the white men could do ; but he never sat down seriously to reflect on the subject until a swelling on his knee confined him to his cabin, and which at length made him a cripple for life, by shortening the diseased leg. Deprived of the excitements of war and the pleasures of the chase, in the long nights of his confinement, his mind was again directed to the mystery of the power of *speaking by letters*—the very name of which, of course, was not to be found in his language. From the cries of the wild beasts, from the talents of the mocking bird, from the voices of his children and his companions, he knew that feelings and passions were conveyed by different sounds from one intelligent being to another. The thought struck him to try to ascertain all the sounds in the Cherokee language. His own ear was not remarkably discriminating, and he called to his aid the more acute ears of his wife and children. He found great assistance from them.

When he thought that he had distinguished all the different sounds in their language, he attempted to use pictorial signs, images of birds and beasts,

to convey these sounds to others, or to mark them in his own mind. He soon dropped this method, as difficult or impossible, and tried arbitrary signs, without any regard to appearances, except such as might assist him in recollecting them, and distinguishing them from each other. At first these signs were very numerous ; and when he got so far as to think his invention was nearly accomplished, he had about two hundred characters in his alphabet. By the aid of his daughter, who seemed to enter into the genius of his labors, he reduced them, at last, to eighty-six, the number he now used. He then undertook to make these characters more comely to the eye, and succeeded. As yet he had not the knowledge of the pen as an instrument, but made his letters on a piece of bark, with a knife or nail. At this time he sent to the Indian agent, or some trader in the nation, for paper and pen. His ink was easily made from some of the bark of the forest trees, whose coloring properties he had previously known ; and after seeing the construction of the pen, he soon learned to make one ; but at first he made it without a slit ; this inconvenience was, however, quickly removed by his sagacity. His next difficulty was to make his invention known to his countrymen ; for by this time he had become so abstracted from his tribe and their usual pursuits, that he was viewed with an eye of suspicion. His former companions passed his wigwam without entering it, and mentioned his name as one who was practising improper spells for potoriety or mischievous purposes ; and he seemed to think that he should have been hardly dealt with, if his docile and unambitious disposition had not been so generally acknowledged by his tribe.

At length he summoned some of the most distinguished of his nation, in order to make his communication to them ; and after giving them the best explanation of his principle that he could, stripping it of all supernatural influence, he proceeded to demonstrate to them, in good earnest, that he had made a discovery. His daughter, who was now his only pupil, was ordered to go out of hearing, while he requested his friends to name a word or sentiment, which he put down, and then she was called in and read it to them ; then the father retired, and the daughter wrote. The Indians were wonder-struck, but not entirely satisfied. See-quah-yah then proposed that the tribe should select several youths from among

DEATH OF IVAN THE TERRIBLE, OF RUSSIA.



their cleverest young men, that he might communicate the mystery to them. This was at length agreed to, although there was some lurking suspicion of necromancy in the whole business. John Maw, with several others, was selected for this purpose. The tribes watched them for several months with anxiety; and when they offered themselves for examination, the feelings of all were wrought up to the highest pitch. The youths were separated from their master, and from each other, and watched with the greatest care. The uninitiated directed what the master and pupil should write to each other, and these tests were varied in such a manner, as not only to destroy their infidelity, but most firmly to fix their faith. The Indians, on this, ordered a great feast, and made See-quah-yah conspicuous at it. How nearly is man alike in every age! Pythagoras did the same on the discovery of an important principle in geometry. See-quah-yah became at once school-master, professor, philosopher, and a chief. His countrymen were proud of his talents, and held him in reverence as one favored by the Great Spirit. The government of the United States had a font of types cast for his alphabet and a newspaper, printed partly in the Cherokee language, and partly in the English, was soon established at New Echota, characterized by decency and good sense; and many of the Cherokees were able ere long to read both languages.

Number of Letters in Different Alphabets.

The Sandwich Island alphabet has twelve letters; the Burmese, nineteen; the Italian, twenty; the Bengalese, twenty-one; the Hebrew, Syriac, Chaldee, Samaritan and Latin, twenty-two each; the French twenty-three; the Greek, twenty-four; the German and Dutch, twenty-six each; the Spanish and Slavonic twenty-seven each; the Arabic twenty-eight; the Persian and Coptic, thirty-two; the Georgian, thirty-five; the Armenian, thirty-eight; the Russian, forty-one; the Moscovite, forty-three; the Sanscrit and Japanese, fifty; the Ethiopic and Tartarian, two hundred and two.

Defect in the Russian A*, habet.

The Church of St. Alexandre Nevskoi, at St. Petersburg, is named after the canonized Grand Duke Alexander, whose remains were brought there in a *silk coffin*. It was in this same church, Kohl, the traveller, was told by a guide,

pointing to a corner of the building, "*There lies a Cannibal!*" The inscription announced it to be the Russian general, Hannibal, but as the Russians have no H, they change that letter into K; and hence the extraordinary and not very flattering misnomer given to the deceased warrior.

IVAN, THE TERRIBLE.

THIS ruler ascended the throne of Russia in 1533. He was the first monarch of that nation who assumed the official title of Czar, which means king or lord, and is supposed to be a corruption of the Latin Cæsar.

Ivan was one of the greatest rulers that Russia ever had, but his cruel and sanguinary disposition overbalanced his other qualities, and obtained for him the surname of the Terrible. He encouraged commerce and the arts, concluded commercial treaties with England, called many foreigners, especially Germans and English, into his dominions, and in 1569 established the first printing office in Russia, at Moscow. In 1570 he put more than sixty thousand men to death in the city of Novgorod, adding the most exquisite tortures to this terrible and unprovoked slaughter, his only excuse being his hatred of the people of that city on account of their love of freedom. Similar scenes, though not on so large a scale, were enacted, by his directions, in Moscow and other cities. Finally, struck with remorse for his terrible crimes, and being thoroughly impud with the superstitious feelings of his age, he decided to abdicate and retire into a convent, but died in agony and terror before he could put his design into execution. The illustration represents his last moments in the midst of his family and the officers of his body-guard.

THE CID.

THE designation *el Seid*, corrupted in Spanish to Cid, was applied to the Spanish hero, Roderigo Diaz, by the Moors, in acknowledgment of his prowess and daring in battle. He was born at the castle of Bivar, near Burgos, about 1040, and died at Valencia, which he had captured from the Moors five years previously, in 1099. His life was spent in combats with the Moors, to whom he became a terror on account of his constant success. Even after his death it is

asserted that his corpse, clad in armor, and seated upon his war-horse, was led at the head of his army, inspiring his own people with courage and striking terror into the hearts of his enemies. His wife fought by his side in many of his battles, and remained in possession of Valencia for three years after his death, when she was forced to fly to Castile, where she died in 1104. They had two daughters and one son killed in battle with the

THE MACE AND MALLET IN BATTLE.

DURING the days of chivalry the mace was regarded as the kingly weapon. It was an improvement upon the more ancient and more barbarous war-club, and in the hands of one who knew how to use it, was an exceedingly dangerous and effective weapon. It was frequently armed with sharp steel barbs, from one to two inches in length, and capable of penetrating the stoutest



THE BODY OF THE CID SEATED UPON HIS WAR-HORSE.

Moors, from which fact it appears that the courage and determination of the parents were inherited by their children. So much fiction is mingled with the actual achievements of the Cid that it is impossible to separate the real from the imaginary. In the popular mind he was the pattern of a Christian warrior, invincible in battle and unblemished in character.

armor. The appearance and manner of using the mace are shown in a number of illustrations in this volume.

The mallet was also a favorite weapon, and is often referred to by ancient historians. One of the warriors in the accompanying illustration is armed with this weapon. It was made of bronze or iron, and of sufficient weight to crush through

the stoutest armor. The mallet appears to have been an improvement upon the more ancient stone axe or hatchet.

There is an ancient ecclesiastical maxim to the effect that "*the Church knows not blood*," and Bayle the historian informs us that during the days of the inquisition, heretics were punished by fire because in burning a man they did not shed his blood! For a similar reason Christian warriors of that era preferred the mace and mallet to other

burned by the Duke of Bedford, and that she escaped and lived many years afterward. The legend is not noticed by any of the historians, though some have mentioned that after her death an impostor arose, claiming to be the real Joan of Arc, that she was married to a French gentleman, and became the mother of several children. It is at least pleasant to believe in the possibility of this story, as a relief from the horrors of the death by torture to which she was subjected.



HORSEMAN ARMED WITH BATTLE-MALLET.

weapons, because in dispatching their antagonists they did not spill their blood, but only broke their bones. Matilda, Queen of William the Conqueror, wove a famous tapestry picture of Bishop Otto, in which he is represented as being armed with a mace, because his priestly office made it improper for him to use a weapon that would draw blood.

LEGEND OF THE ESCAPE OF JOAN OF ARC.

THERE is a legend to the effect that a bundle of fagots was substituted for the Maid of Orleans, when she was supposed to have been

age, was besieged in Pavia by Berenger, who resolved to constrain her to marry his son after Pavia should be taken; she escaped from her prison with her almoner. The archbishop of Reggio had offered her an asylum: to reach it, she and her almoner travelled on foot through the country by night, concealing herself in the daytime among the corn, while the almoner begged for alms and food through the villages.

The Emperor Henry IV., after having been deposed and imprisoned by his son, Henry V., escaped from prison; poor, vagrant, and without

HARDSHIPS OF DE-THRONED MONARCHS.

IN *Candide* or the Optimist, there is an admirable stroke of Voltaire's. Eight travellers meet in an obscure inn, and some of them with not sufficient money to pay for a scurvy dinner. In the course of conversation, they are discovered to be *eight monarchs* in Europe, who had been deprived of their crowns!

What added to this exquisite satire was, that there were eight living monarchs at that moment wanderers on the earth.

Adelaide, the widow of Lothario, King of Italy, one of the most beautiful women in her

aid, he entreated the bishop of Spire to grant him a lay prebend in his church. "I have studied," said he, "and have learned to sing, and may therefore be of some service to you." The request was denied, and he died miserably and obscurely at Liege; after having drawn the attention of Europe to his victories and his grandeur.

Mary of Medicis, the widow of Henry the Great, mother of Louis XIII., mother-in-law of three sovereigns, and regent of France, frequently wanted the necessities of life, and died at Cologne in the utmost misery. The intriguer Richelieu compelled her to exile herself, and live an unhappy fugitive.

Lilly, the astrologer, in his *Life and Death of Charles the First*, thus describes the unfortunate condition of the old queen mother of France:

"In the month of August 1641, I beheld, the old queen mother of France departing from London, in company of Thomas, Earl of Arundel. A sad spectacle of mortality it was, and produced tears from mine eyes and many other beholders, to see an aged, lean, decrepit, poor queen ready for her

grave, necessitated to depart hence, having no place of residence in this world left her, but where the courtesy of her hard fortune assigned it. She had been the only stately and magnificent woman of Europe: wife to the greatest king



MAMELUKE SOLDIER ARMED WITH LONG MACE AND PISTOL.

that ever lived in France; mother unto one king and unto two queens."

Hume relates the following incident of royal distress: He informs us that the queen of England, with her son Charles, had a moderate pension assigned her; but it was so ill paid, and her

credit ran so low, that one morning when the Cardinal de Retz waited on her, she informed him that her daughter, the princess Henrietta, was obliged to lie a-bed for want of a fire to warm her. To such a condition was reduced, in the midst of Paris, a queen of England, and daughter of Henry IV. of France ! We find another proof of her excessive poverty. Salmasius, after publishing his celebrated political book, in favor of Charles II., the *Defensio Regia*, was much blamed by a friend for not having sent a copy to the widowed queen of Charles, who, he writes, though poor, would yet have paid the bearer !

A strange anecdote is related of Charles VII. of France. Henry V. of England had shrunk his kingdom into the town of Bourges. It is said that having told a shoemaker after he had just tried a pair of his boots, that he had no money to pay for them, Crispin had such callous feelings that he refused his majesty the boots ! " It is for this reason," says Comines, " I praise those princes who are on good terms with the lowest of their people ; for they know not at what hour they may want them."

SPANISH ROYAL ETIQUETTE.

PHILIP THE THIRD was gravely seated by the fireside ; the fire-maker of the court had kindled so great a quantity of wood, that the monarch was nearly suffocated with heat, and his grandeur would not suffer him to rise from the chair ; the domestics could not presume to enter the apartment, because it was against the etiquette. At length the Marquis de Pota appeared, and the king ordered him to damp the fires : but he excused himself ; alleging that he was forbidden by the etiquette to perform such a function, for which the Duke d'Usseda ought to be called upon, as it was his business. The duke was gone out ; the fire burnt fiercer ; and the king endured it, rather than derogate from his dignity. But his blood was heated to such a degree that an erysipelas of the head appeared the next day, which, succeeded by a violent fever, carried him off in 1621, in the twenty-fourth year of his age.

The palace was once on fire ; a soldier, who knew the king's sister was in her apartment, and must inevitably have been consumed in a few moments by the flames, at the risk of his life rushed in, and brought her highness safe out in his arms ; but the Spanish etiquette was here woefully broken

into ! The loyal soldier was brought to trial, and as it was impossible to deny that he had entered her apartment, the judges condemned him to die ! The Spanish Princes, however, condescended in consideration of the circumstance to pardon the soldier, and very benevolently saved his life !

ANCIENT FASHIONS.

THE hair has in all ages been an endless topic of the declamation of the moralist, and the favorite object of fashion. If the *beau monde* wore their hair luxuriant, or the wig enormous, the preachers, as in Charles the Second's reign, instantly were seen in the pulpit with their hair cut shorter, and their sermon longer, in consequence ; respect was however paid by the world to the size of the wig, in spite of the hair-cutter in the pulpit. In the reign of Charles II. the hair-dress of the ladies was very elaborate ; it was not only curled and frizzed with the nicest art, but set off with certain artificial curls, then too emphatically known by the pathetic term of heart-breakers and love-locks. So late as William and Mary, lads and even children, wore wigs ; and if they had not wigs, they curled their hair to resemble this fashionable ornament. Women then were the hair-dressers.

It is observed by the lively Vigneul de Marville that there are flagrant follies in fashion which must be endured while they reign, and which never appear ridiculous till they are out of fashion. In the reign of Henry III. of France, they could not exist without an abundant use of comfits. All the world, the grave and the gay, carried in their pocket a comfit-box as we do snuff-boxes. They used them even on the most solemn occasions ; when the Duke of Guise was shot at Blois, he was found with his comfit-box in his hand. Fashions indeed have been carried to so extravagant a length as to have become a public offence, and to have required the interference of government. Short and tight breeches were so much the rage in France, that Charles V. was compelled to banish this disgusting mode by edicts which may be found in Mezeray. An Italian author of the fifteenth century supposes an Italian traveller of nice modesty would not pass through France, that he might not be offended by seeing men whose clothes rather exposed nakedness than hid it. It is curious that the very same fashion was the complaint in the re-

moter period of Chaucer, in his "Parson's Tales."

In the reign of Elizabeth the reverse of all this took place; then the mode of enormous breeches was pushed to a most laughable excess. The beaus of that day stuffed out their breeches with rags, feathers, and other light matters, till they brought them out to a most enormous size. They resembled wool-sacks, and in a public spectacle, they were obliged to raise scaffolds for the seats of those ponderous beaus. To accord with this fantastical taste the ladies invented large hoop farthingales. Two lovers aside could surely never have taken one another by the hand. In a preceding reign the fashion ran on square-toes; insomuch that a proclamation was issued that no person should wear shoes above six inches square at the toes! Then succeeded picket-pointed shoes! The nation was again, in the reign of Elizabeth, put under the royal authority. "In that time," says honest John Stowe, "he was held the greatest gallant that had the deepest ruffe and longest rapier; the offence to the eye of the one and hurt unto the life of the subject that come by the other; this caused her Majesty to make proclamation against them both, and to place selected grave citizens at every gate to cut off the ruffles, and break the rapier points of all passengers that exceeded a yeard in length of their rapiers, and a nayle of a yeard in depth of their ruffles." These "grave citizens," at every gate cutting the ruffles and breaking the rapiers, must doubtless have encountered in their ludicrous employment some stubborn opposition; but this regulation was, in

the spirit of that age, despotic and effectual. Peter the Great, Emperor of Russia, ordered the soldiers to stop every passenger who wore pantaloons, and with their hangers to cut off, upon the leg, the offending part of these superfluous breeches; so that a man's legs depended greatly on the adroitness



FRENCH COSTUMES DURING A PORTION OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

and humanity of a Russ or a Cossack; however this war against pantaloons was very successful, and obtained a complete triumph in favor of the breeches in the course of the week.

A shameful extravagance in dress has been a most venerable folly. In the reign of Richard II. their dress was sumptuous beyond belief. Sir John Arundel had a change of no less than fifty-two new suits of cloth of gold tissue. The prelates

indulged in all the ostentatious luxury of dress. Chaucer says they had "chaunge of clothing everie daie." Brantome records of Elizabeth, Queen of Philip II., of Spain, that she never wore

left no less than *three thousand different habits* in her wardrobe at the time of her death.

The toilet of Elizabeth was indeed an altar of devotion, of which she was the idol, and all her ministers were her votaries; it was the reign of coquetry, and the golden age of millinery! But of grace and elegance, they had not the slightest feeling! There is a print by Vertue, of Queen Elizabeth going in a procession to Lord Hunsdon. This procession is led by Lady Hunsdon, who no doubt was the leader likewise of the fashions; but it is impossible, with our ideas of grace and comfort, not to commiserate this unfortunate lady, whose standing-up wire ruff, rising above her head; whose stays or bodice, so long-waisted as to reach to her knees, and the circumference of her large hoop farthingale, which seems to enclose her in a capacious tub, mark her out as one of the most pitiable martyrs of ancient modes.

Stowe, the historian, gives the following account of some singular customs that prevailed in Queen Elizabeth's time:

"In the second year of Queen Elizabeth, 1560, her silk woman, Mistris Mountague, presented her majestie for a new yeere's gift a paire of black silk knit stockings, the which, after a few days' wearing, pleased her highness so well, that she sent for Mistris Mountague, and asked her where she had them, and if she could help her to any more, who answered, 'I made them very carefully of purpose only for your majestie, and seeing these

please you so well, I will presently set more in hand.' 'Do so (quoth the queene), for indeed I like silk stockings so well, because they are



QUEEN ELIZABETH IN FULL COSTUME.

a gown twice: this told of him by her Majesty's own *tailleur*, who from a poor man soon became as rich as any one he knew. Elizabeth of England,

pleasant, fine, and delicate, that henceforth I will wear no more cloth stockins'—and from that time unto her death the queene never wore any more cloth hose, but only silke stockins; for you shall understand that King Henry the Eighth did weare onely cloth hose, or hose cut out of ell-broade taffaty, or that by great chance there came a pair of Spanish silke stockins from Spain. King Edward the Sixte had a payre of long Spanish silke stockins sent him for a great present. Duke's daughters then wore gowns of satten of Bridges

(Bruges) upon solemn dayes. Cushens, and window pillows of velvet and damaske, formerly only princely furniture, now be very plenteous in most citizens' houses.

"Milloners or haberdashers had not then any gloves embroydered, or trimmed with gold, or silke; neither gold nor embroydered girdles and hangers, neither could they make any

costly wash or perfume, until about the fifteenth yeere of the queene, the Right Honourable Edward the Vere, Earl of Oxford, came from Italy, and brought with him gloves, swete bagges, a perfumed leather jerkin, and other pleasant things; and that yeere the queene had a pair of perfumed gloves trimmed onely with four tuffes, or roses of coloured silk. The queene tooke such pleasure in those gloves, that she was pictured with them upon her handes, and for many years after, it was called 'The Earl of Oxford's perfume.'"

The fashion of starching linen was first introduced into England during Elizabeth's time, the

event being thus described by the same historian whom we have quoted above:

"In the year 1564, Mistris Dinghen Van den Plasse, borne at Tænen in Flaunders, daughter to a worshipful knight of that province, with her husband came to London for their better safeties, and there professed herselfe a starcher, wherein she excelled, unto whom her owne nation presently repaired, and payed her very liberally for her worke. Some very few of the best and most curious wives of that time, observing the neatness



COSTUMES OF THE ENGLISH NOBILITY OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.— Accurate copy of ancient engraving.)

and delicacy of the Dutch for whiteness and fine wearing of linen, made them cambricke ruffles, and sent them to Mistris Dinghen to starche, and after awhile they made them ruffles of lawn, which was at that time a stuff most strange, and wonderful, and thereupon arose a general scoffe or byword, that shortly they would make ruffles of a spider's web; and then they began to send their daughters and nearest kinswomen to Mistris Dinghen to learne how to starche; her usuall price was at that time, foure or five pound, to teach them how to starche, and twenty shillings how to seeth starche."

The reign of Charles II. was the dominion of

French fashions. In some respects the taste was a little lighter, but the moral effect of dress, and which no doubt it has, was much worse. The dress of the French queen was very inflammatory; and the nudity of the beauties of the portrait painter, Sir Peter Lely, has been observed.



QUEEN HENRIETTA, WIFE OF CHARLES I.

The Queen of Charles II. exposed her breast and shoulders without even the gloss of the lightest gauze; and the tucker instead of standing up on her bosom, is with licentious boldness turned down, and lies upon her stays. This custom of baring the bosom was much exclaimed against by the authors of that age. That honest divine,

Richard Baxter, wrote a preface to a book, entitled "A just and seasonable reprehension of naked breasts and shoulders." In 1672 a book was published, entitled, "New instructions unto youth for their behaviour, and also a discourse upon some innovations of habits and dressing; against powdering the hair, naked breasts, black spots, (or patches,) and other unseemly customs." A whimsical fashion now prevailed among the ladies, of strangely ornamenting their faces with abundance of black patches cut into grotesque forms, such as a coach and horses, owls, rings, suns, moons, crowns, cross and crosslets.

During the reign of William the Conqueror, and for several centuries afterward, it was the custom among men and women throughout Europe, to give an enormous length to their shoes, to draw the toe to a sharp point, and to affix to it the fixture of a bird's bill, or some such ornament which was turned upward and which was after sustained by gold or silver chains tied to the knee. The ecclesiastics took exception to this ornament, declaring that it was an attempt to belie the scriptures, where it is affirmed that no man can add a cubit to his stature. They not only declaimed against the custom, but they assembled synods and absolutely condemned it. But though the clergy at that time could overturn thrones, and make and unmake kings, they could not prevail against the long-pointed shoes; in fact some historians declare that the opposition of the church was the principal cause of the long-continuance of the fashion, a striking instance of the strange contradictions

in human nature. The accompanying portrait of Louis XIV., of France, exhibits a peculiarity of foppish style that prevailed at the French Court during the latter part of the seventeenth century. If a person should appear in public, during these modern times of common-sense and utility in fashions, dressed in such a costume, he would

certainly be arrested for a lunatic. The frills on King Louis' trousers are especially remarkable.

THE LOVER'S HEART.

THE following incident is related in the Historical Memoirs of Champagne, by Bouquier. It has been a favorite theme with poets and romancers, but does not appear in any of the modern histories.

The Lord De Concy, vassal to the Count De Champagne, was one of the most accomplished youths of his time. He loved, with an excess of passion, the lady of the Lord Du Fayel, who felt a reciprocal affection. With the most poignant grief this lady heard from her lover that he had resolved to accompany the king and the Count De Champagne to the wars of the Holy Land; but she would not oppose his wishes, because she hoped that his absence might dissipate the jealousy of her husband. The time of departure having come, these two lovers parted with sorrows of the most lively tenderness. The lady, in quitting her lover, presented him with some rings, some diamonds, and with a string that she had woven herself of his own hair, intermixed with silk and buttons of

large pearls, to serve him, according to the fashion of those days, to tie a magnificent hood which covered his helmet. This he gratefully accepted.

In Palestine, at the siege of Acre, in 1191, in gloriously ascending the ramparts, he received a wound which was declared mortal. He employed the few moments he had to live in writing to the



LOUIS XIV., OF FRANCE, IN THE COURT COSTUME OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Lady Du Fayel; and he poured forth the fervor of his soul. He ordered his squire to embalm his heart after his death, and to convey it to his be-

loved mistress, with the presents he had received from her hands on quitting her.

when he approached the castle of this lady, he concealed himself in the neighboring wood till he



SIEGE OF AND DEATH OF THE LOVER.

The squire, faithful to the dying injunction of his master, returned to France to present the heart and the presents to the Lady of Du Fayel. But

ate heartily of the dish. After the repast, Du Fayel inquired of his wife if she had found the ragout according to her taste. She answered

could find some favorable moment to complete his promise. He had the misfortune to be observed by the husband of the lady, who recognized him, and who immediately suspected he came in search of his wife with some message from his master. He threatened to deprive him of his life if he did not divulge the occasion of his return. The squire assured him that his master was dead; but Du Fayel, not believing it, drew his sword on him. The man, frightened at the peril in which he found himself, confessed everything, and put into his hands the heart and letter of his master. Du Fayel, prompted by the fiercest revenge, ordered his cook to mince the heart, and having mixed it with meat, he caused a ragout to be made, which he knew pleased the taste of his wife, and had it served to her. The lady

him that she had found it excellent. "It is for this reason that I caused it to be served to you, for it is a kind of meat which you very much like. You have, madam," the savage Du Fayel continued, "eaten the heart of the Lord De Coucy." But this she would not believe till he showed her the letter of her lover, with the string of his hair and the diamonds she had given him. Then, shuddering in the anguish of her sensations, and urged by the darkest despair, she told him, "It is true that I loved the heart, because it merited to be loved; for never could it find its superior; and since I have eaten of so noble a meat, and that my stomach is the tomb of so precious a heart, I will take care that nothing of inferior worth shall be mixed with it." Grief and passion choked her utterance. She retired to her chamber; she closed the door forever; and refusing to accept consolation or food, the amiable victim expired on the fourth day.

THE HISTORY OF GLOVES.

IT has been supposed that gloves are noticed in the 108th Psalm, where the royal prophet declares that he will cast his *shoe* over Edom; and still further back, in the time of the Judges, where, in Ruth iv. 7, the custom is noted of a man taking off his *shoe* and giving it to his neighbor as a pledge for redeeming or exchanging anything. The reason for this supposition is based upon the fact that the word usually translated shoe is by the Chaldeans rendered *glove*. Casaubon is of opinion that gloves were worn by the Chaldeans, from the word being explained in the Talmud lexicon as "the clothing of the hand."

Xenophon, as a proof of the efficiency of the Persians, observes that, not satisfied with covering their heads and their feet, they also guarded their hands against the cold with thick gloves. Athenæus speaks of a celebrated glutton who always came to table with gloves on his hands, that he might be able to handle and eat the meat while hot, and thus devour more than the rest of the company.

These authorities show that the ancients were not strangers to the use of *gloves*, though their use was not common. In a hot climate to wear gloves implies a considerable degree of effeminacy. We can more clearly trace the early use of gloves in northern than in southern nations. When the ancient severity of manners declined, the use of

gloves prevailed among the Romans; but not without some opposition from the philosophers. Musonius, a philosopher, who lived at the close of the first century of Christianity, among other invectives against the corruption of the age, says, "*It is shameful that persons in perfect health should clothe their hands and feet with soft and hairy coverings.*" Their convenience, however, soon made the use general. Pliny the younger informs us, in his account of his uncle's journey to Vesuvius, that his secretary sat by him ready to write down whatever occurred remarkable; and that he had *gloves* on his hands, that the coldness of the weather might not impede his business.

Favin observes, that the custom of blessing gloves at the coronation of the kings of France, which still subsists, is a remnant of the eastern practice of investiture by a glove. A remarkable instance of this ceremony is recorded. The unfortunate Conradin was deprived of his crown and his life by the usurper Mainfroy. When having ascended the scaffold, the injured prince, lamenting his hard fate, asserted his right to the crown, and as a token of investiture, threw his glove among the crowd, entreating that it might be conveyed to some of his relations, who would revenge his death. It was taken up by a knight, who conveyed it to Peter, king of Arragon, who in virtue of this glove, was afterward crowned at Palermo.

As the delivery of gloves was once a part of the ceremony used in giving possession of property of any kind, so the depriving of a person of these was a mark of divesting him of his office. The Earl of Carlisle, in the reign of Edward the Second, was condemned to die as a traitor for holding correspondence with the Scots. Among other marks of degradation, it is related that "his spurs were cut off with a hatchet, and his gloves and shoes were taken off," etc.

The use of single combat, at first designed only for a trial of innocence, like the ordeals of fire and water, was in succeeding ages practised for deciding rights of property.

Challenging by the glove was continued down to the reign of Elizabeth, as appears by an account given by Spelman of a duel appointed to be fought in Tothill Fields in 1571. The dispute was concerning some lands in the county of Kent. The parties appeared in Court and demanded single combat. One of them threw down his glove,

which the other immediately taking up, carried it off on the point of his sword, and the day of fighting was then appointed, but the Queen adjusted the affair by personal interference.

SOME CURIOUS EVENTS IN THE LIFE OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

THIS famous prince was the natural son of Robert, Duke of Normandy, and Harlotta, the daughter of a tanner. Her name seems to



WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

have been applied to her as a designation of her disreputable profession, for she was also the mother, by a different father, of Odo Bishop of Laon, who was created Earl of Kent by his half-brother after the latter had subjected the English to his rule. William was so little ashamed of his birth that he assumed the appellation of Bastard in some of his letters and charters.

Odo, during the reign of his brother in England, amassed a large fortune, and being extremely ambitious, he conceived the idea of buying the papacy. It seems that an astrologer had foretold that he would be exalted to this dignity upon the death of Gregory, the reigning pontiff; and with this end in view he resolved to transfer his riches to Italy, in conjunction with several discontented barons who had espoused his cause. William, from whom all these projects had been carefully concealed, at last received intelligence of this design, and ordered the arrest of Odo. His officers, imbued with the superstitious reverence of the clergy which prevailed at the time, were afraid to execute the command, whereupon the king went in person and made the arrest. Odo insisted that, being a prelate, he was exempt from temporal jurisdiction, to which his brother replied that he did not arrest him as a bishop, but as an earl. He was sent prisoner to Normandy, and, notwithstanding the remonstrance of the Pope, he was detained in custody during the remainder of William's reign.

It was a fixed maxim of this reign that no native Englishman should ever be advanced to any dignity, ecclesiastical, civil or military. They were degraded and humiliated in every possible manner. Among other outrages, the Norman Barons demanded the right of passing the first three days with each newly-married bride in their jurisdictions, and for years they enforced this claim under pretence of a desire to raise up a generation that would be friendly to their interests. On other occasions they required young English married couples to pass a night in a lake or river near the baron's residence, in water up to their waists, for the purpose, as they claimed, of scaring away the frogs and preventing them from disturbing the slumbers of their lord. Others were compelled to climb tall trees, and spend the night among the topmost branches, subjected to the ridicule of the rabble beneath them.

All the English prelates, with one exception, were deposed or imprisoned. Wulstan, of Worcester, a man of inoffensive character, was the only

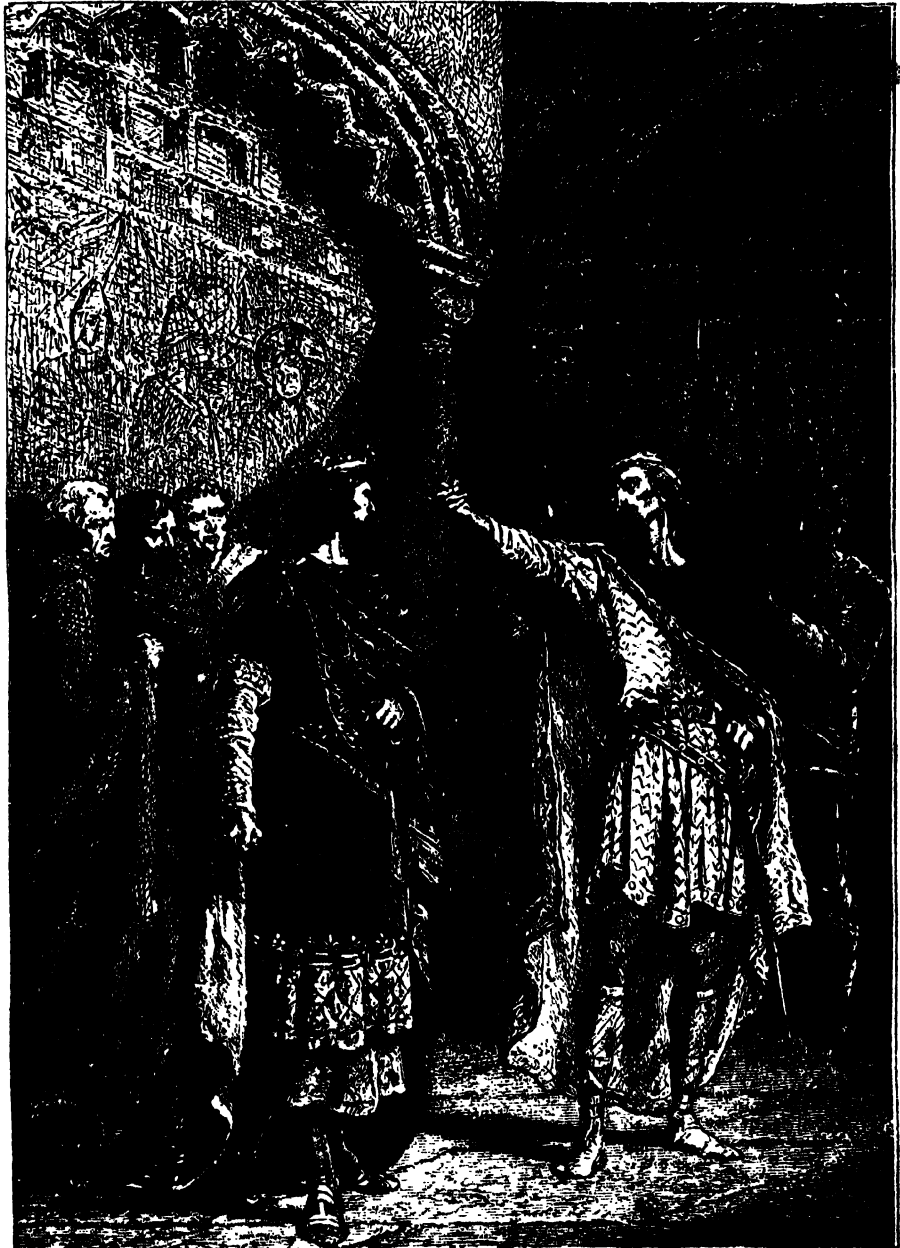
one who escaped the general proscription, and remained in possession of his dignity. He accomplished this through the performance of one of the miracles of the day. Having received his pastoral staff and ring from Edward the Confessor, he refused to surrender them to any one else, but going immediately to King Edward's tomb, he struck the staff so deeply into the stone that covered it, that none but himself was able to pull it out. This was considered so remarkable a miracle that he was permitted to retain his bishopric.

Before entering upon his expedition for the subjection of England, William had declared in favor of his eldest son Robert as his successor to the Duchy of Normandy, but afterward, when Robert, who was an ambitious and headstrong youth, demanded of him the execution of this engagement, he gave him an absolute refusal, and told him, according to the homely saying, that he never intended to throw off his clothes till he went to bed.

Robert openly declared his discontent, and was accused of secretly entering into an alliance against his father with the king of France and the earl of Brittany. He also became jealous of his brothers,

William and Henry, who, by their more gentle dispositions, had acquired the affections of their father.

At that time the three princes were residing with



PRINCE ROBERT ACCUSING HIS FATHER OF PARTIALITY TOWARDS HIS BROTHERS.

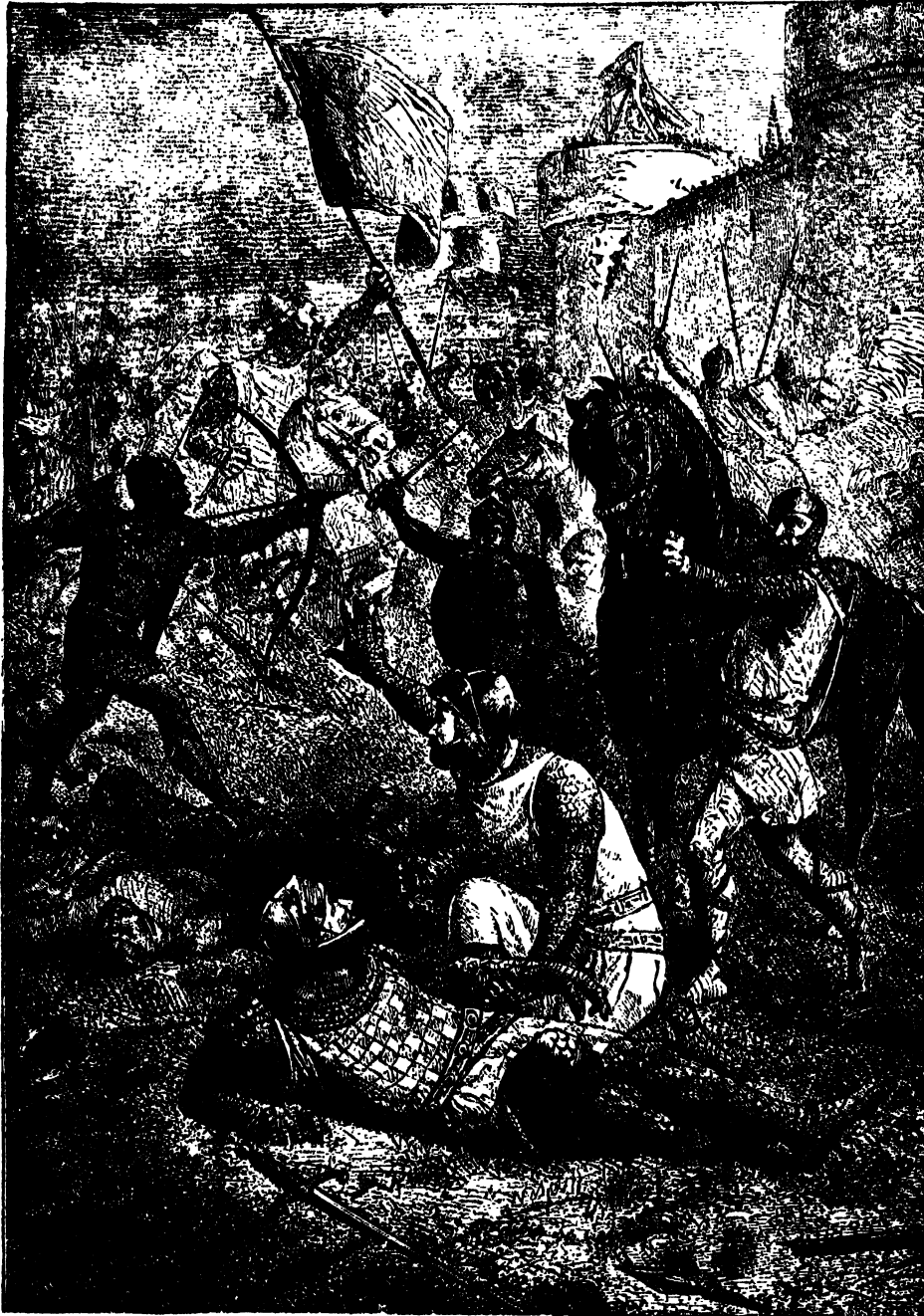
their father in the castle of L'Aigle, in Normandy. One day they were engaged in boyish sport together, and after some mirth and jollity, the two younger brothers took a fancy of throwing over

some water on Robert as he passed through the court on leaving their apartment. He would naturally have regarded the frolic as innocent merriment, had it not been for the meddlesome interference of a

tion of his brothers was meant as a public affront, which it behooved him in honor to resent. Whereupon the choleric Robert, drawing his sword, ran up stairs with the intention of taking revenge

upon his brothers.

In an instant the castle was in a tumult, which the king himself was only able to appease after asserting his kingly and paternal authority in the most vehement manner. But he could by no means appease the resentment of his eldest son, who, instigated by interested parties, and smarting under what he considered to be a gross personal insult, left the court the same evening, and, joining his fortunes with some discontented nobles, engaged in open rebellion against his father. This was continued for several years, and grew to such dimensions that William was compelled to call over an army of English under his old veteran captains, who soon expelled Robert and his adherents from their retreats, and restored the authority of the sovereign in all his dominions. The young prince was obliged to take shelter in the castle of Gerberoz, where he



PRINCE ROBERT WOUNDS HIS FATHER.

young conspirator, who supposed that his interests would be advanced by a broil in the royal family. This young man persuaded the prince that the ac-

was soon besieged by the English under his father's command. There passed under the walls of the castle many rencontres, which resembled the single

combats of chivalry, more than the military actions of armies. In one of these Robert happened to engage the king, who was concealed by his helmet, and, both being valiant, a fierce combat ensued, till at last the prince wounded his father in the arm and unhorsed him. On calling out for assistance his voice discovered him to his son, who, struck with remorse, and fearing the result of the king's fall, instantly threw himself at his father's feet, earnestly craved pardon for his offence, and offered to purchase forgiveness by any atonement. The old king was too much embittered to respond with tenderness to this dutiful submission of his son, but giving him his malediction, departed for his own camp, on Robert's horse, which the prince had assisted him to mount. He soon after raised the siege, and marched with his army to Normandy, where the interposition of the queen and other friends brought about a reconciliation, which was probably not a little forwarded by the recollection of his son's generous conduct in their personal combat. The king subsequently took Robert with him into England, where

he intrusted him with the command of an army in repelling an inroad of the Scots.

As William advanced in years he became very corpulent, an event which, strange as it may seem, was the cause of a fierce war between himself and

Philip, king of France, and which also resulted in William's death. These events were brought about in the following manner: William had been detained in bed for some time by an indis-



WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR WOUNDED BY THE FRIGHT OF HIS HORSE.

position arising from his excessive fat; upon which Philip expressed his surprise that his brother of England should be so long in being delivered of his big abdomen. The old king, being informed of Philip's raillery, sent him word that, as

soon as he was up, he would present so many lights at Notre Dame, in Paris, as would perhaps give little pleasure to the king of France—alluding to a custom at that time of women after their confinement. Immediately on his recovery he proceeded to put his threat into execution, by leading an army into France and laying the country waste with fire and sword. But the progress of hostilities was stopped by an accident which soon after put an end to William's life. His horse, one day, starting suddenly aside, he bruised his abdomen on the pommel of his saddle; and being advanced in years, as well as in a bad state of health, he apprehended serious consequences, and ordered himself to be carried in a litter to the monastery of St. Gervas. As he saw death approaching he began to repent of the evil he had done, and according to the customs of those days, sought atonement for his sins by making presents to the churches and monasteries. He expired in the sixty-third year of his age, having reigned over England twenty-one years and over the duchy of Normandy fifty-four.

THE CRUSADES.

THOSE remarkable irruptions known as the Crusades began first to engage the attention of the nations of Europe about 1096. They were the most signal and durable monuments of human folly that have appeared in any age or country. After Mahomet had, by means of his pretended revelations, united the Arabian tribes under one head, and infused into them a spirit of religious fanaticism such as the world never witnessed before or since, they issued forth from their deserts in great multitudes and rapidly overran and conquered the eastern nations. Jerusalem was one of their earliest conquests, and the Christians had the mortification to see the holy sepulchre and other consecrated places fallen into the hands of the infidels. But the Arabians or Saracens were so employed in military enterprises that they had no leisure for theological controversy, and the pilgrims who flocked daily to Jerusalem were but little disturbed by them. Every man, on the payment of a moderate tribute, was allowed to visit the holy sepulchre, perform his religious duties, and return in peace. This was all changed, however, in the year 1065, when the Turks wrested Syria from the Saracens and made themselves masters of Jerusalem. The barbarity of their man-

ners, and the confusion attending their unsettled government, rendered pilgrimages much more difficult and dangerous to the Christians. The pilgrims were robbed, insulted, and otherwise abused; and, returning from their perilous journeys, now filled all Europe with indignation against the infidels.

About this time, Peter, commonly called the "Hermit," a native of the city of Amiens, made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and being deeply afflicted by the dangers and insults to which he was subjected, he formed the bold idea of raising an army among the Christian nations of sufficient strength to subdue the warlike tribes that were destroying the holy city, and, placing himself at their head, led them forward to conquest and dominion. He proposed his views to Urban II. (Hume has it Martin, IV., evidently an error), then occupying the papal chair, who, being impressed by the fervor and zeal of Peter, summoned a council at Placentia, which consisted of four thousand ecclesiastics and thirty thousand laymen, and which was so numerous that it was necessary to hold the assemblies in the open plain, as no hall could be found large enough to contain so great a multitude. The harangues of Peter and the pope were of such an inflammatory character, and the minds of their auditors so well prepared to entertain desperate projects like the one proposed, that the whole multitude suddenly and violently declared for war, devoting themselves, as they supposed, to the service of God and their religion.

But the pope knew that, in order to assure success, it would be necessary to enlist greater and more warlike nations than those which were confined to Italy; and having previously exhorted Peter to visit the chief cities and sovereigns of Christendom, he summoned another council, at Clermont, in Auvergne. The fame of the great and pious design being now universally diffused, procured the attendance of the greatest prelates, nobles and princes; and when the pope and the hermit renewed their pathetic appeals, the whole assembly, as if impelled by an immediate inspiration, exclaimed with one voice, "*It is the will of God! It is the will of God!*"—words deemed so memorable, and so much the result of a divine influence, that they were employed as the signal of rendezvous and battle in all the future exploits of these adventurers. Men of all ranks flew to arms with the utmost ardor,

and the sign of the cross, affixed to the right shoulder of all who enlisted themselves in this sacred war, and emblazoned on the standards, became the badge of union and the emblem under which they fought.

All orders of men, deeming the crusades an open road to heaven, enlisted themselves under the sacred banner, and were impatient to open the way with their swords to the holy city. The infirm and the aged contributed to the expeditions by presents and money, while many attended in person, determined to breathe their last in sight of the city where their Saviour had died for them. Even women, concealing their sex under the disguise of armor, enlisted in the ranks, and by their presence and example increased the general fury and excitement. Murderers and criminals of all classes hastened to join the service, as an expiation of their crimes and an atonement for every violation of justice and humanity.

Finally this undisciplined and fanatical mob took its way toward Constantinople, passing through Hungary and Bulgaria; and, trusting that Heaven, by supernatural assistance, would supply all their necessities, they made no provision for subsistence

on the march. They soon found themselves obliged to obtain by plunder what they did not receive from miracles; and the enraged inhabitants of the countries through which they passed, gath-



PETER THE HERMIT, AND THE POPE, AROUSING THE PEOPLE TO RELIGIOUS FRENZY.

ering together in arms, attacked the disorderly multitude, and slaughtered them by thousands. The disciplined armies followed after; and passing

the straits at Constantinople, they were mustered in the plains of Asia, and amounted in the whole to the enormous number of seven hundred thousand combatants, besides camp followers and women and children, composing an army almost, if not quite, so great as the one which Xerxes led against the Greeks.

The crusades continued, with more or less vigor, throughout the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and they constitute one of the most romantic and remarkable events in the history of nations. Their leading object was not attained, but, by the commingling of different nations in a common pursuit, they laid the foundations of the future civilization of Europe, and thus, like nearly all great popular commotions, were not barren of good results.

Other interesting facts, personal incidents, and many heroic deeds connected with the crusades, are related in other portions of this volume.

NAPOLEON AT WATERLOO.

NAPOLEON, the greatest French General, and perhaps the greatest of any or all countries, fought and lost the battle of Waterloo, as every one knows. It seems eminently proper, therefore, that the grandest description of this or any other battle, should be written by the greatest French author—VICTOR HUGO.

Napoleon in Good Humor.

The emperor, though ill and suffering on horseback from a local injury, had never been so good-tempered as on this day. From the morning his impenetrability had been smiling, and on June 18, 1815, this profound soul, coated with granite, was radiant. The man who had been sombre at Austerlitz was gay at Waterloo. The greatest predestined men offer these contradictions, for our joys are a shadow and the supreme smile belongs to God.

Ridet Cæsar, Frangitur flebit, the legionaries of the Fulminatrix used to say. On this occasion Pompey was not destined to weep, but it is certain that Cæsar laughed.

At one o'clock in the morning amid the rain and storm, he had explored with Bertrand the hills near Rossmoine, and was pleased to see the long lines of English fires illumining the horizon from Frischemont to Braine l'Alleud. It seemed to him as if destiny had made an appointment with him on a fixed day and was punctual. He stopped

his horse, and remained for some time motionless, looking at the lightning and listening to the thunder. The fatalist was heard to cast into the night the mysterious words, "We are agreed." Napoleon was mistaken; they were no longer agreed.

He had not slept for a moment; all the instants of the past night had been marked with joy for him. He rode through the entire line of main guards, stopping every now and then to speak to the videttes. At half-past two he heard the sound of a marching column near Hougoumont, and believed for a moment in a retreat on the side of Wellington. He said to Bertrand, "The English rear-guard is preparing to decamp. I shall take prisoners the six thousand English who have just landed at Ostend." He talked cheerfully, and had regained the spirits he had displayed during the landing of March 1, when he showed to the grand marshal the enthusiastic peasant of the Juan Gulf and said, "Well, Bertrand, here is a re-enforcement already." On the night between June 17th and 18th he made fun of Wellington. "This little Englishman requires a lesson," said Napoleon. The rain became twice as violent. And it thundered while the emperor was speaking.

At half-past three A. M. he lost one illusion; officers sent to reconnoitre informed him that the enemy was making no movement. Nothing was stirring, not a single bivouac fire was extinguished, and the English army was sleeping. The silence was profound on earth, and there was only noise in the heavens. At four o'clock a peasant was brought to him by the scouts; this peasant had served as guide to a brigade of English cavalry, probably Vivian's, which had taken up a position on the extreme left in the village of Ohain. At five o'clock two Belgian deserters informed him that they had just left their regiments, and the English army meant fighting. "All the better," cried Napoleon. "I would sooner crush them than drive them back."

At daybreak he dismounted on the slope which forms the angle of the Plancenoit road, had a kitchen table and a peasant's chair brought from the farm of Rossmoine, sat down with a truss of straw for a carpet, and laid on the table the map of the battle-field, saying to Soult, "It is a pretty chess-board."

Owing to the night rain, the commissariat wagons, which stuck in the muddy roads, did not



A YOUNG KNIGHT ARMING FOR THE CRUSADES.

arrive by daybreak. The troops had not slept, were wet through and fasting, but this did not prevent Napoleon from exclaiming cheerfully to Soult, "We have ninety chances out of a hundred in our favor." At eight o'clock the emperor's breakfast was brought, and he invited several generals to share it with him. While breakfasting, somebody said that Wellington had been the last evening but one at a ball in Brussels, and Soult, the rough soldier, with his archbishop's face, remarked, "The ball will be to-day." The emperor teased Ney for saying, "Wellington will not be so simple as to wait for your majesty." This was his usual manner. "He was fond of a joke," says Fleury de Chaboulon; "The basis of his character was a pleasant humor," says Gourgaud; "He abounded with jests more peculiar than witty," says Benjamin Constant. The gayety of the giant is worth dwelling on; it was he who called his grenadiers "Growlers;" he pinched their ears and pulled their mustaches. "The emperor was always playing tricks with us," was the remark made by one of the them.

During the mysterious passage from Elba to France, on February 27, the French brig of war, the *Zephyr*, met the *Inconstant*, on board which Napoleon was concealed, and inquiring after Napoleon, the emperor, who still had in his hat the white and violet cockade studded with bees, which he had adopted at Elba, himself laughingly took up the speaking-trumpet, and answered, "The emperor is quite well." A man who jests in this way is on familiar terms with events. Napoleon had several outbursts of this laughter during the breakfast at Waterloo; after breakfast he reflected for a quarter of an hour; then two generals sat down on the truss of straw, each with a pen in his hand and a sheet of paper on his knee, and the emperor dictated to them the plan of the battle.

At nine o'clock, the moment when the French army, echeloned and moving in five columns, began to deploy, the divisions in two lines, the artillery between, the bands in front, drums rattling and bugles braying,—a powerful, mighty, joyous army, a sea of bayonets and helmets on the horizon,—the emperor, much affected, twice exclaimed, "Magnificent! magnificent!"

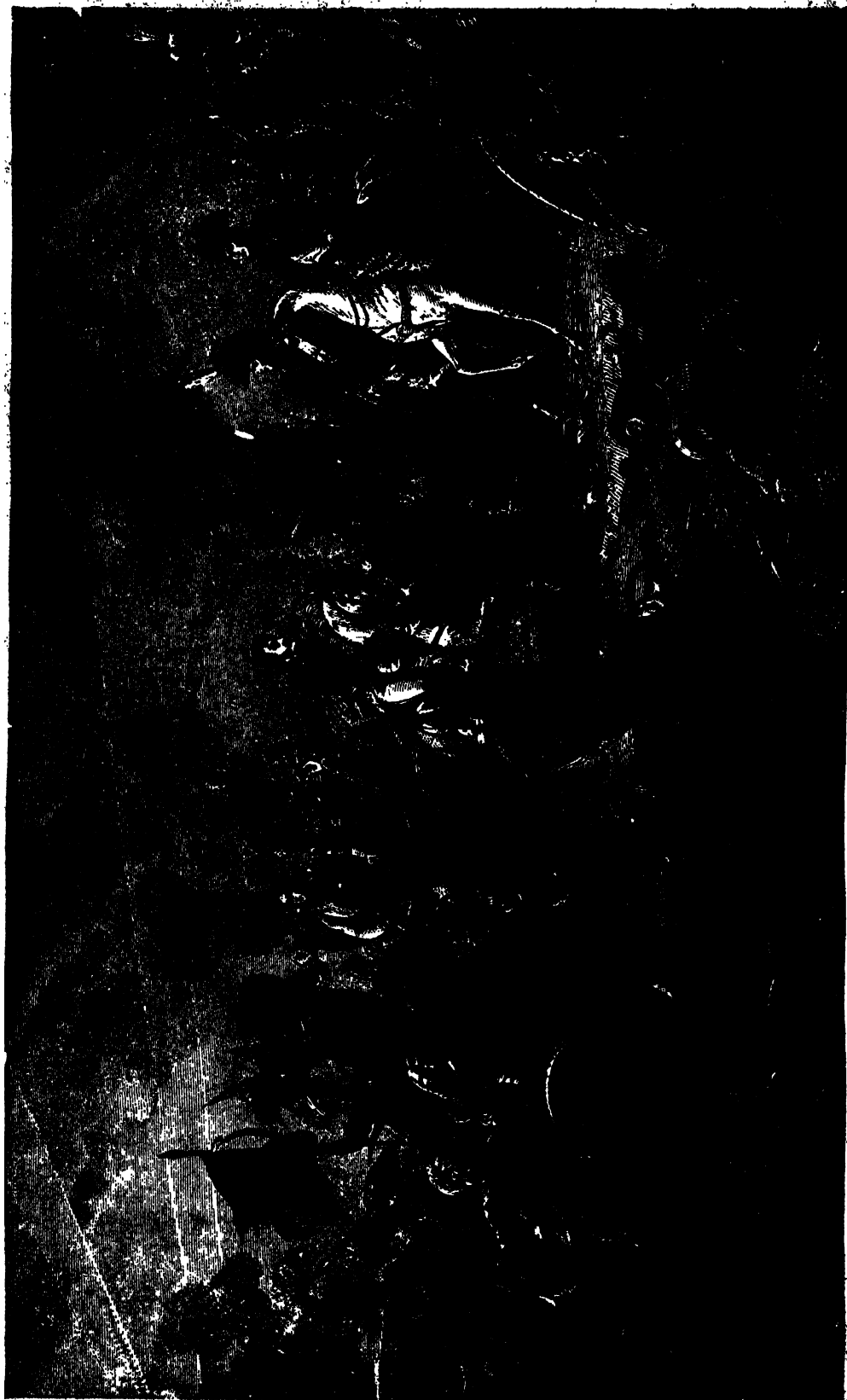
Between nine and half-past ten, although it seems incredible, the whole army took up position, and was drawn up in six lines, forming, to

repeat the emperor's expression, "the figure of six V's." A few minutes after the formation of the line, and in the midst of that profound silence which precedes the storm of battle, the emperor, seeing three twelve-pounder batteries defile, which had been detached by his orders from Erlon, Reille and Lobau's brigades, and which were intended to begin the action at the spot where the Nevilles and Genappe roads crossed, tapped Haxo on the shoulder, and said, "There are twenty-four pretty girls, general."

Sure of the result, he encouraged with a smile the company of sappers of the first corps as it passed him, which he had selected to barricade itself in Mont St. Jean so soon as the village was carried. All this security was only crossed by one word of human pity; on seeing at his left, at the spot where there is now a large tomb, the admirable Scotch Greys massed with their superb horses, he said, "It is a pity."

Then he mounted his horse, rode toward Rossomme, and selected as his observatory a narrow strip of grass on the right side of the road running from Genappe to Brussels, and this was his second station. The third station, the one he took at seven in the evening, is formidable—it is a rather lofty mound which still exists, and behind which the guard was massed in a hollow. Around this mound the balls ricocheted on the pavement of the road and reached Napoleon. As at Brienne, he had round his head the whistle of bullets and canister. Almost at the spot where his horse's hoofs stood, cannon-balls, old sabre-blades, and shapeless rust-eaten projectiles, *scabra rubigine*, have been picked up; a few years ago a live shell was dug up, the fuse of which had broken off. It was at this station that the emperor said to his guide, Lacoste, a hostile, timid peasant, who was fastened to a hussar's saddle, and tried at each volley of canister to hide behind Napoleon, "You ass, it is shameful; you will be killed in the back." The person who is writing these lines himself found, while digging up the sand in the friable slope of this mound, the remains of a shell rotted by the oxide of forty-six years, and pieces of iron which broke like sticks of barley-sugar between his fingers.

Everybody is aware that the undulations of the plains on which the encounter between Napoleon and Wellington took place, are no longer as they were on June 18, 1815. On taking



NAPOLEON AT WATERLOO.

At eleven o'clock the horrid carnage began. On either side everything was done which mortal courage or energy could accomplish. Hour after hour, the French soldiers, shouting "Vive l'Empereur!" made onset after onset, up to the very muzzles of the British guns, and were cut down by those terrific discharges like grass before the scythe. The demon of destruction and war held its high carnival in the midst of the demoniac revelry of those bloody hours. Every discharge which bleaded its monster, with the roar of that awful battle, was scolding widowhood and orphanage to distant homes, blinding the eyes of mothers and daughters with tears of agony, and darkening once happy dwellings with life-long wretches.

Who, before the tribunal of God, is to be held responsible for that day of blood?—JOHN S. C. AUBOTT.



from this mournful plain the material to make a monument, it was deprived of its real relics, and history, disconcerted, no longer recognizes itself; in order to glorify, they disfigured. Wellington, on seeing Waterloo two years after, exclaimed, "My battle-field has been altered!" Where the huge pyramid of earth surmounted by a lion now stands, there was a crest which on the side of the Nivelles road had a practicable ascent, but which on the side of the Genappe road was almost an escarpment. The elevation of this escarpment may still be imagined by the height of the two great tombs which skirt the road from Genappe to Brussels; the English tomb on the left, the German tomb on the right. There is no French tomb—for France, the whole plain is a sepulchre. Through the thousands of cart-loads of earth employed in erecting the mound, which is one hundred and fifty feet high and half a mile in circumference, the plateau on Mont St. Jean is now accessible by a gentle incline, but on the day of the battle, and especially on the side of La Haye Sainte, it was steep and abrupt. The incline was so sharp that the English gunners could not see beneath them the farm situated in the bottom of the valley, which was the centre of the fight. On June 18, 1815, the rain had rendered the steep road more difficult, and the troops not only had to climb up, but slipped in the mud. Along the centre of the crest of the plateau ran a species of ditch, which it was impossible for a distant observer to guess.

We will state what this ditch was. Braine l'Alleud is a Belgian village and Ohain is another; these villages, both concealed in hollows, are connected by a road about a league and a half in length, which traverses an undulating plain, and frequently buries itself between hills, so as to become at certain spots a ravine. In 1815, as to-day, this road crossed the crest of the plateau of Mont St. Jean, but at the present day it is level with the ground, while at that time it was a hollow way. The two slopes have been carried away to form the monumental mound. This road was, and still is, a trench for the greater part of the distance; a hollow trench, in some places twelve feet deep, whose scarp sides were washed down here and there by the winter rains. Accidents occurred there; the road was so narrow where it entered Braine l'Alleud, that a wayfarer was crushed there by a wagon, as is proved by a stone cross

standing near the graveyard, which gives the name of the dead man as "Monsieur Bernard Debrye, trader of Brussels, and the date, February, 1637." It was so deep on the plateau of Mont St. Jean, that a peasant, one Mathieu Nicaise, was crushed there in 1783 by a fall of earth, as is proved by another stone cross, the top of which disappeared in the excavation, but whose overthrown pedestal is still visible on the grass slope to the left of the road between La Haye Sainte and the farm of Mont St. Jean.

On the day of the battle, this hollow way, whose existence nothing revealed, a trench on the top of the escarpment, a rut hidden in the earth, was invisible, that is to say, terrible.

The Emperor asks the Guide a Question.

On the morning of Waterloo, then, Napoleon was cheerful. He had reason to be so, for the plan he had drawn up was admirable.

Once the battle had begun, its various incidents, the resistance of Hougomont; the tenacity of La Haye Sainte; Bauduin killed and Foy placed *hors de combat*; the unexpected wall against which Soye's brigade was broken; the fatal stupidity of Guilleminea, who had no petards or powder-bags to destroy the farm gates; the sticking of the artillery in the mud; the fifteen guns without escort captured by Uxbridge in a hollow way; the slight effect of the shells falling in the English lines, which buried themselves in the moistened ground, and only produced a volcano of mud, so that the troops were merely plastered with mud; the inutility of Piret's demonstration on Braine l'Alleud, and the whole of its cavalry, fifteen squadrons, almost annihilated; the English right but slightly disquieted and the left poorly attacked; Ney's strange mistake is massing instead of echeloning the four divisions of the first corps; a depth of twenty-seven ranks and a line of two hundred men given up in this way to the canister; the frightful gaps made by the cannon-balls in these masses; the attacking columns disunited; the oblique battery suddenly unmasked on their flank; Bourgeois, Donzelot, and Durette in danger; Quiot repulsed; Lieutenant Viot, that Hercules who came from the polytechnic school, wounded at the moment when he was beating in with an axe the gates of La Haye Sainte, under the plunging fire of the English barricade on the Genappe road; Marcognet's division caught between in-

fantry and cavalry, shot down from the wheat by Best and Pack, and sabred by Ponsonby; its battery of seven guns spiked; the Prince of Saxe-Weimar holding and keeping, in defiance of Count d'Erlon, Frischemont and Smolain; the flags of the 105th and 45th regiments captured; the Prussian black Hussar arrested by the scouts of the flying column of three hundred chasseurs,

turbed his glance or cast a gloom over his imperial face. Napoleon was accustomed to look steadily at war; he never reckoned up the poignant details; he cared little for figures, provided that they gave him the total—victory. If the commencement went wrong, he did not alarm himself, as he believed himself master and owner of the end; he knew how to wait, and treated Des-



THE DEAD TRUMPETER BEFORE HOUGOMONT.

who were beating the country between Wayre and Plancenoit; the alarming things which this man said; Grouchy's delay, the fifteen hundred men killed in less than an hour in the orchard of Hougomont; the eighteen hundred laid low even in a shorter space of time round La Haye Sainte; all these bloody incidents, passing like battle-clouds before Napoleon, had scarce dis-

tinged his as an equal. He seemed to say to Fate, "You would not dare." One-half light, one-half shade, Napoleon felt himself protected in good and tolerated in evil. There was, or he fancied there was, for him a connivance, we might say, almost a complicity, on the part of events, equivalent to the ancient invulnerability.

Yet, when a man has behind him the Beresina,

Leipzig, and Fontainebleau, it seems as if he could be distrustful of Waterloo. A mysterious frown becomes visible on the face of heaven.

At the moment when Wellington retrograded, Napoleon quivered. He suddenly saw the plateau of Mont St. Jean deserted, and the front of the English army disappear. It was rallying, but was out of sight.

The emperor half raised himself in his stirrups, and the flash of victory passed into his eyes. If Wellington were driven back into the forest of Soignies and destroyed, it would be the definitive overthrow of England by France. It would be Crecy, Poitiers, Malplaquet, and Ramillies avenged; the man of Marengo would erase Agincourt.

The emperor, while meditating on this tremendous denouement, turned his telescope to all parts of the battle-field. His Guards, standing at ease behind him, gazed at him with a sort of religious awe. He was reflecting, he examined the slopes, noted the inclines, scrutinized the clumps of trees, the patches of barley, and the paths; he seemed to be counting every tuft of gorse. He looked with some fixity at the English barricades, two large masses of felled trees, the one on the Genappe road defended by two guns, the only ones of all the English artillery which commanded the battle-field, and the one on the Niveles road, behind which flashed the Dutch bayonets of Chasse's brigade. He remarked near this barricade the old chapel of St. Nicholas, which is at the corner of the cross-road leading to Braine l'Alleud. He bent down and spoke in

low voice to the guide Lacoste. The guide shook his head with a probably perfidious negative.

The emperor drew himself up and reflected.

Wellington was retiring.

All that was needed now was to complete this retreat by an overthrow.

Napoleon hurriedly turned and sent off a messenger at full speed to Paris to announce that the battle was gained.

Napoleon was one of the geniuses from whom thunder issues. He had just found his thunder-stroke.

He gave Milhaud's cuirassiers orders to carry the plateau of Mont. St. Jean.

A Surprise.

They were three thousand five hundred in number, and formed a front a quarter of a league

in length; they were gigantic men mounted on colossal horses. They formed twenty-six squadrons, and had behind them as a support, Lefebvre Desnouette's division, composed of the one hundred and sixty gendarmes, the chasseurs of the Guard, eleven hundred and ninety-seven sabres, and the lancers of the Guard, eight hundred and eighty lances. They wore a helmet without a plume, and a cuirass of wrought steel, and were armed with pistols and a straight sabre. In the morning the whole army had admired them when they came up at nine o'clock with bugles sounding, while all the bands played "Veillons au salut de l'Empire," in close column with one battery on their flank, the others in their centre, and deployed in two ranks, and took their place in that powerful second line, so skilfully formed by Napoleon, which, having at its extreme left Kellerman's cuirassiers, and on its extreme right Milhaud's cuirassiers, seemed to be endowed with two wings of steel.

The aide-de-camp, Bernard, carried to them the emperor's order. Ney drew his sabre and placed himself at their head, and the mighty squadron started.

Then a formidable spectacle was seen.

The whole of this cavalry, with raised sabres, with standards flying, and formed in columns of division, descended with one movement and as one man, with the precision of a bronze battering-ram opening a breach, the hill of the Belle Alliance. They entered the formidable valley in which so many men had already fallen, disappeared in the smoke, and then, emerging from the gloom, re-appeared on the other side of the valley, still in a close, compact column, mounting at a trot, under a tremendous canister fire, the frightful muddy incline of the plateau of Mont. St. Jean. They ascended it, stern, threatening, and imperturbable; between the breaks in the artillery and musketry fire, the colossal tramp could be heard. As they formed two divisions, they were in two columns: Wathier's division was on the right, Delord's on the left. One seemed to see from a distance two immense steel snakes crawling toward the crest of the plateau; they had traversed the battle-field like a flash.

Nothing like it had been seen since the capture of the great redoubt of the Moskova by the heavy cavalry; Murat was missing, but Ney was there. It seemed as if this mass had become a

monster, and had but one soul; each squadron undulated and swelled like the rings of a polyp. This could be seen through a vast smoke which was rent asunder at intervals; it was a pell-mell of helmets, shouts, and sabres, a stormy bounding of horses among cannon, and a disciplined and terrible array; while above it all flashed the cuirasses like the scales of the dragon.

It was a curious numerical coincidence that twenty-six battalions were preparing to receive the charge of these twenty-six squadrons. Behind the crest of the plateau, in the shadow of the masked battery, thirteen English squares, each of two battalions and formed two deep, with seven men in the first lines and six in the second, were waiting, calm, dumb, and motionless, with their muskets, for what was coming. They did not see the cuirassiers, and the cuirassiers did not see them; they merely heard this tide of men ascending. They heard the swelling sound of three thousand horses, the alternating and symmetrical sound of the hoof, the clang of the cuirasses, the clash of the sabres, and a species of great and formidable breathing. There was a long, a terrible silence, and then a long file of raised arms brandishing sabres and helmets, and bugles and standards, and three thousand heads with great mustaches, shouting, "Long live the emperor!" appeared above the crest. The whole of this cavalry debouched on the plateau, and it was like the commencement of an earthquake.

All at once, terrible to relate, the head of the column of cuirassiers facing the English left, reared with a fearful clamor. On reaching the culminating point of the crest, furious and eager to make their exterminating dash on the English squares and guns, the cuirassiers noticed between them and the English a trench—a grave. It was the hollow road of Ohain.

It was a frightful moment—the ravine was there, unexpected, yawning, almost precipitous, beneath the horses' feet, and with a depth of twelve feet between its two sides. The second rank thrust the first into the abyss; the horses reared, fell back, slipped with all four feet in the air, crushing and throwing their riders. There was no means of escaping; the entire column was one huge projectile. The force acquired to crush the English rushed the French, and the inexorable ravine would not yield till it was filled up. Men and horses rolled into it pell-mell, crushing

each other, and making one huge charnel-house of the gulf, and when this grave was full of living men the rest passed over them. Nearly one-third of Dubois's men rolled into the abyss.

This commenced the loss of the battle.

A local tradition, which evidently exaggerates, says that two thousand horses and fifteen hundred men were buried in the hollow-way of Ohain. These figures probably comprised the other corpses cast into the ravine on the day after the battle.

Let us note in passing that in this brigade Dubois was the one who, charging alone, an hour before, had taken the Hanoverian standard.

Napoleon, before ordering this charge, had surveyed the ground, but had been unable to see this hollow-way, which did not form even a ripple on the crest of the plateau. Warned, however, by the little white chapel which marks its juncture with the Nevilles road, he had asked Lacoste a question, probably as to whether there was any obstacle. The guide answered no, and we might say almost that Napoleon's catastrophe was brought about by a peasant's shake of the head.

Other fatalities were yet to arise.

Was it possible for Napoleon to win the battle? We answer in the negative. Why? On account of Wellington? on account of Blücher? No; on account of God.

Bonaparte, victor at Waterloo, did not harmonize with the law of the nineteenth century. Another series of facts was preparing, in which Napoleon no longer had a place; the ill-will of events had been displayed long previously.

It was time for this vast man to fall.

His excessive weight in human destiny disturbed the balance. This individual alone was of more account than the universal group; such plethoras of human vitality concentrated in a single head—the world mounting to one man's brain—would be mortal to civilization if they endured. The moment had arrived for the incorruptible supreme equity to reflect, and it is probable that the principles and elements on which the regular gravitations of the moral order as of the material order depend, complained. Streaming blood, overcrowded grave-yards, mothers in tears, are formidable pleaders. When the earth is suffering from an excessive burden, there are mysterious groans from the shadow, which the abyss hears.

Napoleon had been denounced in infinitude, and his fall was decided.

He annoyed God.

Waterloo is not a battle, but a transformation of the universe.

The Plateau of Mont St. Jean.

The battery was unmasked simultaneously with the ravine. Sixty guns and thirteen squares thundered at the cuirassiers at point-blank range. The intrepid General Delord gave a military salute to the English battery.

The whole of the English field artillery had entered the squares at a gallop; the cuirassiers had not even a moment for reflection. The disaster of the hollow way had decimated but not discouraged them, they were of that nature of men whose hearts grow large when their number is diminished.

Wathier's column alone suffered in the disaster; but Delord's column, which he had ordered to wheel to the left, as if he suspected the trap, arrived entire.

The cuirassiers rushed at the English squares at full gallop, with hanging bridles, sabres in their mouths, and pistols in their hands.

There are moments in a battle when the soul hardens a man, so that it changes the soldier into a statue, and all flesh becomes granite. The English battalions, though fiercely assailed, did not move.

Then there was a frightful scene.

All the faces of the English squares were attacked simultaneously, and a frenzied whirl surrounded them. But the cold infantry remained impassive; the front rank, kneeling, received the cuirassiers on their bayonets, while the second fired at them; behind the second rank the artillerymen loaded their guns, the front of the square opened to let an eruption of canister pass, and then closed again. The cuirassiers responded by attempts to crush their foe; their great horses reared, leaped over the bayonets, and landed in the centre of the four living walls. The cannon balls made gaps in the cuirassiers, and the cuirassiers made breaches in the squares. Files of men disappeared, trampled down by the horses, and bayonets were buried in the entrails of these centuries. Hence arose horrible wounds, such as were probably never seen elsewhere. The squares, where broken by the impetuous cavalry, contracted without yielding an inch of ground;

inexhaustible in canister, they produced an explosion in the midst of the assailants. The aspect of this combat was monstrous; these squares were no longer battalions, but craters; these cuirassiers were no longer cavalry, but a tempest, each square was a volcano attacked by a storm; the lava combated the lightning.

The extreme right square, the most exposed of all, as it was in the air, was nearly annihilated in the first attack. It was formed of the 75th Highlanders; the piper in the centre, while his comrades were being exterminated around him, was seated on a drum, with his bagpipe under his arm, and playing mountain airs. These Scotchmen died, thinking of Ben Lothian, as the Greeks did, remembering Argos. A cuirassier's sabre, by cutting through the pipe and the arm that held it, had stopped the tune by killing the player.

The cuirassiers, relatively few in number, and reduced by the catastrophe of the ravine, had against them nearly the whole English army; but they multiplied themselves, and each man was worth ten. Some Hanoverian battalions, however, gave way; Wellington saw it, and thought of his cavalry. Had Napoleon at this minute thought of his infantry, the battle would have been won, and this forgetfulness was his great and fatal fault.

All at once the assailers found themselves assailed; the English cavalry were on their backs, before them the squares, behind them Somerset with the one thousand four hundred dragoon guards. Somerset had on his right Dornberg with the German cheveau-legers, and on his left Trip with the Belgian carbineers; the cuirassiers, attacked on the flank and in front, before and behind, by infantry and cavalry, were compelled to make a front on all sides. But what did they care? They were a whirlwind, their bravery became indescribable.

In addition they had behind them the still thundering battery, and it was only in such a way that these men could be wounded in the back. One of these cuirasses, with a hole through the left scapula, is in the Waterloo Museum.

For such Frenchmen, nothing less than such Englishmen was required.

It was no longer a melee, it was a headlong fury, a hurricane of flashing swords. In an in-

stant the one thousand four hundred dragoons were only eight hundred, and Fuller, their lieutenant-colonel, was dead. Ney dashed up with Lefebvre Desnouette's lancers and chasseurs: the plateau of Mont St. Jean was taken and retaken, and taken again. The cuirassiers left the cavalry to attack the infantry, or, to speak more correctly, all these men collared each other and did not loose their hold.

The squares still held out after twelve assaults. Ney had four horses killed under him, and one-half of the cuirassiers remained on the plateau. This struggle lasted two hours.

The English army was profoundly shaken; and there was no doubt that, had not the cuirassiers been weakened in their attack by the disaster of the hollow way, they would have broken through the centre and decided the victory. This extraordinary cavalry petrified Clinton, who had seen Talavera and Badajoz. Wellington three parts vanquished, admired heroically; he said in a low voice, "Splendid!"

The cuirassiers annihilated seven squares out of thirteen, captured or spiked sixty guns, and took six English regimental flags, which three cuirassiers and three chasseurs of the guard carried to the emperor before the farm of La Belle Alliance.

Wellington's situation had grown worse. This strange battle resembled a fight between two savage wounded men, who constantly lose their blood while continuing the struggle. Which would be the first to fall?

The combat for the plateau continued.

How far did the cuirassiers get? no one could say; but it is certain that on the day after the battle a cuirassier and his horse were found dead on the weighing machine of Mont St. Jean, at the very spot where the Nivelles, Genappe, La Hulpe, and Brussels roads intersect each other. This horseman had pierced the English lines. One of the men who picked up this corpse still lives at Mont St. Jean; his name is Dehaze, and he was eighteen years of age at the time. Wellington felt himself giving way, and the crisis was close at hand.

The cuirassiers had not succeeded, in the sense that the English centre had not been broken. Everybody held the plateau, and nobody held it; but in the end the greater portion remained in the hands of the English. Wellington had the vil-

lage and the plain; Ney, only the crest and the slope. Both sides seemed to have taken root in this mournful soil.

But the weakness of the English seemed irremediable, for the hemorrhage of this army was horrible. Kempt on the left wing asked for reinforcements. "There are none," Wellington replied. Almost at the same moment, by a strange coincidence which depicts the exhaustion of both armies, Ney asked Napoleon for infantry, and Napoleon answered, "Infantry? where does he expect me to get them. Does he think I can make them?"

Still the English army was the worse off of the two; the furious attacks of these great squadrons with their iron cuirasses and steel chests had crushed their infantry. A few men round the colors marked the place of a regiment, and some battalions were only commanded by a captain or lieutenant. Alten's division, already so maltreated at La Haye Sainte, was nearly destroyed; the intrepid Belgians of Van Kluze's brigade lay amongst the wheat along the Nivelles road, hardly any were left of those Dutch Grenadiers, who, in 1811, fought Wellington in Spain, on the French side, and who, in 1815, joined the English and fought Napoleon. The loss in officers was considerable. Lord Uxbridge, who had his leg interred the next day, had a fractured knee. If on the side of the French in this contest of the cuirassiers Delord, l'Heretier, Colbert, Dnop, Travers and Blancard were *hors de combat*, on the side of the English, Alten was wounded, Barnes was wounded, Delancey killed, Van Meeren killed, Ompteda killed, Wellington's staff decimated—and England had the heaviest scale in this balance of blood. The second regiment of foot-guards had lost five lieutenant-colonels, four captains, and three ensigns; the first battalion of the 30th had lost twenty-four officers and one hundred and twelve men; the 79th Highlanders had twenty-four officers wounded and eighteen officers and four hundred and fifty men killed. Cumberland's Hanoverian Hussars, an entire regiment, having their colonel Hacke at their head, who, at a later date was tried and cashiered, turned bridle during the fight and fled into the forest of Soignies, spreading the rout as far as Brussels. The wagons, ammunition trains, baggage trains and ambulance carts full of wounded, on seeing the French, gave ground



NAPOLEON'S LAST VIEW OF FRANCE

and, approaching the forest, rushed into it; the Dutch, sabred by the French cavalry, broke in confusion. From Vert Coucou to Groenendael, a distance of two leagues on the Brussels roads, there was, according to the testimony of living witnesses, a dense crowd of fugitives, and the panic was so great that it assailed the Prince de Conde at Mechlin and Louis XVIII. at Ghent. With the exception of the weak reserve echeloned behind the field hospital establishment at the farm of Mont St. Jean, and Vivian's and Vandeleur's brigades, which flanked the left wing, Wellington had no cavalry left, and many of the guns lay dismounted. These facts are confessed by Siborne, and Pringle, exaggerating the danger, goes so far as to state the Anglo-Dutch army was reduced to thirty-four thousand men. The Iron Duke remained firm, but his lips blanched. The Austrian commissioner Vincent, and the Spanish commissioner Alava, who were present at the battle, thought the Duke lost; at five o'clock Wellington looked at his watch, and could be heard muttering, "Blucher or night."

It was at this moment that a distant line of bayonets glistened on the heights on the side of Frischemont.

This was the climax of the gigantic drama.

Bulow to the Rescue.

Everybody knows Napoleon's awful mistake; Grouchy expected; Blucher coming up; death instead of life. Destiny has such turnings as this; men expect the throne of the world, and perceive St. Helena.

If the little shepherd who served as guide to Bulow, Blucher's lieutenant, had advised him to debouche from the forest above Frischemont, instead of below Plancenoit, the form of the nineteenth century would have been different; for Napoleon would have won the battle of Waterloo. By any other road than that below Plancenoit the Prussian army would have come upon a ravine impassable by artillery, and Bulow would not have arrived.

Now one hour's delay—the Prussian general Muffling declares it—and Blucher would not have found Wellington erect—"the battle was lost."

It was high time, as we see, for Bulow to arrive, and as it was he had been greatly delayed. He had bivouacked at Dion-le-Mont, and started at daybreak, but the roads were impracticable, and his division stuck in the mud. The ruts came

up to the axle-tree of the guns; moreover, he was compelled to cross the Dyle by the narrow bridge of Wavre; the street leading to the bridge had been burned by the French, and the artillery train and limbers, which could not pass between the two rows of blazing houses, were compelled to wait until the fire was extinguished. By mid-day Bulow's vanguard had scarce reached Chapelle Saint Lambert.

Had the action begun two hours sooner, it would have been over at four o'clock, and Blucher would have fallen upon the battle gained by Napoleon.

At mid-day the emperor had been the first to notice, through his telescope, on the extreme horizon, something which fixed his attention, and he said, "I see over there a cloud which appears to me to be troops." Then he asked the Duke of Dalmatia, "Soult, what do you see in the direction of Chapelle Saint Lambert?" The marshal, after looking through his telescope, replied, "Four or five thousand men, sire." It was evidently Grouchy, still they remained motionless in the mist. All the staff examined the cloud pointed out by the emperor, and some said, "They are columns halting," but the majority were of opinion that they were trees. The truth is that the cloud did not move, and the emperor detached Domon's division of light cavalry to reconnoitre in the direction of this dark point.

Bulow, in fact, had not stirred, for his vanguard was very weak and could effect nothing. He was obliged to wait for the main body of the army, and had orders to concentrate his troops before forming line; but at five o'clock, Blucher, seeing Wellington's danger, ordered Bulow to attack, and employed the remarkable phrase, "We must let the English army breathe."

A short time after, Losthin's, Hiller's, Hacke's and Ryssel's brigades deployed in front of Lobau's corps, the cavalry of Prince William of Prussia debouched from the Bois de Paris, Plancenoit was in flames, and the Prussian cannon-balls began pouring even upon the ranks of the guard held in reserve behind Napoleon.

The Guard.

The rest is known—the irruption of a third army; the battle dislocated; eighty-six cannon thundering simultaneously; Pirch I. coming up with Bulow; Ziethen's cavalry led by Blucher in person; the French driven back; Marcognet

swept from the plateau of Ohain; Durette dislodged from Papelotte; Donzelot and Quiot falling back; Lobau attacked on the flank; a new battle rushing at nightfall on the weakened French regiments; the whole English line resuming the offensive and pushed forward; the gigantic gap made in the French army by the combined English and Prussian batteries; the extermination, the disaster in front, the disaster on the flank, and the guard forming line amid this fearful convulsion.

As they felt they were going to death, they shouted, "Long live the emperor!" History has nothing more striking than this death-rattle breaking out into acclamations.

The sky had been covered the whole day, but at this very moment, eight o'clock in the evening, the clouds parted in the horizon, and the sinister red glow of the setting sun was visible through the elms on the Nivelles road. It had been seen to rise at Austerlitz.

Each battalion of the guard, for this *denouement*, was commanded by a general. Friant, Michel, Roguet, Harlot, Mallet, and Poret de Morvan were there. When the tall bear-skins of the grenadiers of the guard with the large eagle device appeared, symmetrical in line and calm, in the twilight of this fight, the enemy felt a respect for France; they fancied they saw twenty victories entering the battle-field with outstretched wings, and the men who were victors, esteeming themselves vanquished, fell back; but Wellington shouted, "Up, guards, and take steady aim." The red regiment of English guards, which had been lying down behind the hedges, rose; a storm of canister rent the tricolor flag waving above the heads of the French; all rushed forward, and the supreme carnage commenced. The imperial guard felt in the darkness the army giving way round them, and the vast staggering of the rout; they heard the cry of "Sauve qui peut!" substituted for the "Vive l'empereur!" and with flight behind them they continued to advance, hundreds falling at every step they took. None hesitated or evinced timidity; the privates were as heroic as the generals, and not one attempted to escape suicide.

Ney, wild and grand in the consciousness of accepted death, offered himself to every blow in this combat. He had his fifth horse killed under him here. Bathed in perspiration, with a flame in his

eye and foam on his lips, his uniform unbuttoned one of his epaulettes half cut through by the sabre-cut of a horse-guard, and his decoration of the great eagle dented by a bullet—bleeding, muddy, magnificent, and holding a broken sword in his hand, he shouted, "Come and see how a marshal of France dies on the battlefield!" But it was in vain—he did not die. He was haggard and indignant, and hurled at Drouet d'Erlon the question, "Are you not going to get yourself killed?" He yelled amid the roar of all this artillery, crushing a handful of men, "Oh! there is nothing for me! I should like all these English cannon-balls to enter my chest!" You were reserved for French bullets, unfortunate man.

The Catastrophe.

The rout in the rear of the guard was mournful. The army suddenly gave way on all sides simultaneously at Hougoumont, La Haye Sainte, Papelotte, and Plancenoit. The cry of "treachery" was followed by that of "Sauve qui peut!" An army which disbands is like a thaw—all gives way, cracks, rolls, floats, falls, comes into collision, and dashes forward. Ney borrows a horse, leaps on it, and without hat, stock, or sword dashes across the Brussels road, stopping at once English and French. He tries to hold back the army, he recalls it, he insults it, he clings wildly to the rout to hold it back. The soldiers fly from him, shouting, "Long live Marshal Ney!" Two regiments of Dürutte's move backward and forward in terror, and, as it were, tossed between the sabres of the Hussars and musketry fire of Kempt's, Best's, and Pack's brigades. A rout is the highest of all confusions, for friends kill each other in order to escape, and squadrons and battalions dash against and destroy each other. Lobau at one extremity and Reille at the other are carried away by the torrent. In vain does Napoleon build a wall of what is left of the guard; in vain does he expend the squadrons of his body-guard in a final effort. Quiot retires before Vivian, Kellerman before Vandelaure, Lobau before Bulow, Moraud before Pirch, and Domon and Subervic before Prince William of Prussia. Guyot, who led the emperor's squadron to the charge, falls beneath the horses of English dragoons. Napoleon gallops along the line of fugitives, harangues, urges, threatens, and implores them; all the mouths that shouted "Long live the emperor" in the morning, remained wide

open; they hardly knew him. The Prussian cavalry, who had come up fresh, dash forward, cut down, kill, and exterminate. The artillery horses dashed forward with the guns; the train soldiers

each other and trample over the dead and over the living. A multitude, wild with terror, fill the roads, the paths, the bridges, the plains, the hills, the valleys, and the woods, which are thronged by



ONE OF BLUCHER'S FORAGERS.

unharness the horses from the caissons and escape on them; wagons overthrown, and with their four wheels in the air, block up the road and supply opportunities for massacre. Men crush

this flight of forty thousand men. Cries, desperation; knapsacks and muskets cast into the wheat; passages cut with the edge of the sabres; no comrades, no officers, no generals recognized—

an indescribable terror. • Zeithen sabreing France at his ease. The lions become kids. Such was this fright.

At Genappe an effort was made to turn and rally; Lobau collected three hundred men; the entrance of the village was barricaded, but at the first round of Prussian canister all began flying again, and Lobau was made prisoner. This volley may still be seen, buried in the gable of an old

the doorway of an inn in Genappe, surrendered his sword to an hussar of death, who took the sword and killed the prisoner. The victory was completed by the assassination of the vanquished. Let us punish, as we are writing history,—old Blucher dishonored himself. This ferocity set the seal on the disaster; the desperate rout passed through Genappe, passed through Quatre Bras, passed through Sombreffe, passed through



THE NIGHT AFTER WATERLOO.

brick house on the right of the road, before you reach Genappe. The Prussians dashed into Genappe, doubtless furious at being such small victors, and the pursuit was monstrous for Blucher commanded extermination. Roguet had given the mournful example of dying screaming with death any French grenadier who brought in a Prussian prisoner, and Blucher surpassed Roguet. Duchesne, general of the young guard, who was pursued into

Frasnes, passed through Thuin, passed through Charleroi, and only stopped at the frontier. Alas! and who was it flying in this way? The grand army.

Did this vertigo, this terror, this overthrow of the greatest bravery that ever astonished history, take place without a cause? No. The shadow of a mighty right hand is cast over Waterloo; it is the day of destiny, and the force which is

above man produced that day. Hence the terror, hence all those great souls laying down their swords. Those who had conquered Europe fell crushed, having nothing more to say or do, and feeling a terrible presence in the shadow. *Illoc erat in fatis*. On that day the perspective of the human race was changed, and Waterloo is the hinge of the nineteenth century. The disappearance of the Great Man was necessary for the advent of the Great Age, and He who cannot be answered undertook the task. The panic of the heroes admits of explanation; in the battle of Waterloo there is more than a storm—there is a meteor.

At nightfall, Bernard and Bertrand seized by the skirt of his coat, in a field near Genappe, a haggard, thoughtful, gloomy man, who, carried so far by the current of the rout, had just dismounted, passed the bridle over his arm, and was now, with wandering eye, returning alone to Waterloo. It was Napoleon, the immense somnambulist of the shattered dream still striving to advance.

SOME OF QUEEN ELIZABETH'S PECULIARITIES.

THE great queen passionately admired handsome persons, and he was already far advanced in her favor who approached her with beauty and grace. She had so unconquerable an aversion for ugly and ill-made men, who had been treated unfortunately by nature, that she could not endure their presence.

When she issued from her palace, her guards were careful to disperse from before her eyes hideous and deformed people, the lame, the hunch-backed, etc.; in a word, all those whose appearance might shock her fastidious sensations.

There is this, singular and admirable in the conduct of Elizabeth, that she made her pleasure subservient to her politics, and she maintained her affairs by what in general occasioned the ruin of princes. So secret were her amours that even to the present day their mysteries cannot be penetrated; but the utility she drew from them is public, and always operated for the good of her people. Her lovers were her ministers, and her ministers were her lovers. Love commanded, love was obeyed; and the reign of this princess was happy, because it was a reign of *Love*, in which its chains and its slavery are linked!

The origin of Raleigh's advancement in the queen's graces, was by an act of gallantry. Raleigh spoiled a new plush cloak, while the queen, stepping cautiously on it, shot forth a smile, in which he read promotion. Captain Raleigh soon became Sir Walter, and rapidly advanced in the queen's favor.

Hume has furnished us with ample proofs of the *passion* which her courtiers feigned for her, and which, with others, confirm the opinion of Vigneul Marville, who did not know probably the reason why her amours were never discovered; which, indeed, never went further at the highest than boisterous or extreme gallantry. Hume has preserved in his notes a letter written by Raleigh. It is a perfect amorous composition. After having exerted his poetic talents to exalt her charms and his affection, he concludes by comparing her majesty, who was then sixty, to Venus and Diana. Sir Walter was not her only courtier who wrote in this style. Even in her old age she affected a strange fondness for music and dancing, and a kind of childish drollery, by which, however, her court seemed a court of love, and she the sovereign. A curious anecdote in a letter of the times has reached us. Secretary Cecil, the youngest son of Lord Burleigh, seems to have perfectly entered into her character. Lady Derby wore about her neck and in her bosom a portrait; the queen espying it, inquired about it, but her ladyship was anxious to conceal it. The queen insisted on having it, and discovering it to be the portrait of young Cecil, she snatched it away, and tying it upon her shoe, walked along with it; afterwards she pinned it on her elbow, and wore it some time there. Secretary Cecil hearing of this composed some verses and got them set to music; this music the queen insisted on hearing. In his verses Cecil sang that he repined not, though her majesty was pleased to grace others; he contented himself with the favor she had given him, by wearing his portrait on her feet and her elbow! The writer of the letter adds, "All these things are very secret. In this manner she contrived to lay the fastest hold on her able servants, and her servants on her."

She encouraged every person of eminence; she even went so far on the anniversary of her coronation, as publicly to take a ring from her finger, and put it on the Duke of Alençon's hand. She also ranked among her suitors, Henry the Third of France, and Henry the Great.

She never forgave Buzenval for ridiculing her bad pronounciation of the French language: and when Henry IV. sent him over on an embassy, she would not receive him.. So nice was the irri-

“ who displayed so many heroic accomplishments, had this foible, of wishing to be thought beautiful by all the world. I heard from my father, that having been sent to her, at every audience



QUEEN ELIZABETH CHASTISING THE INSOLENT COURTIER.

he had with her majesty, she pulled off her gloves more than a hundred times to display her hands, which indeed were very beautiful and very white.”

“ Francis, Duke of Anjou, being desirous of marrying a crowned head, caused proposals of marriage to be made to Elizabeth, Queen of England. Letters passed betwixt them, and their portraits were exchanged. At length her majesty informed him, that she would never contract a marriage with any one who sought her, if she did not first see his person. If he would not come, nothing more should be said on the subject. This prince, over-pressed by his young

table pride of this great queen, that she made her private injuri. matters of state.

“The queen,” writes Du Maurier, in the *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de Hollande*,

friends, (who were as little able of judging as himself), paid no attention to the counsels of men of maturer judgment. He passed over to England without a splendid train. The lady contemplated

his person ; she found him ugly, disfigured by deep scars of the small-pox, and that he had also an ill-shaped nose, with swellings in the neck ! All these were so many reasons with her, that he could never be admitted into her good graces."

She could be exceedingly sarcastic when the humor suited her. A handsome young courtier, encouraged by her natural fondness for handsome people, became, one day, somewhat obtrusive in his expressions of admiration, whereupon the queen gave him a ringing box on the cheek, admonishing him at the same time, in the vigorous English which she knew so well how to use, to keep his mouth shut.

On another occasion, after her coronation, a knight of the realm, who had insolently behaved to her when she was only Lady Elizabeth, fell upon his knees to her, and besought her pardon, expecting to be sent to the Tower ; she replied mildly, " Do you not know that we are descended of the lion, whose nature is not to harm or prey upon the mouse, or any other such small vermin ? "

The education of Elizabeth had been severely classical ; she thought, and she wrote in all the spirit of the great characters of antiquity ; and her speeches and her letters are studded with apophthegms, and a terseness of ideas and language that give an exalted idea of her mind. In her evasive answers to the Commons, in reply to their petition to her majesty to marry, she has employed an energetic word : " Were I to tell you that I do not mean to marry, I might say less than I intend ; and were I tell you that I do mean to marry, I might say more than it is proper for you to know ; therefore I give you an *answer*, answerless ! " •

A RASH ADVENTURE AT THE NATURAL BRIDGE OF VIRGINIA.

SOME years ago a traveller recorded the following incident in connection with the famous Natural Bridge in Virginia. It is interesting, and at the same time of some historical value :

As we stood under this beautiful arch, we saw the place where visitors have often taken the pains to engrave their names upon the rock. Here Washington climbed up twenty-five feet, and carved his own name, where it still remains. Some, wishing to immortalize their names, have

engraved them deep and large, while others have tried to climb up and insert them high in this book of fame.

A few years since, a young man, being ambitious to place his name above all others, came very near losing his life in the attempt. After much fatigue, he climbed up as high as possible, but found that the person who had before occupied his place was taller than himself, and consequently had placed his name above his reach, but he was not thus to be discouraged. He opened a large jack-knife, and, in the soft limestone, began to cut places for his hands and feet. With much patience and difficulty, he worked his way upwards, and succeeded in carving his name higher than the most ambitious had done before him. He could now triumph, but his triumph was short, for he was placed in such a situation that it was impossible to descend unless he fell upon the ragged rocks beneath him.

There was no house near, from which his companions could get assistance. He could not long remain in that condition, and, what was worse, his friends were too much frightened to do anything for his relief. They looked upon him as already dead, expecting every moment to see him dashed to pieces. Not so with himself. He determined to ascend. Accordingly, he plied himself with his knife, cutting places for his hands and feet, and gradually ascended, with incredible labor. He exerted every muscle. His life was at stake, and all the terrors of death rose before him. He dared not to look downwards, lest his head should become dizzy ; and perhaps on this circumstance his life depended. His companions stood on the top of the rock exhorting and encouraging him. His strength was almost exhausted ; but a bare possibility of saving his life still remained ; and hope, the last friend of the distressed, had not forsaken him. His course upwards was rather oblique than perpendicular. His most critical moment had now arrived. He had ascended considerably more than two hundred feet, and had still further to rise, when he felt himself fast growing weak. He thought of his friends and all his earthly joys, and he could not leave them. He thought of the grave, and dared not meet it. He now made his last effort, and succeeded. He had cut his way not far from two hundred and fifty feet from the water, in a course almost perpendicular ; and, in a little less than

two hours, his anxious companions reached him a pole from the top and drew him up. They received him with shouts of joy; but he himself was completely exhausted. He immediately fainted away on reaching the top, and it was some time before he recovered!

It was interesting to see the path up these awful rocks, and to follow in imagination this bold youth as he thus saved his life. His name stands far above all the rest, a monument of hardihood, of rashness, and of folly.

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE.

AN old soldier describes the peculiar feelings usually experienced just before going into battle, as follows:

It would be difficult to convey to the mind of an ordinary reader anything like a correct notion of the state of feeling which takes possession of a man waiting for the commencement of a battle. In the first place, time appears to move on leaden wings; every minute seems an hour, and every hour a day. Then there is a strange commingling of levity and seriousness within him; a levity which prompts him to laugh, he knows not why, and a seriousness which urges him ever and anon to lift up a mental prayer to the throne of grace. On such occasions, little or no conversation passes. The privates generally lean on their firelocks, the officers on their swords; and few words, except monosyllables in reply to questions put, are spoken. On these occasions, too, the faces of the bravest often change their color, and the limbs of the most resolute tremble, not with fear, but with anxiety; whilst watches are consulted, till the individuals who consult them grow absolutely weary of the employment. On the whole, it is a situation of higher excitement and darker and deeper agitation than any other in human life; nor can he be said to feel all that man is capable of feeling, who has not felt it.

ANECDOTE OF PATRICK HENRY.

BY WILLIAM WIRT.

HOOK was a Scotchman, a man of wealth, and suspected of being unfriendly to the American cause. During the distresses of the American army, consequent on the joint invasion of Cornwallis and Phillips, in 1781, a Mr. Venable, an army commissary, had taken two of Hook's steers

for the use of the troops. The act had not been strictly legal; and on the establishment of peace, Hook, on the advice of Mr. Cowan, a gentleman of some distinction in the law, thought proper to bring an action of trespass against Mr. Venable, in the District Court of New London. Mr. Henry appeared for the defendant, and is said to have deputed himself in this cause to the infinite enjoyment of his hearers, the unfortunate Hook always excepted. After Mr. Henry became animated in the cause, says a correspondent, he appeared to have complete control over the passions of the audience. At one time he excited their indignation against Hook—vengeance was visible in every countenance. Again, when he chose to relax, and ridicule him, the whole audience was in a roar of laughter. He painted the distresses of the American army, exposed almost naked to the rigor of a winter's sky, and marking the frozen ground over which they trod with the blood of their unshod feet. "Where was the man, who had an American heart in his bosom, who would not have thrown open his fields, his barn, his cellars, the doors of his house, and the portals of his breast, to have received with open arms, the meanest soldier in that little band of patriots? Where is the man? *There* he stands—but whatever of the heart of the American beats in his bosom, you, gentlemen, are to be the judge." He carried the jury, by the power of his imagination, to the plains around York, the surrender of which had followed shortly after the act complained of. He depicted the surrender in the most glowing and noble colors. The audience saw before their eyes the humiliation and dejection of the British as they marched out of their trenches.

They saw the triumph which lighted up every patriot's face, and heard the shouts of victory, and the cry of "Washington and Liberty," as it rung and echoed through the American ranks, and was reverberated from the hills and shores of the neighboring river—"But, hark! What notes of discord are these which disturb the general joy, and silence the acclamations of victory? They are the notes of John Hook, hoarsely bawling through the American camp, "*Beef! beef!*"

The whole audience was convulsed. A particular incident will give a better idea of the effect than any general description. The clerk of the

court, unable to command himself, and unwilling to commit any breach of decorum in his place, rushed out of the court-house and threw himself upon the grass, in the most violent paroxysms of anger, where he was rolling when Hook, with very different feelings, came out for relief in the yard also. "Jemmy Steptoe," said he to the clerk, "what the devil ails ye, mon?" Mr. Steptoe could only say that he could not help it. "Never mind ye," said Hook, "wait till Billy Cowan gets up; he'll show him the la'!" Mr. Cowan, however, was so completely overwhelmed by the torrent which bore upon his client, that, when he rose to reply to Mr. Henry, he was scarcely able to make an intelligible or audible remark. The cause was decided almost by acclamation. The jury retired for form's sake, and instantly returned with a verdict for the defendant. Nor did the effect of Mr. Henry's speech stop here. The people were so highly excited by the tory audacity of such a suit, that Hook began to hear around him a cry more terrible than that of *beef*—it was the cry of *tar and feathers*—from the application of which, it is said, nothing saved him but a precipitate flight and the speed of his horse.

SINGULAR ADVENTURE OF A BRITISH SOLDIER.

IN the year 1779, when the war with America was conducted with great spirit, a division of the British army was encamped on the banks of a river, and in a position so favored by nature that it was difficult for any military art to surprise it. War in America was rather a species of hunting than a regular campaign. "If you fight with art," said Washington to the soldiers, "you are sure to be defeated. Acquire discipline enough for concert, and the uniformity of combined attack, and our country will prove the best of the engineers." So true was this maxim of the American general that the English soldiers had to contend with little else. The Americans had incorporated the Indians into their ranks, and had made them useful in a species of war to which their habits of life had peculiarly fitted them. They sallied out of their impenetrable forests and jungles, and, with their bows and tomahawks, committed daily waste upon the British army, surprising their sentinels, striking off their stragglers, and even when the

alarm was given, and pursuit commenced, they fled with a swiftness that the speed of cavalry could not overtake, into rocks and fastnesses whither it was dangerous to follow them. In order to limit, as far as possible, this species of war, in which there was so much loss and so little honor, it was the custom with every regiment to extend its outposts to a great distance beyond the encampments; to station sentinels in the woods, and keep a constant guard around the main body. A regiment of foot was, at this time, stationed upon the confines of the boundless Savannah. Its particular office was to guard every avenue of approach to the main body; the sentinels whose post penetrated into the woods were supplied by the ranks, and the service of this regiment was thus more hazardous than that of any other. Its loss was likewise greater. The sentinels were perpetually surprised on their posts by the Indians, and, what was most astonishing, they were borne off their stations without communicating any alarm, or being heard of after. Not a trace was left of the manner in which they had been conveyed away, except that, upon one or two occasions, a few drops of blood had appeared upon the leaves which covered the ground. Many imputed this unaccountable disappearance to treachery, and suggested, as an unanswerable argument, that the men thus surprised might, at least, have fired their muskets and communicated the alarm to the contiguous posts. Others, however, who could not be brought to consider it as treachery, were content to receive it as a mystery, which time would explain.

One morning, the sentinels having been stationed as usual over night, the guard went at sunrise to relieve a post which extended a considerable distance into the wood. The sentinel was gone; the surprise was great; but the circumstance had occurred before. They left another man, and departed, wishing him better luck. "You need not be afraid," said the man, with warmth, "I shall not desert." The relief company returned to the guard-house. The sentinels were replaced every four hours, and, at the appointed time, the guard again marched to relieve the post. To their inexpressible astonishment, the man was gone! They searched around the post, but no traces could be found of his disappearance. It was necessary that the station, from a stronger motive than ever, should not

remain unoccupied: they were compelled to leave another man, and returned, ruminating on this strange circumstance, to the guard-house. The superstition of the soldiers was awakened, and terror ran through the regiment. The colonel, being apprised of the occurrence, signified his intention of accompanying the guard when they relieved the sentinel they had left. At the appointed time, they all marched together; and again, to their unutterable wonder, they found the post vacant, and the man gone! Under these circumstances, the colonel hesitated whether he should station a whole company here, or if he should again submit the post to a single sentinel. The cause of these repeated disappearances of men, whose courage and honesty were never suspected, must be discovered; and it seemed not likely that this discovery could be obtained by persisting in the old method. Three brave men were now lost to the regiment, and to assign the post to a fourth seemed nothing less than giving him up to destruction. The poor fellow whose turn it was to take the station, though a man in other respects of unconquerable resolution, trembled from head to foot. "I must do my duty," said he to the officer; "I know that, but I should like to lose my life with more credit." "I will leave no man," said the colonel, "against his will." A man immediately stepped from the ranks, and desired to take the post. Every mouth commended his resolution. "I will not be taken alive," said he, "and you shall hear of me on the least alarm. At all events, I will fire my piece if I hear the least noise. If a crow chatters or a leaf falls, you shall hear my musket. You may be alarmed when nothing is the matter; you must take the chance of that, as the condition of my making the discovery." The colonel applauded his courage, and told him he would be right to fire upon the least noise which was ambiguous. His comrades shook hands with him, and left him with a melancholy foreboding. The company marched back, and waited the event in the guard-house, with the most anxious curiosity.

An hour had elapsed, and every ear was upon the rack for the discharge of the musket, when, upon a sudden, the report was heard. The guard immediately marched, accompanied, as before, by the colonel and some of the most experienced officers of the regiment. As they approached the post, they saw the man advancing towards them,

dragging another man on the ground by the hair of the head. When they came up to him, it appeared to be an Indian whom he had shot. An explanation was immediately required. "I told your honor," said the man, "that I should fire if I heard the least noise. The resolution I had taken has saved my life, and led to the discovery. I had not been long on my post, when I heard a rustling at some short distance: I looked, and saw an American hog, such as are common in the woods, crawling along the ground, and seemingly looking for nuts under the trees, and among the leaves. As these animals are so very common, I ceased to consider it for some minutes; but being on the constant alarm and expectation of attack, and scarcely knowing what to consider a real cause of apprehension, or not, I kept my eyes vigilantly fixed upon it, and marked its progress among the trees; still there was no need to give the alarm, and my thoughts were, notwithstanding, directed to danger from another quarter. It struck me, however, as somewhat singular, to see the animal making, by a circuitous passage, for a thick coppice, immediately behind my post. I therefore kept my eyes more constantly fixed upon it, and, as it was now within a few yards of the coppice, I hesitated whether I should fire. My comrades, thought I, will laugh at me for alarming them by shooting a pig! I had almost resolved to let it alone, when, just as it approached the thicket, I thought I observed it give an unusual spring. I no longer hesitated; I took my aim, discharged my piece, and the animal was instantly stretched before me, with a groan which I conceived to be that of a human creature. I went up to it, and judge my astonishment when I found I had killed an Indian! He had enveloped himself with the skin of one of these wild hogs so artfully and completely, his hands and feet were so entirely concealed in it, and his gait and appearance were so exactly correspondent to that of the animal, that, imperfectly as they were always seen through the trees and jungles, the disguise could not be penetrated at a distance, and scarcely discovered upon the nearest aspect. He was armed with a dagger and a tomahawk." Such was the substance of this man's relation. The cause of the disappearance of the other sentinel was now apparent. The Indians, sheltered in this disguise, secreted themselves in the coppice: watched the moment when they could throw it

off; burst upon the sentinels without previous alarm, and, too quick to give them an opportunity to discharge their pieces, either stabbed or scalped them, and bore their bodies away, which they concealed at some distance in the leaves.

THE ENCHANTED GUN.

IT once happened, that an honest old simpleton, who had been "to training," had made money enough by throwing stones at a "peg" to get very comfortably fuddled, even without any draft upon his purse of three "fourpence-halfpenny pieces" laid by for that purpose several months before. Some wags, who had kept soberer upon the occasion than our hero, not having had so good luck at gingerbread gambling, loaded his gun to the very muzzle with alternate charges of excellent powder and touchwood, and, starting him homeward, took care to put a red-hot nail upon the topmost piece of touchwood. Uncle Ichabod, honest old soul, shouldered his fire-lock and took up his "line of march" for home. He had not gone far, however, before pop goes the charge from his gun. Rather singular, thought uncle Ich, but a mere accident, doubtless; a charge being left there carelessly. A few rods farther, bang! goes the second charge. "Lord a mercy," says Ichabod, "this is t'rnal strange, I swagger; but I guess it didn't all go off the first time, or else 'twouldn't go off again, and would it though?" He had hardly finished this dialogue with himself, before off goes the repeater again. "My gracious!" exclaimed our terrified military man, "the Old Boy is in the gun. I never heard of such a thing in my born days!"—an exclamation which he had hardly concluded, before his everlasting musket struck four, and Ichabod, having no longer any fellowship for a weapon possessing such fearful continuity of explosion, very prudently threw it over the fence, and made rapid strides for the house of the clergyman, having now no doubt that he or his gun was bewitched. The clergyman himself was not without his doubts on the subject, after Ichabod had testified to the whole story, the truth of which was corroborated by several distinct discharges from the gun, in the place where he had thrown it, which was within plain hearing of the parties. However, while the matter remained greatly unsettled, the mischievous caitiffs, who had caused all the alarm, arrived with the offend-

ing musket, which made its last discharge in the clergyman's presence, and refused further service till reloaded. It was never fairly settled, however, between him and Ichabod, whether or not it was a case of real witchcraft—a matter which we are the first to put fairly at rest, by detailing these particulars.

Another somewhat similar incident, though of an opposite character, took place at the battle of New Orleans. The old flint-lock muskets with which a portion of General Jackson's troops were armed, were made with the bore slightly larger than the cartridge, to facilitate loading, and it was the custom during a battle, when rapid firing became necessary, for the soldiers to send their cartridges home, not with the ramrod, by a quick, hard jar of the butt of the musket against the ground. It happened, during this battle, that one of the soldiers used a damp cartridge, which did not ignite, and consequently the gun was not discharged; but there was so much noise from the firing of other guns around him that the soldier did not notice it, and continued loading and firing, as he supposed, during the entire battle. When victory was announced he examined his musket, and was astonished to find it full nearly to the muzzle—he had not fired a shot during the battle, although he had been very active in his efforts at loading and firing.

A THRILLING INCIDENT OF THE PESTILENCE IN BOSTON.

AN educated and truthful gentleman relates the following thrilling incident connected with the yellow fever epidemic which occurred in Boston many years ago:

In my mind, the urn-burial of the ancients has always been sacredly and pleasantly associated. The clean, white marble, containing the purified remains of all we have loved, is an object around which affection loves to linger; but the damp, dark grave, with its silent, loathsome work of corruption, is a revolting subject of contemplation, even where love is stronger than death. Then there is a fear of being buried before the vital spark is extinct, and of returning to consciousness with the weight of the earth upon you, and the fresh air of heaven shut out for ever! To me this idea is so terribly distinct, that it is the spectre of my waking hours and the nightmare of my dreams. Death himself has no

horrors for me: though well content with life, and bound to it by the strongest ties, I think I could calmly close my eyes beneath its oblivious touch; but human nature shrinks at the thought of being buried alive! Perhaps the vividness of this impression is owing to the remark I frequently heard from an aged relative, while I was yet a very small child, that "hundreds and hundreds were buried before they were dead, when the yellow fever raged so terribly in Boston." That period is well remembered by our fathers, when pestilence walked abroad at noon-day, and the hearth-stone was silent and dreary as the tomb. The death-carts went their continued round through every hour of the day and night, and, unshrouded and uncoffined, the newly dead were hurried to their last home. I knew a man who, during this time of peril, was snatched from the grave merely by the persevering affection of his wife. Of the correctness of the story there is no doubt; for I have often heard it repeated by both the parties concerned. This awful visitation of God came upon them when they were newly married; when existence was happiness, and separation worse than death. The young husband became a victim to that disease, which was breathing destruction over the city. The friends of his wife urged her to seek refuge in the country, and not risk her own life in a useless attempt to save him. But no persuasion could induce her to leave him; night and day she was by his bedside; and, in the anguish of her heart, she prayed that the pestilence might likewise rest upon her. But her prayer was not answered—surely and rapidly it did its work upon all her heart held dear; but to her, death would not come, though she prayed for it, and sought it with tears. She had inhaled the breath of her dying husband; but to her it was harmless; and, in the madness of despair, she repined at the merciful decrees of Heaven.

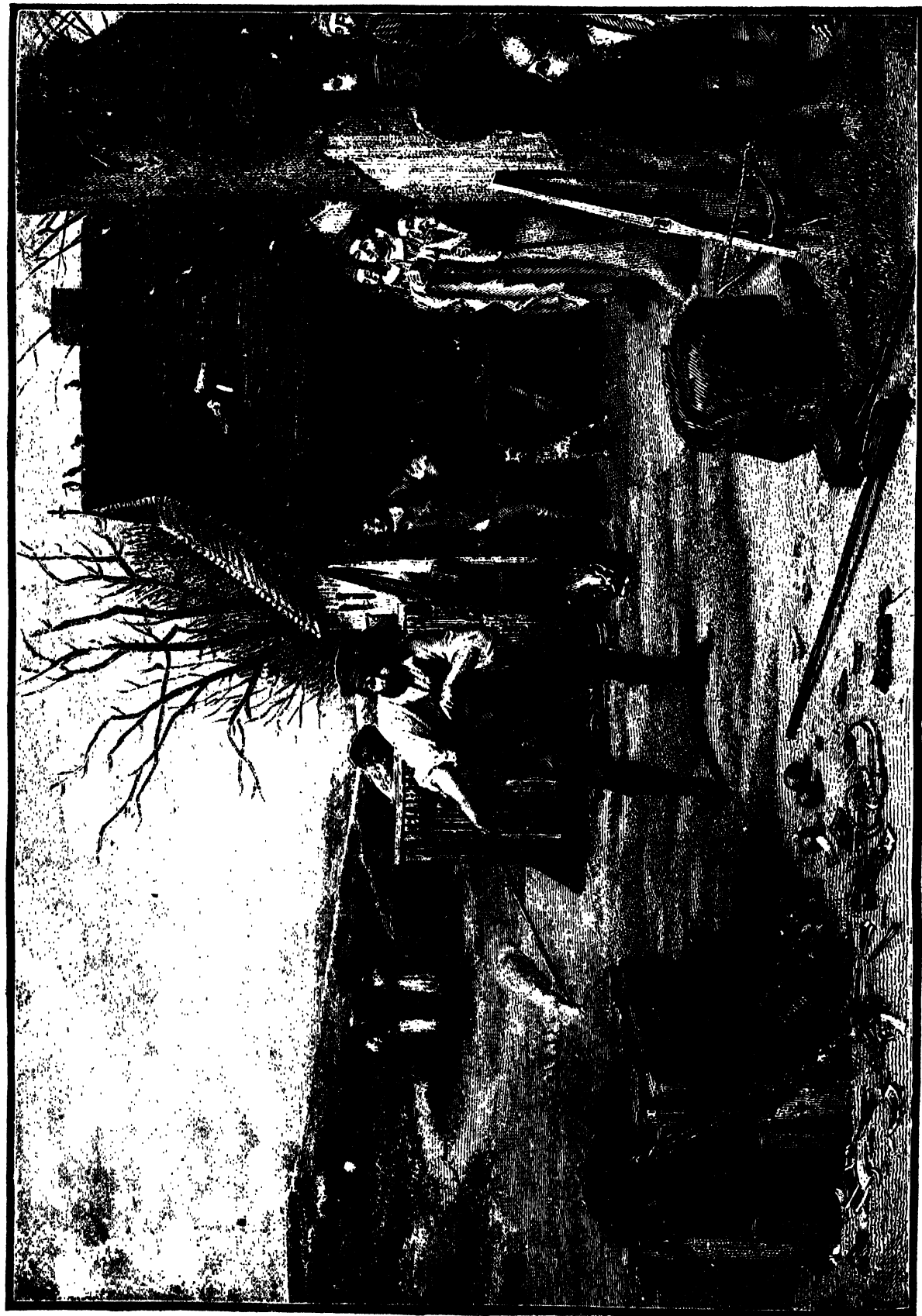
No one was with her in the house—she was alone with the dead. Suddenly, the silence of the deserted streets was interrupted by the rumbling of the death-carts; and she knew they had come to take him away from her sight forever; and with the thought it suddenly flashed into her mind, that life might still be in him! Her entreaties excited compassion, and she was permitted to keep the corpse one half-hour longer. The impression made upon her mind had the strength of inspiration, and though every restora-

tive which ingenuity could devise had failed to produce an effect, she would not relinquish hope. Again the carts came round, and the solemn sound, "Bring out the dead," disturbed the fearful stillness. Again the young wife entreated, wept, and screamed; the hearts of the men, whose dreadful employment accustomed them to such scenes, were touched; but they would not yield. They said, "The safety of the city required them to be firm in the discharge of their duty; that they had already disobeyed strict orders, and they dared not do it again; that the hope of restoring him was mere insanity; it was evident he had long been dead."

When she found they would not be moved by her prayers, she threw her arms around the body, and clung to it with the strength of madness; declaring, if they buried one, they should bury both. The men, after a few gentle attempts to remove her, dashed the tears from their eyes, and saying, "We cannot separate them," left her another half hour of hope. The moments of that interval had a value, of which mortals under ordinary circumstances can form no conception. Restorative after restorative was applied; but all in vain. With sickening anxiety, she fastened her eyes upon the watch, and then on the stiff, cold form beside her. The half hour had nearly gone; in five minutes, they would again come to claim the dead; and she felt that she must resist no longer! She breathed into his nostrils—she moved her hand upon his chest, to restore the action of the lungs—but no change came over his rigid features. She bathed his temples and moistened his lips with *sal volatile*—the terrible rumbling of carts was heard in the distance—and, in the trembling eagerness of the moment, she spilled the contents of the phial into his nostrils—a sudden convulsion passed over the face of the dead! a short, quick gasp—and the eyes heavily opened!

The men with the death carts were startled by a loud, shrill shriek, that sounded as if it torn asunder the soul from which it came. When they entered, they found the dead living, and the living senseless.

Both husband and wife were soon after restored to health. They lived to be the parents of a numerous family; and the husband survived the faithful wife, who, with the strong arm of love, thus snatched him from an early grave.

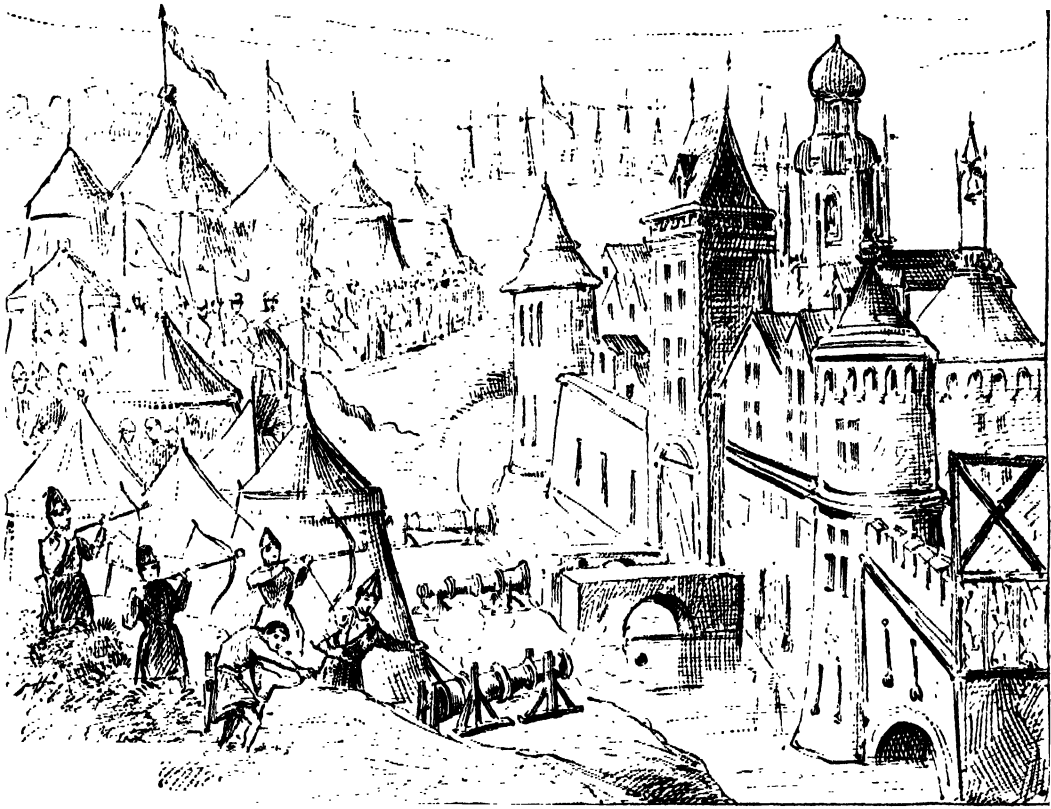


EXPERIMENTING WITH A CANNON IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

ARNOLD, THE TRAITOR.

DURING the traitor Arnold's predatory operations in Virginia, in 1781, he took an American captain prisoner. After some general conversation, he asked the captain what he thought the Americans would do with him, if they caught him. The captain declined at first giving him an answer; but, upon being repeatedly urged, he said, "Why, sir, if I must answer the question, you will excuse my telling you the truth: if my countrymen should catch you, I believe they

saltpetre and brimstone with other ingredients, and set them upon a fire in a crucible; but a spark getting into it, the pot immediately broke with great violence and noise; which event surprised him at first, but he repeated his experiment, and finding the effect constant, set himself to work to improve it; for which purpose he caused an iron pipe to be made, with a small hole to fire at, and putting in some of his ingredients, together with small stones, set fire to it, and found it answered his expectations in penetrating all



BESIEGING A TOWN WITH ANCIENT CANNON. (Accurate copy of an engraving of the fourteenth century.)

would first cut off your lame leg, which was wounded in the cause of freedom and virtue at Quebec, and bury it with the honours of war, and afterwards hang the remainder of your body upon a gibbet."

THE INVENTION OF GUNS.

GUNS and cannons were introduced into Europe by the Germans, and it was brought about in this manner:—One Barthoe Schwatis, a friar, in making chemical experiments, mixed

before it. This happened about the year 1333, and was soon improved to the making of great ordnance, etc.

As early as 969, the Chinese, under their Emperor Fai-tsu, tied rockets to their arrows to propel them to greater distances, and also for incendiary purposes; so that the idea of artillery, as well as the invention of gunpowder, is justly due to them. It is said that the Moors used artillery at the siege of Cordova as early as 1280. The Spaniards learned its use from them, and

Ferdinand IV. of Castile captured Gibraltar with cannon in 1309. The first European cannons were made of longitudinal bars of iron, bound together with hoops, or occasionally cylindrical pieces of timber, also bound with iron hoops, to prevent them from bursting. Many of these ancient cannons were very heavy, and were generally made of several pieces screwed together, and could not be moved without being taken apart. In France one of these guns weighed 10,000 pounds, and threw a 400-lb. projectile; another weighed 36,000 pounds, with a 900-lb. projectile.



THE TREBUCHET. (Accurate copy of ancient engraving.)

Stones were the first missiles used, and these were thrown at a high angle for the purpose of giving them greater power and longer range, owing to the inferior quality of the powder used in those days. They moved with little velocity, and their range was exceedingly inaccurate. Even at as late a date as the war between the United States and Mexico, Gen. Grant asserts in his Memoirs that, at the battle of Palo Alto, the balls discharged from the Mexican cannons moved so slowly that the American troops were generally able to observe their approach and keep out of their way.

Many of the earliest cannons were breech-loaders, as appears by various engravings, but these were abandoned on account of their imperfect mechanism and the numerous accidents that resulted from their use.

At the museum of arms in the Tower of London, there is a revolving musket, invented about the middle of the 17th century, and operated on the same principle as modern revolving guns and pistols. It has a six-chambered revolving cylinder at the breech, connecting with a long barrel through which the discharge was made. The cylinder

was operated by the hand, and not by springs, as in the more modern inventions. There is no record of the history of this peculiar gun, and the cause of its not coming into general use is unknown; but it no doubt supplied Mr. Colt with his idea for the revolver.

During our war of the revolution Ferguson's regiment of British soldiers was armed with a breech-loading rifle, capable of being fired five times per minute. Washington had to contend against these deadly rifles at the battle of Brandywine, and his defeat there

is attributed to their rapid and withering fire. They were used again at the battle of King's Mountain, in North Carolina, but being long-range weapons they overshot the Americans who were below the British on the mountain side, and who also rushed into close quarters at the commencement of the fight, where their fowling-pieces and squirrel-guns did fearful execution. It is singular that these breech-loading rifles were so soon forgotten, and still more singular that they are not mentioned by any of the historians. Previous to the invention of artill-

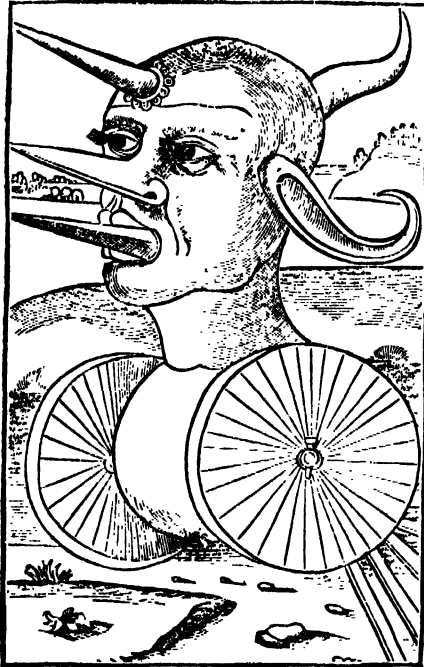


A SOLDIER BEFORE THE DAYS OF ARTILLERY

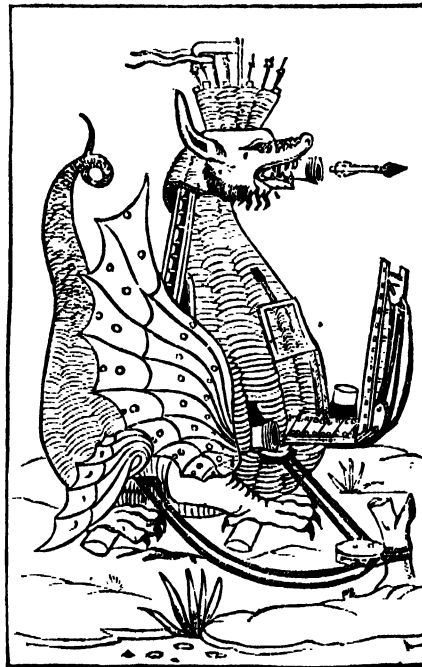
lery, numerous machines were contrived to serve in its stead, such as the catapult, battering-ram, trebuchet, etc. The latter was a machine for casting stones, and the method of its use is shown in the accompanying illustration, copied from an engraving in in Grose's "Military Antiquities."

There were also machines for shooting arrows, and for breaking the ranks of the enemy, as shown in the accompanying illustrations. The former was stationary, while the latter seems to have been adapted to movable infantry use, from the more ancient scythed chariots which date back

Whitby, who died about 680. He was a poet of nature's making, sprung from the bosom of the common people, and little indebted to education. At one time he acted in the capacity of cow-herd, then considered one of the lowest callings, and from which has come our modern word *coward*, owing to the contempt with which the soldier-robbers of those ancient times regarded all who engaged in pastoral pursuits. The circumstances under which his talents were first developed are recorded by the historian Bede, with a strong cast of the marvellous, through which, however, it is



MACHINE INTENDED TO BREAK THE ENEMY'S RANKS AND TO CRUSH HIS SOLDIERS—DATE, 1532.



MACHINE TO SHOOT ARROWS AND TO ASSIST IN APPROACHING A BESIEGED TOWN—DATE, 1555.

(Accurate copies of ancient engravings.)

to the earliest periods of history. These machines were constructed in as grotesque and horrible shapes as possible, for the purpose of terrifying the enemy by their frightful appearance as well as by their destructive powers. Such instruments of death were regarded, during the superstitious ages in which they were used, as contrivances of the devil, and the bravest soldiers were stricken with terror on their approach.

AN ANGLO-SAXON POET.

THE first Anglo-Saxon writer of note, who composed in his own language, and of whom there are any remains, was Cædmon, a monk of

possible to trace a basis of truth. It is stated that he was so much less instructed than most of his equals, that he had not even learnt any poetry; so that he was frequently obliged to retire, in order to hide his shame, when the harp was moved toward him in the hall, where at supper it was customary for each person to sing in turn. On one of these occasions, it happened to be Cædmon's turn to keep guard at the stable during the night, and, overcome with vexation, he quitted the table and retired to his post of duty, where, laying himself down, he

fell into a sound slumber. In the midst of sleep, a stranger appeared to him, and, saluting him by his name, said, "Cædmon, sing me something." Cædmon answered, "I know nothing to sing; for my incapacity in this respect was the cause of my leaving the hall to come hither." "No," said the stranger, "but thou hast something to sing." "What must I sing?" said Cædmon. "Sing the Creation," was the reply, and then upon Cædmon began to sing verses "which I never had heard before," and which are said to have been as follows:

SAXON.

Nu we sceolan herian
 heofon-rices weard,
 metodes mihte,
 and his mod-ge-thonc,
 wera wuldor fæder!
 swa he wundra ge-lwas,
 ece dryhten,
 oord onstealde.
 He ærest ge sceop
 yeda bearnum
 heofon to hröfe,
 halig scyppend!
 tha middan-geard
 mon-cynnes weard,
 ece dryhten,
 æfter teode,
 firum foldan,
 frea ælmihtig!

ENGLISH TRANSLATION.

Now we shall praise
 the guardian of heaven,
 the might of the Creator,
 and his counsel,
 the glory-father of men!
 how he of all wonders,
 the eternal Lord,
 formed the beginning.
 He first created
 for the children of men
 heaven as a roof,
 the holy Creator!
 then the world
 the guardian of mankind,
 the eternal Lord,
 produced afterwards,
 the earth for men,
 the almighty Master!

[SATAN'S SPEECH.]

Boiled within him
 his thought about heart;
 Hot was without him
 his dire punishment.
 Then spake he words:
 "This narrow place is most unlike
 that other that we formerly knew,
 high in heaven's kingdom,
 which my master bestowed on me,
 though we it, for the All-powerful,
 may not possess.
 We must cede our realm;
 yet hath he not done rightly,
 that hath struck us down
 to the fiery abyss
 of the hot hell,
 bereft us of heaven's kingdom,
 hath decreed
 to people it
 with mankind.
 That is to me sorrows the greatest,
 that Adam,
 who was wrought of earth,
 shall possess
 my strong seat;
 that it shall be to him in delight,
 and we endure this torment,
 misery in this hell."

Cædmon then awoke; and he was not only able to repeat the lines which he had made in his sleep, but he continued them in a strain of admirable versification. In the morning, he hastened to the town-reeve, or bailiff, of Whitby, who carried him before the Abbess Hilda; and there, in the presence of some of the learned men of the place, he told his story, and they were all of opinion that he had received the gift of song from heaven. They then expounded to him in his mother tongue a portion of Scripture, which he was required to repeat in verse. Cædmon went home with his task, and the next morning he produced a poem which excelled in beauty all that they were accustomed to hear. He afterwards yielded to the earnest solicitations of the Abbess Hilda, and became a monk of her house; and she ordered him to transfer into verse the whole of the sacred history. We are told that he was continually occupied in repeating to himself what he heard, and, "like a clean animal, ruminating it, he turned it into most sweet verse." Cædmon thus composed many poems on the Bible histories, and on miscellaneous religious subjects, and some of these have been preserved. His account of the Fall of Man is somewhat like that given in "Paradise Lost," and one passage in it might almost be supposed to have been the foundation of a corresponding one in Milton's sublime epic. It is that in which Satan is described as reviving from the consternation of his overthrow. A modern translation into English follows:

The following specimen of Anglo-Saxon, with a literal translation into modern English, is from the writings of Alfric, Archbishop of Canterbury, who died in 1006. He was a voluminous writer of pure Anglo-Saxon of his time, and we give this extract both as a curiosity and a sample of the ancient source of our present tongue

SAXON.

TRANSLATION.

Hæthen cild bið, ge-ful- (A) heathen child is christ-
 lod, æc hit ne bræc na his ened, yet he altereth not his
 hiw with-utan, dheah dhe hit shape without, though he
 beo with-innan awend. Hit be within changed. He is
 bið ge-broht synfull dhuhr brought sinful through
 Adames forgegednyse to Adam's disobedience to the
 than fant fate. Ac hit bið font-vessel. But he is washed
 athwogen fram callum syn- from all sins inwardly,
 num with-innan, dheah dhe though he outwardly his
 hit with-utan his hiw ne shape not change. Even
 awende. Eac swylce tha so the holy font water,
 halige fant wæter, dhe is ge- which is called life's foun-
 haten lifes wyl-spring, is ge- tain, is like in shape (to)
 lic on hiwe odhrum wæ- other waters, and is subject
 terum, & is under dheed to corruption; but the Holy
 brosnunge; ac dhes halgan Ghost's might comes (to)
 gastes miht ge-nealæcth the corruptible water
 than brosnigendlicum, wæ- through (the) priests' bless-
 tere dhuhr sacerda blet- ing, and it may afterwards

sunge, & hit mæg sythan body and soul wash from all lichaman & sawle athwean sin, through ghostly might. fram callum synnum, dñurh gastlice mihte.

The following extract from the Saxon Chronicles of 1154, with modern translation, will also be interesting in this connection :

SAXON.

TRANSLATION.

On this yær wærd the King Stephen ded, and behyried there his wif and his sune wæron behyried at Tauresfeld. That minstre hi makiden. Tha the king was ded, tha was the eorl beionde sæ. And ne durste nan man don other bute god for the micel cie of him. Tha he to Engleland come, tha was he underfangen mid micel wortsceipe; and to king bletead in Lundie, on the Sunnen dæi beforen mid-winter-dæi.

In this year was the King Stephen dead, and buried where his wife and son were buried, at Touresfield. That minister they made. When the king was dead, then was the earl beyond sea. And not durst no man do other but good for the great awe of him. When he to England came, then was he received with great worship; and to king consecrated in London, on the Sunday before mid-win-ter-day (Christmas day).

A MOHAMMEDAN'S LECTURE ON CHRISTIAN VICES.

THE following is selected from the writings of John Mandeville, who was born in 1300. Compared with the preceding article, it shows the progress made in the English language during the one and a half centuries that intervened :

And therefore I shall tell you what the Soudan told me upon a day, in his chamber. He let voiden out of his chamber all manner of men, lords, and other; for he would speak with me in counsel. And there he asked me how the Christian men governed 'em in our country. And I said [to] him, "Right well, thanked be God." And he said [to] me, "Truly nay, for ye Christian men ne reckon right not how untruly to serve God. Ye should given ensample to the lewed people for to do well, and ye given 'em ensample to don evil. For the commons, upon festival days, when they shoulde go to church to serve God, then gon they to taverns, and ben there in gluttony all the day and all night, and eaten and drinken, as beasts; for they have no reason, and wit not when they have now. And therewithal they ben so proud, that they knowen not how to ben clothed; now long, now short, now straight, now large, now sworded, now daggered, and in all manner guises. They shoulde ben

simple, meek, and true, and full of alms-deed, as Jesu was, in whom they trow; but they ben all the contrary, and ever inclined to the evil, and to don evil. And they ben so covetous, that for a little silver they sellen 'eir daughters, 'eir sisters, and 'eir own wives, to putten 'em to lechery. And one withdraweth the wife of another; and none of 'em holdeth faith to another, but they defoulen 'eir law, that Jesu Christ betook 'em keep for 'eir salvation. And thus for 'eir sins, han [have] they lost all this lond that we holden. For 'eir sins here, hath God taken 'em in our honds, not only by strength of ourself, but for 'eir sins. For we knowen well in very sooth, that when ye serve God, God will help you; and when he is with you, no man may be against you. And that know we well by our prophecies, that Christian men shall winnen this lond again out of our honds, when they serven God more devoutly. But as long as they ben of foul and unclean living (as they ben now), we have no dread of 'em in no kind; for here God will not helpen 'em in no wise."

And then I asked him how he knew the state of Christian men. And he answered me, that he knew all the state of the commons also by his messengers, that he sent to all lands, in manner as they were merchants of precious stones, of cloths of gold, and of other things, for to knowen the manner of every country amongs Christian men. And then he let clepe in all the lords that he made voiden first out of his chamber; and there he showed me four that were great lords in the country, that tolden me of my country, and of many other Christian countries, as well as if they had been of the same country; and they spak French right well, and the Soudan also, whereof I had great marvel. Alas, that it is great slander to our faith and to our laws, when folk that ben withouten law shall reprove us, and undernemen us of our sins. And they that shoulde ben converted to Christ and to the law of Jesus, by our good example and by our acceptable life to God, ben through our wickedness and evil living, far fro us; and strangers fro the holy and very belief shall thus appellen us and holden us for wicked levirs and cursed. And truly they say sooth. For the Saracens ben good and faithful. For they keepen entirely the commandment of the holy book Alcoran, that God sent 'em by his messenger Mahomet; to the which, as then

sayen, St. Gabriel, the angel, oftentime told the will of God.

WICKLIFFE'S TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

JOHN WICKLIFFE was almost contemporary with Sir John Mandeville, but there is a marked difference in the style of the two, as will be seen by this extract from Wickliffe's translation of the Bible :

And Marye seyde, My soul magnifieth the Lord.

And my spyrte hath gladid in God myn helthe.

For he hath behulden the mekenesse of his hand-mayden : for lo for this alle generatiouns schulen seye that I am blessid.

For he that is mighti hath don to me grete thingis, and his name is holy.

And his mercy is fro kyndrede into kyndredis to men that dreden him.

He hath made myght in his arm, he scatteride proude men with the thoughte of his herte.

He sette down myghty men fro seete, and enhaunsid meke men. He hath fulfillid hungry men with goodis, and he has left riche men voide.

He heuyng mynde of his mercy took up Israel his child.

As he hath spokun to oure fadris, to Abraham, and to his seed into worldis.

It will be interesting to compare the above with the modern or King James translation as it occurs in Luke i. 46-55.

RELICS OF SAINTS.

DURING the Dark Ages great value was attached to the miraculous qualities of the relics of departed saints. Every church and monastery had its particular relics. Some were valued more highly than others, in proportion to the degree of sanctity which had marked the saint's life during his existence on earth. These relics were bought and sold, like other commodities, and in some instances they were even *stolen*, when they could not be obtained otherwise. It is entertaining to observe the singular ardor and grasping avidity of some, to enrich themselves with these religious morsels, their little discernment, the curious impositions of the vendor, and the good faith and sincerity of the purchaser. The prelate of the place sometimes ordained a fast to implore God that they might not be cheated with the relics of saints, which he sometimes purchased for the benefit of the village or town, and in which he was occasionally cheated by receiving the relics of a very bad person. In such cases we presume

the miracles were of an unsatisfactory and dangerous character. These things seem humorously absurd now, but in their day and time they were as real and as much believed in as any other customs connected with the history of the human race. Men were in their infancy then, and they thought and acted like children.

When Harold, who afterward became king of England, visited William, Duke of Normandy, for the purpose of persuading him to release certain English gentlemen who had been placed with him as hostages, he was not aware that the duke also had his eyes fixed upon the English throne. But William was not long in imparting that fact to his guest, and he insisted that the latter should forthwith relinquish all claims that he might have in the same direction. Harold was surprised at the demand, but not daring to resist, he feigned compliance, renounced all hopes of the crown for himself and professed his sincere intention of supporting the pretensions of the duke. William, to bind him faster to his interests, required him to take an oath to fulfil his promises, and in order to render the oath more binding, he secretly conveyed under the altar, on which Harold had agreed to swear, the relics of some of the most revered martyrs. After the oath was administered he showed the relics to Harold, and admonished him to observe religiously an engagement which had been ratified by so tremendous a sanction. Afterward, when Harold ascended the throne of England, in spite of his obligations to William, and was defeated and killed at the battle of Hastings, his misfortunes were attributed to the resentment of the saints over whose remains he had sworn a false oath.

Guilbert de Nogen wrote a treatise on the relics of saints; acknowledging that there were many false ones as well as false legends; he reprobates the inventors of these lying miracles. He wrote his treatise on the occasion of a tooth of our Lord by which the monks of St. Medard de Soissons pretended to operate miracles. He asserts that this pretension is as chimerical as that of several persons who believed they possessed other portions of the body of the Saviour.

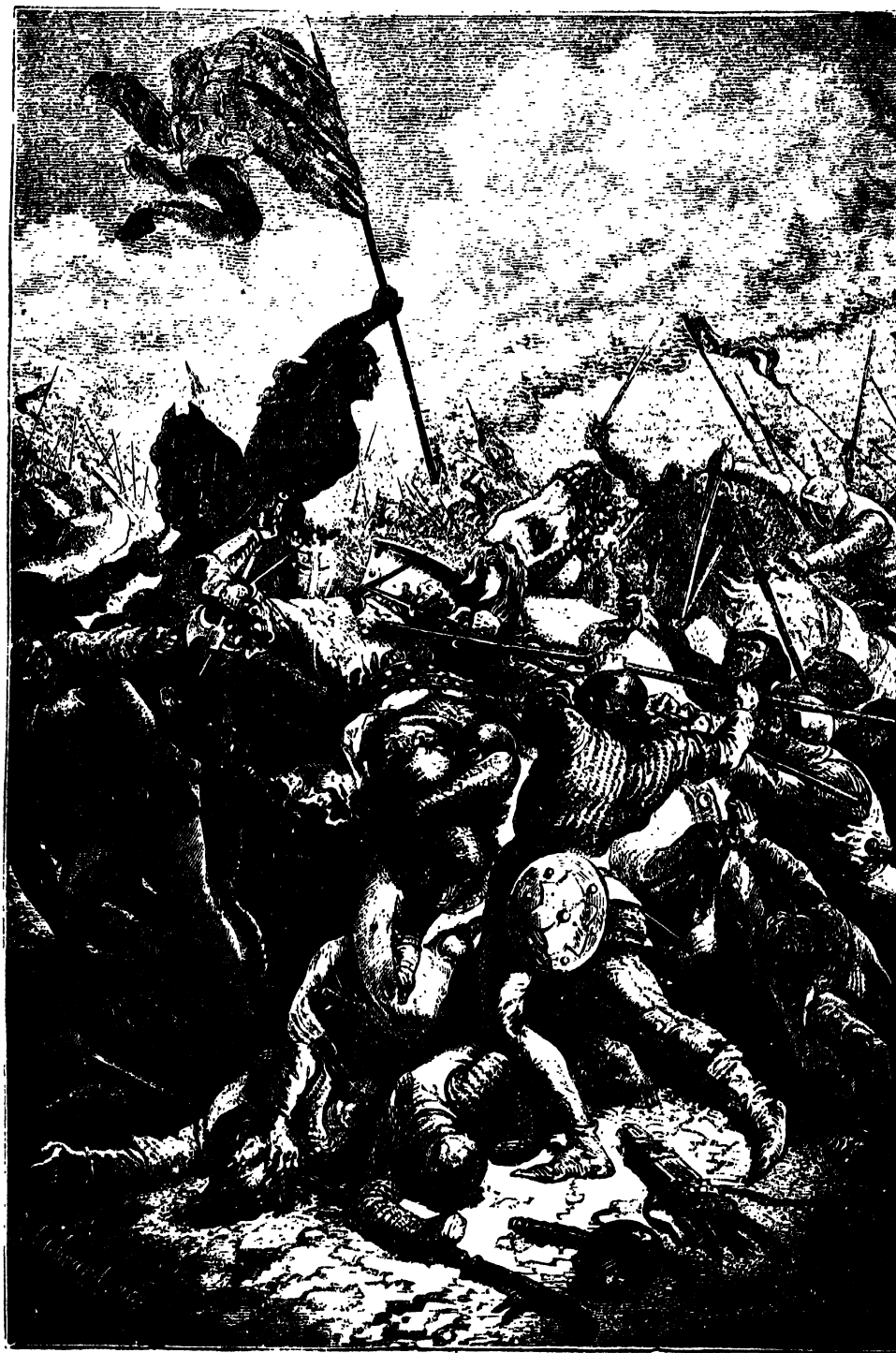
Another has written a history of what he calls the translation of the relics of Saint Magean to the monastery of Villemagne. Translation is in fact only a softened expression for the robbery of the relics of the saint committed by two monks,

who carried them off secretly to enrich their monastery; and they did not hesitate at any artifice of mortality, which had now become a branch of commerce. They even regarded their possessors

with a hostile eye. Such were the religious opinions from the ninth to the twelfth century. Canute, the Dane, commissioned his agent at Rome to purchase Saint Augustine's arm for one hundred talents of silver and one of gold! a much larger sum than the finest statue of antiquity would have then sold for.

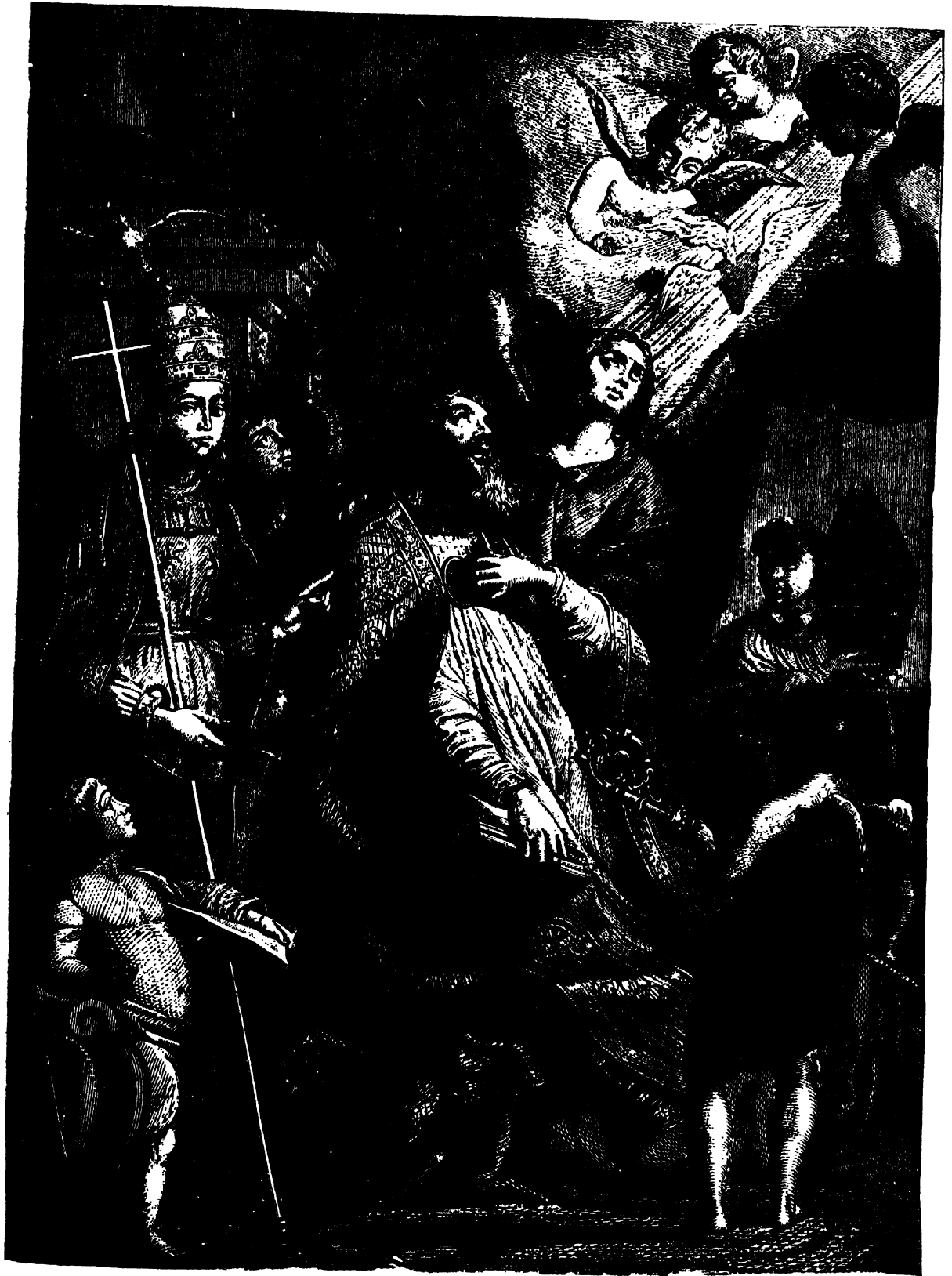
Another monk describes a strange act of devotion attested by several contemporary writers. When the saints did not readily comply with the prayers of their votaries, they flogged their relics with rods, in a spirit of impatience which they conceived was proper to make them bend into compliance.

Theofroy, abbot of Epternac, to raise our admiration, relates the daily miracles performed by the relics of saints, their ashes, their clothes, or other mortal spoils, and even by the instruments



BATTLE OF HASTINGS AND DEATH OF HAROLD.

to complete their design. They thought every thing was permitted to acquire these fragments of their martyrdom. He inveighs against that luxury of ornaments which was indulged un-



ST. AUGUSTINE. (From the Painting by de Crayer.)

der a religious pretext; "It is not to be supposed that the saints are desirous of such a profusion of gold and silver. They wish not that we should raise to them such magnificent churches, to exhibit that ingenuous order of pillars which shine with gold; nor those rich ceilings, nor those altars sparkling with jewels. They desire not the purple parchment of price for their writings, the liquid gold to embellish the letters, nor the precious stones to decorate their covers; while you have such little care for the ministers of the altar."

The monks not being able to deny, says Bayle, that there have been false relics, which have operated miracles, they reply that the good intentions of those believers who have recourse to them, obtained from God this reward for their good faith! In the same spirit, when it was shown that two or three bodies of the same saint are said to exist in different places, and, that therefore they all could not be authentic; it was answered; that they were all genuine! for God had multiplied and miraculously reproduced them for the comfort of the faithful! A curious specimen of the intolerance of good sense.

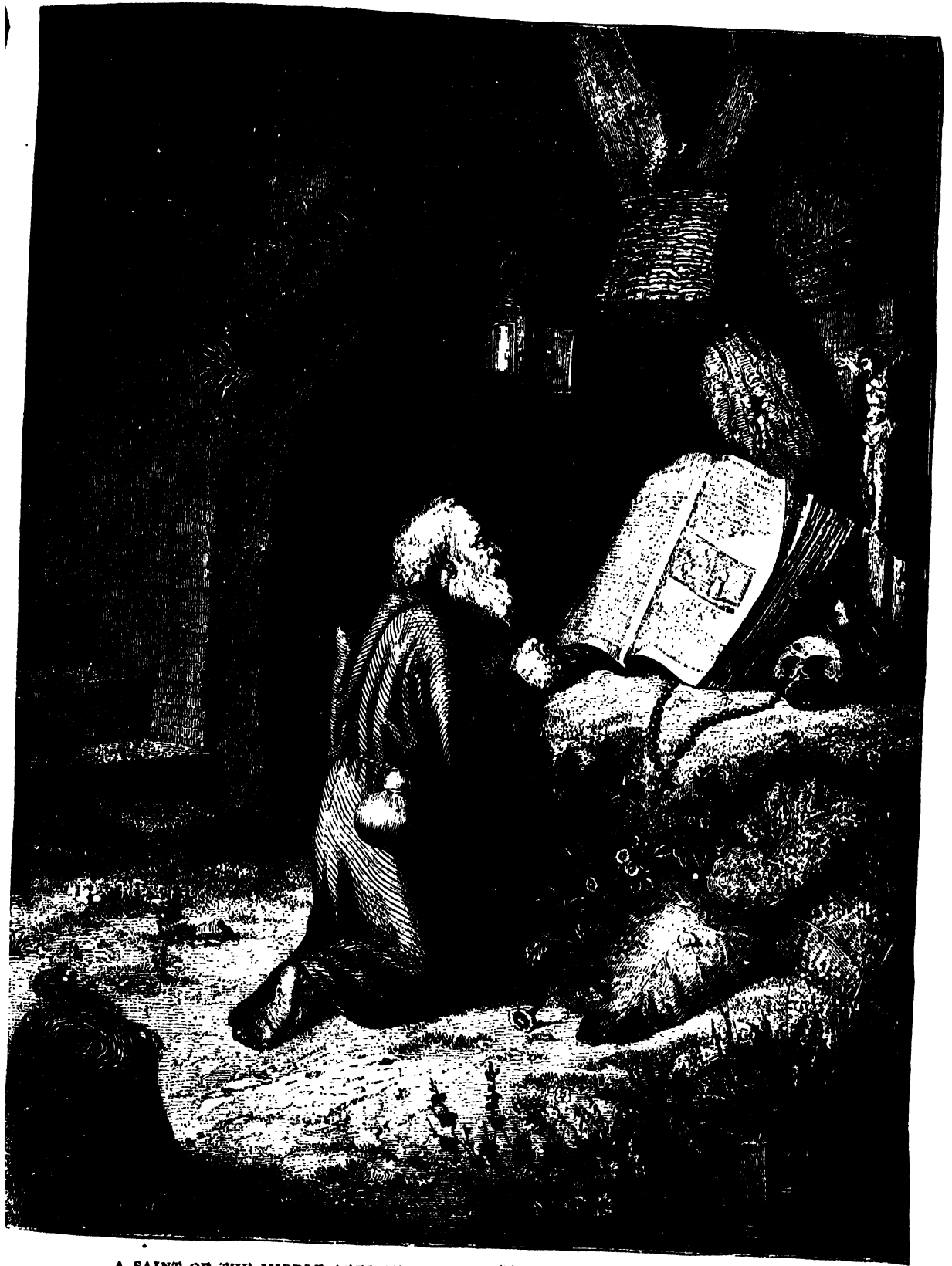
When the Reformation was spread in Lithuania, Prince Radzivil was so affected by it, that he went in person to pay the pope all possible honors. His holiness on this occasion presented him with a precious box of relics. The prince having returned home, some monks entreated permission to try the effect of these relics on a demoniac, who had hitherto resisted every kind of exorcism. They were brought into the church with solemn pomp, and deposited on the altar, accompanied by an innumerable crowd. After the usual conjurations, which were unsuccessful, they applied the relics. The demoniac instantly recovered. The people called out a miracle! and the prince, lifting his hands and eyes to heaven, felt his faith confirmed. In this transport of pious joy, he observed that a young gentleman who was keeper of this treasure of relics, smiled, and by his motions ridiculed the miracle. The prince indignantly took our young keeper of the relics to task; who, on promise of pardon, gave the following secret intelligence concerning them: "In travelling from Rome he had lost the box of relics; and not daring to mention it, he had procured a similar one, which he had filled with the small bones of dogs and cats, and other trifles

similar to what were lost. He hoped he might be forgiven for smiling, when he found that such a collection of rubbish was idolized with such pomp, and had even the virtue of expelling demons.

Stephens, in his *Traite preparatif a l'Apologie pour Herodote*, c. 39, says, "A monk of St. Anthony having been at Jerusalem, saw there several relics, among which were a bit of the finger of the Holy Ghost, as sound and entire as it had ever been; the snout of the seraphim that appeared to St. Francis; one of the nails of a cherubim; one of the ribs of the *verbum caro factum* (the word made flesh;) some rays of the star which appeared to the three kings in the east; a vial of St. Michael's sweat when he was fighting against the devil; a hem of Joseph's garment, which he wore when he cleaved wood, etc., 'all of which things,' observes our treasurer of relics, I have brought very devoutly with me home."

Henry III., of England, who was deeply tainted with the superstition of the age, summoned all the great in the kingdom to meet in London. This summons excited the most general curiosity, and multitudes appeared. The king then acquainted them that the great master of the Knights Templars had sent him a phial containing a small portion of the precious blood of Christ which he had shed upon the cross! and attested to be genuine by the seals of the patriarch of Jerusalem and others. He commanded a procession the following day, and the historian adds that though the road between St. Paul's and Westminster abbey was very deep and miry, the king kept his eyes constantly fixed on the phial. Two monks received it, and deposited the phial in the abbey, "which made all England shine with glory, dedicating it to God and St. Edward." Subsequently it was ascertained to be the blood of a duck which had been deposited in the phial.

Lord Herbert, in his *Life of Henry VIII.*, of England, notices the great fall of the price of relics. The respect given to relics, and some pretended miracles, fell; insomuch, that a piece of St. Andrew's finger (covered only with an ounce of silver,) being laid to pledge by a monastery for forty pounds, was left unredeemed at the dissolution of the house; the king's commissioners, who upon surrender of any foundation undertook to pay the debts, refusing to return the price again. That is, they did not choose to



A SAINT OF THE MIDDLE AGES AT PRAYER. (From the Painting by Gerard Dow.)

repay the forty pounds, to receive a piece of the finger of St. Andrew.

The elector Frederick, of Germany, called "the Wise," was an indefatigable collector of relics, but after his death the price of these articles rapidly declined in the German empire; and at length the advancing intelligence of the European nations caused this remarkable superstition to entirely disappear.

THE DELUSIONS OF ALCHEMY.

DURING the Middle Ages, alchemy was a mysterious art, aiming to change inferior metals into silver and gold, and to find the so-called elixir of life, which was to be the universal remedy for all diseases, rejuvenating the old, and even preventing death. It is said that the Emperor Diocletian, after the conquest of the rebellious Egyptians in the year 296, ordered that all the writings on the chemistry of gold and silver should be burned, in order that the common people might not grow too rich by making gold, and thus be enabled to again engage in rebellion.

An infatuated lover of this delusive art met with one who pretended to have the power of transmuting lead into gold. This philosopher required only the materials, and a little time, to perform his golden operations; and by way of parenthesis it may be remarked that his kind are not all dead yet. He was taken to the country residence of his patroness. A large laboratory was built, and, that his important labors might not be impeded by any disturbance, no one was allowed to enter. His door was contrived to turn on a pivot, so that, unseen and unseeing, his meals were conveyed to him, without distracting his sublime contemplations.

During two years he never condescended to speak to his patroness except in two or three instances. On the few occasions that she was admitted to the laboratory, she saw, with pleasing astonishment, stills, immense caldrons, long flues, and three or four volcanic fires blazing at different corners of the magical mine; nor did she behold with less reverence the venerable figure of the dusty philosopher. Pale and emaciated with daily operations and nightly vigils, he revealed to her, in unintelligible jargon, his progresses; and having sometime condescended to explain the mysteries of the arcana, she beheld,

or seemed to behold, streams of fluid and heaps of solid ore, scattered around the laboratory. Sometimes he required a new still, and sometimes vast quantities of lead. Already this unfortunate lady had expended the half of her fortune in supplying the demands of the philosopher, and she now began to lower her imagination to the standard of reason. Two years had elapsed, vast quantities of lead had gone in, and nothing but lead had come out. She disclosed her sentiments to the philosopher. He candidly confessed that he was himself surprised at his tardy progress; but that now he would exert himself to the utmost, and that he would venture to perform a laborious operation, which hitherto he had hoped to avoid the necessity of employing. The lady retired, and the golden visions of expectation resumed all their lustre.

One day as she and her family sat at dinner, a terrible shriek, and one explosion after another, loud as the report of canons, assailed their ears. They hastened to the laboratory; two of the greatest stills had burst, and one part of the laboratory and the house were in flames. We are told that after another adventure of this kind, this victim to alchemy, after ruining another patron, in despair swallowed poison.

Even more recently we have a history of an alchemist in the life of Romney, the painter. This alchemist, after bestowing much time and money on preparations for the grand projection, and being near the decisive hour, was induced, by the too earnest request of his wife, to quit his furnace one evening, to attend some of her company at the tea-table. While the projector was attending the ladies his furnace blew up! In consequence of this event, he conceived such an antipathy against his wife, that he could not endure the idea of living with her again.

Henry VI. of England was so reduced by his extravagances, that he endeavored to recruit his empty coffers by alchemy. The record of this singular proposition contains "The most solemn and serious account of the feasibility and virtues of the philosopher's stone, encouraging the search after it, and dispensing with all statutes and prohibitions to the contrary."

After this patent was published, many promised to answer the king's expectations so effectually that the next year he published another patent wherein he tells his subjects, that the happy hour

was drawing nigh, and by means of the stone, which he should soon be master of, he would pay all the debts of the nation in real gold and silver. The persons picked out for his new operators were as remarkable as the patient itself, being a most "miscellaneous rabble" of friars, grocers, mercers and fishmongers!

Alchemists were formerly called *multipliers*, as appears from a statute of Henry IV., repealed in the preceding record. The statute being ex-

to alchemy: "The ancient books of alchemy, so liberally ascribed to Pythagoras, to Solomon, or to Hermes, were the pious frauds of more recent adepts. The Greeks were inattentive either to the use or the abuse of chemistry. In that immense register, where Pliny has deposited the discoveries, the arts, and the errors of mankind, there is not the least mention of the transmutations of metals; and the persecution of Diocletian is the first authentic event in the history of



THE ALCHEMIST'S WORKSHOP.

tremely short, we give it for the reader's satisfaction:

"None from henceforth shall use to multiply gold or silver, or use the craft of multiplication: and if any the same do, he shall incur the pain of felony."

Cæsar commanded the treatises of alchemy to be burnt throughout the Roman dominions: Cæsar, who is not less to be admired as a philosopher than as a monarch.

Mr. Gibbon has this succinct passage relative

alchemy. The conquest of Egypt by the Arabs diffused that vain science over the globe. Congenial to the avarice of the human heart, it was studied in China, as in Europe, with equal eagerness and equal success. The darkness of the Middle Ages ensued a favorable reception to every tale of wonder; and the revival of learning gave new vigor to hope, and suggested more specious arts to deception. Philosophy, with the aid of experience, has at length banished the study of alchemy; and the present age, however

desirous of riches, is content to seek them by the means of commerce and industry."

Modern chemistry is not without a *hope* of verifying the golden visions of the alchemist. Dr. Girtanner, of Gottingen, has adventured the following prophecy: "In the nineteenth century the transmutation of metals will be generally known and practised. Every chemist and every artist will make gold: kitchen utensils will be of silver, and even of gold, which will contribute more than anything else to prolong life, poisoned at present by the oxides of copper, lead, and iron, which we daily swallow with our food." This sublime chemist, though he does not venture to predict that universal elixir, which is to prolong life at pleasure, yet approximates to it. A chemical gentleman writes that "The *metals* seem to be *composite bodies*, which nature is perpetually preparing: and it may be reserved for the future researches of science to trace, and perhaps to imitate, some of these curious operations."

CURIOSITIES OF THE LITERATURE OF THE REFORMATION.

IT is a difficult matter, in this modern era of good feeling between the various Christian denominations, to understand and appreciate the personal bitterness that existed among the leaders of what is known in history as the Reformation.

Those giants in the arena of religious controversy were more careful about making themselves understood by the people for whom they wrote, and to whom they spoke, than choice in their modes of expression. Both sides indulged in the bitterest invectives and the most scathing anathemas. Luther refers to the Pope in language so vigorous that polite usage will not admit of its reproduction. In one instance he calls him "the governor of Sodom," and adds: "If the Turks lay hold of us, then we shall be in the hands of the devil; but if we remain with the pope, we shall be in hell. What a pleasing sight would it be to see the pope and the cardinals hanging on one gallows, in exact order, like the seals which dangle from the bulls of the pope! What an excellent council would they hold under the gallows!"

Again he exclaims: "Take care, my little pope! my little ass! go on slowly. If thou fallest, they will exclaim, 'See! how our little pope is spoilt.'" It was fortunate for the cause of the Re-

formation that the violence of Luther was softened to a considerable degree at times by the meek Melancthon: he often poured honey on the sting inflicted by the angry bee. Luther was no respecter of kings; he was so fortunate, indeed, as to find among his antagonists a crowned head; a great good fortune for an obscure controversialist, and the very *punctum saliens* of controversy. Henry VIII., of England, wrote his book against the new doctrine; then warm from scholastic studies, Henry presented Leo X. with a work highly creditable to his abilities, and no inferior performance according to the genius of the age. Collier, in his Ecclesiastical History, has analyzed the book, and does not ill describe its spirit: "Henry seems superior to his adversary in the vigor and propriety of his style, in the force of his reasoning, and the learning of his citations. It is true he leans *too much* upon his character, argues in his *garter-ropes*, and writes as it were with his *sceptre*." But Luther, in reply, abandons his pen to all kinds of railing abuse. He addresses Henry in the following style: "It is hard to say if folly can be more foolish, or stupidity more stupid, than is the head of Henry. He has not attacked me with the heart of a king, but with the impudence of a knave. This *rotten* worm of the earth having blasphemed the majesty of my king, I have a just right to bespatter his English majesty with his own dirt and ordure. This Henry has lied."

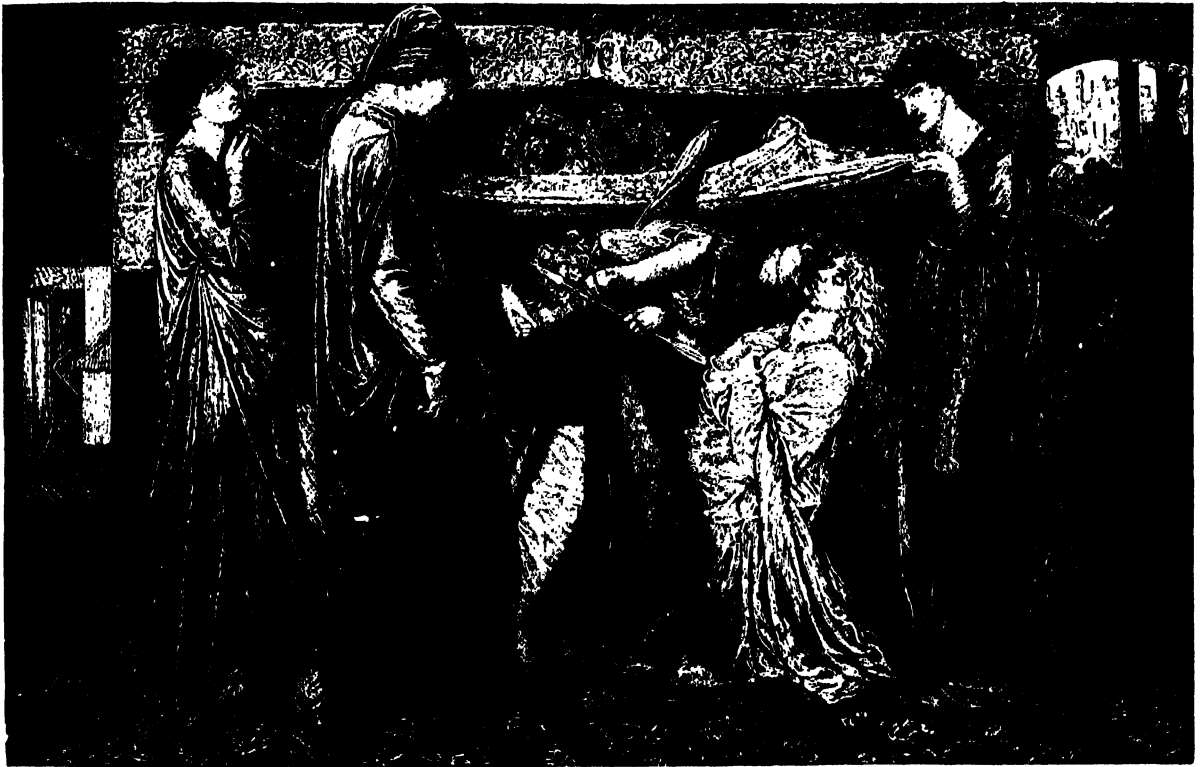
Calvin was even less tolerable than Luther, for he had no Melancthon! His adversaries are stigmatized as knaves, lunatics, drunkards, and assassins! Sometimes they are characterized by the familiar appellatives of bulls, asses, cats and hogs! By him Catholic and Lutheran are alike hated. Yet, after having given vent to this virulent humor, he frequently boasts of his mildness. When he reads over his writings, he tells us, that he is astonished at his forbearance; but this, he adds, is the duty of every Christian! at the same time, he generally finishes a period with—"Do you hear, you dog? Do you hear, madman?"

Beza, the disciple of Calvin, sometimes imitates the luxuriant abuse of his master. When he writes against Tilleman, a Lutheran minister, he bestows on him the following titles of honor: "Polyphemus; an ape; a great ass who is distinguished from other asses by wearing a hat; an ass on two feet; a monster composed of part of

an ape and wild ass ; a villain who merits hanging on the first tree we find." And Beza was, no doubt desirous of the office of executioner !

Bishop Bedell, a great and good man, respected even by his adversaries, in an address to his clergy, observes : " Our calling is to deal with errors, not to disgrace the man with scolding words. It is said of Alexander, I think, when he overheard one of his soldiers railing lustily against Darius his enemy, that he reproved him, and added, ' Friend, I entertain thee to fight against Darius, not to revile him ; ' and my sentiments of treating the Catholics," concludes Bedell,

drunkard, had not her maid timely and outrageously abused her. The story will amuse.—" My mother had by little and little accustomed herself to relish wine. They used to send her to the cellar, as being one of the soberest in the family ; she first sipped from the jug and tasted a few drops, for she abhorred wine, and did not care to drink. However, she gradually accustomed herself, and from sipping it on her lips she swallowed a draught. As people from the smallest faults insensibly increase, she at length liked wine, and drank bumpers. But one day being alone with her maid, who usually attended her to the cellar,



DANTE'S DREAM OF HEAVEN.

"are not conformable to the practice of Luther and Calvin ; but they were but men, and perhaps we must confess they suffered themselves to yield to the violence of passion."

The Fathers of the church were proficient in the art of abuse, and very ingeniously defended it. St. Austin affirms that the keenest personality may produce a wonderful effect, in opening a man's eyes to his own follies. He illustrates his position with a story, given with great simplicity, of his mother, Saint Monica, with her maid. Saint Monica certainly would have been a confirmed

they quarrelled, and the maid bitterly reproached her with being a drunkard ! That single word struck her so poignantly that it opened her understanding ; and reflecting on the deformity of the vice, she desisted forever from its use."

CELEBRATED HISTORICAL LITERARY BLUNDERS.

WHEN Dante first published his *Inferno*, the simple and superstitious of the age accepted it as a true narrative of the author's descent into hell.

For years after the publication of *Gulliver's Travels*, many readers could not be convinced that the imaginary voyages and discoveries therein recorded were not real.

Utopia, by Sir Thomas More, as every well-read person knows, is an imaginary description of

was an age of discovery," says Granger, "the learned Budæus, and others, took it for a genuine history; and considered it highly expedient that missionaries should be sent thither to convert so wise a nation to Christianity."

One of the most singular blunders was pro-

duced by the ingenious *Hermippus Redivivus* of Dr. Campbell, a curious banter of the hermetic philosophy and universal medicine; but the grave irony is so closely kept up throughout this admirable treatise, that it deceived for a length of time the most learned people of that day. His notions of the art of prolonging life by inhaling the breath of young women, was eagerly credited. A learned physician, who was also an author of one or more medical works, was so impressed by it that he actually took lodgings in a female boarding school, in order that he might never be without a constant supply of the breath of young ladies. A



CHARLES II., "THE MOST RELIGIOUS KING," AND HIS FRIENDS.

a perfect but visionary republic in an island supposed to have been newly discovered in America; but it was accepted, at the time of its publication, by many persons, and by at least one historian, as a true account of a great discovery. "As this

number of other learned men of that date were greatly influenced by the subtle reasoning of the work, which exercised so powerful an influence as to temporarily unsettle their minds, at least in that particular.

Sir John Pringle mentions his having cured a soldier by the use of two quarts of *Dog and Duck water* daily; a French translator specifies it as an excellent *broth* made of a duck and a dog! In a catalogue compiled by a French writer of *Works on Natural History*, he inserted the well-known "Essay on Irish Bulls" by the Edgeworths. This is the only instance on record where an Irish bull has been classed under the head of Natural History.

A remarkable blunder was committed by the Abbé Gregoire; who affords another striking proof of the errors to which foreigners are liable when they decide on the language and customs of another country. The abbé, in the excess of his philanthropy, to show to what dishonorable offices human nature is degraded, states that at London he observed a sign-board proclaiming the master as *tuer des punaises de sa majesté!* Bug-destroyer to his majesty! The idea which must have occurred to the good abbé was, that his majesty's bugs were hunted and taken by hand—and thus human nature was degraded.

In Charles II.'s reign a new collect was drawn, in which a new epithet was added to the king's title, that gave, says Burnet, great offence, and occasioned great raillery. He was styled *our most religious king*. Whatever the signification of *religious* might be in the Latin word as importing the sacredness of the king's person, yet in the English language it bore a signification that was no way applicable to King Charles, who was everything else except religious, most of his life being spent in wild orgies and extravagant dissipations.

A literary blunder of Thomas Wharton is a specimen of the manner in which a man of genius may continue to blunder with infinite ingenuity. In an old romance he finds these lines, describing the duel of Saladin with Richard Cœur de Lion:

A Faucon brode in hande he bare,
For he thought he wolde there
Have slayne Richard.

He imagines this *Faucon brode* means a *falcon bird*, or a hawk, and that Saladin is represented with this bird on his fist to express his contempt of his adversary. He supports his conjecture by noticing a Gothic picture, supposed to be the subject of this duel, and also some old tapestry of heroes on horseback with hawks on their fists; he plunges into feudal times where no gentleman

appeared on horseback without his hawk. After all this curious erudition, the rough but skilful Ritson inhumanly triumphed by dissolving the magical fancies of the more elegant Wharton, by explaining a *Faucon brode* to be nothing more than a *broad faulchion*, which was certainly more useful than a *bird* in a duel.

CELEBRATED MEN WHO HAD TERMAGANTS FOR WIVES.

SIR THOMAS MORE was united to a woman of the harshest temper and the most sordid manners. To soften the moroseness of her disposition, "he persuaded her to play on the lute, viol, and other instruments, every day." Whether it was that she had no ear for music, she herself never became harmonious as the instrument she touched. All these ladies may be considered as rather too alert in thought, and too spirited in action; but a tame cuckoo bird who is always repeating the same tone, must be very fatiguing. The wife of Samuel Clarke, the great compiler of books in 1680, whose name was anagrammatized to "*suck all cream*," alluding to his indefatigable labors in sucking all the cream of every author without having any cream himself, is described by her husband as having the most sublime conceptions of his illustrious compilations. This appears by her behavior. He says, "that she never rose from table without making him a courtesy, nor drank to him without bowing, and that his word was a law to her." How happy most men would be if their wives would treat them with such deference.

In 1590 the Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry, writing to the earl of Shrewsbury (a very appropriate name under the circumstances) on the subject of living separate from his countess, uses the following curious argument in favor of their union, which seems to imply a singular state of morals and religion in the British isles at that time:

"But some will say in your Lordship's behalfe that the Countesse is a sharp and bitter shrew, and therefore lieke enough to shorten your lief, if shee should kepe yow company. Indeede, my good Lord, I have heard some say so; but if shrewdnesse or sharpnesse may be a just cause of separation between a man and wief, I thinck fewe men in Englande would keepe their wives longe; for it is a common jeste, yet trewe in some

sense, that there is but one shrewe in all the worlde, and everee man hath her : and so everee man must be ridd of his wief that would be ridd of a shrewe."

The wife of Barclay, author of "The Argenis," considered herself as the wife of a demigod. This appeared glaringly after his death : for Cardinal Barberini having erected a monument to the memory of his tutor, next to the tomb of Barclay, Mrs. Barclay was so irritated at this that she demolished his monument, brought home his bust, and declared that the ashes of so great a genius as her husband should never be placed beside so villainous a pedagogue.

Salmasius's wife was a termagant ; and Christiana said she admired his patience more than his erudition, married to such a shrew. Mrs. Salmasius indeed considered herself as the queen of science, because her husband was acknowledged as a sovereign among the critics. She boasted she had for her husband the most learned of all the nobles, and the most noble of all the learned. Our good lady always joined the learned conferences which he held in his study. She spoke loud, and decided with a tone of majesty. Salmasius was mild in conversation, but the reverse in his writings, for our proud Xanthippe considered him as acting beneath himself if he did not majestically call every one names !

The wife of Rohault, when her husband gave lectures on the philosophy of Descartes, used to seat herself on these days at the door, and refused admittance to every one shabbily dressed, or who did not discover a genteel air. So convinced was she that, to be worthy of hearing the lectures of her husband it was proper to appear fashionable. In vain our good lecturer exhausted himself in telling her that fortune does not always give fine clothes to philosophers.

The wives of Albert Durer and Berghem were both shrews. The wife of Durer compelled that great genius to do the hourly drudgery of his profession, merely to gratify her own sordid passion : in despair, Albert ran away from his Tisiphone ; she wheedled him back, and not long afterwards this great artist fell a victim to her furious disposition. Berghem's wife would never allow that excellent artist to quit his occupations : and she contrived an odd expedient to detect his indolence. The artist worked in a room above her ; ever and anon she roused him by thump-

ing a long stick against the ceiling, while the obedient Berghem answered by stamping his foot, to satisfy Mrs. Berghem that he was not napping.

It is hardly necessary in this connection to mention Xanthippe, the wife of Socrates, whose name and fame are familiar to all. There is a lingering suspicion in our minds that perhaps the old philosopher deserved a good part of the discipline that his wife bestowed upon him, and that perhaps he used his advantages as philosopher and historian to represent the old lady's temper in warmer tints than it really deserved. At any rate, Xanthippe has not been heard from.

There is an account of a distinguished modern lecturer who evidently was fully as deserving of public sympathy, on account of his wife's temper, as Socrates. Among other exploits that have been related of this lady, it is said that, on a certain occasion, she came suddenly and furiously into a public hall where her husband was lecturing, and seizing his charts and other apparatus, tore them to pieces in the presence of the audience. The lecturer apologized by quietly remarking : "Ladies and gentlemen, I have the misfortune to be the husband of this woman."

The sentiments of Sir Thomas Browne, on the consequences of marriage, are very curious, in the second part of his *Religio Medici*, Sect. 9. When he wrote that work, he said, "I was never yet once, and commend their resolutions, who never marry twice." He calls woman "the rib, and crooked piece of man." He adds, "I could be content that we might procreate like trees, without conjunction, or that there were any way to procreate the world without this trivial and vulgar way." He means the union of sexes, which he declares "is the foolishlest act a wise man commits in all his life, nor is there anything that will more deject his cooled imagination, when he shall consider what an odd and unworthy piece of folly he hath committed." He afterwards declares he is not averse to that sweet sex, but naturally amorous of all that is beautiful ; "I could look a whole day with delight upon a handsome picture, though it be but of a horse." He afterwards disserts very profoundly on the music there is in beauty, "and the silent note that Cupid strikes is far sweeter than the sound of an instrument." Such were his sentiments when youthful, and residing at Leyden : Dutch philosophy had at first chilled his passion ; it is probable that pas-

sion afterwards inflamed his philosophy—for he married and had four daughters!

In some one of Bayle's writings there is a philosophical disquisition on the subject of marriage, brought about by the death of a learned friend of the philosopher, who, having lost his wife, whom he dearly loved, spent three years in seclusion, and then died of grief. "What, therefore," remarks the philosopher, "must we think of an unhappy marriage, since a happy one is exposed to such evils." He then shows that an unhappy marriage is attended by beneficial consequences to the survivor. In this dilemma, in the one case, the husband lives afraid his wife will die, in the other that she will not! If you love her, you will always be afraid of losing her; if you do not love her, you will always be afraid of not losing her."

AN ORIGINAL LETTER FROM QUEEN ELIZABETH.

IN the Cottonian Library, Vespasian F. III., is preserved a letter written by Queen Elizabeth (then Princess) to her sister Queen Mary. It appears by this epistle, that Mary had desired to have her picture; and in gratifying the wishes of her majesty, Elizabeth accompanies the present with the following elaborate letter. It bears no date of the year in which it was written; but her place of residence is marked to be at Hatfield. There she had retired to enjoy the silent pleasures of a studious life, and to be distant from the dangerous politics of the time. When Mary died Elizabeth was at Hatfield; the letter must have been written before this circumstance took place. She was at the time of its composition in habitual intercourse with the most excellent writers of antiquity; her letter displays this in every part of it; it is polished and repolished. It has also the merit of now being first published.

The Letter.

Like as the riche man that dayly gathereth riches to riches, and to one bag of money layeth a greate store til it come to infinit, so me thinkes, your Maiestie not beinge suffised with many benefits and gentilnes shewed to me afore this time, dothe now increase them in askinge and desiring wher you may bid and commaunde, requiring a thinge not worthy the desiringe for it selfe, but made worthy for your highness request. My pictur I mene, in wiche if the inward good mynde

towarde your grace might as wel be declared as the outwarde face and countenance shal be seen, I wold not haue taried the comandement but prevent it, nor haue bine the last to graunt but the first to offer it. For the face, I graunt, I mite wel blusche to offer, but the mynde I shal neuer be ashamed to present. For thogh from the grace of the pictur, the coulours may fade by time, may giue by wether, may be spotted by chance, yet the other nor time with her swift wings shall ouertake, nor the mistie clouds with their lowerings may darken, nor chance with her slipery fote may overthrow. Of this althogh yet the profe could not be greate because the occasions hathe bine but smal, so may I perchaunce have time to declare it in dides wher now I do write them but in wordes. And further I shall most humbly beseche your Maiestie that whan you shal loke on my pictur you will witsafe to thinke that as you have but the outwarde shadow of the body afore you, so my inward minde wischeth, that the body itselfe wer oftener in your presence; howbeit, bicause bothe my so beinge I thinke coulde do your Maiestie litel pleasure thogh my selfe great good, and againe bicause I se as yet not the time agreing therento, I shal learne to folow this Sainge of Grace, *Feras non culpes quod vitari non potest*. And thus I wil (trobling your maiestie I fere) ende with my most humble thankes, beseeching God longe to preserve you to his honour, to your comfort, to the realmes profit, and to my joy. From Hatfield this 1st day of May, your Majestie's most humble Sistar and servante,

"ELIZABETH."

EXECUTION OF ANNE BOLEYN.

ANNE BOLEYN, wife of Henry VIII., and mother of Queen Elizabeth, is represented as having been a beautiful and charming woman. To the very last she vehemently denied the charge of incontinence upon which she was convicted and brought to the scaffold; whether that charge was true or false, her death and the manner in which it was brought about will always remain as a dark and cruel stain upon the record of the royal animal whose wife she had the misfortune to be.

Her executioner was a Frenchman of Calais, who was supposed to have uncommon skill. Anne refused to have her eyes covered with a bandage, saying that she had no fear of death. All that the minister who officiated at the execution

could obtain from her was, that when the blow was to be delivered she would shut her eyes. But glances, and fearful of missing his aim, he was obliged to invent an expedient to behold the



ANNE BOLEYN IN LONDON.

queen. He drew off his shoes and approached her silently at her left hand, while another person advanced at her right who made a great noise in walking. This latter circumstance drew her attention, and the executioner was enabled to strike the fatal blow without being disarmed by that spirit of tender resignation that shone from the eyes of the lovely Anne Boleyn.

The death and the virtues of Anne Boleyn are thus described by John Fox, an historian of those times:

"In certain records thus we find, that the king being in his justs at Greenwich, suddenly, with a few persons, departed to Westminster, and the next day after Queen Anne, his wife, was had to the Tower, with the Lord Rochford, her brother, and

as she was opening them every moment, the executioner could not bear their mild and tender certain other; and the nineteenth day after was beheaded. The words of this worthy and

Christian lady at her death were these: 'Good Christian people, I am come hither to die; for, according to the law, and by the law, I am judged to death, and therefore I will speak nothing against it. I am come hither to accuse no man, nor to speak anything of that whereof I am accused and con-

quire them to judge the best. And thus I take my leave of the world, and of you all, and I heartily desire you all to pray for me. 'The Lord have mercy on me; to God I recommend my soul.' And so she knecled down, saying, 'To Christ I commend my soul; Jesus, receive my soul;' re-



THE HOUR OF EXECUTION.

demned to die; but I pray God save the king, and send him long to reign over you, for a gentler, or a more merciful prince was there never; and to me he was a very good, a gentle, and a sovereign lord. And if any person will meddle of my cause, I re-

peating the same divers times, till at length the stroke was given, and her head was stricken off.

"And this was the end of that godly lady and queen. Godly I call her, for sundry respects, whatsoever the cause was, or quarrel objected against her.

First, her last words spoken at her death declared no less, her sincere faith and trust in Christ, than did her quiet modesty utter forth the goodness of the cause and matter, whatsoever it was. Besides that, to such as wisely can judge upon cases occurrent, this also may seem to give a great clearing unto her, that the king, the third day after, was married in his whites unto another. Certain this was, that for the rare and singular gifts of her mind, so well instructed, and given toward God, with such a fervent desire unto the truth, and setting forth of sincere religion, joined with like gentleness, modesty and pity toward all men, there have not many such queens before her borne the crown of England. Principally, this one commendation she left behind her, that during her life, the religion of Christ most happily flourished, and had a right prosperous course.

"Many things might be written more of the manifold virtues, and the quiet moderation of her mild nature; how lowly she would bear, not only to be admonished, but also of her own accord, would require her chaplains, plainly and freely to tell whatsoever they saw in her amiss. Also, how bountiful she was to the poor, passing not only the poor example of other queens, but also the revenues almost of her estate; insomuch, that the alms which she gave in three-quarters of a year, in distribution, is summed to the number of fourteen thousand pounds; besides the great piece of money, which her Grace intended to impart into four sundry quarters of the realm, as for a stock, there to be employed to the behoof of poor artificers and occupiers. Again, what a zealous defender she was of Christ's gospel, all the world doth know, and her acts do and will declare to the world's end. Amongst which other her acts, this is one, that she placed Master Hugh Latimer in the bishopric of Worcester, and his preferred Doctor Sharton to his bishopric, being then accounted a good man. Furthermore, what a true faith she bore unto the Lord, this one example may stand for many: for that when King Henry was with her at Woodstock, and there being afraid of an old blind prophecy, for the which, neither he nor other kings before him, durst hunt in the said park of Woodstock, nor enter into the town of Oxford, at last, through the Christian, and faithful counsel of that queen he was so much against all infidelity, that both he hunted in the foresaid park, and also entered into the town of Oxford, and had no harm.

But, because touching the memorable virtues of this worthy queen, partly we have said something before, partly because more also is promised to be declared of her virtuous life (the Lord so permitting), by other who then were about her, I will cease in this matter further to proceed."

LEGENDS OF ST. FRANCIS.

A good idea of the kind of history that was written in the fifteenth century may be obtained by reading the following sketch. It is from the works of William Caxton, the first English printer, who was also an extensive writer and translator of books:

Francis, servant and friend of Almighty God, was born in the city of Assyse, and was made a merchant unto the twenty-fifth year of his age, and wasted his time by living vainly, whom our Lord corrected by the scourge of sickness, and suddenly changed him into another man; so that he began to shine by the spirit of prophecy. For on a time, he, with other men of Peruse, was taken prisoner, and were put in a cruel prison, where all the other wailed and sorrowed, and he only was glad and enjoyed. And when they had reprieved him thereof, he answered, "Know ye," said he, "that I am joyful: for I shall be worshipped as a saint throughout all the world." . . .

On a time as this holy man was in prayer, the devil called him thrice by his own name. And when the holy man had answered him, he said, none in this world is so great a sinner, but if he convert him, our Lord would pardon him; but who that sleeth himself with hard penance, shall never find mercy. And anon, this holy man knew by revelation the fallacy and deceit of the fiend, how he would have withdrawn him fro to do well. And when the devil saw that he might not prevail against him, he tempted him by grievous temptation of the flesh. And when this holy servant of God felt that, he despoiled* his cloaths, and beat himself right hard with an hard cord, saying, "Thus, brother ass, it becometh thee to remain and to be beaten." And when the temptation departed not, he went out and plunged himself in the snow, all naked, and made seven great balls of snow, and purposed to have taken them into his body, and said, "This greatest is thy wife; and these four, two be thy daughters, and two thy sons; and the other

* Took off. † Unto.

twain, that one thy chambrere, and that other thy varlet or yeoman; haste and clothe them: for they all die for cold. And if thy business that thou hast about them, grieve ye sore, then serve our Lord perfectly." And anon, the devil departed from him all confused; and St. Francis returned again unto his cell glorifying God. . . .

He was ennobled in his life by many miracles. . . and the ver/ death, which is to all men horrible and hateful, he admonished them to praise it. And also he warned and admonished death to come to him, and said, "Death, my sister, welcome be you." And when he came at the last hour, he slept in our Lord; of whom a friar saw the soul, in manner of a star, like the moon in quantity, and the sun in clearness.

STORY OF AN ENGLISH MIRACLE.

THE following story of early English history is related by Fabian, an historian of distinction, who died in London in 1512. He prepared, among other works, a collection of such fabulous stories of early English history, which he published under the title of *the Concordance of Stories*. This one is based upon the attempted introduction of Arianism into England, the heresy being favored by King Vortigen, who is referred to in the article:

About this time an heresy, called Arian's heresy, began then to spring up in Britain. For the which, two holy bishops, named Germanus and Lupus, as of Gaufryste is witnessed, came into Britain to reform the king, and all other that erred from the way of truth.

Of this holy man, St. Germain, Vincent Historical saith, that upon an evening when the weather was passing cold, and the snow fell very fast, he axed lodging of the king of Britain, for him and his compeers, which was denied. Then he, after sitting under a bush in the field, the king's herdman passed by, and seeing this bishop with his company sitting in the weather, desired him to his house to take there such poor lodging as he had. Whereof the bishop being glad and fain, yode* unto the house of the said herdman, the which received him with glad cheer. And for him and his company, willed his wife to kill his only calf, and to dress it for his guest's supper; the which was also done. When the holy man had supped, he called to him his hostess, willing and

desiring her, that she should diligently gather together all the bones of the dead calf; and them, so gathered, to wrap together within the skin of the said calf. And then it lay in the stall before the rack near unto the dame. Which done according to the commandment of the holy man, shortly after the calf was restored to life; and forthwith ate hay with the dam at the rack. At which marvel all the house was greatly astonished, and yielded thanking unto Almighty God, and to that holy bishop.

Upon the morrow, this holy bishop took with him the herdman, and yode unto the presence of the king, and axed of him in sharp wise, why that over-night he had denied to him lodging. Where-with the king was so abashed, that he had no power to give unto the holy man answer. Then, St. Germain said to him: "I charge thee, in the name of the Lord God, that thou and thine depart from this palace, and resign it and the rule of thy land to him that is more worthy this room than thou art." The which all thing by power divine was observed and done; and the said herdman, by the holy bishop's authority, was set into the same dignity; of whom after descended all the kings of Britain.

What delightful story tells those old bishops and historians were!

THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

MRS. JOHN ADAMS was in Boston during the famous battle of Bunker Hill, and on the following day wrote a letter to her husband, describing her own feelings and some of the incidents of that great event. This letter and the accompanying accurate illustration of the battle give us a very correct and graphic picture of this terrific engagement:

SUNDAY, June 18th, 1775.

DEAREST FRIEND:—The day—perhaps the decisive day—is come, on which the fate of America depends. My bursting heart must find vent at my pen. I have just heard that our dear friend, Dr. Warren, is no more, but fell gloriously fighting for his country; saying, better to die honorably in the field than ignominiously hung upon the gallows. Great is our loss. He has distinguished himself in every engagement, by his courage and fortitude, by animating the soldiers, and leading them on by his own example. A particular account of these dreadful,

* Rode.

but I hope glorious days will be transmitted to you; no doubt, in the exactest manner.

"The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; but the God of Israel is he that giveth strength and power unto his people. Trust in him at all times, ye people, pour out your hearts before him; God is a refuge for us." Charlestown is laid in ashes. The battle began upon our intrenchments upon Bunker's Hill, Saturday morning about three o'clock, and has not ceased yet, and it is now three o'clock Sabbath afternoon.

It is expected they will come out over the Neck to-night, and a dreadful battle must ensue. Almighty God, cover the heads of our countrymen, and be a shield to our dear friends! How many have fallen, we know not. The constant roar of the cannon is so distressing, that we cannot eat, drink, or sleep. May we be supported and sustained in the dreadful conflict. I shall tarry here till it is thought unsafe by my friends, and then I have secured myself a retreat at your brother's, who has kindly offered me part of his house. I cannot compose myself to write any further at present. I will add more as I hear further.

Tuesday afternoon.—I have been so much agitated that I have not been able to write since Sabbath day. When I say that ten thousand reports are passing, vague and uncertain as the wind, I believe I speak the truth. I am not able to give you any authentic account of last Saturday, but you will not be destitute of intelligence. Colonel Palmer has just sent me word that he has an opportunity of conveyance. Incorrect as this scrawl may be, it shall go. I ardently pray that you may be supported through the arduous task you have before you. I wish I could contradict the report of the Doctor's death; but it is a lamentable truth, and the tears of multitudes pay tribute to his memory; those favorite lines of Collins continually sound in my ears:

"How sleep the brave," etc.

I must close as the Deacon waits. I have not pretended to be particular with regard to what I have heard, because I know you will collect better intelligence. The spirits of the people are very good; the loss of Charlestown affects them no more than a drop of the bucket. I am, most sincerely,

Yours,

PORTIA.

CHARACTER AND PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF RICHARD THE THIRD.

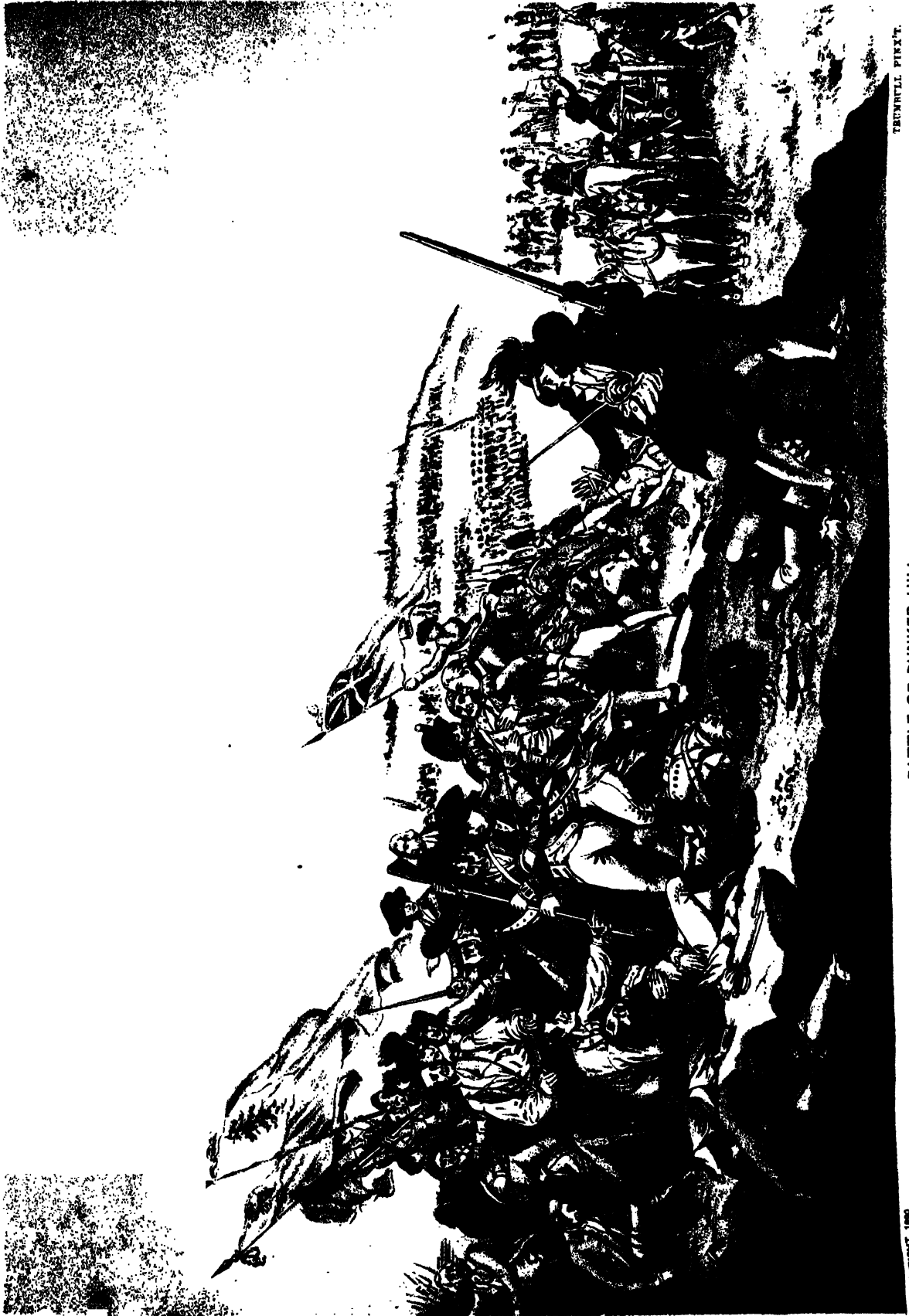
SIR THOMAS MORE gives the following description of the character and personal appearance of Richard III. of England. "Shakespeare evidently followed this description in delineating the character of the deformed monarch:

Richard, the third son, of whom we now entreat, was in wit and courage equal with either of them; in body and prowess, far under them both; little of stature, ill-featured of limbs, crook-backed, his left shoulder much higher than his right, hard-favored of visage. He was malicious, wrathful, envious, and from afore his birth ever froward. It is for truth reported that the duchess his mother had so much ado in her travail, that she could not be delivered of him uncut; and that he came into the world with the feet forward, as men be borne outward; and (as the fame runneth) also not untoothed (whether men of hatred report above the truth, or else that nature changed her course in his beginning, which, in the course of his life, many things unnaturally committed).

None evil captain was he in the war, as to which his disposition was more meetly than for peace. Sundry victories had he, and sometimes overthrows, but never in default for his own person, either of hardiness or politic order. Free was he called of dispense, and somewhat above his power liberal. With large gifts he get him unsteadfast friendship, for which he was fain to pil and spoil in other places, and get him stedfast hatred. He was close and secret; a deep dissimuler, lowly of countenance, arrogant of heart; outwardly unpainable where he inwardly hated, not letting to kiss whom he thought to kill; dispiteous and cruel, not for evil will alway, but oftener for ambition, and either for the surety and increase of his estate. Friend and foe was indifferent, where his advantage grew; he spared no man's death whose life withstood his purpose. He slew with his own hands King Henry VI., being prisoner in the Tower.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

SIR THOMAS MORE'S enduring fame rests principally upon the fact that he was the author of Utopia. He was born in London in 1480, and beheaded at the Tower July 6th, 1535. He was educated at Oxford College, where he



BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

TEDEWILL PINT.

formed a friendship with the distinguished Erasmus that lasted through life. On leaving Oxford he studied law at New Inn and Lincoln's Inn, London, but subsequently manifested a predilection for a monastic life. Falling in love, however, with a young lady, a daughter of a Mr. Colt, of Essex, he abandoned his monastic ideas and resolved on marriage. Mr. Colt had two daughters, and More's preference was for the younger, but when he considered the slight and consequent grief to the elder sister if the younger were preferred to her in marriage, he gallantly resolved to disregard his own feelings, and accordingly

with nervous fits, broke out into ravings; and she and her parish priest asserted that she was an inspired prophetess. She was subsequently induced to take the veil at Canterbury, for the sake of additional effect, after which, through the influence of her spiritual adviser, she delivered prophecies against the reformation and particularly against Henry VIII., on account of his proposed divorce from Queen Catharine. This led to her arrest, in 1533, and after having made a confession of conspiracy in December of that year, she and four of her accomplices were convicted and beheaded at Tyburn on the 6th of March following.



THE LAST MEETING BETWEEN SIR THOMAS MORE AND HIS DAUGHTER.

married the elder sister instead of the one he loved. She proved to be a sour-tempered woman, and it required considerable effort on his part to sustain peace in his family.

After the accession of Henry VIII. he was prominently employed in public affairs, where he gained the ill-will of the king by refusing to sanction the latter's efforts to secure a divorce from Queen Catharine. About the same time he was implicated in the imposture of Elizabeth Barton, the nun of Kent, whom he believed to be inspired. This woman was a servant, who, when seized

The king's vengeance against Sir Thomas More was not long delayed. Numerous charges were pressed against him, and he was condemned to be beheaded. On his way to the Tower an incident occurred which has been immortalized by painters and poets. It was the last meeting between himself and his beloved daughter. The interview took place at the entrance of the Tower gateway, and is thus described by Roper in his life of Sir Thomas More:

"Thare tarryinge his conmyng, as soone as she sawe him, after his blessings uppon her knees

reverentlie received, she hastinge towards him, without consideracion or care of her selfe, pressinge in amongst the midst of the thronge and companie of the garde that with halbarde and bills went round about him, hastily raune to him, and theare openly in sight of them imbraced him and took him about the neck and kissed him. Who well likinge her most naturall and deere daughterlie affection towards him, gave her his fatherlie blessinge and manie godlie words of comfort besides."

On the morning of his execution Sir Thomas dressed himself in his most elaborate costume, as if he were about to attend some pleasant gathering; he preserved his composure to the last, and, as the fatal stroke was about to fall, signed for a moment's delay, while he moved aside his beard, murmuring: "Pity that should be cut: that has not committed treason."

The following letter from Sir Thomas to his wife, on the occasion of learning about the burning of some barns belonging to himself and neighbors, will be read with interest, as an indication of the character of the man and the customs of those ancient times:

Mistress Alice, in my most heartywise I recommend me to you. And whereas I am informed by my son Heron of the loss of our barns and our neighbours' also, with all the corn that was therein, albeit (saving God's pleasure) it is great pity of so much good corn lost; yet since it has liked him to send us such a chance, we must and are bounden, not only to be content, but also to be glad of his visitation. He sent us all that we have lost; and since he hath by such a chance taken it away again, his pleasure be fulfilled! Let us never grudge thereat, but take it in good worth, and heartily thank him, as well for adversity as for prosperity. And peradventure we have more cause to thank him for our loss than for our winning, for his wisdom better seeth what is good for us than we do ourselves. Therefore, I pray you be of good cheer, and take all the household with you to church, and there thank God, both for what he has given us, and for that he has taken from us, and for that he hath left us; which, if it please him, he can increase when he will, and if it please him to leave us yet less, at his pleasure be it!

I pray you to make some good onsearch what my poor neighbours have lost, and bid them take

no thought therefor; for, if I should not leave myself a spoon, there shall be no poor neighbour of mine bear no loss by my chance, happened in my house. I pray you be, with my children and your household, merry in God; and devise somewhat with your friends what way were best to take, for provision to be made for corn for our household, and for seed this year coming, if we think it good that we keep the ground still in our hands. And whether we think it good that we so shall do or not, yet I think it were not best suddenly thus to leave it all up, and to put away our folk from our farm, till we have somewhat advised us thereon. Howbeit, if we have more now than ye shall need, and which can get them other masters, ye may then discharge us of them. But I would not that any man were suddenly sent away, he wot not whither.

At my coming hither, I perceived none other but that I should tarry still with the king's grace. But now I shall, I think, because of this chance, get leave this next week to come home and see you, and then shall we further devise together upon all things, what order shall be the best to take.

And thus as heartily fare you well, with all our children, as ye can wish. At Woodstock, the third day of September, by the hand of

THOMAS MORE.

THE BLACK DEATH OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

STRANGELY enough, this great pestilence, which desolated Europe, Asia, and Africa, and of which the people of those countries still preserve many gloomy traditions, has not been considered by the leading historians of sufficient importance to deserve more than a passing notice. It destroyed more people in the space of fifteen years than have been killed in all the battles of Europe since the days of the Roman Empire, and it exercised a greater influence upon western civilization than any other single event. It was an oriental plague, marked by inflammatory boils and tumors of the glands; and from the black spots, indicatory of a putrid decomposition, which appeared upon the skin, it was called in Germany and in the northern kingdoms of Europe, the *Black Death*, and in Italy, *la mortolya grande*, the *Great Mortality*.

In many cases black spots broke out all over the

body, either single, or united and confluent. In others, boils and blisters appeared on various parts

of the body, emitting an exceedingly offensive odor. Many patients became stupefied, and fell into a deep sleep, losing also their speech from palsy of the tongue; others remained sleepless and without rest. The fauces and tongue were black, as if suffused with blood. Nothing could assuage their burning thirst, so that their sufferings continued without alleviation until terminated by death, which many hastened with their own hands. Contagion was evident: the organs of respiration were seized with a putrid inflammation, accompanied by violent pains in the chest; blood was expectorated, and the breath diffused a pestilential odor.

The plague raged in Avignon for six or eight weeks, and the pestilential breath of the sick caused a terrible contagion far and near; for even the vicinity of those who fell

ill was certain death, so that parents abandoned their infected children, and all the ties of kindred



THE "BLACK DEATH" IN AVIGNON, FRANCE.

were dissolved. The plague appeared twice in Avignon, first in 1348, from January to August,

and again twelve years later, in the autumn. The first time it raged principally among the poor, but in 1360 more among the higher classes.

During the second visitation it also destroyed a great many children, whom it had formerly spared, and but few women.

In Florence, Italy, the fatality was incredible. Boccaccio, the author, was an eye-witness of its ravages, and he gives a lively description of the progress and fearful havoc of the disease. It commenced here with bleeding of the nose, a sure sign of inevitable death. Tumors and boils, varying in circumference to the size of an apple or an egg, and called by the people "pest-boils," also appeared indiscriminately over all parts of the body, and black or blue spots came out on the arms and thighs, or on other parts, either single and large, or small and in thickly studded patches.

The plague spread itself with great fury, communicating from the sick to the healthy like fire among dry and oily fuel; even contact with the clothes and other articles used by the sick seemed to induce the disease. Not only human beings, but animals fell sick and shortly expired, if they but touched articles belonging to the sick or dead. Boccaccio relates that he saw two hogs tearing the clothes of a person who had died of the plague, and after staggering about a while they fell down dead, as if they had taken poison. In other places multitudes of cats, dogs, fowls and other animals fell victims to the contagion.

The plague came from France in a northern direction from Avignon, and was there more destructive than it had been in Italy and Germany. It is asserted that in many places not more than two in twenty of the inhabitants survived. Many were struck as if by lightning, dying on the spot; and this more frequently among the young and strong than among the old or feeble. Even the eyes of patients were considered as sources of contagion by the superstitious people of that age. Flight from infected cities seldom availed the fearful, for the germ of the disease adhered to them, and they died by thousands along the highways, and in the fields and other lonely places, remote from sympathy or help, until the whole land became offensive with putrefying dead bodies.

The disease first appeared in England through the county of Dorset, from whence it advanced with great rapidity through the counties of Devon

and Somerset, to Bristol, and thence reached Gloucester, Oxford and London. So terrible were its ravages that throughout the land not more than a tenth part of the inhabitants remained alive.

From England the contagion was carried by a ship to Bergen, Norway, where the plague broke out in its most frightful form, with vomiting of blood. The sailors found no refuge in their ships; and vessels were often seen driving about on the ocean or drifting on shore, whose crews had perished to the last man.

During the middle ages people lived principally in closely built and densely populated cities, totally unsupplied with the sanitary conveniences of modern times. Their houses were narrowly built, kept in a wretchedly filthy state, and surrounded with stagnant ditches, as a means of defence in time of war. There was little or no medical science, and the people were densely ignorant and superstitious, regarding everything that was mysterious or in the nature of a calamity as a visitation from God. These conditions had much to do with the spread and fatality of the pestilence, and made it far more tenacious and stubborn.

Terrible Convulsions of the Earth.

But there were also other causes of a most alarming character, in the mighty revolutions of the internal organism of the earth, commencing just previous to the first appearance of the plague and continuing for some years. These remarkable facts have been almost totally neglected by historians, who have preferred to devote their talents to describing the intrigues of princes and the petty wars of those barbarous times. From China to the Atlantic the foundations of the earth were shaken; throughout Asia and Europe the atmosphere was in commotion, and endangered, by its baleful influence, both animal and vegetable life. In 1333, fifteen years before the plague broke out in Europe, a parching drought, accompanied by famine, commenced in the tract of country watered by the rivers Kiang and Hoai. This was followed by such violent torrents of rain that, according to traditions, more than four hundred thousand people perished in the floods. Finally the mountain Tsin-cheon fell in, and vast clefts were formed in the earth. In the succeeding year the neighborhood of Canton was visited by inunda-

tions; while in Tche, after an unexampled drought, a plague arose which is said to have carried off the almost incredible number of five millions of people. Soon afterward the mountains of Ki-ming-chan fell in, and a lake more than three hundred miles in circumference was formed in their stead, where thousands of other human beings found a watery grave. The elements were in a fearful riot, and death prevailed on all sides. In Hon-konang and Ho-nan a drought prevailed for five months; innumerable swarms of locusts destroyed vegetation, while famine and pestilence, as usual, followed in their train. It is estimated that in China alone over fifteen millions of people were destroyed by these various calamities and the pestilence, between 1333 and 1347. According to Chinese government annals about four millions of people perished of famine in the neighborhood of Kiang in the single year of 1337; while deluges, swarms of locusts, and an earthquake that lasted six days, caused incredible devastation. In 1338 Kingsai was visited by an earthquake of ten days' duration. In 1343 the mountain of Hong-tchang fell in, causing a destructive deluge; and in the provinces of Pien-ptcheon and Liang-tcheon, after three months of pouring rain, there followed inundations which destroyed seven large cities, besides thousands of people inhabiting the adjacent country districts. These earthquakes and remarkable atmospheric disturbances, accompanied by subterraneous thunder, continued in China and portions of Egypt and Syria, until 1348, when they gradually subsided.

Simultaneously with these dreadful disasters in the East, many uncommon atmospheric phenomena took place in the north of France, and in other portions of Europe. Fearful thunder-storms occurred in the midst of winter, and in the Rhine regions there were great floods which could not be attributed to rain alone; for everywhere, even on the tops of mountains, springs were seen to burst forth, and dry tracts of land became submerged in water in an inexplicable manner.

On the island of Cyprus the plague from the East had already broken out, when an earthquake shook the very foundations of the island, accompanied by a frightful hurricane that laid waste the country and destroyed thousands of lives. The sea overflowed its barriers, ships were dashed to pieces on the rocks, and few outlived the terrific

events whereby this fertile and blooming island was converted into a desert. Before the earthquake, a pestiferous wind spread so poisonous an odor that many, being overpowered by it, fell down suddenly and expired in dreadful agonies. There were also many locusts which had been blown into the sea by the hurricane, and afterward cast dead upon the shores, producing a noxious and deadly exhalation. A dense and awful fog was seen in the heavens rising in the east and settling upon Italy. This fog or mist was accompanied by a stinking odor, which carried contagion with it and rapidly spread the pestilence. In thousands of places chasms were formed, from whence arose noxious vapors; and as in those times natural occurrences were transformed into miracles, it was asserted that a fiery meteor which descended on the earth far in the East had destroyed everything within a circumference of more than three hundred miles, infecting the air far and wide. Vast river districts were converted into swamps, and foul vapors arose everywhere, increased by the odors of putrefied locusts, which came in such dense swarms as to darken the sun. Decaying corpses, which, even in the best-regulated countries of Europe, they knew not how to remove quickly enough out of the sight of the living, festered in the streets, in the deserted houses, and along the highways, adding their poisons to the foul and stinking atmosphere that was everywhere loaded with death.

The earthquake shocks frequently continued for a week, or even two weeks, without intermission, during which people experienced an unusual stupor and headache, and many fainted away. These earthquakes recurred at frequent intervals, throughout all the countries of Europe, until 1360, when they gradually ceased.

Great and extraordinary meteors appeared in many places, doubtless caused by the putrid condition of the atmosphere, but they were regarded with superstitious horror by the ignorant people of those times. A pillar of fire, which on the 20th of December, 1348, remained for an hour at sunrise over the Pope's palace at Avignon; a fire-ball, which, in August of the same year, was seen at sunset hanging in the heavens over the city of Paris, and was distinguished from similar phenomena by its longer duration, not to mention other instances of a startling character mixed up with

wonderful prophecies and omens, are recorded in the chronicles of that age. No wonder, therefore, that the superstitious people were greatly alarmed, or that they imagined the end of the world to be near at hand. Such startling phenomena, occurring even in our own times, would naturally make a profound impression upon the minds of men, and cause the timid to tremble with apprehensions of unknown and unspeakable

bake-houses were erected, from which, during a single month of April, ninety-four thousand loaves of bread were distributed to the famishing people. Children died of hunger in their mothers' arms, and want, misery, and despair were general throughout Christendom.

Horrors that Attended upon the Plague.

Such were the terrific events which took place just before the eruption of the Black Death in



THE PESTILENCE IN VIENNA.

horrors. It seemed as if all the vials of wrath were being emptied at once upon our devoted planet.

The order of the seasons appeared to be inverted—rain, floods, and failures in crops were so general, that few places were exempt from them. In Italy a rain continued incessantly for four months, destroying all the seeds, and producing a distressing famine. In Florence, in 1347, large

Europe. The people were yet but little civilized. The Church had indeed subdued them; but they all suffered from the ill-consequences of their original rudeness. The cities were fortresses for their own defence; highwaymen and marauders openly plied their occupations of rapine and robbery, and boldly encamped on the roads; the husbandman was a slave, without possessions of his own, and subject to the whims of ignorant

to cruel masters; witches and heretics were ~~dead~~ ^{died} alive; wild passions, severity, and cruelty everywhere predominated. Human life was little regarded, and the rulers did not concern themselves about their subjects, whom they considered as chattels or slaves.

Careful estimates place the number of people who perished from the plague and its attendant horrors, in China, Europe, and Asia, at 23,840,000! At Lubeck, at that time the Venice of the north, the citizens were thrown into such consternation on the appearance of the plague that they destroyed themselves as if in a frenzy. Riches were no longer regarded. The superstitious people carried their treasures to the churches and monasteries and laid them on the altar; but gold had no charms for the monks, for it brought them death. They closed their gates to shut out the contagion; yet still the infected wealth was cast to them over the convent walls. People would brook no impediment to the last pious offerings to which they were driven in despair.

The churchyards were unable to contain the dead, and many houses, left without inhabitants, fell into ruins. The pope consecrated the Rhone, in order that the dead might be thrown into it without delay, as there was no longer any room for them in the churchyards. In all populous cities extraordinary means were adopted for the disposal of the dead. At Vienna the interment of corpses in the church and churchyards was prohibited; and corpses were then arranged in layers by thousands, in six large pits outside the city; yet still many were secretly buried, for at all times the people are attached to the consecrated cemeteries of their dead, and will not renounce the customary mode of interment.

In many places it was rumored that plague patients were buried alive, as may sometimes happen through senseless alarm and indecent haste; and thus the horror of the distressed people was everywhere increased. At London, in one burial ground alone, upwards of 50,000 corpses were disposed of, arranged in layers in large pits.

Scotland would perhaps have escaped had not the Scots availed themselves of the discomfiture of the English, to make an irruption into their territory, which terminated in the destruction of their army by the pestilence and the sword, and the extension of the plague, through those who escaped, over the whole country.

At the commencement, there was in England a superabundance of all the necessities of life; but the plague, which seemed then to be the sole disease, was soon accompanied by a fatal murrain among the cattle. Wandering about without herdsman, they fell by thousands; and it was observed that the birds and beasts of prey, warned by their instinct of self-preservation, would not touch them. It is supposed that the murrain originated from communication with the plague patients, as it did not appear until after the commencement of the Black Death, and in some respects it resembled that terrible distemper. The destruction of the cattle, and the neglect of the harvests occasioned by the sickness among the people, soon produced a great scarcity of provisions, and famine, in its most dreaded aspects, for many months threatened the people of England.

When the plague ceased, men thought they were still wandering among the dead, so appalling was the livid aspect of the survivors, in consequence of the anxiety they had undergone, the lack of proper food, and the infection of the air.

Immediately after the cessation of the pestilence, the monastic orders received large accessions from the ignorant laymen, who having lost their wives, sought to participate in the respectability of the priesthood and the rich heritages which came to the churches from all quarters. Many disorderly and disreputable characters were thus admitted to the sacred office, and thereby brought great discredit upon the Church.

In 1350 Pope Clement VI. cited the faithful to Rome in celebration of the jubilee. The large bodies of people that gathered in obedience to this summons, caused a new eruption of the plague, from which it is said that scarcely one in a hundred of the pilgrims escaped. Italy was, in consequence, depopulated anew, and those who returned spread poison and corruption of morals in all directions.

The inhabitants of Iceland and Greenland found, in the coldness of their inhospitable climate, no protection against the southern enemy. The plague caused great havoc among them. It also spread to Denmark and Norway, where the people became so occupied with their misery that their accustomed voyages to Greenland ceased. The convulsion of the earth, and changes in its conformation, caused towering icebergs to form on

the coast of East Greenland, and no mortal, from that time to the present day, has ever seen that shore or its inhabitants. They were suddenly and irrevocably cut off from communication with the rest of mankind. This is a remarkable fact, and some northern explorer may yet make a discovery of these lost people, who, having had no opportunity to make any progress, shall astonish the world by exhibiting to us in all their details the manners and customs of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

After the cessation of the plague, a great fertility in women was everywhere remarkable—a phenomenon which, from its occurrence after every destructive pestilence, sustains our belief in a higher power, governing and directing everything for the good of mankind and the increase of the world's population. Marriages were, almost without exception, very prolific, and double and treble births were more frequent than at other times. It is also asserted that children born after the "great mortality," had fewer teeth than before, a phenomenon which greatly shocked the people of those times. This leads us to conclude that there may be some ground for the predictions of the dentists, that we are gradually advancing toward that condition when we shall have no teeth whatever. Writers of that period claim that children born before the Black Death had twenty-eight deciduous teeth, while since that time the usual number is only twenty. We doubt the truth of this statement, for the world then believed in miracles and marvels, and it readily accepted the belief that the plague had caused an imperfection in the human body. We presume the matter could be easily determined by an examination of the mummy of some ancient Egyptian child.

Finally, when the plague had disappeared, the people gradually consoled themselves for the sufferings they had endured; the dead were soon forgotten, and in the stirring vicissitudes of existence the world belonged to the living.

LIFE AMONG THE ENGLISH YEOMEN IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

THIS extract from a sermon by Bishop Latimer gives a good idea of how the common people of England lived in the early part of the sixteenth century:

My father was a yeoman, and had no lands of his own, only he had a farm of £3 or £4 by year

at the uttermost, and hereupon he tilled so much as kept half a dozen men. He had walk for an hundred sheep, and my mother milked thirty kine. He was able, and did find the king a harness, with himself and his horse, while he came to the place that he should receive the king's wages. I can remember that I buckled his harness when he went to Blackheath field. He kept me to school, or else I had not been able to have preached before the king's majesty now. He married my sisters with £5 or 20 nobles a-piece, so that he brought them up in godliness and fear of God. He kept hospitality for his poor neighbours. And also alms he gave to the poor, and all this did he of the said farm. Where he that now hath it, payeth £16 by the year, or more, and is not able to do any thing for his prince, for himself, nor for his children, or give a cup of drink to the poor.

In my time my poor father was as diligent to teach me to shoot, as to learn me any other thing, and so I think other men did their children: he taught me how to draw, how to lay my body in my bow, and not to draw with strength of arms as divers other nations do but with strength of body. I had my bows brought me according to my age and strength; as I increased in them, so my bows were made bigger and bigger, for men shall never shoot well, except they be brought up in it; it is a worthy game, a wholesome kind of exercise, and much commended in physick.

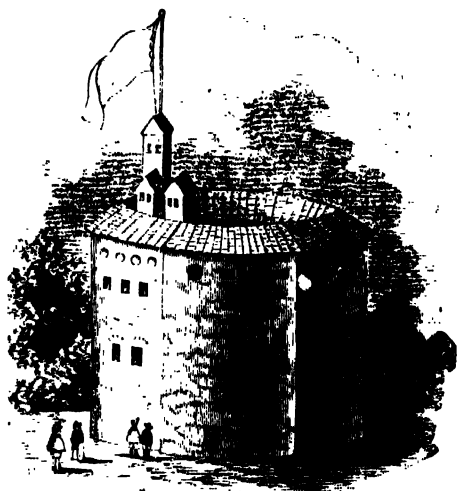
Latimer was tried for heresy and executed at the stake October 16, 1555. To hasten his death, gunpowder was fastened about his body, and upon its explosion with the first flame, he died instantly. This was regarded as a special act of clemency in those barbarous days.

THEATRES IN THE TIME OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

THE first regularly licensed theatre in London was opened at Blackfriars in 1576; and in ten years, it is mentioned by Secretary Walsingham, that there were two hundred players in and near the metropolis. This was probably an exaggeration, but it is certain that there were five public theatres open about the commencement of Shakspeare's career, and special private or select establishments. Curiosity is naturally excited to learn something of the structure and appearance of the buildings in which his immortal dramas first saw light, and where he unwillingly made

himself a "motley to the view," in his character of actor. The theatres were constructed of wood, of a circular form, open to the weather, excepting over the stage, which was covered with a thatched roof. Outside, on the roof, a flag was hoisted during the time of performance, which commenced at three o'clock, at the third *sounding* or flourish of trumpets. The cavaliers and fair dames of the court of Elizabeth sat in boxes below the gallery, or were accommodated with stools on the stage, where some of the young gallants also threw themselves at length on the rush-strewn floor, while their pages handed them pipes and tobacco, then a fashionable and highly-prized luxury. The middle classes were crowded in the pit, or *yard*, which was not furnished with seats. Moveable scenery was first introduced by Davenant, after the Restoration, but rude imitations of towers, woods, animals, or furniture, served to illustrate the scene. To point out the place of action, a board containing the name, painted or written in large letters, was hung out during the performance. Anciently, an allegorical exhibition, called the *Dumb Show*, was exhibited before every act, and gave an outline of the action or circumstances to follow. Shakspeare has preserved this peculiarity in the play acted before the king and queen in Hamlet; but he never employs it in his own dramas. Such machinery, indeed, would be incompatible with the increased action of the stage, when the miracle plays had given place to the "pomp and circumstance" of historical dramas, and the bustling liveliness of comedy. The chorus was longer retained, and appears in Marlow's *Faustus*, and in Henry VI. Actresses were not seen on the stage till after the Restoration, and the female parts were played by boys, or delicate looking young men. This may perhaps palliate the grossness of some of the language put into the mouths of females in the old plays, while it serves to point out still more clearly the depth of that innate sense of beauty and excellence which prompted the exquisite pictures of loveliness and perfection in Shakspeare's female characters. At the end of each performance, the clown or buffoon actor of the company, recited or sung a rhyming medley called a *jig*, in which he contrived to introduce satirical allusions to public men or events; and before dismissing the audience, the actors knelt in front of the stage, and offered up a prayer for the queen! Reviewing these rude arrange-

ments of the old theatres, Mr. Dyce happily remarks—"What a contrast between the almost total want of scenery in those days, and the splendid representations of external nature in our modern playhouses! Yet perhaps the decline of



THEATRE IN WHICH SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS
WERE FIRST PRODUCED.

the drama may in a great measure be attributed to this improvement. The attention of an audience is now directed rather to the efforts of the painter than to those of the actor, who is lost amid the marvellous effects of light and shade on our gigantic stage."

A BRAVE WOMAN.

ON the twenty seventh of January, 1796, a party of Indians killed George Mason, on Flat Creek, about twelve miles from Knoxville, Tennessee. During the night, he heard a noise at his stable, and stepped out to ascertain the cause, and the Indians, coming between him and the door, intercepted his return. He fled, but was fired upon, and wounded. He reached a cave, a quarter of a mile from his house, out of which, already weltering in his blood, he was dragged and murdered. Having done this, they returned to the house, to despatch his wife and children. Mrs. Mason, unconscious of the fate of her husband, heard them talking to each other as they approached the house. At first, she was delighted with the hope that her neighbours, aroused by the firing, had come to her assistance. But, perceiving that the conversation was neither in English nor German, the language of her neigh-

bours, she instantly inferred that they were savages, coming to attack the house.

The heroine had, that very morning, learned how the double trigger of a rifle was set. Fortunately, the children were not awakened by the firing; and she took care not to awaken them. She shut the door, and barred it with benches and tables, and took down the well-charged rifle of her husband. She placed herself directly opposite the opening which would be made by forcing the door. Her husband came not, and she was too well aware that he was slain. She was alone, in the darkness. The yelling savages were without, pressing upon the house. She took counsel from her own magnanimity, heightened by affection for her children, that were sleeping unconsciously around her. The Indians, pushing with great violence, gradually opened the door sufficiently wide to attempt an entrance. The body of one was thrust into the opening, and just filled it. He was struggling for admittance. Two or three more, directly behind him, were propelling him forward. She set the trigger of the rifle, put the muzzle near the body of the foremost, and in such a direction that the ball, after passing through his body, would penetrate those behind. She fired. The first Indian fell. The next one uttered the scream of mortal agony. This intrepid woman saw the policy of profound silence. She observed it. The Indians, in consequence, were led to believe that armed men were in the house. They withdrew, took three horses from the stable, and set it on fire. It was afterwards ascertained that this high-minded widow had saved herself and her children from the attack of twenty-five assailants!

INTERESTING INCIDENT OF OUR NATIONAL HISTORY.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, having brought the war of the Revolution to an honorable close, retired to private life. On the adoption of the federal constitution, he was twice unanimously elected to preside as chief magistrate; when, at the end of eight years, he voluntarily resigned, and returned to his estate on Mount Vernon. John Adams, a memorable patriot of the Revolution, was chosen by the suffrage of the people to succeed him as President of the United States; and his inauguration took place in the hall of Congress, south-east corner of Sixth and Chest-

nut streets, Philadelphia, 4th March, 1797. At an early hour, the lobbies and gallery were well "wedged" with spectators. The floor of the house was occupied by the members, ladies, and other privileged persons, as on all similar occasions, who silently and anxiously waited the coming scene. On that day, Thomas Jefferson was to appear as Vice-President, and George Washington a private citizen. The first novelty that presented itself was the entrance of the Spanish minister, (the Marquis Yrugo,) in full diplomatic costume. He was of middle size, of round person, florid complexion, and hair powdered like a snowball—dark striped silk coat, lined with satin, white waistcoat, black silk breeches, white silk stockings, shoes and buckles—he had by his side an elegant hilted small sword, and his "chapeau," tipped with white feathers, under his arm. Thus decorated, he crossed the floor of the hall with the most easy nonchalance possible, and an occasional side toss of the head, (to him habitual,) to his appointed place. He was viewed by the audience for a short time in curious silence. He had scarcely adjusted himself in his chair, when the attention of the audience was roused by the word "Washington," near the door of the entrance. The word flew like lightning through the assembly, and the subsequent varied shouts of enthusiasm produced immediately such a sound as

"When loud surges lash the sounding shore."

It was an unexpected and instantaneous expression of "simultaneous" feeling, which made the hall tremble. Occasionally, the word "Washington! Washington!" might be heard like guns in a storm. He entered in the midst, and crossed the floor at "quick step," as if eager to escape notice, and seated himself quickly on his chair, near "the Marquis Yrugo," who rose up at his entrance, as if startled by the uncommon scene. He was dressed similarly to all the full-length portraits of him, hair full-powdered, with black silk rose and bag'pendent behind, as then was usual for elderly gentlemen of the "old school." But on those portraits, one who had never seen Washington might look in vain for that benign expression of countenance possessed by him, and only sufficiently perceptible in the lithographic bust of Rembrandt Peale to cause "a feeling," as Judge Peters, in his certificate to the painter, expresses it. The burst at the entrance-door had now subsided, when the word "Jefferson!"

again electrified the audience into another explosion of feeling, similar to the first, but abated in force and energy. He entered, dressed in a long blue frock-coat, single-breasted, and buttoned down to the waist—light, sandy hair, very slightly powdered, and tied with black ribbon a long way down his back; tall, of benign aspect, and straight as an arrow; he bent not, but, with an erect gait, moved leisurely to his seat, near Washington, and sat down. Silence again ensued.

Presently, an increased bustle near the door of the entrance, and the words, "President!" "President Adams!" again produced an explosion of feeling similar to those that had preceded, but again diminished, *by repetition*, in its force and energy. He was dressed in a suit of light drab cloth, his hair well powdered, with rose and bag, like that of Washington. He passed slowly on, bowing on each side, till he reached the "speaker's chair," on which he sat down. Again a deep silence prevailed, in the midst of which he rose, and bowing round to the audience three times, varying his position each time—he then read his inaugural address, in the course of which he alluded to, and, at the same time, bowed to his predecessor, which was returned from Washington, who, with the members of Congress, were all standing. When he had finished, he sat down; after a short pause, he rose up, and, bowing round as before, he descended from the chair, and passed out with acclamation. Washington and Jefferson remained, standing together, and the bulk of the audience watching their movements in cautious silence. Presently, with a graceful motion of the hand, Washington invited the Vice-President, Jefferson, to pass on before him, which was declined by Mr. Jefferson. After a pause, an invitation to proceed was repeated by Washington, when the Vice-President passed on towards the door, and Washington after him. A rush for the street now commenced, and the next view of Washington, the "beheld of all beholders," was on the north side of Chestnut street, going down, with the crowd after him, and Timothy Pickering on his right, to "Francis's Hotel," on a visit of congratulation to the President elect. On his arrival at the hotel, in Fourth street, above Chestnut, they passed in, and the door was closely "wedged in" with people desirous of beholding, to the last, the

person of Washington, now passing away from them, and to be seen by them no more forever. When the door closed, another explosion of feeling from the assembled throng produced a sound like thunder. The effect was such that the door of the hotel again opened, and again Washington, (to them) "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," stood *uncovered* before them. A deep silence ensued. He then bowed three times to the spectators, varying his position each time, which was returned with a shout by the crowd, and a clapping of hands. Having done so, he slowly retired, seemingly in much agitation, within the door, and the grateful assembly gradually disappeared.

ANECDOTE ATTRIBUTED TO JOHN ADAMS.

BEFORE our country took a stand among the nations of Europe, and while we were suffering by depredations on every hand, the venerable John Adams remarked, that the situation of the United States reminded him of the condition of Daniel Defoe's game-cock—who, on being in a stable with a number of horses, exclaimed, "*Take care, gentlemen; don't let us tread upon one another!*"

EMMETT'S LAST INTERVIEW WITH THE WOMAN HE LOVED.

THE evening before his death, while the workmen were busy with the scaffold, a young lady was ushered into his dungeon. It was the girl whom he so fondly loved, and who had now come to bid him her eternal farewell. He was leaning, in a melancholy mood, against the window-frame of his prison, and the heavy clanking of his irons smote dismally on her heart. The interview was bitterly affecting, and melted even the callous soul of the jailer. As for Emmett, he wept and spoke little; but, as he pressed his beloved in silence to his bosom, his countenance betrayed his emotions. In a low voice, half-choked by anguish, he besought her not to forget him; he reminded her of their former happiness, of the long-past days of their childhood, and concluded by requesting her sometimes to visit the scenes where their infancy was spent, and, though the world might repeat his name with scorn, to cling to his memory with affection. At this very instant, the evening bell pealed from the neighbor-

ing church. Emmett started at the sound! and as he felt that this was the last time he should ever hear its dismal echoes, he folded his beloved still closer to his heart, and bent over her sinking form with eyes streaming with affection. The turnkey entered at the moment; ashamed of his weakness, he dashed the rising drop from his eye, and a frown again lowered on his countenance. The man, meanwhile, approached to tear the lady from his embraces. Overcome by his feelings, he could make no resistance; but, as he gloomily released her from his hold, gave her a little miniature of himself, and, with this parting token of attachment, he imprinted the last kisses of a dying man upon her lips. On gaining the door, she turned round, as if to gaze once more on the object of her widowed love. He caught her eye as she retired—it was but for a moment; the dungeon-door swung back upon its hinges; and as it closed after her, informed him too surely, that they had met for the last time on earth.

NAPOLEON AND THE COAT OF MAIL.

JUST before Napoleon set out for the court of Belgium, he sent to the cleverest artisan of his class in Paris, and demanded of him whether he would engage to make a coat of mail, to be worn under the ordinary dress, which should be absolutely bullet-proof; and that if so, he might name his own price for such a work. The man engaged to make the desired object, if allowed proper time, and he named eighteen thousand francs as the price of it. The bargain was concluded, and in due time the work was produced, and its maker honored with a second audience of the emperor. "Now," said his imperial majesty, "put it on." The man did so. "As I am to stake my life on its efficacy, *you* will, I suppose, have no objections to do the same." And he took a brace of pistols, and prepared to discharge one of them at the breast of the astonished artisan. There was no retreating, however, and, half-dead with fear, he stood the fire, and, to the infinite credit of his work, with perfect impunity. But the emperor was not content with *one* trial: he fired the second pistol at the back of the trembling artisan, and afterwards discharged a fowling piece at another part of him, with similar effect. "Well," said the emperor, "you have produced a capital work, undoubtedly:—what is the price of it?" "Eighteen thousand francs were named as

the agreed sum." "There is an order for them," said the emperor, "and here is another, for an equal sum, for the fright that I have given you."

GENERAL PUTNAM'S IDEA OF DUELLING.

THIS brave old soldier and hero of many battles was opposed to duelling on principle. He justly regarded it as a barbarous and cowardly practice. On a certain occasion he unintentionally affronted a brother officer, and was called to account for it. The dispute arose at a wine-table, and the officer demanded instant reparation. Putnam, being a little elevated, expressed his willingness to accommodate the gentleman with a fight; and it was stipulated that the duel should take place on the following morning, and that they should fight without seconds. At the appointed time, the officer advanced to the ground, armed with sword and pistols. On entering the field, Putnam, who had taken a stand at the opposite extremity, and at a distance of about thirty rods, levelled his musket, and fired at him. The gentleman now ran towards his antagonist, who deliberately proceeded to reload his gun.

"What are you about to do?" exclaimed he: "Is this the conduct of an American officer and a man of honor?"

"What are *you* about to do?" exclaimed the general, attending only to the first question; "A pretty question to put to a man whom you intended to murder. I'm about to kill you, and if you don't beat a retreat in less time than 'twould take old Heath to hang a Tory, you are a gone dog;" at the same time returning his ramrod to its place, and throwing the breech of his gun into the hollow of his shoulder.

This intimation was too unequivocal to be misunderstood, and our valorous duellist turned and fled for life.

SINGULAR INCIDENT ABOUT MAJ. ANDRE.

IT is certainly a very singular circumstance that Andre should, in a very satirical poem, have foretold his own fate. It was called the "*Cow Chase*," and was published by Rivington, at New York, in consequence of the failure of an expedition undertaken by Wayne for the purpose of collecting cattle. Great liberties are taken with the American officers employed on the occasion,—with

Harry Lee, and his dragoons, and Proctor with his cannon.

But the point of his irony seemed particularly aimed at *Wayne*, whose entire baggage, he asserts, was taken, containing

His Congress dollars and his prog,
His military speeches;
His cornstalk whiskey for his grog,
Black stockings and blue breeches.

And concludes by observing, that it is necessary to check the current of satire.

Lest the same warrior-drover Wayne
Should catch—and hang the poet.

He was actually taken by a party from the division of the army immediately under the command of Wayne.

WESTERN HOSPITALITY.

MR. OGILVIE, formerly so well known in Virginia as a supporter of the Godwenian philosophy, conceiving a vehement desire to see the Western country, set off from Richmond, for Lexington, in Kentucky. It was in the month of October, after a most lonely and wearisome day's ride, that, a little before sunset, he came to a small cabin on the road, and, fearing he should find no other opportunity of procuring refreshment for himself and his jaded horse, he stopped and inquired if he could be accommodated for the night. An old woman, the only person he saw, civilly answering him in the affirmative, he gladly alighted, and going in to a tolerable fire, enjoyed the luxury of rest, while his hostess was discharging the duties of ostler and cook. In no long time, she set before him a supper of comfortable, but homely fare, of which having liberally partaken, and giving divers significant nods, the old woman remarked she "expected" he "chose bed," and, pointing to one which stood in the corner of the room, immediately went into the yard awhile, to give him an opportunity of undressing. Before he had been long in bed, and while he was congratulating himself on his good fortune, the latch of the door was drawn, and there entered a dark-looking man, of gigantic stature and form, with stiff, black hair, eyebrows, and beard. He was apparently about eight-and-twenty, was dressed in a brown hunting shirt, which partly concealed a pair of dirty buckskin overalls, and he wore moccasins of the same material. Mr. O. thought he had never seen anything half so ferocious. As soon as this man

entered the room, his mother, for so she proved to be, pointing to the bed, motioned him to make no noise; on which, with inaudible steps, he walked to the chimney, put his gun upon a rude rack provided for that and other arms, and sat softly down to the fire, then throwing a bright blaze around the room.

Our traveller, not liking the looks of the newcomer, and not caring to be teased by conversation, drew his head under the bed-clothes, so that he could see what was passing, without leaving his own face visible. The two soon entered into conversation, but in so low a voice, that Mr. O. could not distinguish what was said. His powers of attention were wrought up to the most painful pitch of intensity. At length, the man, looking towards the bed, made some remark to his mother, to which Mr. O. heard her reply, "No, I hardly think he's asleep yet,"—and they again conversed in a low voice, as before. After a short interval, while the man sat with his feet stretched out towards the fire, on which he was intently gazing --

"Don't you think he's asleep now?" he was heard to say.

"Stop," says she, "I'll go and see;" and, moving near the bed, under the pretext of taking something from a small table, she approached so near as to see the face of our traveller, whose eyes were indeed closed, but who was anything but asleep. On her return to the fireplace, she said, "Yes, he's fast asleep now."

On this, the mountaineer, rising from his stool, reached up to the rack, and taking down, with his right hand, an old greasy cutlass, walked with the same noiseless step towards the traveller's bed, and, stretching out the other hand, at the moment that Mr. O. was about to implore his pity, took down a venison ham which hung on the wall near the head of the bed, walked softly back to the fire, and began to slice some pieces for his supper; and Mr. O., who lay more dead than alive, and whose romantic fancy heightened the terrors of all he saw, had the unspeakable gratification to find that these kind-hearted children of the forest had been talking low, and that the hungry hunter, who had eaten nothing since the morning, had foreborne making a noise, lest they should interrupt the slumbers of their way-worn guest. The next day, Mr. O., who was an enthusiast in physiognomy, discovered remark-

able benevolence in the features of the hunter, which, by the false and deceitful glare of the fire-light, had escaped him, and in his recital of this adventure, which furnished him with a favorite occasion of exercising his powers of declamation to great advantage, in a matter of real life, he often declared that he had never taken a more refreshing night's rest, or made a more grateful repast, than he had done in this humble cottage.

We cannot forbear to add that the subject of our memoir was reserved for a different, though not less tragical fate, than that which seemed here to threaten him. After having been an object of criticism or admiration, as a professed rhetorician and declaimer, in all the principal cities of the Union—after trying his oratorical powers in the Surrey Institute—after encountering, in various forms, disappointment, obloquy, and, to use one of his own alliterations, the miseries of debt and destitution, he became heir to a title and a large estate in Scotland, and, unable either to do without the use of opium, or to bear that deterioration of the faculties which its habitual use superinduced, he very soon afterwards put an end to his weary existence, by a pistol.

DEATH OF HAMILTON.

IN the year 1804, General Hamilton, who had just been appointed ambassador from the United States to Paris, got involved in a political dispute with Colonel Aaron Burr, then Vice-President. Dr. Cooper had published a pamphlet, in which he said, "General Hamilton and Dr. Kent say, that they consider Colonel Burr as a dangerous man, and one unfit to be trusted with the reins of government." In another place the same writer says, "General Hamilton has expressed of Colonel Burr opinions still more despicable."

The last passage excited the resentment of Colonel Burr, who demanded from General Hamilton "a prompt and unqualified acknowledgment or denial of the expression, which could justify this interference on the part of Dr. Cooper." General Hamilton admitted the first statement, which he contended was fairly within the bounds prescribed in cases of political animosity, and objected to being called on to retract every conversation which he had held either publicly or confidentially in the course of fifteen years' opposition. This would

not satisfy Colonel Burr, who demanded satisfaction, and a meeting.

On the evening before the duel, General Hamilton made his will, in which he enclosed a paper, containing his opinions of duelling, and expressive of the reluctance with which he obeyed a custom so repugnant to his feelings. He says:

"On my expected interview with Colonel Burr, I think proper to make some remarks, explanatory of my conduct, motives, and views. I was certainly desirous of avoiding this interview, for the most cogent reasons.

"*First.* My religious and moral principles are strongly opposed to the practice of duelling; and it would ever give me pain to shed the blood of a fellow-creature, in a private combat, forbidden by the laws.

"*Secondly.* My wife and children are extremely dear to me; and my life is of the utmost importance to them, in various views.

"*Thirdly.* I feel a sense of obligation towards my creditors, who, in case of accident to me, by the forced sale of my property, may be in some degree sufferers. I did not think myself at liberty, as a man of probity, lightly to expose them to hazard.

"*Fourthly.* I am conscious of no ill-will to Colonel Burr, distinct from political opposition, which, as I trust, has proceeded from pure and upright motives.

"*Lastly.* I shall hazard much, and can possibly gain nothing, by the issue of the interview."

The parties met, and Colonel Burr's shot took fatal effect. General Hamilton had determined not to return the fire, but, on receiving the shock of a mortal wound, his pistol went off involuntarily in an opposite direction. Few individuals died more lamented than General Hamilton, whose funeral at New York was observed at that place with unusual respect and ceremony. All the public functionaries attended; the bells, muffled, tolled during the day; all business was suspended, and the principal inhabitants wore mourning for six weeks. No other death since that of Washington filled the republic with such deep and universal regret.

DEATH OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

IN the year 1615, Raleigh was liberated from the Tower, in consequence of having projected a second expedition to Guiana, from which the king

hoped to derive some profit. His purpose was to colonize the country, and work gold mines; and in 1617 a fleet of twelve armed vessels sailed under Raleigh's command. The whole details of his intended proceedings, however, were weakly and treacherously communicated by the king to the Spanish government, by whom the scheme was miserably thwarted. Returning to England, Raleigh landed at Plymouth, and on his way to London was arrested in the king's name. At this time the projected marriage between Prince Charles and the Infanta of Spain occupied James's attention, and to propitiate the Spanish government, he determined that Raleigh must be sacrificed. After many vain attempts to discover valid grounds for accusation against him, it was found necessary to proceed upon the old sentence, and Raleigh was accordingly beheaded on the 29th of Oc-

tober, 1618. On the scaffold his behavior was a sharp medicine, but a sound cure for all firm and calm; after addressing the people in cases." Having tried how the block fitted his



SIR WALTER RALEIGH BEING LED TO EXECUTION.

tober, 1618. On the scaffold his behavior was firm and calm; after addressing the people in

a sharp medicine, but a sound cure for all cases." Having tried how the block fitted his

head, he told the executioner that he would give the signal by lifting up his hand; "and then," added he, "fear not, but strike home!" He then laid himself down, but was requested by the executioner to alter the position of his head: "So the heart be right," was his reply: "it is no matter which way the head lies." On the signal being given, the executioner failed to act with promptitude, which caused Raleigh to exclaim, "Why dost thou not strike? Strike, man!" By two strokes, which he received without shrinking, the head of this intrepid man was severed from his body.

The night before his execution, he composed the following verses in prospect of death:

Even such is Time, that takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And paves us but with age and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days!

While in prison, in expectation of death, either on this or the former occasion, he wrote also a tender and affectionate valedictory letter to his wife, of which the following is a portion:

"You shall receive, my dear wife, my last words in these my last lines; my love I send you, that you may keep when I am dead, and my counsel, that you may remember it when I am no more. I would not with my will present you sorrows, dear Bess; let them go to the grave with me, and be buried in the dust. And seeing that it is not the will of God that I shall see you any more, bear my destruction patiently, and with a heart like yourself.

"First, I send you all the thanks which my heart can conceive, or my words express, for your many travails and cares for me, which, though they have not taken as you wished, yet my debt to you is not the less; but pay it I never shall in this world.

"Secondly, I beseech you, for the love you bear living, that you do not hide yourself many years; but by your travails seek to help my miserable fortunes, and the right of your poor child; your mourning cannot avail me that, but dust.

"Pay me oweth me a thousand pounds, and Arj in six hundred. In the year, also, I have much owing me. Dear wife, I beseech you, for my

soul's sake, pay all poor men. When I am dead, no doubt you shall be much sought unto; for the world thinks I was very rich; have a care to the fair pretences of men, for no greater misery can befall you in this life than to become a prey unto the world, and after to be despised. I speak, God, knows, not to dissuade you from marriage, for it will be best for you, both in respect of God and the world. As for me, I am no more yours, nor you mine; death hath cut us asunder, and God hath divided me from the world, and you from me. Remember your poor child for his father's sake, who loved you in his happiest estate. I sued for life, but, God knows, it was for you and yours that I desired it; for know it, my dear wife, your child is the child of a true man, who, in his own respect, despiseth death, and his mis-shapen and ugly forms. I cannot write much (God knows how hardly I steal this time when all sleep), and it is also time for me to separate my thoughts from the world. Beg my dead body, which living was denied you, and either lay it in Sherburn or Exeter church, by my father and mother. I can say no more, time and death calleth me away. The everlasting God, powerful, infinite and inscrutable God Almighty, who is goodness itself, the true light and life, keep you and yours, and have mercy upon me, and forgive my persecutors and false accusers, send us to meet in His glorious kingdom. My dear wife, farewell; bless my boy, pray for me, and let my true God hold you both in his arms."

BATTLE OF THERMOPYLÆ.

A GOOD idea of Sir Walter Raleigh's style as a historian can be obtained in the reading of his account of the battle of Thermopylæ, as follows:

"After such time as Xerxes had transported his army over the Hellespont, and landed in Thrace (leaving the description of his passage amongst that coast, and how the river of Lissus was drunk dry by his multitudes, and the lake near to Pissyrus by his cattle, with other accidents in his marches towards Greece), I will speak of the encounters he had, and the shameful and incredible overthrows which he received. As first at Thermopylæ, a narrow passage of half an acre of ground, lying between the mountains which divide Thessaly from Greece, where sometimes the Phœnicians had raised a wall with gates, which was then

for the most part ruined. At this entrance, Leonidas, one of the kings of Sparta, with 300 Lacedæmonians, assisted with 1000 Tegeate and Mantineans, and 1000 Arcadians, and other Peloponnesians, to the number of 3100 in the whole; besides 100 Phocians, 400 Thebans, 700 Thespians, and all the forces (such as they were) of the bordering Locrians, defended the passage two whole days together against that huge army of the Persians. The valor of the Greeks appeared so excellent in this defence, that, in the first day's fight, Xerxes is said to have three times leaped out of his throne, fearing the destructions of his army by one handful of those men whom not long before he had utterly despised: and when the second day's attempt upon the Greeks had proved vain, he was altogether ignorant how to proceed further, and so might have continued, had not a renegade Grecian taught him a secret way, by which part of his army might ascend the ledge of mountains, and sit upon the backs of those who kept the passes. But when the most valiant of the Persian army had almost enclosed the small forces of the Greek then did Leonidas, king of the Lacedæmonians, with his 300, and 700 Thespians, which were all abode by him, refuse to quit the place which they had undertaken to make good,

and with admirable courage, not only resist that world of men which charged them on all sides, but,



THE ARMY OF XERXES ATTACKING THE SPARTANS.

issuing out of their strength, made so great a slaughter of their enemies, that they might be

called vanquishers, though all of them were slain on the place. Xerxes having lost in this last fight, together with 20,000 other soldiers and captains, two of his own brethren, began to doubt what inconvenience might befall him by the virtue of such as had not been present at these battles, with whom he knew that he shortly was to deal. Especially of the Spartan he stood in great fear, whose manhood had appeared singular in this trial, which caused him very carefully to inquire what numbers they could bring into the field. It is reported of Dionees, the Spartan that when one thought to have terrified him by saying that the flight of the Persian arrows was so thick as would hide the sun, he answered thus: "It is very good news, for then shall we fight in the cool shade."

SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S RULES OF LIFE.

AMONGST all other things of the world, take care of thy estate, which thou shalt ever preserve if thou observe three things: first, that thou know what thou hast, what every thing is worth that thou hast, and to see that thou art not wasted by thy servants and officers. The second is, that thou never spend anything before thou have it; for borrowing is the canker and death of every man's estate. The third is, that thou suffer not thyself to be wounded for other men's faults, and scourged for other men's offences; which is, the surety for another, for thereby millions of men have been beggared and destroyed, paying the reckoning of other men's riot, and the charge of other men's folly and prodigality; if thou smart, smart for thine own sins; and above all things, be not made an ass to carry the burdens of other men: if any friend desire thee to be his surety, give him a part of what thou hast to spare; if he press thee farther, he is not thy friend at all, for friendship rather chooseth harm to itself than offereth it. If thou be bound for a stranger, thou art a fool; if for a merchant, thou puttest thy estate to learn to swim; if for a churchman, he hath no inheritance; if for a lawyer, he will find an evasion by a syllable or word to abuse thee; if for a poor man, thou must pay it thyself; if for a rich man, he needs not therefore be a surety, but as in a manslaughter or enchanter, bless thyself: the best profit and return will be this, that if thou force him for whom thou art bound, to pay it himself, he will

become thy enemy; if thou use to pay it thyself, thou wilt be a beggar; and believe thy father in this, and print it in thy thought, that what virtue soever thou hast, be it never so manifold, if thou be poor withal, thou and thy qualities shall be despised. Besides, poverty is oftentimes sent as a curse of God; it is a shame amongst men, an imprisonment of the mind, a vexation of every worthy spirit: thou shalt neither help thyself nor others; thou shalt drown thee in all thy virtues, having no means to show them; thou shalt be a burden and an eyesore to thy friends, every man will fear thy company; thou shalt be driven basely to beg and depend on others, to flatter unworthy men, to make dishonest shifts; and, to conclude, poverty provokes a man to do infamous and detested deeds; let no vanity, therefore, or persuasion, draw thee to that worst of worldly miseries.

If thou be rich, it will give thee pleasure in health, comfort in sickness, keep thy mind and body free, save thee from many perils, relieve thee in thy elder years, relieve the poor and thy honest friends, and give means to thy posterity to live, and defend themselves and thine own fame. Where it is said in the Proverbs, "That he shall be sore vexed that is surety for a stranger, and he that hateth suretyship is sure;" it is further said, "The poor is hated even of his own neighbour, but the rich have many friends." Lend not to him that is mightier than thyself, for if thou lendest him, count it but lost; be not surety above thy power, for if thou be surety, think to pay it.

SPORTS UPON THE ICE IN ELIZABETH'S REIGN.

WE select the following unique description of sports on the ice, during Queen Elizabeth's time, from the writings of John Stow, a painstaking and accurate historian of that period:

When that great moor which washeth Moorfields, at the north wall of the city, is frozen over, great companies of young men go to sport upon the ice; then fetching a run, and setting their feet at a distance, and placing their bodies side-wise, they slide a great way. Others take heaps of ice, as if it were great mill-stones, and make seats; many going before, draw him that sits thereon, holding one another by the hand in going so fast; some slipping with their feet, all fall down together: some are better practised to the ice, and

bind to their shoes bones, as the legs of some beasts, and hold stakes in their hands headed with sharp iron, which sometimes they strike against the ice; and these men go on with speed as doth a bird in the air, or darts shot from some warlike engine: sometimes two men set themselves at a distance, and run one against another, as it were at tilt, with these stakes, wherewith one or both parties are thrown down, not without some hurt to their bodies; and after their fall, by reason of the violent motion, are carried a good distance from one another; and wheresoever the ice doth touch their head, it rubs off all the skin, and lays it bare; and if one fall upon his leg or arm, it is usually broken; but the young men, greedy of honour, and desirous of victory, do thus exercise themselves in counterfeit battles, that they may bear the brunt more strongly when they come to it in good earnest.

ORIGIN OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

THE writings of William Harrison, an English clergyman of the sixteenth century, are greatly valued, as affording an interesting picture of the state of the country, and manners of the people, of that period. His history of the English language is specially interesting and valuable, and we present it in his own quaint and attractive style:

The British tongue called Cymric doth yet remain in that part of the island which is now called Wales, whither the Britons were driven after the Saxons had made a full conquest of the other, which we now call England, although the pristine integrity thereof be not a little diminished by mixture of the Latin and Saxon speeches withal. Howbeit, many poesies and writings (in making whereof that nation hath evermore delighted) are yet extant in my time, whereby some difference between the ancient and present language may easily be discerned, notwithstanding that among all these there is nothing to be found which can set down any sound and full testimony of their own original, in remembrance whereof their bards and cunning men have been most slack and negligent. . . .

Next unto the British speech, the Latin tongue was brought in by the Romans, and in manner generally planted through the whole region, as the French was after by the Normans. Of this tongue I will not say much, because there are few

which be not skilful in the same. Howbeit, as the speech itself is easy and delectable, so hath it perverted the names of the ancient rivers, regions, and cities of Britain, in such wise, that in these our days their old British denominations are quite grown out of memory, and yet those of the new Latin left as most uncertain. This remaineth, also, unto my time, borrowed from the Romans, that all our deeds, evidences, charters, and writings of record, are set down in the Latin tongue, though now very barbarous, and thereunto the copies and court-rolls, and processes of courts and leets registered in the same.

The third language apparently known is the Scythian,* or High Dutch, induced at the first by the Saxons (which the Britons call Saysonace,† as they do the speakers Sayson), a hard and rough kind of speech, God wot, when our nation was brought first into acquaintance withal, but now changed with us into a far more fine and easy kind of utterance, and so polished and helped with new and milder words, that it is to be avouched how there is no one speech under the sun spoken in our time that hath or can have more variety of words, copiousness of phrases, or figures and flowers of eloquence, than hath our English tongue, although some have affirmed us rather to bark as dogs than talk like men, because the most of our words (as they do indeed) incieine unto one syllable. This, also, is to be noted as a testimony remaining still of our language, derived from the Saxons, that the general name, for the most part, of every skilful artificer in his trade endeth in *here* with us, albeit the *h* be left out, and *er* only inserted, as, scrivener, writer, and shipper, etc.; beside many other relies of that speech, never to be abolished.

After the Saxon tongue came the Norman or French language over into our country, and therein were our laws written for a long time. Our children, also, were, by an especial decree, taught first to speak the same, and thereunto enforced to learn their constructions in the French, whensoever they were set to the grammar-school. In like sort, few bishops, abbots, or other clergymen, were admitted unto any ecclesiastical func-

* It is scarcely necessary to remark, that this term is here unapplied.

† The Highlanders of Scotland still speak of the English as *Sassenaich* (meaning Saxons).

tion here among us, but such as came out of religious houses from beyond the seas, to the end they should not use the English tongue in their sermons to the people. In the court, also, it grew into such contempt, that most men thought it no small dishonor to speak any English there; which bravery took his hold at the last likewise in the country with every ploughman, that even the very carters began to wax weary of their mother-tongue, and labored to speak French, which as then was counted no small token of gentility. And no marvel; for every French rascal, when he came once hither, was taken for a gentleman, only because he was proud, and could use his own language. And all this (I say) to exile the English and British speeches quite out of the country. But in vain; for in the time of King Edward I., to wit, toward the latter end of his reign, the French itself ceased to be spoken generally, but most of all and by law in the midst of Edward III., and then began the English to recover and grow in more estimation than before; notwithstanding that, among our artificers, the most part of their implements, tools, and works of art, retain still their French denominations even to these our days, as the language itself is used likewise in sundry courts, books of record, and matters of law; whereof here is no place to make any particular rehearsal.

Afterward, also, by diligent travail of Geoffrey Chaucer and John Gower, in the time of Richard II., and after them of John Scogan and John Lydgate, monk of Bury, our said tongue was brought to an excellent pass, notwithstanding that it never came under the type of perfection until the time of Queen Elizabeth, wherein John Jewel, bishop of Sarum, John Fox, and sundry learned and excellent writers, have fully accomplished the ornamante of the same, to their great praise and immortal commendation; although not a few other do greatly seek to stain the same, by fond affectation of foreign and strange words, presuming that to be the best English which is most corrupted with external terms of eloquence and sound of many syllables. But as this excellency of the English tongue is found in one, and the south part of this island, so in Wales the greatest number as I can remember retain their own ancient language, that of the north part of the said country being less corrupted than the other, and therefore required for the better in their own

estimation and judgment. This, also, is proper to us Englishmen, that since ours is a middle or intermediate language, and neither too rough nor too smooth in utterance, we may with much facility learn any other language, beside Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, and speak it naturally, as if we were home-born in those countries; and yet on the other side it falleth out, I wot not by what other means, that few foreign nations can rightly pronounce ours, without some and that great note of imperfection, especially the Frenchmen, who also seldom write anything that savoureth of English truly. But this of all the rest doth breed most admiration with me, that if any stranger do hit upon some likely pronunciation of our tongue, yet in age he swerveth so much from the same, that he is worse therein than ever he was, and thereto, peradventure, halteth not a little also in his own, as I have seen by experience in Reginald Wolfe, and others, whereof I have justly marvelled.

The Cornish and Devonshire men, whose country the Britons call Cerniw, have a speech in like sort of their own, and such as hath indeed more affinity with the Armorican tongue than I can well discuss of. Yet in mine opinion, they are both but a corrupted kind of British, albeit so far degenerating in these days from the old, that if either of them do meet with a Welshman, they are not able at the first to understand one another, except here and there in some odd words, without the help of interpreters. And no marvel, in mine opinion, that the British of Cornwall is thus corrupted, since the Welsh tongue that is spoken in the north and south part of Wales doth differ so much in itself, as the English used in Scotland doth from that which is spoken among us here in this side of the island, as I have said already.

The Scottish-English hath been much broader and less pleasant in utterance than ours, because that nation hath not, till of late, endeavoured to bring the same to any perfect order, and yet it was such in manner as Englishmen themselves did speak for the most part beyond the Trent, whither any great amendment of our language had not, as then, extended itself. Howbeit, in our time the Scottish language endeavoureth to come near, if not altogether to match, our tongue in fineness of phrase and copiousness of words, and this may in part appear by a history of the Apocrypha translated into Scottish verse by Hud-



AN OLD SOLDIER'S STORY.

son, dedicated to the king of that country, and containing six books, except my memory do fail me.

TALES OF TRAVELLERS.

SELECTED from the writings of James Howell, an author of the sixteenth century :

"Others have a custom to be always relating strange things and wonders (of the humour of Sir John Mandeville), and they usually present them to the hearers through multiplying-glasses, and thereby cause the thing to appear far greater than it is itself; they make mountains of mole-hills, like Charenton-Bridge-Echo, which doubles the sound nine times. Such a traveller was he that reported the Indian fly to be as big as a fox; China birds to be as big as some horses, and their mice to be as big as monkeys; but they have the wit to fetch this far enough off, because the hearer may rather believe it than make a voyage so far to disprove it.

"Every one knows the tale of him who reported he had seen a cabbage, under whose leaves a regiment of soldiers were sheltered from a shower of rain. Another, who was no traveller (yet the wiser man), said he had passed by a place where there were 400 braziers making a cauldron—200 within, and 200 without, beating the nails in; the traveller asking for what use that huge cauldron was? he told him—'Sir it was to boil your cabbage.'

"Such another was the Spanish traveller, who was so habituated to hyperboles, and relate wonders, that he became ridiculous in all companies, so that he was forced at last to give order to his man, when he fell into any excess this way, and report anything improbable, he should pull him by the sleeve. The master falling into his wonted hyperboles, spoke of a church in China that was ten thousand yards long; his man, standing behind, and pulling him by the sleeve, made him stop suddenly. The company asking, 'I pray, sir, how broad might that church be?' he replied, 'But a yard broad, and you may thank my man for pulling me by the sleeve, else I had made it foursquare for you.'"

THE TAKING OF CONSTANTINOPLE BY THE TURKS.

SELECTED from the writings of Richard Hakluyt, an historian of the Elizabethan era :

A little before day, the Turks approached the walls and began the assault where shot and stones

were delivered upon them from the walls as thick as hail, whereof little fell in vain, by reason of the multitude of the Turks, who, pressing fast unto the walls, could not see in the dark how to defend themselves, but were without number wounded or slain; but these were of the common and worst soldiers, of whom the Turkish king made no more reckoning than to abate the first force of the defendants. Upon the first appearance of the day, Mahomet gave the sign appointed, for the general assault, whereupon the city was in a moment, and at one instant, on every side most furiously assaulted by the Turks; for Mahomet, the more to distress the defendants, and the better to see the forwardness of the soldiers, had before appointed which part of the city every colonel with his regiment should assail: which they valiantly performed, delivering their arrows and shot upon the defendants so thick that the light of the day was therewith darkened; others in the meantime courageously mounting the scaling-ladders, and coming even to handy-strokes with the defendants upon the wall, where the foremost were for the most part violently borne forward by them which followed after. On the other side, the Christians with no less courage withstood the Turkish fury, beating them down again with great stones and weighty pieces of timber, and so overwhelmed them with shot, darts and arrows, and other hurtful devices from above, that the Turks, dismayed with the terror thereof, were ready to retire.

Mahomet, seeing the great slaughter and discomfiture of his men, sent in fresh supplies of his janizaries and best men of war, whom he had for that purpose reserved as his last hope and refuge: by whose coming on his fainting soldiers were again encouraged, and the terrible assault begun afresh. At which time the barbarous king ceased not to use all possible means to maintain the assault: by name calling upon this and that captain, promising unto some whom he saw forward golden mountains, and unto others in whom he saw any sign of cowardice, threatening most terrible death; by which means the assault became most dreadful, death there raging in the midst of many thousands. And albeit that the Turks lay dead by heaps upon the ground, yet other fresh men pressed on still in their places over their dead bodies, and with divers event either slew or were slain by their enemies.

In this so terrible a conflict, it chanced Justinian the general to be wounded in the arm, who, losing much blood, cowardly withdrew himself from the place of his charge, not leaving any to supply his room, and so got into the city by the gate called Romana, which he had caused to be opened in the inner wall; pretending the cause of his departure to be for the binding up of his wound, but being, indeed, a man now altogether discouraged.

The soldiers there present, dismayed with the departure of their general, and sore charged by the janizaries, forsook their stations, and in haste fled to the same gate whereby Justinian was entered; with the sight whereof the other soldiers, dismayed, ran thither by heaps also. But whilst they violently gave all together to get in at once, they so wedged one another in the crannies of the gate, that few of great a multi-

death. The emperor himself, for safeguard of his life, flying with the rest in that press as a man not regarded, miserably ended his days, together with



ASSAULT UPON CONSTANTINOPLE.

ple got in; in which so great a press and confusion of minds, eight hundred persons were there by that followed trodden under foot, or thrust to

the Greek empire. His dead body was shortly after found by the Turks among the slain, and known by his rich apparel, whose head being cut

off, was forthwith presented to the Turkish tyrant, by whose commandment it was afterward thrust upon the point of a lance, and in great derision carried about as a trophy of his victory, first in the camp, and afterwards up and down the city.

The Turks, encouraged with the flight of the Christians, presently advanced their ensigns upon the top of the uttermost wall, crying Victory; and by the breach entered it as if it had been a great flood, which, having once found a breach in the bank, overfloweth, and beareth down all before it; so the Turks, when they had won the utter wall, entered the city by the same gate that was opened for Justinianus, and by a breach which they had before made with their great artillery, and without mercy cutting in pieces all that came in their way, without further resistance became lords of that most famous and imperial city. . . . In this fury of the barbarians perished many thousands of men, women and children, without respect of age, sex, or condition. Many, for safeguard of their lives, fled into the temple of Sophia, where they were all without pity slain, except some few reserved by the barbarous victors to purposes more grievous than death itself. The rich and beautiful ornaments and jewels of that most sumptuous and magnificent church (the stately building of Justinianus the emperor) were, in the turning of a hand, plucked down and carried away by the Turks; and the church itself, built for God to be honoured in, for the present converted into a stable for their horses, or a place for the execution of their abominable and unspeakable filthiness; the image of the crucifix was also by them taken down, and a Turk's cap put upon the head thereof, and so set up and shot at with their arrows, and afterwards, in great derision, carried about in their camp, as it had been in procession, with drums playing before it, railing and spitting at it, and calling it the God of the Christians, which I note not so much done in contempt of the image, as in despite of Christ and the Christian religion.

TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

ONE of the most important literary undertakings of the 17th century was the execution of the project entered on by King James, translation of the Bible. At a great conference held in 1607 at Hampton Court between the established and puritan clergy, the version of Scripture

then existing was generally disapproved of, and the king consequently appointed fifty-four men, many of whom were eminent as Hebrew and Greek scholars, to commence a new translation. In 1607, forty-seven of the number met, in six parties, at Oxford, Cambridge, and Westminster, and proceeded to their task, a certain portion of Scripture being assigned to each. Every individual of each division, in the first place, translated the portion assigned to the division, all of which translations were collected; and when each party had determined on the construction of its part, it was proposed to the other divisions for general approbation. When they met together, one read the new version, whilst all the rest held in their hands either copies of the original, or some valuable version; and on any one objecting to a passage, the reader stopped till it was agreed upon. The work was completed in 1611, and has ever since been reputed as a translation generally faithful, and an excellent specimen of the language of the time. Being universally read by all ranks of the people, it has contributed most essentially to give stability and uniformity to the English tongue.

KING JAMES AND HIS BELIEF IN WITCH-CRAFT.

THE fulsome address of the translators of the Bible, to King James, on the completion of their work, sounds exceedingly strange in these modern times. They address him as "The most high and mighty Prince James, by the grace of God, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, etc.," and then proceed to express their appreciation of his virtues in a manner that appears almost like idolatry. The opening paragraph, which we quote, is certainly objectionable on this ground:

"Great and manifold were the blessings, most dread Sovereign, which Almighty God, the Father of all mercies, bestowed upon us, the people of *England*, when first he sent Your Majesty's Royal Person to rule and reign over us. For whereas it was the expectation of many, who wished not well unto our *Sion*, that upon the setting of that bright *Occidental Star*, Queen *Elizabeth* of most happy memory, some thick and palpable clouds of darkness would so have overshadowed this land, that men would have been in doubt which way they were to walk; and that it would hardly

be known, who was to direct the unsettled State ; the appearance of Your Majesty, as of the *Sun* in his strength, instantly dispelled those supposed and surmised mists, and gave unto all that were well affected exceeding cause of comfort ; especially when we behold the Government established in Your Highness, and Your hopeful Seed, by an undoubted Title, and this also accompanied with peace and tranquillity at home and abroad."

This nauseating flattery seems all the more out of place when we consider the unsavory moral character of this prince, and the further fact that he was a devout believer in witchcraft and all the kindred superstitions of his times. During his reign the severest laws were enacted for the punishment of witches, and they were persecuted and tortured in the most horrible manner from one end of the kingdom to the other. James even wrote a book on the subject of witchcraft, entitled *Demonology*, in which he maintained the existence and criminality of witches, and discussed the manner in which their feats were performed. Our readers will be amused by some extracts from this literary effort of the British Solomon. We quote first from his preface :

"The fearful abounding at this time in this country of these detestable slaves of the devil, the witches or enchanters, hath moved me (beloved reader) to despatch in post this following treatise of mine, not in any wise (as I protest) to serve for a show of my learning and ingine, but only, moved of conscience, to press thereby, so far as I can, to resolve the doubting hearts of many ; both that such assaults of Sathan are most certainly practised, and that the instruments thereof merit most severely to be punished ; against the damnable opinions of two principally in our age, whereof the one called Scot, an Englishman, is not ashamed in public print to deny that there can be such a thing as witchcraft ; and the other maintains the old error of the Sadducees in denying of spirits. The other called Wierus, a German physician, sets out a public apology for these crafts-folks, whereby, procuring for their impunity, he plainly bewrays himself to have been a member of that profession. And for to make this cause the more pleasant and facile, I have put it in the form of a dialogue, which I have divided into three books : the first speaking of magic in general, and necromancy in special : the second, of sorcery and witchcraft : and the third contains

a discourse of all these kinds of spirits, and spectres that appears and troubles persons : together with a conclusion of the whole work. My intention in this labour is only to prove two things, as I have already said : the one, that such devilish arts have been and are : the other, what exact trial and severe punishment they merit : and therefore reason I, what kind of things are possible to be performed in these arts, and by what natural causes they may be. Not that I touch every particular thing of the devil's power, for that were infinite : but only, to speak scholastically (since this cannot be spoken in our language), I reason upon *genus*, leaving *species* and *differentia* to be comprehended therein. As, for example, speaking of the power of magicians in the first book and sixth chapter, I say that they can suddenly cause to be brought unto them all kinds of dainty dishes by their familiar spirit : since as a thief he delights to steal, and as a spirit he can subtilly and suddenly enough transport the same. Now, under this *genus* may be comprehended all particulars depending thereupon ; such as the bringing wine out of a wall (as we have heard oft to have been practised) and such others ; which particulars are sufficiently proved by the reasons of the general."

He then proceeds wisely to explain "how witches travel :

"There is the thing which I esteem their senses to be deluded in, and, though they lie not in confessing of it, because they think it to be true, yet not to be so in substance or effect, for they say, that by divers means they may convene either to the adoring of their master, or to the putting in practice any service of his committed unto their charge ; one way is natural, which is natural riding, going, or sailing, at what hour their master comes and advertises them. And this way may be easily believed. Another way is somewhat more strange, and yet it is possible to be true : which is by being carried by the force of the spirit which is their conductor, either above the earth or above the sea, swiftly, to the place where they are to meet : which I am persuaded to be likewise possible, in respect that as Habakkuk was carried by the angel in that form to the den where Daniel lay, so think I the devil will be ready to imitate God, as well in that as in other things : which is much more possible to him to do, being a spirit, than to a mighty wind, being but a natural meteor,

to transport from one place to another a solid body as is commonly and daily seen in practice. But in this violent form they cannot be carried but a short bounds, agreeing with the space that they may retain their breath: for if it were longer, their breath could not remain unextinguished, their body being carried in such a violent and forcible manner, as, by example, if one fall off a small height, his life is but in peril, according to the soft lighting; but if one fall from a high and stay on rock, his breath will be forcibly banished from the body before he can win to the earth, as is oft seen by experience. And in this transporting they say themselves, that they are invisible to any other, except amongst themselves. For if the devil may form what kind of impressions he pleases in the air, as I have said before, speaking of magic, why may he not far easier thicken and obscure so the air that is next about them, by contracting it straight together, that the beams of any other man's eyes cannot pierce through the same, to see them? But the third way of their coming to their conventions is that wherein I think them deluded: for some of them saith that, being transformed in the likeness of a little beast or fowl, they will come and pierce through whatsoever house or church, though all ordinary passages be closed, by whatsoever open the air may enter in at. And some saith, that their bodies lying still, as in an ecstasy, their spirits will be ravished out of their bodies, and carried to such places; and for verifying thereof will give evident tokens, as well by witnesses that have seen their body lying senseless in the meantime, as by many persons whom with they met, and giving tokens what purpose was amongst them, whom otherwise they could not have known; for this form of journeying they affirm to use most when they are transported from one country to another."

No wonder people were ignorant and superstitious. And what a vast difference there was in the mental capacities of Elizabeth, the wise and strong-minded queen, and James, the weak and superstitious king.

A STORY OF ABRAHAM.

JEREMY TAYLOR gives us the following story of Abraham, which he said he found in the "Jews' Book," or *Talmud*. "The moral of ^{the} story is, — I Get.

the story teaches that we should treat with respect the opinions of others, even where they differ widely from our own:

"When Abraham sat at his tent door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man stopping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travel, coming towards him, who was a hundred years of age. He received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, and caused him to sit down; but observing that the old man ate and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, asked him why he did not worship the God of heaven? The old man told him that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other God; at which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry, that he thrust the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night and an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham, and asked him where the stranger was? He replied, I thrust him away because he did not worship thee: God answered him, I have suffered him these hundred years, although he dishonoured me, and couldst not thou endure him one night, when he gave thee no trouble? Upon this, saith the story, Abraham fetched him back again, and gave him hospitable entertainment and wise instruction. *Go thou and do likewise*, and thy charity will be rewarded by the God of Abraham."

NO MAN CAN BE GOOD TO ALL.

I NEVER yet knew any man so bad, but some have thought him honest and afforded him love; nor ever any so good, but some have thought him evil and hated him. Few are so stigmatical as that they are not honest to some; and few, again, are so just, as that they seem not to some unequal: either the ignorance, the envy, or the partiality of those that judge, do constitute a various man. Nor can a man in himself always appear alike to all. In some, nature hath invested a disparity; in some, report hath fore-blinded judgment; and in some, accident is the cause of disposing us to love or hate. Or, if not these, the variation of the bodies' humours; or perhaps, not any of these. The soul is often led by secret motions; and loves, she knows not why. There are impulsive privacies which urge us to a liking, even against the parliamentary acts of the two Houses, reason, and the common sense; as if

BEAUTIFUL IN THE WORLD'S HISTORY.

there were some hidden beauty of a more magnetic force than all that the eye can see, and this, too, more powerful at one time than another. Un-discovered influences please us now, with what we would sometimes condemn. I have come to the same man that hath now welcomed me with a free expression of love and courtesy, and another time hath left me unsaluted at all; yet, knowing him well, I have been certain of his sound affection; and have found this, not an intended neglect, but an indisposedness, or a mind seriously

also on account of its descriptions of certain fashions then prevailing:

"Good clothes are the embroidered trappings of pride, and good cheer the very root of gluttony. Did man think you come wrangling into the world about no better matters, than all his lifetime to make privy searches in Birch Lane for whalebone doublets, or for pies of nightingales' tongues in Hidingthadus his kitchen? No, no; the first suit of apparel that ever mortal man put on, came neither from the mercer's shop nor



A FLEMISH LADY AND SERVANT OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

nanced within. Occasion reins the motions of the ruling mind. Like men that walk in their sleep, we are led about, we neither know whither or how. — *Owen Felltham*.

ANCIENT FOLLIES OF FASHION.

THE follies of fashion have always been considered a fair subject of ridicule by both press and pulpit. We select the following from the writing of Thomas Dekker, published in 1639, as a sample of the raillery of the times, and

the merchant's warehouse. Adam's bill would have been taken then, sooner than a knight's bond now; yet was he great in nobody's books for satin and velvets. The silk-worms had something else to do in those days than to set up looms, and be free of the weavers. His breeches were not so much worth as King Stephen's, that cost but a poor noble; for Adam's holiday hose and doublet were of no better stuff than plain fig-leaves, and Eve's best gown of the same piece; there went but a pair of shears between them.

An antiquary of this town has yet some of the powder of those leaves to show. Tailors then were none of the twelve companies; their hall, that now is larger than some dorsets among the Netherlands, was then no bigger than a Dutch butcher's shop; they durst not strike down their customers with large bills: Adam cared not an apple-paring for their lousy hems. There was then neither the Spanish slop, nor the skipper's galligaskin, nor the Danish sleeve, nor the French standing collar: your treble-quadruple ruffs, nor your stiff-necked rabatos, that have more arches for pride than can stand under five London bridges, durst not then set themselves out in point; for the patent for starch could by no means be signed. Fashion was then counted a disease, and horses died of it; but now, thanks to folly, it is held the only rare physic, and the purest golden asses live upon it."

When we examine the private histories of ancient days, we find that the people of those "good old times" were really no better, if quite so good, as those who are now living. In fact it would be a sad commentary upon humanity if it could be proven that we get no better as we grow older.

THE FRENCHMAN OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

IN 1621, Peter Heylin, of England, wrote a very interesting history of the people of the world, from which we select the following description of the French of that period.

The present French is nothing but an old Gaul, moulded into a new name: as rash he is, as head-strong, and as hair-brained. A nation whom you shall win with a feather, and lose with a straw; upon the first sight of him, you shall have him as familiar as your sleep, or the necessity of breathing. In one hour's conference you may endear him to you, in the second unbutton him, the third pumps him dry of all his secrets, and he gives them you as faithfully as if you were his ghostly father, and bound to conceal them "sub sigillo confessionis" — ["under the seal of confession"]; when you have learned of this, you may lay him aside, for he is no longer serviceable.

I will give you now a taste of his table, which you will find in a measure furnished (I speak not of the peasant), but not with so good a manner as with us. Their beef they cut out into such chops, that

that which goeth there for a laudable dish, would be thought here a university commons, new served from the hatch. A loin of mutton serves amongst them for three roastings, besides the hazard of making pottage with the rump. Fowl, also, they have in good plenty, especially such as the king found in Scotland; to say truth, that which they have is sufficient for nature and a friend, were it not for the mistress or the kitchen wench. I have heard much fame of the French cooks, but their skill lieth not in the neat handling of beef and mutton. They have (as generally have all this nation) good fancies, and are special fellows for the making of puff-pastes, and the ordering of banquets. Their trade is not to feed the belly, but the palate. It is now time you were set down, where the first thing you must do is to say your grace; private graces are as ordinary there as private masses, and from thence I think they learned them. That done, fall to where you like best; they observe no method in their eating, and if you look for a carver, you may rise fasting. When you are risen, if you can digest the sluttishness of the cookery (which is most abominable at first sight), I dare trust you in a garrison. Follow him to church, and there he will show himself most irreligious and irreverent; I speak not of all, but the general. At a mass, in Cordeliers' church in Paris, I saw two French papists, even when the most sacred mystery of their faith was celebrating, break out into such blasphemous and atheistical laughter, that even an Ethnic would have hated it; it was well they were Catholics, otherwise some French hothead or other would have sent them laughing to Pluto.

The French language is, indeed, very sweet and delectable: it is cleared of all harshness, by the cutting and leaving out the consonants, which maketh it fall off the tongue very volubly; yet in my opinion, it is rather elegant than copious; and therefore, is much troubled for want of words to find out paraphrases. It expresseth very much of itself in action; the head, body, and shoulder concur in all the pronouncing of it; and he that hopeth to speak it with good grace, must have something in him of the mimic. It is enriched with a full number of insignificant proverbs, which is a great help to the French humour in scoffing; and very full of courtship, which maketh all the people complimentary. The poorest cobbler

in the village hath his court cringes, and his *eau benite de cour* ; his court holy-water as perfectly as the prince of Condé.

be seen by this extract on the liberty of the press and the value of books :

"I deny not but that it is of the greatest con-



A FRENCH GALLANT OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

MILTON ON THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

MILTON was not only one of the immortals as a poet, but he was also a miscellaneous writer of very strong and beautiful prose, as will

be seen in the church, and commonwealth, to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men ; and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors ;

for books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them, to be as active as that soul whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve, as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragons' teeth, and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, is good almost kill a good man as kill a good book; who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. 'Tis true no age can restore a life, where perhaps there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary, therefore, what persecutions we raise against the living labours of public men, how spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may thus be committed, sometimes a kind of martyrdom; and if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at that ethereal and soft essence, the breath of reason itself, slays an immortality rather than a life."

WHAT MILTON RECEIVED FOR "PARADISE LOST."

IT is very generally believed that Milton received only £5, or about \$25, for the copyright of "Paradise Lost," but this is a mistake, as will appear by the following true history of the immortal poem:

The Restoration deprived Milton of his public employment, and exposed him to danger, but by the interest of Davenant and Marvell (as has been said), his name was included in the general amnesty. The great poet was now at liberty to pursue his private studies, and to realize the devout aspirations of his youth for an immortality of literary fame. His spirit was subdued. "Paradise Lost" was begun in 1657. He at first intended it as a drama, and two drafts of his scheme are preserved among his manuscripts in Trinity

College Library, Cambridge. The poem was completed in 1665, at a cottage at Chalfont, in Bucks, to which the poet had withdrawn from the plague, then raging in the metropolis; but it was not published till two years afterwards, when the copyright was purchased by Samuel Simmons, a bookseller, on the following terms: An immediate payment of £5, and £5 more when 1300 copies should be sold; the like sum after the same number of the second edition (each edition to consist of 1500 copies), and other £5 after the sale of the third. The third edition was not published till 1678 (when the poet was no more), and his widow (Milton married a third time, about 1660) sold all her claims to Simmons for £8. It appears that in the comparatively short period of two years, the poet became entitled to his second payment, so that 1300 copies of "Paradise Lost" had been sold in the first two years of its publication—a proof that the nation was not, as has been vulgarly supposed, insensible to the merits of the divine poem then entering on its course of immortality.

It will be seen from the above statement that Milton received during his lifetime £15, or about seventy-five dollars, and after his death his widow disposed of her remaining interest for £8, or forty dollars more, making a total of about \$115 that Milton and his family realized from the poem. While this is a very insignificant sum, when compared with the grandeur of the work, yet it is probably as much as any modern publisher would care to offer for a similar work, should one be offered to him. In eleven years from the date of its publication, 3000 copies had been sold; and a modern critic has expressed a doubt whether "Paradise Lost," published eleven years since, would have met with a greater demand! The fall of man was a theme suited to the serious part of the community in that age, independently of the claims of a work of genius. The Puritans had not yet wholly died out—their beatific visions were not quenched by the gross sensualism of the times. Compared with Dryden's plays, how pure, how lofty and sanctified, must have appeared the epic strains of Milton! The blank-verse of "Paradise Lost" was, however, a stumbling-block to the reading public. It is pleasing to reflect that Poverty, in her worst shape never entered Milton's dwelling, irradiated by visions of paradise; and that, though long a sufferer from hereditary disease, his mind was calm and bright to the last.

He died without a struggle on Sunday the 8th of November, 1674. By his first rash and ill-assorted marriage, Milton left three daughters, whom, it is said, he taught to read and pronounce several languages, though they only understood their native tongue. He complained that the children were "undutiful and unkind" to him; and they were all living apart from their illustrious parent for some years before his death. His widow inherited a fortune of about £1500, of which she gave £100 to each of his daughters.

APHORISMS OF THOMAS FULLER.

It is dangerous to gather flowers that grow on the banks of the pit of hell, for fear of falling in: yea, they which play with the devil's rattles will be brought by degrees to wield his sword, and from making of sport, they come to doing of mischief.

Heat gotten by degrees, with motion and exercise, is more natural, and stays longer by one, than what is gotten all at once by coming to the fire. Goods acquired by industry prove commonly more lasting than lands by descent.

A public office is a guest which receives the best usage from them who never invited it.

Scoff not at the natural defects of any, which are not in their power to amend. Oh! 'tis cruelty to beat a cripple with his own crutches.

Anger is one of the sinews of the soul: he that wants it hath a maimed mind.

Generally, nature hangs out a sign of simplicity in the face of a fool, and there is enough in his countenance for a hue and cry to take him on suspicion; or else it is stamped in the figure of his body; their heads sometimes so little, that there



MILTON IN HIS YOUTH.

is no room for wit; sometimes so long, that there is no wit for so much room.

They that marry ancient people, merely in expectation to bury them, hang themselves, in hope that one will come and cut the halter.

Learning hath gained most by those books by which the printers have lost.

Is there no way to bring home a wandering sheep but by worrying him to death?

Moderation is the silken string
the pearl-chain of all virtues.

WARRIORS.

I HATE these potent madmen, who keep all
Mankind awake, while they, by their great
deeds,
Are drumming hard upon this hollow world,
Only to make a sound to last for ages.

NATHANIEL LEE.



SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON, a little before he died, said, "I don't know what I may seem to the world, but as to my self, I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea shore, and diverting my self in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."

THE GREAT FIRE IN LONDON DESCRIBED BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

THE following graphic description of the great fire in London, in 1666, is from the pen of John Evelyn, a philosophical author of distinc-

tion who witnessed the conflagration. The unique style of composition prevailing at that period, adds to the picturesqueness of the description:

"1676. 2d Sept. This fatal night about ten began that deplorable fire near Fish Streete in London.

"3d. The fire continuing, after dinner I took coach with my wife and sonn and went to the Bank side in Southwark, where we beheld that dismal spectacle, the whole city in dreadful flames near ye water side; all the houses from the Bridge, all Thames Street, and upwards towards Cheapeside, down to the Three Cranes, were now consum'd.

"The fire having continu'd all this night (if I may call that night which was light as day for 10 miles round about, after a dreadful manner), when conspiring with a fierce eastern wind in a very drie season, I went on foote to the same place, and saw the whole south part of ye city burning from Cheapeside to ye Thames, and all along Cornhill (for it kindl'd back against ye wind as well as forward), Tower Streete, Fen-church Streete, Gracious Streete, and so along to Bainsard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St. Paule's church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonish'd, that from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirr'd to quench it, so that there was nothing heard or scene but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to

save even their goods, such a strange consternation there was upon them, so as it burn'd both in breadth and length, the churches, publick halls, exchange, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments, leaping after a prodigious manner from house to house and streete to streete, at greate distances one from ye other; for ye heat with a long set of faire and warme weather had even ignited the air, and prepar'd the materials to conceive the fire, which devour'd, after an incredible manner, houses, furniture, and everything. Here we saw the Thames cover'd with goods floating, all the barges and boates laden with what some had time and courage to save, as, on

ye other, ye carts, &c., carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strew'd with moveables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as haply the world had not scene the like since the foundation of it, nor be outdone till the universal conflagration. All the skie was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, the light scene above 40 miles round about for many nights. God grant my eyes may never behold the like, now seeing above 10,000 houses all in one flame: the noise, and crackling, and thunder of the impetuous flames, ye shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like an hideous storme, and the aire all about so hot and inflam'd, that at last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forc'd to stand still and let ye flames burn on, wch they did for neere two miles in length and one in bredth. The clouds of smoke were dismall, and reach'd upon computation neer 50 miles in length. Thus I left it this afternoon burning, a resemblance of Sodom or the last day. London was, but is no more!

“4th. The burning still rages, and it was now gotten as far as the Inner Temple, all Fleet Streete, the Old Bailey, Ludgate Hill, Warwick Lane, Newgate, Paul's Chain, Watling Streete, now flaming, and most of it reduc'd to ashes; the stones of Paul'es flew like granados, ye mealting had runing downe the streetes in a streame, and the very pavements glowing with fiery rednesse, so that no horse nor man was able to tread on them, and the demolition had stopp'd all the passages, so that no help could be applied. The eastern wind still more impetuously drove the flames forward. Nothing but ye Almighty power of God was able to stop them, for vaine was ye help of man.

“5th. It crossed towards Whitehall: Oh the confusion there was then at the court! It pleased his Ma'ty to command me among ye rest to looke after the quenching of Fetter Lane end, to preserve if possible, that part of Holborn, whilst the rest of ye gentlemen tooke their several posts (for now they began to bestir themselves, and not till now, who hitherto had stood as men intoxicated, with their hands across), and began to consider that nothing was likely to put a stop but the blowing up of so many houses, as might make a

wider gap than any had yet ben made by the ordinary method of pulling them down with engines; this some stout seamen propos'd early enyough to have sav'd near ye whole citty, but this some tenacious and avaritious men, aldermen, etc., would not permit, because their houses must have ben of the first. It was therefore now commanded to be practis'd, and my concern being particularly for the hospital of St. Bartholomew, neere Smithfield, where I had many wounded and sick men, made me the more diligent to promote it, nor was my care for the Savoy lesse. It now pleas'd God, by abating the wind, and by the industrie of ye people, infusing a new spirit into them, that the fury of it began sensibly to abate about noone, so as it came no farther than ye Temple westward, nor than ye entrance of Smithfield north. But continu'd all this day and night so impetuous towards Cripplegate and the Tower, as made us all despaire; it also broke out againe in the Temple, but the courage of the multitude persisting, and many houses being blown up, such gaps and desolations were soone made, as with the former three days' consumption, the back fire did not so vehemently urge upon the rest as formerly. There was yet no standing neere the burning, and glowing ruines by neere a furlong's space.

“The coale and wood wharves and magazines of oyle, rosin, &c., did infinite mischief, so as the invective which a little before I had dedicated to his Ma'ty, and publish'd, giving warning what might probably be the issue of suffering those shops to be in the citty, was look'd on as a prophecy.

“The poore inhabitants were dispers'd about St. George's Fields, and Moorefields, as far as Highgate, and severall miles in circle, some under tents, some under miserable hutts and hovells, many without a rag or any necessary utensills, bed or board, who, from delicatenesse, riches, and easy accommodations in stately and well furnish'd houses, were now reduc'd to extreamest misery and poverty.

In this calamitous condition, I return'd with a sad heart to my house, blessing and adoring the mercy of God to me and mine, who in the midst of all this ruine was like Lot, in my little Zoar, safe and sound.

“7th. I went this morning on foote fm Whitehall as far as London Bridge, thro' the late Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, by St. Paul'es, Cheapside,



Exchange, Bishopgate, Aldersgate, and out to Moorefields, thence thro' Cornhill, &c., with extraordinary difficulty, clambering over heaps of yet smoking rubbish, and frequently mistaking where I was. The ground under my feet was so hot, that it even burnt the soles of my shoes. In the meantime his Ma'ty got to the Tower by water, to demolish ye houses about the graff, which being built entirely about it, had they taken fire and attack'd the White Tower where the magazine of powder lay, would undoubtedly not only have beaten downe and destroy'd all ye bridge, but sunke and torne the vessells in ye river, and render'd ye demolition beyond all expression for several miles about the country.

"At my return, I was infinitely concern'd to find that goodly church St. Pauls, now a sad ruine, and that beautiful portico (for structure comparable to any in Europe, as not long before repair'd by the king) now rent in pieces, flakes of vast stone split asunder, and nothing remaining intire but the inscription in the architrave, showing by whom it was built, which had not one letter of it defac'd. It was astonishing to see what immense stones the heat had in a manner calcin'd, so that all ye ornaments, columns, freezes, and projectures of massie Portland stone flew off, even to ye very rooffe, where a sheet of lead covering a great space was totally mealt; the ruines of the vaulted rooffe falling broke into St Faith's, which being filled with the magazines of bookes belonging to ye stationers, and carried thither for safety, they were all consum'd, burning for a weeke following. It is also observable, that the lead over ye altar at ye east end was untouch'd, and among the divers monuments, the body of one bishop remain'd intire. Thus lay in ashes that most venerable church, one of the most ancient pieces of early piety in ye Christian world, besides neere 100 more. The lead, yron worke, bells, plate, &c., mealt; the exquisitely wrought Mercers Chapell, the sumptuous Exchange, ye august abriq of Christ Church, all ye rest of the Companies Halls, sumptuous buildings, arches, all in dust; the fountaines dried up and ruin'd, whilst the very waters remain'd boiling. the vorago's of subterranean cellars, wells, and dungeons, formerly warehouses, still burning in stench and dark clouds of smoke, so that in 5 or 6 miles, in traversing about, I did not see one load of tim-

ber unconsum'd, nor many stones but what were calcin'd white as snow.

"The people who now walk'd about ye ruines appear'd like men in a dismal desert, or rather in some greate citty laid waste by a cruel enemy; to which was added the stench that came from some poore creatures bodies, beds, &c. Sir Tho. Gressham's statue, tho' fallen from its nich in the Royal Exchange, remain'd intire, when all those of ye kings since ye Conquest were broken to pieces, also the standard in Cornhill, and Q. Elizabeth's effigies, with some armes on Ludgate, continued with but little detriment, whilst the vast yron chaines of the citty streetes, hinges, bars, and gates of prisons, were many or them mealt and reduc'd to cinders by ye vehement heate. I was not able to passe through any of the narrow streetes, but kept the widest; the ground and air, smoake and fiery vapour continu'd so intense, that my haire was almost sing'd, and my feete unsufferably sur-heated. The big lanes and narrower streetes were quite filled up with rubbish, nor could one have knowne where he was, but by ye ruines of some church or hall, that had some remarkable tower or pinnacle remaining. I then went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have scene 200,000 people of all ranks and degrees dispers'd and lying along by their heapes of what they could save from the fire, deploring their losse; and tho' ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relief, which to me appear'd a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld. His Majesty and Council indeede tooke all imaginable care for their reliefe, by proclamation for the country to come in and refresh them with provisions. In ye midst of all this calamity and confusion, there was know not how, an alarme begun that the French and Dutch, with whom we were now in hostility, were not onely landed but even entering the citty. There was, in truth, some days before, greate suspicion of those 2 nations joining; and now, that they had ben the occasion of firing the towne. This report did so terrifie, that on a suddaine there was such an uproare and tumult, that they ran for their goods, and taking what weapons they could come at, they could not be stopp'd from falling on if those nations, whom they casually met, without sense or reason. The

clamour and peril grew so excessive, that it made the whole court amaz'd, and they did with infinite paines and greate difficulty reduce and appease the people, sending troops of soldiers and guards to cause them to retire into ye fields againe, where they were watch'd all this night. I left them pretty quiet, and came home sufficiently weary and broken. Their spirits thus a little calmed, and the affright abated, they now began to repaire into ye suburbs about the city, where such as had friends or opportunity got shelter for the present, to which his Ma'tys proclamation also invited them."

ÆSOP'S INVENTION TO BRING HIS MISTRESS BACK AGAIN TO HER HUSBAND AFTER SHE HAD LEFT HIM.

BY SIR ROGER L'ESTRANGE.

THE wife of Xanthus was well born and wealthy, but so proud and domineering withal, as if her fortune and her extraction had entitled her to the breeches. She was horribly bold, meddling and expensive (as that sort of women commonly are), easily put off the hooks, and monstrous hard to be pleased again; perpetually chattering at her husband, and upon all occasions of controversy threatening him to be gone. It came to this at last, that Xanthus's stock of patience being quite spent, he took up a resolution of going another way to work with her, and of trying a course of severity, since there was nothing to be done with her by kindness. But this experiment, instead of mending the matter, made it worse; for, upon harder usage, the woman grew desperate, and went away from him, in earnest. She was as bad, 'tis true, as bad might well be, and yet Xanthus had a kind of hankering for her still; beside that, there was a matter of interest in the case; and a pestilent tongue she had, that the poor husband dreaded above all things under the sun. But the man was willing, however, to make the best of a bad game, and so his wits and his friends were set at work, in the fairest manner that might be, to get her home again. But there was no good to be done in it, it seems; and Xanthus was so visibly out of humour upon it, that Æsop in pure pity be thought himself immediately how to comfort him. "Come, master," says he, "pluck up a good heart, for I have a project in my noddle, that shall bring my mistress to you back again,

with as good a will as ever she went from you." What does my Æsop, but away immediately to the market among the butchers, poulterers, fish-mongers, confectioners, &c., for the best of everything that was in season. Nay, he takes private people in this way too, and chops into the very house of his mistress's relations, as by mistake. This way of proceeding set the whole town agog to know the meaning of all this bustle; and Æsop innocently told everybody that his master's wife was run away from him, and he had married another; his friends up and down were all invited to come and make merry with him, and this was to be the wedding feast. The news flew like lightning, and happy were they that could carry the first tidings of it to the run-away lady (for everybody knew Æsop to be a servant in that family). It gathered in the rolling, as all other stories do in the telling, especially where women's tongues and passions have the spreading of them. The wife, that was in her nature violent and unsteady, ordered her chariot to be made ready immediately, and away she posts back to her husband, falls upon him with outrages of looks and language; and after the easing of her mind a little, "No, Xanthus," says she, "do not you flatter yourself with the hopes of enjoying another woman while I am alive." Xanthus looked upon this as one of Æsop's masterpieces; and for that bout all was well again betwixt master and mistress.

RICHARD BAXTER'S ESTIMATE OF HIS OWN WRITINGS AND THE HISTORIES OF HIS TIME.

IF Richard Baxter had not written "The Saint's Everlasting Rest," he perhaps would not have attained to immortality. He expresses his own judgment of that work, as well as his other writings, in the following style:

"Concerning almost all my writings, I must confess that my own judgment is, that fewer, well studied and polished, had been better; but the reader who can safely censure the books, is not fit to censure the author, unless he had been upon the place, and acquainted with all the occasions and circumstances. Indeed, for the 'Saint's Rest,' I had four months' vacancy to write it, but in the midst of continual languishing and medicine; but, for the rest, I wrote them in the crowd of all my other employments, which would allow me no

great leisure for polishing and exactness, or any ornament; so that I scarce ever wrote one sheet twice over, nor stayed to make any blots or interlinings, but was fain to let it go as it was first conceived; and when my own desire was rather to stay upon one thing long than run over many, some sudden occasions or other extorted almost all my writings from me; and the apprehensions of present usefulness or necessity prevailed against all other motives; so that the divines which were at hand with me still put me on, and approved of what I did, because they were moved by present necessities as well as I; but those that were far off, and felt not those nearer motives, did rather wish that I had taken the other way, and published a few elaborate writings; and I am ready myself to be of their mind, when I forget the case that I then stood in, and have lost the sense of former motives." * *

Baxter entertained a very poor opinion of the histories of his times, as will be seen by the following extract from his writings:

"I am abundantly satisfied by the experience of this age that there is no believing two sorts of men, ungodly men and partial men; though an honest heathen, of no religion, may be believed, where enmity against religion biasset him not; yet a debauched Christian, besides his enmity to the power and practice of his own religion, is seldom without some further bias of interest or faction; especially when these concur, and a man is both ungodly and ambitious, espousing an interest contrary to a holy heavenly life, and also factious, embodying himself with a sect or party suited to his spirit and designs; there is no believing his word or oath. If you read any man partially bitter against others, as differing from him in opinion, or as cross to his greatness, interest, or designs, take heed how you believe any more than the historical evidence, distinct from his word, compelleth you to believe. The prodigious lies which have been published in this age in matters of fact, with unblushing confidence, even where thousands or multitudes of eye and ear witnesses knew all to be false, doth call men to take heed what history they believe, especially where power and violence affordeth that privilege to the reporter, that no man dare answer him, or detect his fraud; or if they do, their writings are all suppress. As long as men have liberty to examine and contradict one another, one may partly

conjecture, by comparing their words, on which side the truth is like to lie. But when great men write history, or flatterers by their appointment, which no man dare contradict, believe it but as you are constrained."

Observance of the Sabbath in Baxter's Youth.

I cannot forget, that in my youth, in those late times, when we lost the labours of some of our conformable godly teachers, for not reading publicly the book of sports and dancing on the Lord's Day, one of my father's own tenants was the town piper, hired by the year (for many years together), and the place of the dancing assembly was not an hundred yards from our door. We could not, on the Lord's Day, either read a chapter, or pray, or sing a psalm, or catechise, or instruct a servant, but with the noise of the pipe and tabor, and the shoutings in the street, continually in our ears. Even among a tractable people, we were the common scorn of all the rabble in the streets, and called puritans, precisians, and hypocrites, because we rather chose to read the Scriptures than to do as they did; though there was no savour of nonconformity in our family. And when the people by the book were allowed to play and dance out of public service time, they could so hardly break off their sports, that many a time the reader was fain to stay till the piper and players would give over. Sometimes the morris-dancers would come into the church in all their linen, and scarfs, and antic-dresses, with morris-bells jingling at their legs; and as soon as common prayer was read, did haste out presently to their play again.

A SHORT HISTORY OF GEORGE FOX.

GEORGE FOX, the founder of the Society of Friends, or, as they are usually termed, Quakers, was one of the most prominent religious enthusiasts in an age which produced them in extraordinary abundance. He was the son of a weaver at Drayton, in Leicestershire, and was born in 1624. Having been apprenticed to a shoemaker, who traded in wool and cattle, he spent much of his youth in tending sheep, an employment which allowed him to indulge his propensity for musing and solitude. When about nineteen years of age, he was one day vexed by a disposition to intemperance which he observed in two professedly religious friends whom he met at a fair. "I went away," says he in his Journal,

"and when I had done my business returned home; but I did not go to bed that night, nor could I sleep; but sometimes walked up and down, and sometimes prayed, and cried to the Lord, who said unto me, 'Thou seest how young people go together into vanity, and old people into the earth; thou must forsake all, young and old, keep out of all, and be a stranger to all.'" This divine communication, as in the warmth of his imagination he considered it to be, was scrupulously obeyed. Leaving his relations and master he betook himself for several years to a wandering life, which was interrupted only for a few months, during which he was prevailed upon to reside at home. At this time he seems to have been completely insane. In the course of his melancholy wanderings, he sometimes, for weeks together, passed the night in the open air, and used to spend entire days without sustenance. "My troubles," says he, "continued, and I was often under great temptations. I fasted much, walked abroad in solitary places many days, and often took my Bible and sat in hollow trees and lonely places until night came on; and frequently in the night walked mournfully about by myself; for I was a man of sorrows in the first workings of the Lord in me." On another occasion, "I was in a fast for about ten days, my spirit being greatly exercised on truth's behalf." At this period, as well as during the remainder of his life, Fox had many dreams and visions, and supposed himself to receive supernatural messages from above. In his Journal he gives an account of a particular movement of his mind in singularly beautiful and impressive language: "One morning, as I was sitting by the fire, a great cloud came over me, and a temptation beset me, and I sate still. And it was said, All things come by nature, and the Elements and Stars came over me, so that I was in a moment quite clouded with it; but, inasmuch as I sate still and said nothing, the people of the house perceived nothing. And as I sate still under it and let it alone, a living hope rose in me, and a true voice arose in me which cried, 'There is a living God who made all things.' And immediately the cloud and temptation vanished away, and the life rose over it all, and my heart was glad, and I praised the living God." Afterwards, he told us, "The Lord's power broke forth, and I had great openings and prophecies, and spoke unto the people of the

things of God, which they heard with attention and silence, and went away and spread the fame thereof." Conceiving himself to be divinely commissioned to convert his countrymen from their sins, he began, about the year 1647, to teach publicly in the vicinity of Duckenfield and Manchester, whence he travelled through several neighboring counties, haranguing at the market-places against the vices of the age. He had now formed the opinions, that a learned education is unnecessary to a minister; that the existence of a separate clerical profession is unwarranted by the Bible; that the Creator of the world is not a dweller in temples made with hands; and that the Scriptures are not the rule either of conduct or judgment, but that man should follow "the light of Christ within." He believed, moreover, that he was divinely commanded to abstain from taking off his hat to any one, of whatever rank; to use the words *thee* and *thou* in addressing all persons with whom he communicated; to bid nobody good-morrow or good-night; and never to bend his knee to any one in authority, or take an oath, even on the most solemn occasion. Acting upon these views, he sometimes went into churches while service was going on, and interrupted the clergymen by loudly contradicting their statements of doctrine. By these breaches of order, and the employment of such unceremonious fashions of address, as, "Come down, thou deceiver!" he naturally gave great offence, which led sometimes to his imprisonment, and sometimes to severe treatment from the hands of the populace. At Derby, he was imprisoned in a loathsome dungeon for a year, and afterwards in a still more disgusting cell at Carlisle for half that period. To this ill treatment he submitted with meekness and resignation; and out of prison, also, there was ample opportunity for the exercise of the same qualities. As an illustration of the rough usage which he frequently brought upon himself, we extract this affecting narrative from his *Journal*:—

Fox's Ill-treatment at Ulverstone.

The people were in a rage, and fell upon me in the steeple house before his [Justice Sawrey's] face, knocked me down, kicked me, and trampled upon me. So great was the uproar, that some tumbled over their seats for fear. At last he came and took me from the people, led me out of the steeple-house, and put me into the hands of the

constables and other officers, bidding them whip me, and put me out of the town. Many friendly people being come to the market, and some to the steeple-house to hear me, divers of these they knocked down also, and broke their heads, so that the blood ran down several; and Judge Fell's son running after, to see what they would do with me, they threw him into a ditch of water, some of them crying, "Knock the teeth out of his head." When they had haled me to the common moss side, a multitude following, the constables and other officers gave me some blows over my back with willow rods, and thrust me among the rude multitude, who, having furnished themselves with staves, hedge-stakes, holm or holly-bushes, fell upon me, and beat me upon the head, arms, and shoulders, till they had deprived me of sense; so that I fell down upon the wet common. When I recovered again, and saw myself lying in a watery common, and the people standing about me, I lay still a little while, and the power of the Lord sprang through me, and the eternal refreshings revived me, so that I stood up again in the strengthening power of the eternal God, and stretching out my arms amongst them, I said with a loud voice, "Strike again! here are my arms, my head, and cheeks!" Then they began to fall out among themselves.

Fox not only acted as a prophet, but assumed the power of working miracles—in the exercise of which he claims to have cured various individuals, including a man whose arm had long been disabled, and a woman afflicted with king's evil, or scrofula. On one occasion he ran with bare feet through Litchfield, exclaiming, "Wo to the bloody city of Litchfield!" and, when no calamity followed this denouncement, as expected, he found no better mode of accounting for the failure than discovering that some Christians had once been slain there! Of his powers of discerning witches, the following examples are given in his *Journal*: "As I was sitting in a house full of people, declaring the word of life to them, I cast mine eyes upon a woman, and I discovered an unclean spirit in her; and I was moved of the Lord to speak sharply to her, and told her she was a witch; whereupon the woman went out of the room, and I being a stranger there, and knowing nothing of the woman outwardly, the people wondered at it, and told me afterwards, I had discovered a great thing, for all the country looked upon her as a

witch. The Lord had given me a spirit of discerning, by which I many times saw the states and conditions of people, and could try their spirits. For, not long before, as I was going to a meeting, I saw women in a field, and I discerned them to be witches; and I was moved to go out of my way into the field to them, and to declare unto them their conditions, telling them plainly they were in the spirit of witchcraft. At another time, there came such an one into Swarthmore Hall, in the meeting time, and I was moved to speak sharply to her, and told her she was a witch; and the people said afterwards, she was generally accounted so."

CURIOUS CUSTOMS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

THE feudal lords erected castles as a protection against one another, and also as a barrier to the encroachments of the Danish freebooters or Northmen. In turn the owners of these castles became the disturbers of the public repose; they were, in fact, highway robbers, sallying out of their strongholds, at the head of their vassals, to rob and plunder their weaker neighbors. They pillaged whoever passed, carrying off as their special prizes the women whose comeliness of form or feature pleased them. Many women, as a protection against the marauders, entered the convents and took the veil, which, in those superstitious times, was generally a protection against all kinds of violence. Society was so barbarous and degraded that even the monks engaged in those lawless enterprises. De Saint Foix, in his *Historical Essays*, asserts that women and girls were in no greater security when passing the abbeys, than in the presence of the castles of the lords. The monks allowed their monasteries to be assaulted rather than relinquish their prey; and if they saw themselves losing ground, they exhibited from their walls the relics of some saint. Then it generally happened that the assailants, seized with awful veneration, retired, and dared not pursue their vengeance. These customs were the origin of the Knights errant, and the Middle Age romances of giants, monsters, enchanted castles, etc.

As the walls of the castles ran winding about them, they were frequently called by names that signified serpents or dragons. In these were commonly secured the women and young maids of distinction, who were seldom safe elsewhere when



so many bold warriors were rambling up and down in search of adventures. It was this custom which gave occasion to ancient romancers, who knew not how to describe anything simple, to invent so many fables concerning princesses of great beauty guarded by dragons.

A singular and barbarous custom prevailed during this period; it consisted in punishment by mutilation. This practice became so general that, it is asserted by reliable historians, the abbots, instead of inflicting canonical penalties on their monks, required them to cut off an ear, an arm or a leg; William the Conqueror, on several occasions, after suppressing the numerous insurrections of the English against his authority, resorted to the punishment of mutilation for the purpose of preventing similar disorders in the future. On some occasions he chopped off the right hands of the offenders, on others their right feet; now and then he put out their eyes, and on one occasion he disfigured a large number of prisoners by cutting off their noses.

Velly, in his "History of France," describes two popular festivals, called the *Feast of Fools*, and the *Feast of Asses*, which gives us a just idea of the manner and style of devotion that prevailed among the common people even as late as the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. There is also a fine description of one of these festivals in Victor Hugo's *Bell Ringer of Notre Dame*. The people of that age regarded religion as an amusement! It took the place of the theatre, the circus, and the more ancient gladiatorial arena. The *Feast of Fools* continued until the Reformation. The priests and clerks assembled, elected a fool's pope, an arch-bishop or a bishop, and conducted them in great pomp to the church, which they entered, dancing, masked, and dressed in imitation of animals, or the apparel of women and Merry Andrews; sung licentious songs, and converted the altar into a bouffet, where they ate and drank during the celebration of the holy mysteries; played at dice; burned their old sandals and shoes instead of incense; ran about, leaped from seat to seat, assuming all the indecent and ludicrous postures with which the clown knew how to amuse the populace.

The "Feast of Asses" was no less extravagant than the "Feast of Fools." It was celebrated at Beauvaris. They chose a young woman, the handsomest in town; they made her ride an

ass richly harnessed, and placed in her arms a pretty infant. In this state, followed by the bishop and clergy, she marched in procession from the cathedral to the church of St. Stephen's; entered into the sanctuary; placed herself near the altar, and the mass began. Whatever the choir sang was terminated by this charming burthen, "Hiban! Hiban." Their prose, half Latin and half French, explained the fine qualities of the animal. Every strophe finished with this invitation:

Hez, sire Ane, ea chantez
Belle bouche rechignez,
Vous aurès du foin assez
Et de l'avoine à plantez.

These grotesque festivals were also practised in England, varying but little from those just described. We copy this account of them from an ancient writer:

"In the feast of Asses, an ass, covered with sacerdotal robes, was gravely conducted to the choir, where service was performed before him, and a hymn chanted in as discordant a manner as they could contrive; the office was a medley of all that had been sung in the course of the year; pails of water were flung at the head of the chanters; the ass was supplied with drink and provender at every division of the service; and the asinines were drinking, dancing, and braying for two days. The hymn to the ass has been preserved; each stanza ends with the burden 'Hez! Sire Ane, hez!' 'Huzza! Seignior Ass, Huzza!' On other occasions, they put burnt old shoes to fume in the censers; ran about the church leaping, singing, and dancing obscenely; scattering ordure among the audience; playing at dice upon the altar! while a *boy-bishop*, or a *pope of fools*, burlesqued the divine service. Sometimes they disguised themselves in the skins of animals, and pretending to be transformed into the animal they represented, it became dangerous, or worse, to meet these abandoned fools. There was a *precentor of fools*, who was shaved in public, during which he entertained the populace with all the balderdash his genius could invent. We had in Leicester, in 1415, what was called a *glutton mass*; during the five days of the festival of the Virgin Mary. The people rose early to mass, during which they practised eating and drinking with the most zealous velocity, and, as in France, drew

from the corners of the altar the rich puddings placed there."

So late as 1645, a pupil of Gassendi, writing to his master what he himself witnessed at Aix on the feast of the Innocence, says, "I have seen, in some monasteries in this province extravagances solemnized, which the pagans would not have practised. Neither the clergy, nor the guardians, indeed, go to the choir on this day, but all is given up to the lay-brethren, the cabbage-cutters, the errand-boys, the cooks and scullions, the gardeners; in a word, all the menials fill their places in the church, and insist that they perform the offices proper for the day. They dress themselves with all the sacerdotal ornaments, but torn to rags, or wear them inside out; they hold in their hands the books reversed or sideways, which they pretend to read with large spectacles without glasses, and to which they fix the shells of scooped oranges, which render them so hideous, that one must have seen these madmen to form a notion of their appearance; particularly while dinging the censers, they keep shaking them in derision, and letting the ashes fly about their heads and faces, one against the other. In this equipage they neither sing hymns, nor psalms, nor masses; but mumble a certain gibberish as shrill and squeaking as a herd of pigs whipped on to market."

These antics remind us of the modern tricks played at Mardi Gras festivals, the latter being, doubtless, nothing more than a modernized or civilized representation of the ancient follies.

Strange contradictions of human nature! During the very period that these extravagances were so freely indulged, the clergy would not suffer men to play at so simple a game as chess; while many other perfectly innocent amusements were also placed under the ban of the church.

Chastity, both among men and women, was very highly regarded as a virtue of holiness. It was no uncommon thing for men and women to enter into vows of chastity, and remain religiously faithful to them during their entire lives. This occurred in the case of one of the ancient queens of England, and, although she was happily married, she remained faithful to her vow, and at her death the throne was left without an heir. Louis VIII., of France, made a similar vow, and, falling dangerously ill, physicians, on consultation, decided that nothing could save his life except the enjoyment of conjugal pleasures. With

this purpose in view, they placed near the monarch, while he slept, a young and beautiful lady, who, when he awoke, tenderly and modestly made known to him the object of her presence. "No!" answered Louis, "I will die rather than save my life by a mortal sin," and in conformity with this determination, he died.

Following the inroads of the northern barbarians upon the southern and more cultivated nations of Italy, France, and Spain, flaxen hair became very popular. In the times of chivalry the minstrels dwell with great complacency on the fair heads and delicate complexion of their damsels. This taste was continued for a long time, and to render the hair light was a great object of education. Even when wigs first came into fashion they were all flaxen. Such was the color of the hair of the Gauls and their German conquerors. It required some centuries to reconcile their eyes to the swarthy beauties of their Spanish and Italian neighbors.

It was a common custom, in those peculiar times, to "mortify the flesh" for the good of the soul. Many different expedients were resorted to for the accomplishment of this purpose. Historians assert that Louis XII., of France, hastened his death by sudden and radical changes in his habits and diet, made as penances for his sins.

When he was accustomed to dine at eight o'clock, he dined at twelve; and when he was used to retire to bed at six o'clock in the evening, he frequently sat up as late as midnight.

Houssaye gives the following authentic notice drawn from the registers of the court, which presents a curious account of domestic life in the fifteenth century. Of the dauphin Louis, son of Charles VI., who died at the age of twenty, we are told: "that he knew the Latin and French languages; that he had many musicians in his chapel; passed the night in vigils; dined at three in the afternoon, supped at midnight, went to bed at the break of day, and thus was *acertene* (that is threatened) with a short life." Froissart mentions waiting upon the Duke of Lancaster at five o'clock in the afternoon, when he *had supped*.

The use of coaches was introduced into England by Fitzalan, Earl of Arundel, in 1580, and at first were only drawn by a pair of horses. The favorite Buckingham, about 1619, began to have them drawn by six horses, and Wilson, in his life of James I., tells us this "was wondered at as a

novelty, and imputed to him as a mastering pride." The same *arbiter elegantiarum* introduced sedan chairs. In France, Catharine of Medicis was the first who used a coach, which had leather doors, and curtains instead of glass windows. If the carriage of Henry IV. had had glass windows, this circumstance might have saved his life. Carriages were so rare in the reign of this monarch, that in a letter to his minister Sully, he notices that having taken medicine that day, though he had intended to call on him, he was prevented, because the queen had gone out with the carriage. Even as late as in the reign of Louis XIV., the couriers rode horseback to their dinner parties, and wore their light boots and spurs. Count Hamilton describes his boots of white Spanish leather with gold spurs.

PERSONAL CHARACTER OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

THE following description of the personal character of Charles I. occurs in the history of the revolution in England, written by Lord Clarendon. As he was an ardent royalist his opinion of the unfortunate king is of course colored by his personal feelings, but aside from this his account is generally conceded to be fair and just :

To speak first of his private qualifications as a man, before the mention of his princely and royal virtues ; he was, if ever any, the most worthy of the title of an honest man ; so great a lover of justice, that no temptation could dispose him to a wrongful action, except it was so disguised to him that he believed it to be just. He had a tenderness and compassion of nature which restrained

him from ever doing a hard-hearted thing ; and, therefore, he was so apt to grant pardon to malefactors, that the judges of the land represented to him the damage and insecurity to the public that



CHARLES I.—By Van Dyck.

flowed from such his indulgence. And then he restrained himself from pardoning either murders or highway robberies, and quickly discerned the

fruits of his severity by a wonderful reformation of those enormities. He was very punctual and regular in his devotions; he was never known to enter upon his recreations or sports, though never so early in the morning, before he had been at public prayers; so that on hunting days, his chaplains were bound to a very early attendance. He was likewise very strict in observing the hours of his private cabinet devotions, and was so severe an exacter of gravity and reverence in all mention of religion, that he could never endure any light or profane word, with what sharpness of wit soever it was covered; and though he was well pleased and delighted with reading verses made upon any occasion, no man durst bring before him anything that was profane or unclean. That kind of wit had never any countenance then. He was so great an example of conjugal affection, that they who did not imitate him in that particular, durst not brag of their liberty; and he did not only permit, but direct his bishops to prosecute those scandalous vices, in the ecclesiastical courts, against persons of eminence, and near relation to his service.

His kingly virtues had some mixture and alloy that hindered them from shining in full lustre, and from producing those fruits they should have been attended with. He was not in his nature very bountiful, though he gave very much. This appeared more after the Duke of Buckingham's death, after which those showers fell very rarely; and he paused too long in giving, which made those to whom he gave less sensible of the benefit. He kept state to the full, which made his court very orderly, no man presuming to be seen in a place where he had no pretence to be. He saw and observed men long before he received them about his person; and did not love strangers, nor very confident men. He was a patient hearer of causes, which he frequently accustomed himself to at the council board, and judged very well, and was dexterous in the mediating part; so that he often put an end to causes by persuasion, which the stubbornness of men's humors made dilatory in courts of justice.

He was very fearless in his person; but in his riper years not very enterprising. He had an excellent understanding, but was not confident enough of it; which made him oftentimes change his own opinion for a worse, and follow the advice of men that did not judge as well as himself.

This made him more irresolute than the conjuncture of his affairs would admit; if he had been of a rougher and more imperious nature, he would have found more respect and duty. And his not applying some severe cures to approaching evils proceeded from the lenity of his nature, and the tenderness of his conscience, which, in all cases of blood, made him choose the softer way, and not hearken to severe counsels, how reasonably soever urged. This only restrained him from pursuing his advantage in the first Scottish expedition, when, humanly speaking, he might have reduced that nation to the most entire obedience that could have been wished. But no man can say he had then many who advised him to it, but the contrary, by a wonderful indisposition all his council had to the war or any other fatigue. He was always a great lover of the Scottish nation, having not only been born there, but educated by that people, and besieged by them always, having few English about him till he was king; and the major number of his servants being still with that nation, who he thought could never fail him. And among these, no man had such an ascendant over him, by the humblest insinuations, as Duke Hamilton had.

As he excelled in all other virtues, so in temperance he was so strict, that he abhorred all debauchery to that degree, that, at a great festival solemnity, where he once was, when very many of the nobility of the English and Scots were entertained, being told by one who withdrew from thence what vast draughts of wine they drank, and that there was one earl who had drunk most of the rest down, and was not himself moved or altered, the king said that he deserved to be hanged; and the earl coming shortly after into the room where his majesty was, in some gaiety, to show how unhurt he was from that battle, the king sent one to bid him withdraw from his majesty's presence; nor did he in some days after appear before him.

So many miraculous circumstances contributed to his ruin, that men might well think that heaven and earth conspired it. Though he was, from the first declension of his power, so much betrayed by his own servants, that there were very few who remained faithful to him, yet that treachery proceeded not always from any treasonable purpose to do him any harm, but from particular and personal animosities against other



men. And afterwards, the terror all men were under of the parliament, and the guilty were conscious of themselves, made them watch all opportunities to make themselves gracious to those who could do them good; and so they be-

after all this, when a man might reasonably believe that less than universal defection of three nations could have reduced a great king to so ugly a fate, it is most certain that, in that very hour, when he was thus wickedly murdered in

the light of the sun, he had as great a share in the hearts and affections of his subjects in general, was as much beloved, esteemed, and longed for by the people in general of the three nations, as any of his predecessors had ever been. To conclude, he was the worthiest gentleman, the best master, the best friend, the best husband, the best father, and the best Christian that the age in which he lived produced. And if he were not the greatest king, if he were without some parts and qualities which have made some kings great and happy, no other prince was ever unhappy who was possessed of half his virtues and endowments, and so much without any kind of vice.

ESCAPE OF CHARLES II. AFTER THE DEFEAT AT WORCESTER.

THE strange and romantic adventures of King Charles II., after his defeat at Worcester, were related by himself to Lord Clarendon, the historian, who recorded them in the king's own language. They bear a strong resemblance to many similar incidents that occurred during the late war between our Northern and Southern States:

Though the king could not get a body of horse to fight, he could have too many to fly with him; and he had not been many hours from Worcester, when he found about him near, if not above, four



CHARLES II.

came spies upon their master, and from one piece of knavery were hardened and confirmed to take another, till at last they had no hope of preservation but by destruction of their master. And

thousand of his horse. There was David Lesley with all his own equipage, as if he had not fled upon the sudden; so that good order, and regularity, and obedience, might yet have made a retreat even into Scotland itself. But there was paleness in every man's looks, and jealousy and confusion in their faces; and scarce anything could worse befall the king than a return into Scotland, which yet he could not reasonably promise to himself in that company. But when the night covered them, he found means to withdraw himself with one or two of his own servants, whom he likewise discharged when it began to be light; and after he had made them cut off his hair, he betook himself alone into an adjacent wood, and relied only upon Him for his preservation who alone could, and did miraculously deliver him.

When it was morning, and the troops which had marched all night, and who knew that when it began to be dark the king was with them, found now that he was not there, they cared less for each other's company; and most of them who were English separated themselves, and went into other roads; and wherever twenty horse appeared of the country, which was now awake, and upon their guard to stop and arrest the runaways, the whole body of the Scottish horse would fly, and run several ways; and twenty of them would give themselves prisoners to two country fellows; however, David Lesley reached Yorkshire with above fifteen hundred horse in a body. But the jealousies increased every day; and those of his own country were so unsatisfied with his whole conduct and behaviour, that they did, that is, many of them, believe that he was corrupted by Crom-

well; and the rest, who did not think so, believed him not to understand his profession, in which he had been bred from his cradle. When he was in his flight, considering one morning with the principal persons which way they should take, some proposed this and others that way, Sir William Armorer asked him, "which way he thought best?" which, when he had named, the other said, "he would then go the other; for, he swore, he had betrayed the king and the army all the time;" and so left him. * * *



FLIGHT OF THE ROYALISTS FROM THE BATTLE OF WORCESTER.

It is great pity that there was never a journal made of that miraculous deliverance, in which there might be seen so many visible impressions of the immediate hand of God. When the darkness of the night was over, after the king had cast himself into that wood, he discerned another man, who had gotten upon an oak in the same wood, near the place where the king had rested himself, and had slept soundly. The man upon the tree had first seen the king, and knew him, and came down to him, and was known to the king, being a gentleman of the neighbour county of Staffordshire, who had served his late majesty during the war, and had now been one of the few who resorted to the king after his coming to Wor-

cester. His name was Careless, who had had a command of foot, about the degree of a captain, under the Lord Loughborough. He persuaded the king, since it could not be safe for him to go out of the wood, and that, as soon as it should be fully light, the wood itself would probably be visited by those of the country, who would be searching to find those whom they might make prisoners, that he would get up into that tree where he had been, where the boughs were so thick with leaves that a man would not be dis-

highway near one side of it, where the king had entered into it, yet it was large, and all other sides of it opened amongst inclosures, and Careless was not unacquainted with the neighbour villages; and it was part of the king's good fortune that this gentleman, by being a Roman Catholic, was acquainted with those of that profession of all degrees, who had the best opportunities of concealing him; for it must never be denied that some of that religion had a very great share in his majesty's preservation.



THE WOODS IN WHICH KING CHARLES LAY CONCEALED.

covered there without a narrower inquiry than people usually make in places which they do not suspect. The king thought it good counsel, and, with the other's help, climbed into the tree, and then helped his companion to ascend after him, where they sat all that day, and securely saw many who came purposely into the wood to look after them, and heard all their discourse, how they would use the king himself if they could take him. This wood was either in or upon the borders of Staffordshire; and though there was a

The day being spent in the tree, it was not in the king's power to forget that he had lived two days with eating very little, and two nights with as little sleep; so that, when the night came, he was willing to make some provision for both; and he resolved, with the advice and assistance of his companion, to leave his blessed tree; and, when the night was dark, they walked through the wood into those inclosures which were farthest from any highway, and making a shift to get over hedges and ditches, after walking at least eight or nine

miles, which were the more grievous to the king by the weight of his boots (for he could not put them off when he cut off his hair, for want of shoes), before morning they came to a poor cottage, the owner whereof, being a Roman Catholic, was known to Careless. He was called up, and as soon as he knew one of them, he easily concluded in what condition they both were, and presently carried them into a little barn full of hay, which was a better lodging than he had for himself. But when they were there, and had conferred with their host of the news and temper of the country, it was agreed that the danger would be the greater if they stayed together; and, therefore, that Careless should presently be gone, and should, within two days, send an honest man to the king, to guide him to some other place of security; and in the mean time his majesty should stay upon the hay-mow. The poor man had nothing for him to eat, but promised him good butter-milk; and so he was once more left alone, his companion, how weary soever, departing from him before day, the poor man of the house knowing no more than that he was a friend of the captain's, and one of those who had escaped from Worcester. The king slept very well in his lodging, till the time that his host brought him a piece of bread, and a great pot of butter-milk, which he thought the best food he had ever eaten. The poor man spoke very intelligently to him of the country, and of the people who were well or ill affected to the king, and of the great fear and terror that possessed the hearts of those who were best affected. He told him, "that he himself lived by his daily labour, and that what he had brought him was the fare he and his wife had; and that he feared, if he should endeavour to procure better, it might draw suspicion upon him, and people might be apt to think he had somebody with him that was not of his own family. However, if he would have him get some meat, he would do it; but if he could bear this hard diet, he should have enough of the milk, and some of the butter that was made with it." The king was satisfied with his reason, and would not run the hazard for a change of diet; desired only the man that he might have his company as often and as much as he could give it him; there being the same reason against the poor man's discontinuing his labour, as the alteration of his fare.

After he had rested upon this hay-mow and

fed upon this diet two days and two nights, in the evening before the third night, another fellow, a little above the condition of his host, came to the house, sent from Careless, to conduct the king to another house, more out of any road near which any part of the army was like to march. It was above twelve miles that he was to go, and was to use the same caution he had done the first night, not to go in any common road, which his guide knew well how to avoid. Here he new dressed himself, changing clothes with his landlord; he had a great mind to have kept his own shirt; but he considered, that men are not sooner discovered by any mark in disguises than by having fine linen in ill clothes; and so he parted with his shirt too, and took the same his poor host had then on. Though he had foreseen that he must leave his boots, and his landlord had taken the best care he could to provide an old pair of shoes, yet they were not easy to him when he first put them on, and, in a short time after, grew very grievous to him. In this equipage he set out from his first lodging in the beginning of the night, under the conduct of this guide, who guided him the nearest way, crossing over hedges and ditches, that they might be in least danger of meeting passengers. This was so grievous a march, and he was so tired, that he was even ready to despair, and to prefer being taken and suffered to rest, before purchasing his safety at that price. His shoes had, after a few miles, hurt him so much, that he had thrown them away, and walked the rest of the way in his ill stockings, which were quickly worn out; and his feet, with the thorns in getting over hedges, and with the stones in other places, were so hurt and wounded, that he many times cast himself upon the ground, with a desperate and obstinate resolution to rest there till the morning, that he might shift with less torment, what hazard soever he run. But his stout guide still prevailed with him to make a new attempt, sometimes promising that the way should be better, and sometimes assuring him that he had but little farther to go; and in this distress and perplexity, before the morning they arrived at the house designed; which, though it was better than that which he had left, his lodging was still in the barn, upon straw instead of hay, a place being made as easy in it as the expectation of a guest could dispose it. Here he had such meat and porridge as such people use to have, with which, but especially with

the butter and the cheese, he thought himself well feasted; and took the best care he could to be supplied with other, little better, shoes and stockings; and after his feet were enough recovered that he could go, he was conducted from thence to another poor house, within such a distance as put him not to much trouble; for having

observed that he was never carried to any gentleman's house, though that country was full of them, but only to poor houses of poor men, which only yielded him rest with very unpleasant sustenance; whether there was more danger in those better houses, in regard of the resort and the many servants, or whether the owners of great



CHARLES II. TRAVELLING IN DISGUISE.

not yet in his thought which way or by what means to make his escape, all that was designed was only, by shifting from one house to another, to avoid discovery. And being now in that quarter which was more inhabited by the Roman Catholics than most other parts in England, he was led from one to another of that persuasion, and concealed with great fidelity. But he then

observed that he was never carried to any gentleman's house, though that country was full of them, but only to poor houses of poor men, which only yielded him rest with very unpleasant sustenance.

Within a few days, a very honest and discreet person, one Mr. Hudleston, a Benedictine monk, who attended the service of the Roman Catholics in these parts, came to him, sent by Careless, and was a very great assistance and comfort to him. And when the places to which he carried him

were at too great a distance to walk, he provided him a horse, and more proper habit than the rags he wore. This man told him, "that the Lord Wilmot lay concealed likewise in a friend's house of his, which his majesty was very glad of, and wished him to contrive some means how they might speak together," which the other easily did, and, within a night or two, brought them into one place. Wilmot told the king "that he had by very good fortune fallen into the house of an honest gentleman, one Mr. Lane, a person of an excellent reputation for his fidelity to the king, but of so universal and general a good name, that, though he had a son who had been a colonel in the king's service during the late war, and was then upon his way with men to Worcester, the very day of the defeat, men of all affections in the country, and of all opinions, paid the old man a very great respect; that he had been very civilly treated there; and that the old gentleman had used some diligence to find out where the king was, that he might get him to his house, where, he was sure, he could conceal him till he might contrive a full deliverance." He told him, "he had withdrawn from that house, in hope that he might, in some other place, discover where his majesty was; and having now happily found him, advised him to repair to that house, which stood not near any other."

The king inquired of the monk of the reputation of this gentleman, who told him, "that he had a fair estate, was exceedingly beloved, and the eldest justice of peace of that county of Stafford; and though he was a very zealous Protestant, yet he lived with so much civility and candor towards the Catholics, that they would all trust him as much as they would do any of their own profession; and that he could not think of any place of so good repose and security for his majesty's repair to." The king liked the proposition, yet thought not fit to surprise the gentleman, but sent Wilmot thither again, to assure himself that he might be received there, and was willing that he should know what guest he received; which hitherto was so much concealed, that none of the houses where he had yet been, knew or seemed to suspect more than that he was one of the king's party that fled from Worcester. The monk carried him to a house at a reasonable distance, where he was to expect an account from the Lord Wilmot, who returned very punctually,

with as much assurance of welcome as he could wish. And so they two went together to Mr. Lane's house, where the king found he was welcome, and conveniently accommodated in such places as in a large house had been provided to conceal the persons of malignants, or to preserve goods of value from being plundered. Here he lodged and ate very well, and began to hope that he was in present safety. Wilmot returned under the care of the monk, and expected summons when any farther motion should be thought to be necessary.

In this station the king remained in quiet and blessed security many days, receiving every day information of the general consternation the kingdom was in, out of the apprehension that his person might fall into the hands of his enemies, and of the great diligence they used to inquire for him. He saw the proclamation that was issued out and printed, in which a thousand pounds were promised to any man who would deliver and discover the person of Charles Stuart, and the penalty of high treason declared against those who presumed to harbor or conceal him, by which he saw how much he was beholden to all those who were faithful to him. It was now time to consider how he might get near the sea, from whence he might find some means to transport himself; and he was now near the middle of the kingdom, saying that it was a little more northward, where he was utterly unacquainted with all the ports, and with that coast. In the west he was best acquainted, and that coast was most proper to transport him into France, to which he was inclined. Upon this matter he communicated with those of this family to whom he was known, that is, with the old gentleman the father, a very grave and venerable person; the colonel, his eldest son, a very plain man in his discourse and behaviour, but of a fearless courage, and an integrity superior to any temptation; and a daughter of the house, of a very good wit and discretion, and very fit to bear any part in such a trust. It was a benefit, as well as an inconvenience, in those unhappy times, that the affections of all men were almost as well known as their faces, by the discovery they had made of themselves in those sad seasons in many trials and persecutions; so that men knew not only the minds of their next neighbours, and those who inhabited near them, but, upon conference with their friends, could choose fit houses, at any

distance, to repose themselves in security, from one end of the kingdom to another, without trusting the hospitality of a common inn ; and men were very rarely deceived in their confidence upon such occasions ; but the persons with whom they were at any time, could conduct them to another house of the same affection.

Mr. Lane had a niece, or very near kinswoman, who was married to a gentleman, one Mr. Norton, a person of eight or nine hundred pounds per annum, who lived within four or five miles of Bristol, which was at least four or five days' journey from the place where the king then was, but a place most to be wished for the king to be in, because he did not only know all that country very well, but knew many persons also to whom, in an extraordinary case, he durst make himself known. It was hereupon resolved that Mrs. Lane should visit this cousin, who was known to be of good affections, and that she should ride behind the king, who was fitted with clothes and boots for such a service ; and that a servant of her father's, in livery, should wait upon her. A good house was easily pitched upon for the first night's lodging, where Wilmot had notice given him to meet ; and in this equipage the king began his journey, the colonel keeping him company at a distance, with a hawk upon his fist, and two or three spaniels, which, where there were any fields at hand, warranted him to ride out of the way, keeping his company still in his eye, and not seeming to be of it. In this manner they came to their first night's lodging ; and they need not now contrive to come to their journey's end about the close of the evening, for it was in the month of October far advanced, that the long journeys they made could not be despatched sooner. Here the Lord Wilmot found them, and their journeys being then adjusted, he was instructed where he should be every night ; so they were seldom seen together in the journey, and rarely lodged in the same house at night. In this manner the colonel hawked two or three days, till he had brought them within less than a day's journey of Mr. Norton's house, and then he gave his hawk to the Lord Wilmot, who continued the journey in the same exercise.

There was great care taken when they came to any house, that the king might be presently carried into some chamber, Mrs. Lane declaring "that he was a neighbour's son, whom his father

had lent her to ride before her, in hope that he would the sooner recover from a quatan ague, with which he had been miserably afflicted, and was not yet free." And by this artifice she caused a good bed to be still provided for him, and the best meat to be sent, which she often carried herself, to hinder others from doing it. There was no resting in any place till they came to Mr. Norton's, nor anything extraordinary that happened in the way, save that they met many people every day in the way, who were very well known to the king ; and the day that they went to Mr. Norton's, they were necessarily to ride quite through the city of Bristol—a place and people the king had been so well acquainted with, that he could not but send his eyes abroad to view the great alterations which had been made there, after his departure from thence ; and when he rode near the place where the great fort had stood, he could not forbear putting his horse out of the way, and rode with his mistress behind him round about it.

They came to Mr. Norton's house sooner than usual, and it being on a holiday, they saw many people about a bowling-green that was before the door ; and the first man the king saw was a chaplain of his own, who was allied to the gentleman of the house, and was sitting upon the rails to see how the bowlers played. William, by which name the king went, walked with his horse into the stable, until his mistress could provide for his retreat. Mrs. Lane was very welcome to her cousin, and was presently conducted to her chamber, where she no sooner was, than she lamented the condition of "a good youth who came with her, and whom she had borrowed of his father to ride before her, who was very sick, being newly recovered of an ague ;" and desired her cousin "that a chamber might be provided for him, and a good fire made, for that he would go early to bed, and was not fit to be below stairs." A pretty little chamber was presently made ready, and a fire prepared, and a boy sent into the stable to call William, and to show him his chamber ; who was very glad to be there, freed from so much company as was below. Mrs. Lane was put to find some excuse for making a visit at that time of the year, and so many days' journey from her father, and where she had never been before, though the mistress of the house and she had been bred together, and friends as well as kindred. She pretended "that she was, after a little

rest, to go into Dorsetshire to another friend." When it was supper-time, there being broth brought to the table, Mrs. Lane filled a little dish, and desired the butler who waited at the table "to carry that dish of porridge to William, and to tell him that he should have some meat sent to him presently." The butler carried the porridge into the chamber, with a napkin, and spoon, and bread, and spoke kindly to the young man, who was willing to be eating.

The butler, looking narrowly upon him, fell upon his knees, and with tears told him, "he was glad to see his majesty." The king was infinitely surprised, yet recollected himself enough to laugh at the man, and to ask him "what he meant?" The man had been falconer to Sir Thomas Jermyn, and made it appear that he knew well enough to whom he spoke, repeating some particulars which the king had not forgot. Whereupon the king conjured him "not to speak of what he knew, so much as to his master, though he believed him a very honest man." The fellow promised, and kept his word; and the king was the better waited upon during the time of his abode there.

Dr. Gorges, the king's chaplain, being a gentleman of a good family near that place, and allied to Mr. Norton, supped with them; and being a man of a cheerful conversation, asked Mrs. Lane many questions concerning William, of whom he saw she was so careful, by sending up meat to him, "how long his ague had been gone? and whether he had taken medicine since it left him?" and the like; to which she gave such answers as occurred. The doctor, from the final prevalence of the Parliament, had, as many others of that function had done, declined his profession, and pretended to study physic. As soon as supper was done, out of good nature, and without telling anybody, he went to see William. The king saw him coming into the chamber, and withdrew to the inside of the bed, that he might be farthest from the candle; and the doctor came and sat down by him, felt his pulse, and asked him many questions, which he answered in as few words as was possible, and expressing great inclination to go to his bed; to which the doctor left him, and went to Mrs. Lane, and told her "that he had been with William, and that he would do well;" and advised her what she should do if his ague returned. The next morning the doctor went away, so that the king saw him no more. The

next day, the Lord Wilmot came to the house with his hawk, to see Mrs. Lane, and so conferred with William, who was to consider what he was to do. They thought it necessary to rest some days, till they were informed what port lay most convenient for them, and what person lived nearest to it, upon whose fidelity they might rely; and the king gave him directions to inquire after some persons, and some other particulars, of which when he should be fully instructed, he should return again to him. In the mean time, Wilmot lodged at a house not far from Mr. Norton's, to which he had been recommended.

After some days' stay here, and communication between the king and the Lord Wilmot by letters, the king came to know that Colonel Francis Windham lived within little more than a day's journey of the place where he was, of which he was very glad; for, besides the inclination he had to his eldest brother, whose wife had been his nurse, this gentleman had behaved himself very well during the war, and had been governor of Dunstar castle, where the king had lodged when he was in the west. After the end of the war, and when all other places were surrendered in that county, he likewise surrendered that, upon fair conditions, and made his peace, and afterwards married a wife with a competent fortune, and lived quietly, without any suspicion of having lessened his affection towards his king.

The king sent Wilmot to him, and acquainted him where he was, and "that he would gladly speak with him." It was not hard for him to choose a good place where to meet, and thereupon the day was appointed. After the king had taken his leave of Mrs. Lane, who remained with her cousin Norton, the king and the Lord Wilmot met the colonel; and in the way he met, in a town through which they passed, Mr. Kirton, a servant of the king's, who well knew the Lord Wilmot, who had no other disguise than the hawk, but took no notice of him, nor suspected the king to be there; yet that day made the king more wary of having him in his company upon the way. At the place of meeting, they rested only one night, and then the king went to the colonel's house, where he rested many days, whilst the colonel projected at what place the king might embark, and how they might procure a vessel to be ready there, which was not easy to find, there being so great a fear possessing those who were honest,

that it was hard to procure any vessel that was outward-bound to take in any passenger.

There was a gentleman, one Mr. Ellison, who lived near Lyme, in Dorsetshire, and was well known to Colonel Windham, having been a captain in the king's army, and was still looked upon as a very honest man. With him the colonel consulted how they might get a vessel to be ready to take in a couple of gentlemen, friends of his, who were in danger to be arrested, and transport them into France. Though no man would ask who the persons were, yet it could not but be suspected who they were; at least they concluded that it was some of Worcester party. Lyme was generally as malicious and disaffected a town to the king's interest as any town in England could be, yet there was in it a master of a bark, of whose honesty this captain was very confident. This man was lately returned from France, and had unladen his vessel, when Ellison asked him "when he would make another voyage?" And he answered, "as soon as he could get lading for his ship." The other asked "whether he would undertake to carry over a couple of gentlemen, and land them in France, if he might be as well paid for his voyage as he used to be when he was freighted by the merchants?" In conclusion, he told him "he should receive fifty pounds for his fare." The large recompense had that effect, that the man undertook it; though he said "he must make his provision very secretly, for that he might be well suspected for going to sea again without being freighted, after he was so newly returned." Colonel Windham being advertised of this, came, together with the Lord Wilmot, to the captain's house, from whence the lord and the captain rid to a house near Lyme, where the master of the bark met them; and the Lord Wilmot being satisfied with the discourse of the man, and his wariness in foreseeing suspicions which would arise, it was resolved that on such a night, which upon consideration of the tides was agreed upon, the man should draw out his vessel from the pier, and, being at sea, should come to such a point about a mile from the town, where his ship should remain upon the beach when the water was gone, which would take it off again about break of day the next morning. There was very near that point, even in the view of it, a small inn, kept by a man who was reputed honest, to which the cavaliers of the country

often resorted; and the London road passed that way, so that it was seldom without company. Into that inn the two gentlemen were to come in the beginning of the night, that they might put themselves on board. All things being thus concerted, and good earnest given to the master, the Lord Wilmot and the colonel returned to the colonel's house, above a day's journey from the place, the captain undertaking every day to look that the master should provide, and, if anything fell out contrary to expectation, to give the colonel notice at such a place where they intended the king should be the day before he was to embark.

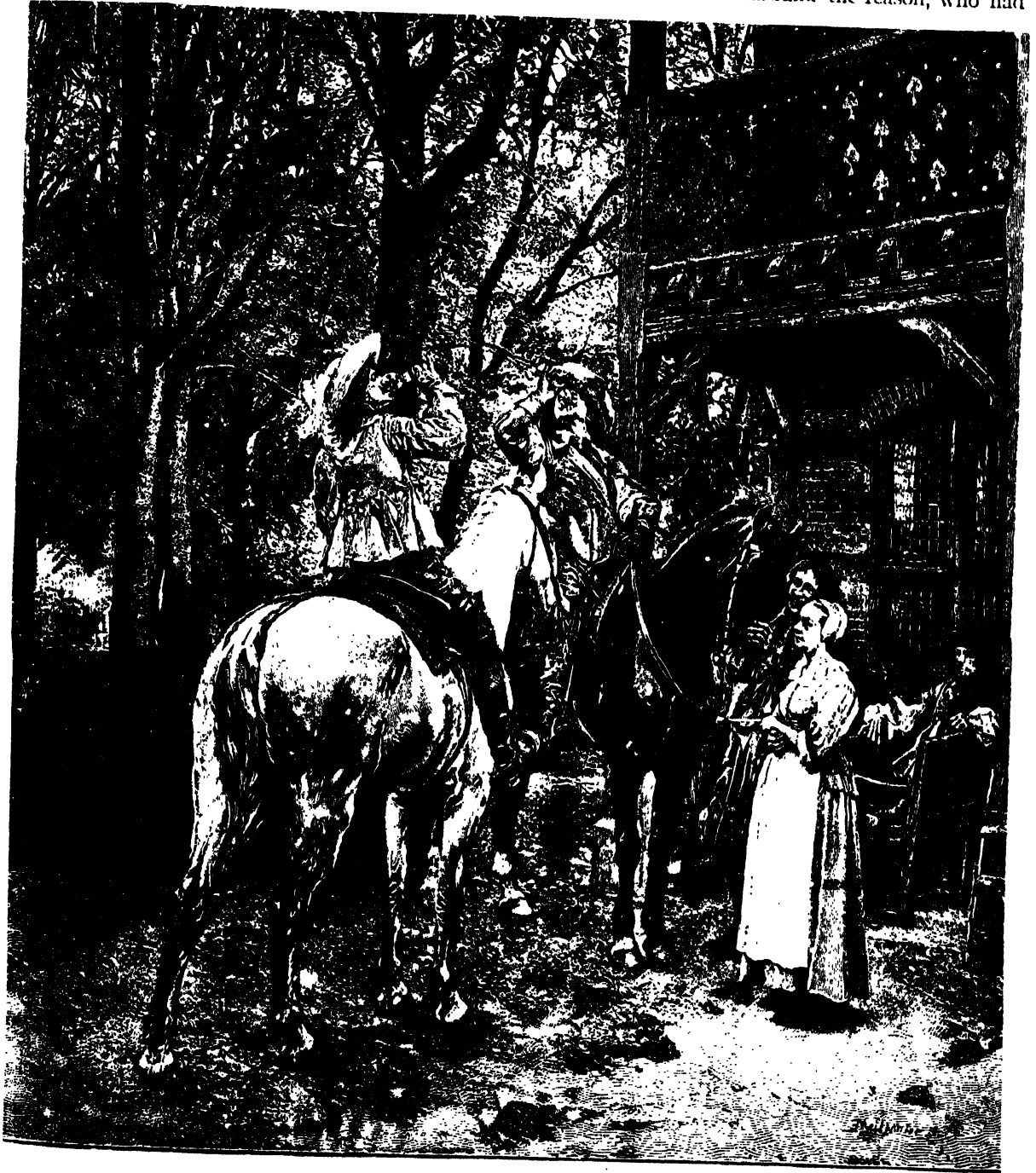
The king being satisfied with these preparations, came at the time appointed to that house where he was to hear that all went as it ought to do; of which he received assurance from the captain, who found that the man had honestly put his provisions on board, and had his company ready, which were but four men, and that the vessel should be drawn out that night; so that it was fit for the two persons to come to the aforesaid inn: and the captain conducted them within sight of it, and then went to his own house, not distant a mile from it; the colonel remaining still at the house where they had lodged the night before, till he might hear the news of their being embarked.

They found many passengers in the inn, and so were to be contented with an ordinary chamber, which they did not intend to sleep long in. But as soon as there appeared any light, Wilmot went out to discover the bark, of which there was no appearance. In a word, the sun arose, and nothing like a ship in view. They sent to the captain, who was as much amazed; and he sent to the town, and his servant could not find the master of the bark, which was still in the pier. They suspected the captain, and the captain suspected the master. However, it being past ten of the clock, they concluded it was not fit for them to stay longer there, and so they mounted their horses again to return to the house where they had left the colonel, who, they knew, resolved to stay there till he were assured that they were gone.

The truth of the disappointment was this: the man meant honestly, and made all things ready for his departure; and the night he was to go out with his vessel, he had stayed in his own house and slept two or three hours; and the time of the

tide being come that it was necessary to be on board, he took out of a cupboard some linen and other things, which he used to carry with him to

used to go with him, and that some of them had carried provisions on board the bark; of which she had asked her husband the reason, who had



LORD WILMOT AND KING CHARLES AT THE DOOR OF THE INN.

His wife had observed that he had been for some days fuller of thoughts than he used to be, and that he had been speaking with seamen who

told her "that he was promised freight speedily, and therefore he would make all things ready." She was sure that there was yet no lading in the

ship, and therefore, when she saw her husband take all those materials with him, which was a sure sign that he meant to go to sea, and it being late in the night, she shut the door, and swore he should not go out of his house. He told her "he must go, and was engaged to go to sea that night, for which he should be well paid." His wife told him "she was sure he was doing somewhat that would undo him, and she was resolved he should not go out of his house; and if he should persist in it, she would tell the neighbours, and carry him before the mayor to be examined, that the truth might be found out." The poor man, thus mastered by the passion and violence of his wife, was forced to yield to her, that there might be no farther noise, and so went into his bed.

And it was very happy that the king's jealousy hastened him from that inn. It was the solemn fast-day, which was observed in those times principally to inflame the people against the king, and all those who were loyal to him; and there was a chapel in that village over against that inn, where a weaver, who had been a soldier, used to preach, and utter all the villany imaginable against the old order of government; and he was then in the chapel preaching to his congregation when the king went from thence, and telling the people "that Charles Stuart was lurking somewhere in that country, and that they would merit from God Almighty if they could find him out." The passengers, who had lodged in the inn that night, had, as soon as they were up, sent for a smith to visit their horses, it being a hard frost. The smith, when he had done what he was sent for, according to the custom of that people, examined the feet of the other two horses, to find more work. When he had observed them, he told the host of the house "that one of those horses had travelled far, and that he was sure that his four shoes had been made in four several counties;" which, whether his skill was able to discover or no, was very true. The smith going to the sermon, told his story to some of his neighbours, and so it came to the ears of the preacher when his sermon was done. Immediately he sent for an officer, and search the inn, and inquired for those horses; and being informed that they were gone, he caused horses to be sent to follow them, and to make inquiry after the two men who rid those horses, and positively declared "that one of them was Charles Stuart."

When they came again to the colonel, they presently concluded that they were to make no longer stay in those parts, nor any more to endeavour to find a ship upon that coast; and without any farther delay, they rode back to the colonel's house, where they arrived in the night. Then they resolved to make their next attempt in Hampshire and Sussex, where Colonel Windham had no interest. They must pass through all Wiltshire before they came thither, which would require many days' journey; and they were first to consider what honest houses there were in or near the way, where they might securely repose, and it was thought very dangerous for the king to ride through any great town, as Salisbury or Winchester, which might probably lie in their way.

There was, between that and Salisbury, a very honest gentleman, Colonel Robert Philips, a younger brother of a very good family, which had always been very loyal, and he had served the king during the war. The king was resolved to trust him, and so sent the Lord Wilmot to a place from whence he might send to Mr. Philips to come to him; and when he had spoken with him, Mr. Philips should come to the king, and Wilmot was to stay in such a place as they two should agree. Mr. Philips accordingly came to the colonel's house, which he could do without suspicion, they being nearly allied. The ways were very full of soldiers, which were sent now from the army to their quarters, and many regiments of horse and foot were assigned for the west, of which division Desborough was commander-in-chief. These marches were like to last for many days, and it would not be fit for the king to stay so long in that place. Thereupon he resorted to his old security of taking a woman behind him, a kinswoman of Colonel Windham, whom he carried in that manner to a place not far from Salisbury, to which Colonel Philips conducted him. In this journey he passed through the middle of a regiment of horse, and, presently after, met Desborough walking down a hill with three or four men with him, who had lodged in Salisbury the night before, all that road being full of soldiers.

The next day, upon the plains, Dr. Hinchman, one of the prebends of Salisbury, met the king, the Lord Wilmot and Philips then leaving him to go to the sea coast to find a vessel, the doctor conducting the king to a place called Heale,

three miles from Salisbury, belonging then to Serjeant Hyde, who was afterwards Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and then in possession of the widow of his elder brother—a house that stood alone from neighbours, and from any highway—where coming in late in the evening, he supped with some gentlemen who accidentally were in the house, which could not well be avoided. But the next morning he went early from thence, as if he had continued his journey; and the widow, being trusted with the knowledge of her guest, sent her servants out of the way, and at an hour appointed received him again, and accommodated him in a little room, which had been made since the beginning of the troubles for the concealment of delinquents, the seat always belonging to a malignant family.

Here he lay concealed, without the knowledge of some gentlemen, who lived in the house, and of others who daily resorted thither, for many days; the widow herself only attending him with such things as were necessary, and bringing him such letters as the doctor received from the Lord Wilmot and Colonel Philips. A vessel being at last provided upon the coast of Sussex, and notice thereof sent to Dr. Hinchman, he sent to the king to meet him at Stonehenge, upon the plains, three miles from Heale, whither the widow took care to direct him; and being there met, he attended him to the place where Colonel Philips received him. He, the next day, delivered him to the Lord Wilmot, who went with him to a house in Sussex recommended by Colonel Gunter, a gentleman of that country, who had served the king in the war, who met him there, and had provided a little bark at Brighthelmston, a small fisher town, where he went early on board, and, by God's blessing, arrived safely in Normandy.

CHARACTER OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

THE true character of Oliver Cromwell was perhaps never more correctly painted than in the following sketch by Lord Clarendon. Cromwell possessed great abilities, both as a soldier and a statesman, but his actions were dictated by personal ambition to a greater extent than they were by love of country. His character was well suited to the times and the work he had to accomplish, and he played his part, doubtless, better than any other man could have done; yet

his contradictions of excessive piety and lack of moral principle mark him as a man who acted a double part and wanted to appear what he really was not.

He was one of those men, says Clarendon, whom his very enemies could not condemn without commending him at the same time, for he could never have done half that mischief without great parts of courage, industry, and judgment. He must have had a wonderful understanding in the natures and humors of men, and as great a dexterity in applying them; who, from a private and obscure birth (though of a good family), without interest or estate, alliance or friendship, could raise himself to such a height, and compound and knead such opposite and contradictory tempers, humors, and interests into a consistence, that contributed to his designs, and to their own destruction: whilst himself grew insensibly powerful enough to cut off those by whom he had climbed, in the instant that they projected to demolish their own building. What was said of Cinna may be justly said of him, "He attempted those things which no good man durst have ventured on, and achieved those in which none but a valiant and great man could have succeeded." Without doubt, no man with more wickedness ever attempted anything, or brought to pass what he desired more wickedly, more in the face and contempt of religion and moral honesty. Yet wickedness as great as his could never have accomplished those designs without the assistance of a great spirit, an admirable circumspection and sagacity, and a most magnanimous resolution.

When he appeared first in the parliament, he seemed to have a person in no degree gracious, no ornament of discourse, none of those talents which use to conciliate the affections of the stander-by. Yet as he grew into place and authority, his parts seemed to be raised, as if he had had concealed faculties, till he had occasion to use them; and when he was to act the part of a great man, he did it without any indecency, notwithstanding the want of custom.

After he was confirmed and invested Protector by the humble petition and advice, he consulted with very few upon any action of importance, nor communicated any enterprise he resolved upon with more than those who were to have principal parts in the execution of it; nor with them sooner than

was absolutely necessary. What he once resolved, in which he was not rash, he would not be dissuaded from, nor endure any contradiction of his

troublesome to the most sovereign power, and made Westminster Hall as obedient and subservient to his commands as any of the rest of his quarters.

In all other matters, which did not concern the life of his jurisdiction, he seemed to have great reverence for the law, rarely interposing between party and party. As he proceeded with this kind of indignation and haughtiness with those who were refractory, and durst contend with his greatness, so towards all who complied with his good pleasure, and courted his protection, he used great civility, generosity and bounty.

To reduce three nations, which perfectly hated him, to an entire obedience to all dictates; to awe and govern those nations by an army that was indevoted to him, and wished his ruin, was an instance of a very prodigious address. But his greatness at home was but a shadow of the glory he had abroad. It was hard to discover which feared him most, France, Spain, or the Low Countries, where his friendship was current at the value he put upon it. As they did all sacrifice their honour and their interest to his pleasure, so there is nothing he could have demanded that either of them would have denied him.

To conclude his character: Cromwell was not so far a man of blood as to follow Machiavel's method; which prescribes, upon a total alteration of government, as a thing absolutely necessary to cut off all the heads of those, and extirpate their families, who are friends to the old one. It was confidently reported, that in the council of officers it was more than once proposed, "that there might be a general massacre of all the royal party, as the only expedient to secure the government," but that Cromwell would never consent to it.



H. J. T.

1645

OLIVER CROMWELL.

power and authority, but extorted obedience from them who were not willing to yield it.

Thus he subdued a spirit that had been often

it may be, out of too great a contempt of his enemies. In a word, as he was guilty of many crimes against which damnation is denounce

and for which hell-fire is prepared, so he had some good qualities which have caused the memory of some men in all ages to be celebrated.

CHARACTER AND DEATH OF EDWARD VI.

[Selected from the works of Gilbert Burnett, an English historian of the seventeenth century].

IN the beginning of January this year [1553], he was seized with a deep cough, and all medicines that were used did rather increase than

covered, he resumed most of the heads of the sermon, and said he looked upon himself as chiefly touched by it. He desired him, as he had already given him the exhortation in general, so to direct him to do his duty in that particular. The bishop, astonished at this tenderness in so young a prince, burst forth in tears, expressing how much he was overjoyed to see such inclinations in him; but told him he must take time to think on it, and craved leave to consult with the



CROMWELL AT THE COFFIN OF CHARLES

lessen it. He was so ill when the parliament met, that he was not able to go to Westminster, but ordered their first meeting and the sermon to be at Whitehall. In the time of his sickness, Bishop Ridley preached before him and took occasion to run out much on works of charity, and the obligation that lay on men of high condition to be eminent in good works. This touched the king to the quick; so that, presently after the sermon, he sent for the bishop. And, after he had commanded him to sit down by him, and be

lord-mayor and court of aldermen. So the king writ by him to them to consult speedily how the poor should be relieved. They considered there were three sorts of poor; such as were so by natural infirmity or folly, as impotent persons, and madmen or idiots; such as were so by accident, as sick or maimed persons; and such as, by their idleness, did cast themselves into poverty. So the king ordered the Greyfriars' church, near Newgate, with the revenues belonging to it, to be a house for orphans; St. Bartholomew's, near Smith-

field, to be an hospital ; and gave his own house of Bridewell to be a place of correction and work for such as were wilfully idle. He also confirmed and enlarged the grant for the hospital of St. Thomas in Southwark, which he had erected and endowed in August last. And when he set his hand to these foundations, which was not done before the 5th of June this year, he thanked God that had prolonged his life till he had finished that design. So he was the first founder of those houses, which, by many great additions since that time, have risen to be amongst the noblest in Europe.

He expressed, in the whole course of his sickness, great submission to the will of God, and seemed glad at the approaches of death ; only, the consideration of religion and the church touched him much ; and upon that account he said he was desirous of life. . . . His distemper rather increased than abated ; so that the physicians had no hope of his recovery. Upon which a confident woman came, and undertook his cure, if he might be put into her hands. This was done, and the physicians were put from him, upon this pretence, that, they having no hopes of his recovery, in a desperate case desperate remedies were to be applied. This was said to be the Duke of Northumberland's advice in particular ; and it increased the people's jealousy of him, when they saw the king grow sensibly worse every day after he came under the woman's care ; which becoming so plain, she was put from him, and the physicians were again sent for, and took him into their charge. But if they had small hopes before, they had none at all now. Death thus hastening on him, the Duke of Northumberland, who had done but half his work, except he had got the king's sisters in his hands, got the council to write to them in the king's name, inviting them to come and keep him company in his sickness. But as they were on the way, on the 6th of July, his spirits and body were so sunk, that he found death approaching ; and so he composed himself to die in a most devout manner. His whole exercise was in short prayers and ejaculations. The last that he was heard to use was in these words : " Lord God, deliver me out of this miserable and wretched life, and take me among thy chosen : howbeit, not my will, but thine be done, Lord, I commit my spirit to thee. Oh Lord, thou knowest how happy it were for me

to be with thee ; yet, for thy chosen's sake, send me life and health, that I may truly serve thee. Oh my Lord God, bless my people, and save thine inheritance. Oh Lord God, save thy chosen people of England ; oh Lord God, defend this realm from papistry, and maintain thy true religion, that I and my people may praise thy holy name, for Jesus Christ his sake." Seeing some about him, he seemed troubled that they were so near and had heard him ; but, with a pleasant countenance, he said he had been praying to God. And soon after, the pangs of death coming upon him, he said to Sir Henry Sidney, who was holding him in his arms, " I am faint ; Lord have mercy on me, and receive my spirit ;" and so he breathed out his innocent soul.

CHARLES THE SECOND.

BY GILBERT BURNETT.

THUS lived and died King Charles II. He was the greatest instance in the history of the various revolutions of which any one may seem capable. He was bred up the first twelve years of his life with the splendor that became the heir of so great a crown. After that, he passed through eighteen years of great inequalities ; unhappy in the war, in the loss of his father, and of the crown of England. Scotland did not only receive him, though upon terms hard of digestion, but made an attempt upon England for him, though a feeble one. He lost the battle of Worcester with too much indifference. And then he showed more care of his person than became one who had so much at stake. He wandered about England for ten weeks after that, hiding from place to place. But, under all the apprehensions he had then upon him, he showed a temper so careless, and so much turned to levity, that he was then diverting himself with little household sports, in as unconcerned a manner as if he had made no loss, and had been in no danger at all. He got at last out of England. But he had been obliged to so many who had been faithful to him, and careful of him, that he seemed afterwards to resolve to make an equal return to them all ; and finding it not easy to reward them all as they deserved, he forgot them all alike. Most princes seem to have this pretty deep in them, and to think that they ought never to remember past services, but that their acceptance of them is a full reward. He, of all in our

FLIGHT OF CHARLES II. FROM THE BATTLE OF WORCESTER.



age, exerted this piece of prerogative in the amplest manner; for he never seemed to charge his memory, or to trouble his thoughts, with the sense of any of the services that had been done him. While he was abroad at Paris, Cologne, or Brussels, he never seemed to lay anything to heart. He pursued, all his diversions and irregular pleasures in a free career, and seemed to be as serene under the loss of a crown as the greatest philosopher could have been. Nor did he willingly hearken to any of those projects with which he often complained that his chancellor persecuted him. That in which he seemed most concerned was, to find money for supporting his expense. And it was often said, that if Cromwell would have compounded the matter, and have given him a good round pension, that he might have been induced to resign his title to him. During his exile, he delivered himself so entirely to his pleasures, that he became incapable of application. He spent little of his time in reading or study, and yet less in thinking. And in the state his affairs were then in, he accustomed himself to say to every person, and upon all occasions, that which he thought would please most; so that words or promises went very easily from him. And he had so ill an opinion of mankind, that he thought the great art of living and governing was, to manage all things and all persons with a depth of craft and dissimulation. And in that few men in the world could put on the appearances of sincerity better than he could; under which so much artifice was usually hid, that in conclusion he could deceive none, for all were become mistrustful of him. He had great vices, but scarce any virtues to correct them. He had in him some vices that were less hurtful, which corrected his more hurtful ones. He was, during the active part of life, given up to sloth and lewdness to such a degree, that he hated business, and could not bear the engaging in anything that gave him much trouble, or put him under any constraint. And though he desired to become absolute, and to overturn both our religion and our laws, yet he would neither run the risk, nor give himself the trouble, which so great a design required. He had an appearance of gentleness in his outward deportment, but he seemed to have no bowels nor tenderness in his nature, and in the end of his life he became cruel. He was apt to forgive all crimes, even blood itself, yet he never

forgave anything that was done against himself, after his first and general act of indemnity, which was to be reckoned as done rather upon maxims of state than inclinations of mercy. He delivered himself up to a most enormous course of vice, without any sort of restraint, even from the consideration of the nearest relations. The most studied extravagances that way seemed, to the very last, to be much delighted in and pursued by him. He had the art of making all people grow fond of him at first, by a softness in his whole way of conversation, as he was certainly the best-bred man of the age. But when it appeared how little could be built on his promise, they were cured of the fondness that he was apt to raise in them. When he saw young men of quality, who had something more than ordinary in them, he drew them about him, and set himself to corrupt them both in religion and morality; in which he proved so unhappily successful, that he left England much changed at his death from what he had found it at his restoration. He loved to talk over all the stories of his life to every new man that came about him. His stay in Scotland, and the share he had in the war of Paris, in carrying messages from the one side to the other, were his common topics. He went over these in a very graceful manner, but so often and so copiously, that all those who had been long accustomed to them grew weary of them; and when he entered on those stories, they usually withdrew. So that he often began them in a full audience, and before he had done, there were not above four or five persons left about him, which drew a severe jest from Wilmot, Earl of Rochester. He said he wondered to see a man have so good a memory as to repeat the same story without losing the least circumstance, and yet not remember that he had told it to the same persons the very day before. This made him fond of strangers, for they hearkened to all his often-repeated stories, and went away as in a rapture at such an uncommon condescension in a king.

His person and temper, his vices as well as his fortunes, resemble the character we have given us of Tiberius so much, that it were easy to draw the parallel between them. Tiberius's banishment, and his coming afterwards to reign, make the comparison in that respect come pretty near. His hating of business, and his love of pleasures, his raising of favorites, and trusting them en-

tirely; and his pulling them down, and hating them excessively; his art of covering deep designs, particularly of revenge, with an appearance of softness, brings them so near a likeness, that I did not wonder much to observe the resemblance of their faces and persons. At Rome, I saw one of the last statues made for Tiberius, after he had lost his teeth. But, bating the alteration which that made, it was so like King Charles, that Prince Borghese and Signor Dominico, to whom it belonged, did agree with me that it looked like a statue made for him.

Few things ever went near his heart. The Duke of Gloucester's death seemed to touch him much. But those who knew him best, thought it was because he had lost him by whom only he could have balanced the surviving brother, whom he hated, and yet embroiled all his affairs to preserve the succession to him.



KING CHARLES AND HIS BOON COMPANIONS.

PETER THE GREAT IN ENGLAND, IN 1698.

THE following account of the visit of Peter the Great of Russia, to England, in 1698, is all the more interesting from having been written by the historian Burnett, who was associated with him almost every day during his residence under the British flag, and who had good opportunities of observing his character and habits:

I mentioned, in the relation of the former year,

tend upon him, and to offer him such informations of our religion and constitution as he was willing to receive. I had good interpreters, so I had much free discourse with him. He is a man of a very hot temper, soon inflamed, and very brutal in his passions. He raises his natural heat by drinking much brandy, which he rectifies himself with great application; he is subject to convulsive motions all over his body, and his head seems to

be affected with these ; he wants not capacity, and has a larger measure of knowledge than might be expected from his education, which was very indifferent ; a want of judgment, with an instability of temper, appear in him too often and too evidently ; he is mechanically turned, and seems designed by nature rather to be a ship-carpenter than a great prince. This was his chief study and pleasure while he remained here ; he wrought much with his own hands, and made all about him work at the models of ships. He told me he designed a great fleet at Azoph, and with it to attack the Turkish Empire ; but he did not seem capable of conducting so great a design, though his conduct in his wars since this has discovered a greater genius in him than appeared at that time. He was desirous to understand our doctrine, but he did not seem disposed to mend matters in Moscow. He was, indeed, resolved to encourage learning, and to polish his people by sending some of them to travel in other countries, and to draw strangers to come and live among them. He seemed apprehensive still of his sister's intrigues. There was a mixture both of passion and severity in his temper. He is resolute, but understands little of war, and seemed not at all inquisitive that way. After I had seen him often, and had conversed much with him, I could not but adore the depth of the providence of God, that had raised up such a furious man to so absolute an authority over so great a part of the world.

David, considering the great things God had made for the use of man, broke out into the meditation, "What is man that thou art so mindful of him?" But here there is an occasion for reversing these words, since man seems a very contemptible thing in the sight of God, while such a person as the Czar has such multitudes put, as it were, under his feet, exposed to his restless jealousy and savage temper. He went from hence to the court of Vienna, where he purposed to have stayed some time ; but he was called home, sooner than he intended upon a discovery or a suspicion of intrigues managed by his sister. The strangers, to whom he trusted most, were so true to him, that those designs were crushed before he came back. But on this occasion he let loose his fury on all whom he suspected. Some hundreds of them were hanged all round Moscow ; and it was said that he cut off many heads with his own hand. And so far was he from relenting,

or showing any sort of tenderness, that he seemed delighted with it. How long he is to be the scourge of that nation, or of his neighbours, God only knows. So extraordinary an incident will, I hope, justify such a digression.

JOHN LOCKE'S OPINION OF HISTORY.

THE stories of Alexander and Cæsar, farther than they instruct us in the art of living well, and furnish us with observations of wisdom and prudence, are not one jot to be preferred to the history of Robin Hood, or the Seven Wise Masters. I do not deny but history is very useful, and very instructive of human life ; but if it be studied only for the reputation of being a historian, it is a very empty thing ; and he that can tell all the particulars of Herodotus and Plutarch, Curtius and Livy, without making any other use of them, may be an ignorant man with a good memory, and with all his pains hath only filled his head with Christmas tales. And, which is worse, the greatest part of history being made up of wars and conquests, and their style, especially the Romans, speaking of valour as the chief if not the only virtue, we are in danger to be misled by the general current and business of history ; and, looking on Alexander and Cæsar, and such like heroes, as the highest instances of human greatness because they each of them caused the death of several hundred thousand men, and the ruin of a much greater number, overran a great part of the earth, and killed the inhabitants to possess themselves of their countries—we are apt to make butchery and rapine the chief marks and very essence of human greatness. And if civil history be a great dealer of it, and to many readers thus useless, curious and difficult inquiries in antiquity are much more so ; and the exact dimensions of the Colossus, or figure of the Capitol, the ceremonies of the Greek and Roman marriages, or who it was that first coined money ; these, I confess, set a man well off in the world, especially amongst the learned, but set him very little on his way.

I shall only add one word, and then conclude ; and that is, that whereas in the beginning I cut off history from our study as a useless part, as certainly it is where it is read only as a tale that is told ; here, on the other side, I recommend it to one who hath well settled in his mind the principles of morality, and knows how to make a

judgment on the actions of men, as one of the most useful studies he can apply himself to. There he shall see a picture of the world and the nature of mankind, and so learn to think of men as they are. There he shall see the rise of opinions, and find from what slight and sometimes shameful occasions some of them have taken rise, which yet afterwards have had great authority, and passed almost for sacred in the world, and borne down all before them. There also one may learn great and useful instructions of prudence, and be warned against the cheats and rogueries of the world, with many more advantages which I shall not here enumerate.

ORTHODOXY AND HERESY.

WE are indebted to John Locke, the great English philosopher of the seventeenth century, for these observations on the subjects that were so greatly agitating this country during the lifetime of the writer :

The great division among Christians is about opinions. Every sect has its set of them, and that is called Orthodoxy ; and he that professes his assent to them, though with an implicit faith, and without examining, is orthodox, and in the way to salvation. But if he examines, and thereupon questions any one of them, he is presently suspected of heresy ; and if he oppose them or hold the contrary, he is presently condemned as in a damnable error, and in the sure way to perdition. Of this one may say, that there is nor can be nothing more wrong. For he that examines, and upon a fair examination embraces an error for a truth has done his duty more than he who embraces the profession (for the truths themselves he does not embrace) of the truth without having examined whether it be true or no. And he that has done his duty according to the best of his ability, is certainly more in the way to heaven than he who has done nothing of it. For if it be our duty to search after truth, he certainly that has searched after it, though he has not found it, in some points has paid a more acceptable obedience to the will of his Maker than he that has not searched at all, but professes to have found truth, when he has neither searched nor found it. For he that takes up the opinions of any church in the lump, without examining them, has truly neither searched after nor found truth, but has only found those that he thinks have found truth, and so re-

ceives what they say with an implicit faith, and so pays them the homage that is due only to God, who cannot be deceived, nor deceive. In this way the several churches (in which, as one may observe, opinions are preferred to life, and orthodoxy is that which they are concerned for, and not morals) put the terms of salvation on that which the Author of our salvation does not put them in. The believing of a collection of certain propositions, which are called and esteemed fundamental articles, because it has pleased the compilers to put them into their confession of faith, is made the condition of salvation.

CURIOSITIES OF ANCIENT COOKERY.

THE elder Pliny tells that one man had studied the art of fattening snails with paste so successfully, that the shells of some of his snails would contain many quarts. The same monstrous taste fed up those prodigious goose livers ; a taste still prevailing in Italy. Swine were fattened with whey and figs ; and even fish in their ponds were increased by such artificial means. Our prize oxen might astonish a Roman, as much as one of their crammed peacocks would ourselves. Gluttony produces monsters, and turns away from nature to feed on unwholesome meats. The flesh of young foxes about autumn, when they fed on grapes, is praised by Galen ; and Hippocrates equals the flesh of puppies to that of birds.

These cooks of the ancients, who appear to have been hired for a grand dinner, carried their art to the most whimsical profession. They were so dexterous as to be able to serve up a whole pig boiled on one side and roasted on the other. The cook who performed this feat defies his guests to detect the place where the knife had separated the animal, or how it was contrived to stuff it with an olio, composed of thrushes and other birds, slices of pork, the yolk of eggs, the bodies of hens with their soft eggs, flavored with a rich juice, and minced meats highly spiced. When this cook is entreated to explain this secret art, he solemnly swears by the manes of those who braved all the dangers of the Plain of Marathon, and combated at sea at Salamis, that he will not reveal the secret that year. But of an incident, so triumphant in the annals of the gastric art, our philosopher would not deprive posterity of the knowledge. The animal had been bled to death by a wound under the shoulder, whence, after a

copious effusion, the master-cook extracted the extrails, washed them with wine, and hanging the animal by the feet, he crammed down the throat the stuffings already prepared. Then covering the half of the pig with a paste of barley thickened with wine and oil, he put it in a small oven, or on a heated table of brass, where it was gently roasted with all due care: when the skin was browned, he boiled the other side; and then taking away the barley paste, the pig was served up, at once boiled and roasted. These cooks, with a vegetable, could counterfeit the shape and the taste of fish and flesh. The king of Bithynia, in some expedition against the Scythians, in the winter and at a great distance from the sea, had a violent longing for a small fish called *aphyr*—a pilehard, a herring, or an anchovy. His cook cut a turnip to the perfect imitation of its shape; then fried in oil, salted, and well powdered with the grains of a dozen black poppies, his majesty's taste was so exquisitely deceived, that he praised the root to his guests as an excellent fish. This transmutation of vegetables into meat or fish is a province of the culinary art which we appear to have lost.

CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT ANIMALS.

I SHALL now add another instance of the wisdom of nature, or rather the God of nature, in adapting the parts of the same animal one to another, and that is the proportioning the length of the neck to that of the legs. For seeing terrestrial animals, as well birds as quadrupeds, are endowed with legs, upon which they stand, and wherewith they transfer themselves from place to place, to gather their food, and for other conveniences of life, and so the trunk of their body must needs be elevated above the superficies of the earth, so that they could not conveniently either gather their food or drink if they wanted a neck, therefore Nature hath not only furnished them therewith, but with such a one as is commensurate to their legs, except here the elephant, which hath indeed a short neck (for the excessive weight of his head and teeth, which to a long neck would have been unsupportable), but is provided with a trunk, wherewith, as with a hand, he takes up his food and drink, and brings it to his mouth. I say the necks of birds and quadrupeds are commensurate to their legs, so that they which have long legs have long necks, and they that have short

legs short ones, as is seen in the crocodile, and all lizards; and those that have no legs, as they do not want necks, so neither have they any, as fishes. This equality between the length of the legs and neck, is especially seen in beasts that feed constantly upon grass, whose necks and legs are always very near equal; very near, I say, because the neck must necessarily have some advantage, in that it cannot hang perpendicularly down, but must incline a little. Moreover, because this sort of creatures must needs hold their heads down in an inclining posture for a considerable time together, which would be very laborious and painful for the muscles; therefore on each side the ridge of the vertebres of the neck, nature hath placed an *aponurosis*, or nervous ligament of a great thickness and strength, apt to stretch and shrink again as need requires, and void of sense, extending from the head (to which, and the next vertebres of the neck, it is fastened at that end) to the middle vertebres of the back (to which it is knit at the other), to assist them to support the head in that posture, which *aponurosis* is taken notice of by the vulgar by the name of fixfax, or pack-wax, or whit leather. It is also very observable in fowls that wade in the water, which, having long legs, have also necks answerably long. Only in these too there is an exception, exceedingly worthy to be noted; for some water fowl, which are palmipeds, or whole-footed, have very long necks, and yet but short legs as swans and geese, and some Indian birds: wherein we may observe the admirable provinces of nature. For such birds as were to search and gather their food, whether herbs or insects, in the bottom of pools and deep waters, have long necks for that purpose, though their legs, as is most convenient for swimming, be but short. Whereas there are no land-fowl to be seen with short legs and long necks, but all have their necks in length commensurate to their legs. This instance is the more considerable, because the atheists' usual flam will not here help them out. For, say they, there were many animals of disproportionate parts, and of absurd and uncouth shapes, produced at first, in the infancy of the world; but because they could not gather their food or perform other functions necessary to maintain life, they soon perished, and were lost again. For these birds, we see, can gather their food upon land conveniently enough, notwithstanding

the length of their necks; for example, geese graze upon commons, and can feed themselves fat upon land. Yet is there not one land-bird which hath its neck thus disproportionate to its legs; nor one water one neither, but such as are destined by nature in such manner as we have mentioned to search and gather their food; for nature makes not a long neck to no purpose.—*John Ray, English Naturalist.*

ERASMUS gives a curious account of English dirtiness, during the fifteenth century. He ascribes the plague from which England was hardly ever free, and the sweating-sickness, partly to the incommensurable form, and bad exposition of the houses, to the filthiness of the streets, and to the sluttishness within doors. The floors, says he, are commonly of clay, strewn with rushes; under which lies, unmolested, an ancient collection of beer, grease, fragments, bones, spittle, excrements of dogs and cats, and everything that is nasty.

At the time of the discovery of America the Indians lived in better houses, and were better fed and clothed, than the common people of England. The latter lived in wretched houses, often mere burrows in the ground, without floors or windows; while their clothing was of the cheapest and coarsest kind, frequently consisting of nothing more than the skins of animals. For food they had the bare necessities of life, which they ate with their hands, without the aid of dishes or table cutlery. Knives, forks and spoons were not introduced until about the date of Elizabeth's reign. Previous to that time even kings and the nobility prepared their food with their hunting or sheath-knives. The

Indians had many vegetables and food products that were unknown before the discovery of this continent; among which were potatoes, sweet potatoes, corn, tomatoes, and several varieties of beans, now common articles of food in nearly all the temperate regions of the world. Tobacco is also a native of America; and the turkey, which graces our Thanksgiving and Christmas tables, and furnishes such a delicious dish, was unknown to the Europeans previous to the landing of Columbus. All these the Indians had in abundance. They also made themselves clothing, not only of the skins of animals, like their



HOUSES OF THE COMMON PEOPLE OF ENGLAND IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

European brothers, but of cotton, the feathers of birds, the bark of the trees, and other articles, so that they were frequently attired with as much grace and splendor as the monarchs of the Old countries.

POWER OF THE ANCIENT POPES.

VAILOIS observes that the Popes scrupulously followed, in the early ages of the church, the custom of placing their names after that of the person whom they addressed in their letters. This mark of their humility he shows by letters.

written by various Popes. But as their temporal power increased they became less meek. Henry VI. being at the feet of Pope Celestine, his holiness thought proper to kick the crown off his head; which ludicrous and disgraceful action Baronius has highly praised. Jortin observes on this great cardinal, an advocate of the Roman see, that he breathes nothing but fire and brimstone; and accounts kings and emperors to be mere catch-poles and constables, bound to execute with implicit faith all the commands of insolent ecclesiastics.

It was Nicholas I., a bold and enterprising Pope, who, in 858, forgetting the pious modesty of his predecessors, took advantage of the divisions in the royal families of France, and did not hesitate to place his name before that of the kings and emperors to whom he wrote. Since that time he has been imitated by all his successors, and this encroachment on the honors of monarchy has passed into a custom from having been tolerated in its commencement.

Concerning the acknowledged infallibility of the Popes it appears that Gregory VII., in council, decreed that the church of Rome neither had erred and never should err. It was thus this prerogative of his holiness became received, till 1313, when John XXII. abrogated decrees made by three popes his predecessors, and declared that what was done amiss by one pope or council might be corrected by another. The university of Vienna protested against this, calling it a contempt of God, and an idolatry, if any one in matters of faith should appeal from a council to the Pope: that is, from God who presides in councils to man. But the infallibility was at length established by Leo X., especially after Luther's opposition, because they despaired of defending their indulgences, bulls, etc., by any other method.

Imagination cannot form a scene more terrific that when these men were in the height of power, and to serve their political purposes hurled the thunders of their excommunications over a kingdom. It was a national distress not inferior to a plague or famine.

Philip Augustus, desirous of divorcing Ingelburg, to unite himself to Agnes de Meranie, the Pope put his kingdom under an interdict. The churches were shut during the space of eight months: they said neither mass nor vespers; they

did not marry; and even the offspring of the married, born at this unhappy period, were considered as illicit; and because the king would not sleep with his wife, it was not permitted to any of his subjects to sleep with theirs! In that year France was threatened with an extinction of the ordinary generation. A man under this curse of public penance was divested of all his functions, civil, military and matrimonial; he was not allowed to dress his hair, to shave, to bathe, nor even change his linen, so that, says Saint Foix, upon the whole this made a filthy penitent. The good king Robert incurred the censures of the church for having married his cousin. He was immediately abandoned. Two faithful domestics alone remained with him, and these always passed through the fire whatever he touched. In a word, the horror which an excommunication occasioned was such that a woman of pleasure, with whom Peletier had passed some moments, having learnt soon afterwards that he had been above six months an excommunicated person, fell into a panic, and with great difficulty recovered from her convulsions.

CAPT. SMITH'S ACCOUNT OF HOW HE WAS RESCUED BY POCAHONTAS.

THE following, although written in the third person, is Capt. John Smith's own account of his famous rescue by the Indian maiden, Pocahontas:

At last they brought him to *Meronoco moco*, where was Powhatan their emperor. Here more than two hundred of those grim courtiers stood wondering at him as he had been a monster: till Powhatan and his train had put themselves in their greatest braveries. Before a fire, upon a seat like a bedstead, he sat covered with a great robe, made of *Rarowan* skins, and all the tails hanging by. On either hand did sit a young wench of sixteen or eighteen years, and along on each side of the house, two rows of men, and behind them as many women, with all their heads and shoulders painted red; many of their heads bedecked with the white down of birds; but every one with something: and a great chain of white beads about their necks. At his entrance before the king, all the people gave a great shout. The queen of *Appamatuck* was appointed to bring him water to wash his hands, and another brought him a bunch of feathers, instead of a towel to dry

them : having feasted him after their best barbarous manner they could, a long consultation was held, but the conclusion was, two great stones were brought before Powhatan ; then as many as could laid hand on him, dragged him to them, and thereon laid his head, and being ready with their clubs to beat out his brains, Pocahontas, the king's dearest daughter, when no entreaty could prevail, got his head in her arms, and laid her own upon his to save him from death : whereat the emperor was contented he should live to make him hatchets, and her bells, beads, and copper : for they thought him as well of all occupations as themselves. For the king himself will make his own robes, shoes, bows, arrows, pots ; plant, hunt, or do anything as well as the rest.

HANGING BY PROXY.

THE following is given as a true account of an incident in the early history of the Plymouth colony :

A young man was arrested for stealing corn from an Indian, and the following mode of dealing with the case was proposed by one of the general assembly of the community called to adjudge punishment. Says he : " You all agree that one must die, and one shall die. This young man's clothes we will take off, and put upon one that is old and impotent ; a sickly person that cannot escape death ; such is the disease on him confirmed, that die he must. Put the young man's clothes on this man, and let the sick person be hanged in the other's stead." Amen, says one, and so says many more.

This method of disposing of criminals was exceedingly business-like and practical, and well worthy of our ancient Yankee ancestors, however inconvenient it may have been to the unfortunate substitutes.

SOME CAUSTIC CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN ROGER WILLIAMS AND AN ENGLISH LADY.

THE following letters, which passed between Roger Williams, famous in the early history of our country, and Mrs. Annie Sadleir, daughter of Sir Edward Coke, will be read with interest. They are full of character on both sides ; the humor of them consisting in the lady being a royalist, well disposed to the church of England establishment, a sharp-shooter in her language and

a bit of a termagant, while Williams was practising his politest graces and most Christian forbearance, as he steadily maintained his independent theology. He addresses her, " My much-honored friend, Mrs. Sadleir," and tenders her one of his compositions to read, probably the work he had just published in England, entitled "*Experiments of Spiritual Life and Health and their Preservatives*," which he describes as " a plain and peaceable discourse, of my own personal experiments, which, in a letter to my dear wife—upon the occasion of her great sickness near death—I sent her, being absent myself among the Indians." He courteously invites attention and even censure. " I have been oft glad," he says, " in the wilderness of America to have been reproved for going in a wrong path, and to be directed by a naked Indian boy in my travels." He quietly throws out a few hints of the virtues of his own position in church matters. Mrs. Sadleir quotes Scripture in reply.

MR. WILLIAMS,—Since it has pleased God to make the prophet David's complaint ours (Ps. lxxxix.): " O God, the heathen," &c., and that the apostle St. Peter has so long ago foretold, in his second epistle, the second chapter, by whom these things should be occasioned, I have given over reading many books, and, therefore, with thanks, have returned yours. Those that I now read, besides the Bible, are, first, the late king's book ; Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity ; Reverend Bishop Andrew's Sermons, with his other divine meditations ; Dr. Jer. Taylor's works ; and Dr. Tho. Jackson upon the Creed. Some of these my dear father was a great admirer of, and would often call them the glorious lights of the church of England. These lights shall be my guide ; I wish they may be yours ; for your new lights that are so much cried up, I believe, in the conclusion, they will prove but dark lanterns ; therefore I dare not meddle with them.

Your friend in the old way,

ANNE SADLEIR.

Which little repellant, Williams, feeling the sting, answers, offering another book :—

MY MUCH-HONORED, KIND FRIEND, MRS. SADLEIR,—My humble respects premised to your much-honored self, and Mr. Sadleir, humbly wishing you the saving knowledge and assurance of that life which is eternal, when this poor minute's dream is over. In my poor span of time, I have

been oft in the jaws of death, sickening at sea, shipwrecked on shore, in danger of arrows, swords and bullets: and yet, methinks, the most high and most holy God hath reserved me for some service to his most glorious and eternal majesty.

I think, sometimes, in this common shipwreck of mankind, wherein we all are either floating or sinking, despairing or struggling for life, why should I ever faint in striving, as Paul saith, in hopes to save myself, to save others—to call, and cry, and ask, what hope of saving, what hope of life, and of the eternal shore of mercy? Your last letter, my honored friend, I received as a bitter sweetening—as all, that is under the sun, is—sweet, in that I hear from you, and that you continue striving for life eternal; bitter, in that we differ about the way, in the midst of the dangers and the distresses.

For the scope of this *rejoinder*, if it please the Most High to direct your eye to a glance on it, please you to know, that at my last being in England, I wrote a discourse entitled, “The Bloody Tenent of Persecution for Cause of Conscience.” I bent my charge against Mr. Cotton especially, your standard-bearer of New England ministers. That discourse he slyly answered, and calls his book, “The Bloody Tenent made white in the Blood of the Lamb.” This rejoinder of mine, as I humbly hope, unwashed his washings, and proves that in soul matters no weapons but soul weapons are reaching and effectual.

His “much-honored, kind friend” replies:

SIR: I thank God my blessed parents bred me up in the old and best religion, and it is my glory that I am a member of the Church of England, as it was when all the reformed churches gave her the right hand. When I cast mine eye upon the frontispiece of your book, and saw it entitled “The Bloody Tenent” I durst not adventure to look into it, for fear I should bring into my memory the much blood that has of late been shed, and which I would fain forget; therefore I do, with thanks, return it. I cannot call to mind any blood shed for conscience: some few that went about to make a rent in our once well governed church were punished, but none suffered death. But this I know, that since it has been left to every man’s conscience to fancy what religion he list, there has more Christian blood been shed than was in the ten persecutions. And some of that blood will, I fear, cry to the day of judgment. But you know what

the Scripture says, that when there was no king in Israel, every man did that which was right in his own eyes—but what became of that, the sacred story will tell you.

Thus entreating you to trouble me no more in this kind, and wishing you a good journey to your charge in New Providence, I rest

YOUR FRIEND, IN THE OLD AND BEST WAY.

Williams, not to be disconcerted, triples the length of his response, with new divisions and Scripture citations, and this among other biting paragraphs on the lady’s favorite reading:

I have read those books you mention, and the king’s book, which commends two of them, Bp. Andrews’s and Hooker’s—yea, and a third also, Bp. Laud’s; and as for the king, I know his person, vicious, a swearer from his youth, and an oppressor and persecutor of good men (to say nothing of his own father), and the blood of so many hundred thousands English, Irish, Scotch, French, lately charged upon him. Against his and his blasphemous father’s cruelties, your own dear father, and many precious men, shall rise up shortly and cry for vengeance.

But for the book itself if it be his—and theirs you please to mention, and thousands more, not only protestants of several sects, but some papists and jesuits also—famous for worldly repute, &c.

I have found them sharp and witty, plausible and delightful, devout and pathetic. And I have been amazed to see the whole world of our forefathers, wise and gallant, wondering after the glory of the Romish learning and worship. (Rev. xiii.) But amongst them all whom I have so diligently read and heard, how few express the simplicity, the plainness, the meekness, and true humility of the learning of the Son of God.

With this telling postscript:—

My honored friend, since you please not to read mine, let me pray leave to request your reading of one book of your own authors. I mean the “Liberty of Prophesying,” penned by (so called) Dr. Jer. Taylor. In the which is excellently asserted the toleration of different religions, yea, in a respect, that of the Papists themselves, which is a new way of soul freedom, and yet is the old way of Christ Jesus, as all his holy Testament declares.

I also humbly wish that you may please to read over impartially Mr. Milton’s answer to the king’s book.

Mrs. Sadleir waxes indignant, and replies more at length—getting personally discourteous and scandalous on John Milton:—

MR. WILLIAMS: I thought my first letter would have given you so much satisfaction, that, in that kind, I should never have heard of you any more; but it seems you have a face of brass, so that you cannot blush.

For Milton's book, that you desire I should read, if I be not mistaken, that is he that has wrote a book of the lawfulness of divorce; and, if report says true, he had, at that time, two or three wives living. This, perhaps, were good doctrine in New England, but it is most abominable in Old England. For his book that he wrote against the late king that you would have me read, you should have taken notice of God's judgment upon him, who stroke him with blindness; and, as I have heard, he was fain to have the help of one Andrew Marvell, or else he could not have finished that most accursed libel. God has begun his judgment upon him here—his punishment will be hereafter in hell. But have you seen the answer to it? If you can get it, I assure you it is worth your reading.

I have also read Taylor's book of the Liberty of Prophesying; though it please not me, yet I am sure it does you, or else I [know]* you [would]* not have wrote to me to have read it. I say, it and you would make a good fire. But have you seen his Divine Institution of the Office Ministerial? I assure you that is both worth your reading and practice. Bishop Laud's book against Fisher I have read long since, which, if you have not done, let me tell you that he has deeply wounded the Pope; and, I believe, howsoever he be slighted, he will rise a saint, when many seeming ones, such as you are, will rise devils.

This winds up the correspondence. Mrs. Sadleir, as she puts it aside, for publication a couple of hundred years later, writing on the back of Williams' first letter: "This Roger Williams, when he was a youth, would, in short hand, take sermons and speeches in the Star Chamber, and present them to my dear father. He, seeing so hopeful a youth, took such liking to him that he sent him into Sutton's Hospital, and he was the first that was placed there; full little did he

* These words are not in the MS.

think that he would have proved such a rebel to God, the king, and the country. I have his letters, that, if ever he has the face to return into his native country, Tyburn may give him welcome."

For which scrap of biographical information in the too general dearth of anecdote respecting a good and great man, we thank her.

COTTON MATHER'S ACCOUNT OF THE WITCHES.

COTTON MATHER, the great New England divine, was a firm believer in witches, and took a prominent part in the lamentable and disgraceful persecutions at Salem. He was a voluminous author and, strange as it may seem, a learned man, for learning in those days did not banish superstition from men's minds. In the Massachusetts Historical Library there is stored an immense manuscript from his pen, under the title of "Illustrations from the Sacred Scriptures." It is written in double columns, on foolscap paper, and comprises six folio volumes. Its magnitude, as well as its forgotten theology, have bidden defiance, for centuries, to the enterprise of publishers; and this voluminous work, to which he devoted so much time and devout labor, will doubtless never pass through the press, unless some publisher should consider it worthy of seeing the light as a curiosity of past ages. In the same library there are also portions of his "Diary," including the torn leaf from which, according to his earnest declaration, the invisible hand of witches plucked a fragment. Mather was equally as earnest in his statement of this incident as Luther was in asserting that he saw the devil in his cell and frightened him away by hurling his inkstand at him.

The following extract from Mather's writings, which he issued under the title of "An Hortatory, and Necessary Address to a Country now Extraordinarily Alarmed by the Wrath of the Devil," will afford a good idea of the absurd opinions entertained by even the learned in those times:

That the Devil is *come down unto us with great wrath*, we find, we feel, we now deplore. In many ways, for many years, hath the Devil been assaying to extirpate the Kingdom of our Lord Jesus here. New England may complain of the Devil, as in Psalm cxxix. 1, 2: *Many a time have*

they afflicted me, from my youth, may New England now say; many a time have they afflicted me from my youth; yet they have not prevailed against me. But now there is a more than ordinary affliction, with which the Devil is Galling of us: and such an one as is indeed Unparallelable. The things confessed by *Witches*, and the things endured by *Others*, laid together, amount unto this account of our Affliction. The Devil, Exhibiting himself ordinarily as a small *Black man*, has decoy'd a fearful knot of proud, forward, ignorant, envious, and malicious creatures, to list themselves in his horrid Service, by entering their Names in a Book, by him tendered unto them. These *Witches*, whereof above a Score have now Confessed and shown their Deeds, and some are now tormented by the Devils, for Confessing, have met in Hellish Rendezvous, wherein the Confessors do say, they have had their diabolical Sacraments, imitating the *Baptism* and the *Supper* of our Lord. In these hellish meetings, these Monsters have associated themselves to do no less a thing than, *To destroy the Kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ, in these parts of the World*: and in order hereunto, First they each of them have their *Spectres*, or Devils, commissioned by them and representing of them, to be the Engines of their Malice. By these wicked *Spectres*, they seize poor people about the country, with various and bloody Torments; and of those evidently Preternatural torments there are some have dy'd. They have bewitched some, even so far as to make *Self-destroyers*: and others are in many Towns here and there languishing under their *Evil hands*. The people thus afflicted are miserably scratched, and bitten, so that the Marks are most visible to all the World, but the causes utterly invisible; and the same Invisible Furies do most visibly stick Pins into the bodies of the Afflicted, and *scale* them, and hideously distort, and disjoint all their members, besides a thousand other sorts of Plague, beyond these of any natural diseases which they give unto them. Yea, they sometimes drag the poor people out of their chambers, and carry them over Trees and Hills, for divers miles together. A large part of the persons tortured by these Diabolical *Spectres*, are horribly tempted by them, sometimes with fair promises, and sometimes with hard threatenings, but always with full miseries, to sign the Devil's *Laws* in a Spectral Book laid before them; which

two or three of these poor Sufferers, being by their tiresome sufferings overcome to do, they have immediately been released from all their miseries, and they appeared in Spectre then to Torture those that were before their fellow-sufferers. The *Witches*, which by their covenant with the Devil are become Owners of Spectres, are often-times by their own Spectres required and compelled to give their consent, for the molestation of some, which they had no mind otherwise to fall upon: and cruel depredations are then made upon the Vicinage. In the Prosecution of these Witchcrafts, among a thousand other unaccountable things, the *Spectres* have an odd faculty of cloathing the most substantial and corporeal Instruments of Torture, with Invisibility, while the wounds thereby given have been the most palpable things in the World; so that the Sufferers assaulted with Instruments of Iron, wholly unseen to the standers by, though, to their cost, seen by themselves, have, upon snatching, wrested the Instruments out of the *Spectre's* hands, and every one has then immediately not only beheld, but handled, an Iron Instrument taken by a Devil from a Neighbour. These wicked *Spectres* have proceeded so far, as to steal several quantities of Money from divers people, part of which Money has, before sufficient Spectators, been dropt out of the Air into the Hands of the Sufferers, while the *Spectres* have been urging them to subscribe their *Covenant with Death*. In such extravagant ways have these Wretches propounded the *Dragooning* of as many as they can, into their own Combination, and the *Destroying* of others, with lingering, spreading, deadly diseases; till our Country should at last become too hot for us. Among the Ghastly Instances of the *success* which those Bloody Witches have had, we have seen even some of their own Children, so dedicated unto the Devil, that in their Infancy, it is found, the *Imps* have sucked them, and rendered them Venomous to a Prodigy. We have also seen the Devil's first batties upon the Town where the first Church of our Lord in this Colony was gathered produced those distractions, which have almost ruin'd the Town. We have seen, likewise, the *Plague* reaching afterwards into the Towns far and near, where the Houses of good Men have the Devils filling of them with terrible vexations!

This is the descent, which, it seems, the devil

is now made upon us. But that which makes this descent the more formidable is, The *multitude* and *quality* of Persons accused of an interest in this *Witchcraft*, by the Efficacy of the Spectres which take their name and shape upon them; causing very many good and wise men to fear, that many *innocent*, yea, and some *virtuous* persons, are, by the devils in this matter, imposed upon; that the devils have obtain'd the power to take on them the likeness of harmless people, and in that likeness to afflict other people, and be so abused by Præstigious Dæmons, that upon their look or touch, the afflicted shall be oddly affected. Arguments from the Providence of God, on the one side, and from our charity towards man on the other side, have made this now to become a most agitated Controversie among us. There is an *Agony* produced in the Minds of Men, lest the Devil should sham us with Devices, of perhaps a finer Thread, than was ever yet practised upon the World. The whole business is become here-upon so *Snarled*, and the determination of the Question one way or another, so *dismal*, that our Honourable Judges have a Room for *Jehosaphat's* Exclamation, *We know not what to do!* They have used, as Judges have heretofore done, the *Spectral Evidences*, to introduce their further Enquiries into the *Lives* of the persons accused; and they have thereupon, by the wonderful Providence of God, been so strengthened with *other evidences*, that some of the Witch Gang have been fairly Executed. But what shall be done as to those against whom the *evidence* is chiefly founded in the *dark world*? Here they do solemnly demand our Addresses to the *Father of Lights*, on their behalf. But in the mean time, the Devil improves the *Darkness* of this Affair, to push us into a *Blind Man's Buffet*, and we are even ready to be *sinfully*, yea, hotly and madly, mauling one another in the *dark*.

People of these modern times will naturally conclude that no man in his right mind could compose such stuff as the foregoing, and yet these sentiments were in full accord with the belief of the people of this country two hundred years ago. It is a sad commentary upon the race. Will the people two hundred years hence laugh at our follies as we do now at the follies of Mather and his simple-hearted contemporaries?

EARLY DAYS IN NEW ENGLAND.

ONE of the most touching memorials of early life in New England, and the hardships to which the pioneers were subjected, is found in the narrative of Capt. Roger Clap, of Dorchester, which he prepared for the benefit of his children. Capt. Clap settled at Dorchester, Mass., in 1630, served in the Pequot war, and died in 1691. The following passage from his narrative will be read with interest:

In those days God did cause his people to trust in him, and to be contented with mean things. It was not accounted a strange thing in those days to drink water and to eat samp or hominy without butter or milk. Indeed it would have been a strange thing to see a piece of roast beef, mutton, or veal; though it was not long before there was roast goat. After the first winter, we were very healthy; though some of us had no great store of corn. The Indians did sometimes bring corn, and truck with us for clothing and knives; and once I had a peck of corn or thereabouts for a little puppy-dog. Frost fish, muscles, and clams were a relief to many. If our provision be better now than it was then, let us not (and do you, dear children, take heed that you do not) forget the Lord our God. You have better food and raiment than was in former times, but have you better hearts than your forefathers had? If so, rejoice in that mercy, and let New England then shout for joy. Sure all the people of God in other parts of the world, that shall hear that the children and grandchildren of the first planters of New England have better hearts, and are more heavenly than their predecessors; they will doubtless greatly rejoice, and will say, This is the generation whom the Lord hath blessed.

DR. MATHER'S REMARKABLE ACCOUNT OF THE TARANTULA.

AMONG Dr. Mather's other works, was one which he published under the title of "The Christian Philosopher," and in which he evidently intended to embrace all the knowledge of the universe. But his "knowledge" was of a peculiar sort, as will be seen by his description of the tarantula:

What amazing effects, he remarks, follow on the bite of the tarantula! the patient is taken with an extreme difficulty of breathing, and

heavy anguish of heart, a dismal sadness of mind, a voice querulous and sorrowful, and his eyes very much disturbed. When the violent symptoms which appear on the first day are over, a continual melancholy hangs about the person, till by dancing or singing, or change of air, the poisonous impressions are extirpated from the blood, and the fluid of the nerves; but this is a happiness that rarely happens; nay, Baglivi, this wicked spider's countryman, says, there is no expectation of ever being perfectly cured. Many of the poisoned are never well but among the graves, and in solitary places; and they lay themselves along upon a bier as if they themselves were dead: like people in despair, they will throw themselves into a pit; women, otherwise chaste enough, cast away all modesty, and throw themselves into every indecent posture. There are some colors agreeable to them, others offensive, especially black; and if the attendants have their clothes of ungrateful colors, they must retire out of their sight. The music with the dancing which must be employed for their cure, continues three or four days; in this vigorous exercise they sigh, they are full of complaints; like persons in drink, they almost lose the right use of their understanding; they distinguish not their very parents from others in their treating of them, and scarce remember anything that is past. Some during this exercise are much pleased with green boughs of reeds or vines, and wave them with their hands in the air, or dip them in the water, or bind them about their face or neck; others love to handle red cloths or naked swords. And there are those who, upon a little intermission of the dancing, fall a digging of holes in the ground, which they fill with water, and then take a strange satisfaction in rolling there. When they begin to dance, they call for swords and act like fencers; sometimes they are for a looking-glass, but then they fetch many a deep sigh at beholding themselves. Their fancy sometimes leads them to rich clothes, to necklaces, to fineries and a variety of ornaments; and they are highly courteous to the bystanders that will gratify them with any of these things; they lay them very orderly about the place where the exercise is pursued, and in dancing please themselves with one or other of these things by turn: as their troubled imagination directs them.

How miserable would be the condition of man-

kind if these animals were common in every country! But our compassionate God has confined them to one little corner of Italy; they are existing elsewhere, but nowhere thus venomous, except in Apulia. My God, I glorify thy compassion to sinful mankind in thy restraints upon the poisons of the tarantula.

What a simple, credulous soul the good doctor was! But a little later on, in connection with the Salem witchcraft persecution, we shall find that his simplicity and credulity led him to sanction and personally encourage the most horrible cruelties and persecutions in the holy name of religion!

REV. JOHN WILLIAMS' ACCOUNT OF THE CAPTURE OF HIMSELF AND FAMILY BY THE INDIANS.

NEARLY all of our leading histories contain accounts of the Indian massacre at Deerfield, Mass., on the 29th of February, 1704, but we believe none of them embrace the graphic story of this event, written by Rev. John Williams, who, with his entire family, was captured on that occasion and taken to Canada.

Mr. Williams was the first minister of Deerfield, locating there in 1686. The post was an extremely dangerous one at that time, and for some years afterward, on account of its exposed position to attack from the Indians engaged in King Philip's war. Attacks were made by them from time to time, until the final one in February, 1704, when the place was captured, destroyed by fire, some thirty-eight of the townspeople slain, and about one hundred carried into captivity, among whom were Mr. Williams, his wife (who was murdered on the route) and children. They were marched through the wilderness to Montreal, where they arrived about the end of March. They remained in Canada until October 25, 1706, when fifty-seven were removed in a vessel to Boston, where they arrived on the 21st of November following. A portion of the remainder had fallen from fatigue or violence on the march, or died during their captivity, and some preferred to remain with their Indian captors. Williams, with two of his children, returned, and in the March following published his work on his captivity, one of the most interesting productions in our early literature. We present a passage from his record of the painful and perilous journey:—

We travelled not far the first day ; God made the heathen so to pity our children, that though they had several wounded persons of their own to carry upon their shoulders, for thirty miles, before they came to the river, yet they carried our children, incapable of travelling, in their arms, and upon their shoulders. When we came to our lodging place, the first night, they dug away the snow, and made some wigwams, cut down some small branches of the spruce tree to lie down on, and gave the prisoners somewhat to eat ; but we had but little appetite. I was pinioned and bound down that night, and so I was every night whilst I was with the army. Some of the enemy who brought drink with them from the town fell to drinking, and in their drunken fit they killed my negro man, the only dead person I either saw at the town, or in the way.

In the night an Englishman made his escape ; in the morning (March 1), I was called for, and ordered by the general to tell the English, that if any more made their escape, they would burn the rest of the prisoners. He that took me was unwilling to let me speak with any of the prisoners, as we marched ; but on the morning of the second day, he being appointed to guard the rear, I was put into the hands of my other master, who permitted me to speak to my wife, when I overtook her, and to walk with her to help her in her journey. On the way, we discoursed of the happiness of those who had a right to an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens ; and God for a father and friend ; as also, that it was our reasonable duty quietly to submit to the will of God, and to say, "The will of the Lord be done." My wife told me her strength of body began to fail, and that I must expect to part with her ; saying, she hoped God would preserve my life, and the life of some, if not of all our children with us ; and commended to me, under God, the care of them. She never spake any discontented word as to what had befallen us, but with suitable expressions justified God in what had happened. We soon made a halt, in which time my chief surviving master came up, upon which I was put upon marching with the foremost, and so made my last farewell of my dear wife, the desire of my eyes, and companion in many mercies and afflictions. Upon our separation, we asked for each other grace sufficient for what God should call us to.

After our being parted from one another, she spent the few remaining minutes of her stay in reading the Holy Scriptures ; which she was wont personally every day to delight her soul in reading, praying, meditating on, by herself, in her closet, over and above what she heard out of them in our family worship. I was made to wade over a small river, and so were all the English, the water above knee deep, the stream very swift ; and after that to travel up a small mountain ; my strength was almost spent, before I came to the top of it. No sooner had I overcome the difficulty of that ascent, but I was permitted to sit down, and be unburdened of my pack. I sat pitying those who were behind, and entreated my master to let me go down and help my wife ; but he refused, and would not let me stir from him. I asked each of the prisoners (as they passed by me) after her, and heard that, passing through the above-said river, she fell down, and was plunged over head and ears in the water ; after which she travelled not far, for at the foot of that mountain, the cruel and blood-thirsty savage who took her slew her with his hatchet at one stroke, the tidings of which were very awful. And yet such was the hard-heartedness of the adversary, that my tears were reckoned to me as a reproach. My loss and the loss of my children was great ; our hearts were so filled with sorrow, that nothing but the comfortable hopes of her being taken away, in mercy to herself, from the evils we were to see, feel, and suffer under, (and joined to the assembly of the spirits of just men made perfect, to rest in peace, and joy unspeakable and full of glory, and the good pleasure of God thus to exercise us,) could have kept us from sinking under, at that time. That Scripture, Job i. 21, "Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither : the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away ; blessed be the name of the Lord,"—was brought to my mind, and from it, that an afflicting God was to be glorified ; with some other places of Scripture, to persuade to a patient bearing my afflictions.

We were again called upon to march, with a far heavier burden on my spirits than on my back. I begged of God to overrule, in his province, that the corpse of one so dear to me, and of one whose spirit he had taken to dwell with him in glory, might meet with a Christian burial, and not be left for meat to the fowls of the air and beasts of

the earth, a mercy that God graciously vouchsafed to grant. For God put it into the hearts of my neighbours, to come out as far as she lay, to take up her corpse, carry it to the town, and decently to bury it soon after. In our march they killed a sucking infant of one of my neighbours; and before night a girl of about eleven years of age. I was made to mourn, at the consideration of my flock being, so far, a flock of slaughter, many being slain in the town, and so many murdered in so few miles from the town; and from fear what we must yet expect, from such who delightfully imbrued their hands in the blood of so many of His people. When we came to our lodging place, an Indian captain from the eastward spake to my master about killing me, and taking off my scalp. I lifted up my heart to God, to implore his grace and mercy in such a time of need; and afterwards I told my master, if he intended to kill me, I desired he would let me know of it; assuring him that my death, after a promise of quarter, would bring the guilt of blood upon him. He told me he would not kill me. We laid down and slept, for God sustained and kept us.

ABOUT BEARS.

IN the early settlement of our country bear meat was both a luxury and a staple article of food. The few old pioneers, still living, who ate it in their younger days, refer to it with a relish and approval that are unmistakable. We copy the following description of Bruin, who eats and is eaten, from the journal of Colonel William Byrd, written in 1728:

"Our Indian killed a bear; two years old, that was feasting on grapes. He was very fat, as they generally are in that season of the year. In the fall, the flesh of this animal has a high relish, different from that of any other creatures, though inclining nearest to that of pork, or rather of wild boar. A true woodsman prefers this sort of meat to that of the fattest venison, not only for the *haut goût*, but also because the fat of it is well tasted, and never rises in the stomach. Another proof of the goodness of this meat is, that it is less apt to corrupt than any other with which we are acquainted. As agreeable as such rich diet was to the men, yet we who were not accustomed to it, tasted it at first with some sort of squeamishness, that animal being of the dog kind; though a little

use soon reconciled us to this American venison. And that its being of the dog kind might give us the less disgust, we had the example of that ancient and polite people, the Chinese, who reckon dog's flesh too good for any under the quality of a mandarin. This beast is in truth a very clean feeder, living, while the season lasts, upon acorns, chestnuts and chinquapins, wild honey and wild grapes. They are naturally not carnivorous, unless hunger constrain them to it, after the mast is all gone, and the product of the woods quite exhausted. They are not provident enough to lay up any hoard, like the squirrels, nor can they, after all, live very long upon licking their paws, as Sir John Mandeville and some other travellers tell us, but are forced in the winter months to quit the mountains, and visit the inhabitants. Their errand is then to surprise a poor hog at a pinch to keep them from starving. And to show that they are not flesh-eaters by trade, they devour their prey very awkwardly. They do not kill it right out, and feast upon its blood and entrails, like other ravenous beasts, but having, after a fair pursuit, seized it with their paws, they begin first upon the rump, and so devour one collop after another, till they come to the vitals, the poor animal crying all the while, for several minutes together. However, in so doing, Bruin acts a little imprudently, because the dismal outcry of the hog alarms the neighbourhood, and it is odds but he pays the forfeit with his life, before he can secure his retreat. But bears soon grow weary of this unnatural diet, and about January, when there is nothing to be gotten in the woods, they retire into some cave or hollow tree, where they sleep away two or three months very comfortably. But then they quit their holes in March, when the fish begin to run up the rivers, on which they are forced to keep Lent, till some fruit or berry comes in season. But bears are fondest of chestnuts, which grow plentifully towards the mountains, upon very large trees, where the soil happens to be rich. We were curious to know how it happened that many of the outward branches of those trees came to be broken off in that solitary place, and were informed that the bears are so discreet as not to trust their unwieldy bodies on the smaller limbs of the trees, that would not bear their weight; but after venturing as far as is safe, which they can judge to an inch, they bite off the end of the branch, which falling

BEAUTIFUL IN THE WORLD'S HISTORY.

down, they are content to finish their repast upon the ground. In the same cautious manner they secure the acorns that grow on the weaker limbs of the oak. And it must be allowed that, in these instances, a bear carries instinct a great way, and acts more reasonably than many of his betters, who indiscreetly venture upon frail projects that will not bear them."

JONATHAN EDWARDS' DESCRIPTION OF HIS WIFE.

REV. JONATHAN EDWARDS, the famous New England divine, was a man of ardent affections, which, however, were tempered and subdued as he advanced in life by his austere religious views. He was married, at the age of twenty-three, to Miss Sarah Pierrepont, a young lady of eighteen, and of unusual beauty. His description of her, written a short time previous to their marriage, is poetic in the extreme, and appears like the unconscious admiration of the lover in the saint.

"They say," he writes, "there is a young Lady in New Haven who is beloved of that Great Being, who made and rules the world, and that there are certain seasons in which this Great Being, in some way or other invisible, comes to her and fills her mind with exceeding sweet delight, and that she hardly cares for anything, except to meditate on him—that she expects, after a while, to be received up where he is, to be raised up out of the world and caught up into heaven; being assured that he loves her too well to let her remain at a distance from him always. There she is to dwell with him, and to be ravished with his love and delight for ever. Therefore, if you present all the world before her, with the richest of its treasures, she disregards it and cares not for it, and is unmindful of any pain or affliction. She has a strange sweetness in her mind, and singular purity in her affections; is most just and conscientious in all her conduct; and you could not persuade her to do anything wrong or sinful, if you would give her all the world, lest she should offend this Great Being. She is of a wonderful sweetness, calmness, and universal benevolence of mind; especially after this Great God has manifested himself to her mind. She will sometimes go about from place to place, singing sweetly, and seems to be always full of joy and pleasure, and no one knows for what. She loves

to be alone, walking in the fields and groves, and seems to have some one invisible always conversing with her."

PERSONAL PECULIARITIES OF THE GREAT NAPOLEON.

NAPOLEON, we are told, was dressed every morning by the valet in attendance. He did not don a single garment himself; eventually, however, he was induced to shave himself. It happened in this wise: In 1803 the head valet Hambard, pleaded ill health as an excuse for not accompanying his master to Boulogne. "Who is to shave me?" asked Napoleon, for Hambard had regularly discharged this duty. ✕

Hambard suggested Constant, who, foreseeing this emergency, had been diligently taking lessons on humbler chins, and had acquired proficiency. He had no easy task, for Napoleon, while undergoing the operation, would talk, read the newspapers, and fidget in his chair, sometimes sitting as stiff as a statue and declining to bend his head an inch. Great care was necessary to avoid cutting his face. Another peculiarity was that he insisted on one side being lathered and shaved before the other was touched. When Constant got free enough with him to venture on the step, he urged on Napoleon the desirability of his learning to shave, as he himself might be ill or absent, and Napoleon would not like to be operated on by a stranger.

Napoleon was, with some difficulty, induced to try the experiment, but, of course, he experimented only on himself, and did not, therefore, acquire professional proficiency. Very clumsy at first, he gradually became tolerably expert. On one point, however, he was obstinate—he persisted in moving the razor downward instead of upward, and occasional cuts were the consequence. While not lifting a finger to dress himself, Napoleon dispensed with assistance in undressing; but he flung his garments all over the room—his watch sometimes missing the table or bed at which it was aimed, and falling broken on the floor.

As to dress, he despised dandies, never wore rings, and abominated scents, except eau de cologne, with which he was often rubbed, and which was his specific for bruises. When coat-tails became shorter, he stuck to the old fashion of the Directory period, illustrated in several of



TALLEYRAND AND HORTENSE, SHOWING COSTUMES OF THE DIRECTORY PERIOD.



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DIVORCEMENT OF JOSEPHINE.

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the engravings in this volume, until Constant got the tailor to shorten them by imperceptible gradations. He disliked tightly-fighting clothes, found a new hat uncomfortable—though lined with silk and wadding—and stuck to an old one as long as possible. He put on every morning a clean white waistcoat, with knee-breeches to match—he never wore trousers—but as he habitually wiped his pen on his breeches, after three or four washings they were done with.

Constant denies, however, the common story of his keeping snuff loose in his waistcoat pocket; he always used a snuff-box, and though he frequently took a pinch, he simply held it to his nose, and then dropped all or nearly all on the floor. His snuff injured the carpet, not his waistcoat. Smoking he never tried but once. An Oriental Ambassador had presented him with a chibouk. It was filled and lit for him, but he merely opened and shut his lips instead of drawing. When at last he was induced to draw, the smoke went down his throat and came out at his nose. He felt queer for an hour, declaimed against the habit as fit only for lazy people, and never touched a pipe again.

INCIDENTS OF A QUAKER'S LIFE.

THOMAS CHALKLEY, a Quaker, and a writer of some distinction, who was born in London in 1675, gives a touching account of the persecutions to which his sect were exposed, even from their tender years. He says:

"When between eight and ten years of age, my father and mother sent me near two miles to school, to Richard Scoryer, in the suburbs of London. I went mostly by myself to the school; and many and various were the exercises I went through, by beatings and stonings along the streets, being distinguished to the people by the badge of plainness which my parents put upon me, of what profession I was: divers telling me, 'it was no more sin to kill me than it was to kill a dog.'"

He relates his spiritual experiences at great length, commencing with his tenth year. At the age of twenty he was pressed on board a man-of-war. He passed the night in the hold, having nothing to lie upon but casks, and among wicked men; "and as we were shut up in darkness, so was their conversation dark and hellish." On being asked, in the morning, "if he was willing

to serve his Majesty," he answered, that he was willing to serve him in his business, and according to his conscience; "but as for war and fighting, Christ had forbid it in his excellent Sermon on the Mount; and for that reason I could not bear arms nor be instrumental to destroy or kill men." "Then," he continues,

"The lieutenant looked on me and on the people, and said: 'Gentlemen, what shall we do with this fellow? He swears he will not fight.' The commander of the vessel made answer: 'No, he will neither swear nor fight.' Upon which they turned me on shore. I was thankful that I was delivered out of their hands; and my tender parents were glad to see me again."

In 1698 he came as a missionary to America, landing at the mouth of the Patuxent River in Maryland. The following year he travelled through New England and Virginia, where he found an aged Friend, ninety-two years of age, "who had then a daughter two years old." This aged veteran lived until one year after his child was married, affording a good example of the beneficial effects of a clear conscience and a salubrious climate like that of his adopted country.

Mr. Chalkley subsequently returned to England, where he married, and, after a journey through Ireland, he decided to remove permanently to America. Settling his wife in Philadelphia, he made an extensive tour to Barbadoes, and through Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina, doing missionary work. In those early days, the regions through which he travelled contained very few white settlers, and he was frequently under the necessity of camping out in the woods, with no shelter but the trees and the heavens. He describes an incident of this kind with great beauty:

"In going to and coming from this place, we lay two nights in the woods, and I think I never slept better in all my life. It was the eighth hour in the evening, when I laid down on the ground, one night, my saddle being my pillow, at the root of a tree; and it was four o'clock in the morning when they called me. When I awoke, I thought of good Jacob's lodging he had on the way to Padan Aram, when he saw the holy vision of angels, with the ladder, whose top reached to heaven. Very sweet was the love of God to my soul that morning, and the dew of the everlasting hills refreshed me; and I went on my way prais-

ing the Lord, and magnifying the God of my salvation."

He continued this mode of life until 1707, when he made another voyage to Barbadoes, and sailing thence for England, was shipwrecked on the coast of Ireland, but escaped personal injury.

Upon leaving Ireland, he journeyed through Great Britain, and after a visit to Holland and Germany, returned to Philadelphia.

On a subsequent voyage, from the Bermudas, in consequence of a long continuance of calms, the stock of provisions became scanty. The vessel being consigned to Chalkley, and under his care, the crew began to upbraid him for the scarcity, and "tell dismal stories about eating one another."

"To stop their murmuring," he says, "I told them they should not need to cast lots which was usual in such cases, which of us should die first, for I would freely offer up my life to do them good. One said, 'God bless you! I will not eat any of you.' Another said, 'He would die before he would eat any of me;' and so said several. I can truly say, on that occasion, at that time, my life was not dear to me, and that I was serious and ingenuous in my proposition; and as I was leaning over the side of the vessel, thoughtfully considering my proposal to the company, and looking in my mind to Him that made me, a very large dolphin came up towards the top or surface of the water, and looked me in the face; and I called the people to put a hook into the sea, and take him, for here is one come to redeem me (I said to them). And they put a hook into the sea, and the fish readily took it, and they caught him. I think he was about six feet long, the largest that ever I saw. This plainly showed us that we ought not to distrust the providence of the Almighty. The people were quieted by this act of Providence, and murmured no more. We caught enough to eat plentifully of till we got into the capes of Delaware.

ÆSTHETIC TASTES OF CHARLES I.

THIS monarch possessed "four and twenty palaces, all of them elegantly and completely furnished." The value of pictures doubled in Europe during his reign, by the emulation in fine arts between Charles and

Philip IV., of Spain, who was touched with the same elegant passion.

The mind of Charles I. was moulded by the Graces. His favorite Buckingham was probably a greater favorite, for those congenial tastes, and the frequent exhibition of those splendid masks and entertainments, which combined all the picture of ballet dances, with the voice of music; the charms of the verse of Jonson, the scenic machinery of Inigo Jones, and the variety of fanciful devices of Gerbier, the duke's architect, the bosom friend of Rubens. There was a costly magnificence in the *fêtes* at York House, the residence of Buckingham, of which few but curious researchers are aware; they eclipsed the splendor of the French Court; for Bassompierre, in one of his despatches, declares he had never witnessed a similar magnificence. He describes the vaulted apartments, the ballets at supper, which were proceeding between the services, with various representations, theatrical changes, and those of the tables, and the music; the duke's own contrivance, to prevent the inconvenience of pressure, by having a turning door made like that of the monasteries, which admitted only one person at a time. The following extract from a manuscript letter of the times conveys a lively account of one of these *fêtes*:

"Last Sunday at night, the duke's grace entertained their majesties and the French ambassador at York House, with great feasting and show, where all things came down in clouds; amongst which, one rare device was a representation of the French king and the two queens with their chiefest attendants, and so to the life, that the queen's majesty could name them. It was four o'clock in the morning before they parted, and then the king and queen, together with the French ambassador, lodged there. Some estimate this entertainment at five or six thousand pounds." At another time, "The king and queen were entertained at supper, at Gerbier's, the duke's painter's house, which could not stand him less than a thousand pounds." Sir Symonds D'Ewes mentions banquets at 500*l*. Accounts of these entertainments show the curiosity of the scenical machinery, and the fancy of the poet, the richness of the crimson habits of the gentlemen, and the white dresses with white heron's plumes and jewelled head dresses, and ropes or pearls of the ladies.

WILLIAM PENN'S ADVICE TO HIS CHILDREN.

BETAKE yourselves to some honest, industrious course of life, and that not of sordid covetousness, but for example, and to avoid idleness. And if you change your condition and marry, choose with the knowledge and consent of your mother, if living, or of guardians, or those that have the charge of you. Mind neither beauty nor riches, but the fear of the Lord, and a sweet and amiable disposition, such as you can love above all this world, and that may make your habitations pleasant and desirable to you.

the poor and needy; let the Lord have a voluntary share of your income for the good of the poor, both in our society and others; for we are all his creatures; remembering that "he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord."

Know well your incomings, and your outgoings may be better regulated. Love not money nor the world: use them only, and they will serve you; but if you love them you serve them, which will debase your spirits as well as offend the Lord.

Pity the distressed, and hold out a hand of help



BANQUET TO THE FRENCH AMBASSADORS.

And being married, be tender, affectionate, patient, and meek. Live in the fear of the Lord, and he will bless you and your offspring. Be sure to live within compass; borrow not, neither be beholden to any. Ruin not yourselves by kindness to others; for that exceeds the due bounds of friendship, neither will a true friend expect it. Small matters I heed not.

Let your industry and parsimony go no further than for a sufficiency for life, and to make a provision for your children, and that in moderation, if the Lord gives you any. I charge you help

to them; it may be your case, and as you mete to others, God will mete to you again.

Be humble and gentle in your conversation; of few words I charge you, but always pertinent when you speak, hearing out before you attempt to answer, and then speaking as if you would persuade, not impose.

Affront none, neither revenge the affronts that are done to you; but forgive, and you shall be forgiven of your heavenly Father.

In making friends, consider well first; and when you are fixed, be true, not wavering by reports,

nor deserting in affliction, for that becomes not the good and virtuous.

Watch against anger ; neither speak nor act in it ; for, like drunkenness, it makes a man a beast, and throws people into desperate inconveniences.

Avoid flatterers, for they are thieves in disguise ; their praise is costly, designing to get by those they bespeak ; they are the worst of creatures ; they lie to flatter, and flatter to cheat ; and, which is worse, if you believe them, you cheat yourselves most dangerously. But the virtuous, though poor, love, cherish, and prefer. Remember David, who, asking the Lord, "Who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell upon thy holy hill?" answers, "He that walketh uprightly, worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart ; in whose eyes the vile person is contemned, but honoureth them who fear the Lord."

Next, my children, be temperate in all things : in your diet, for that is physic by prevention ; it keeps, nay, it makes people healthy, and their generation sound. This is exclusive of the spiritual advantage it brings. Be also plain in your apparel ; keep out that lust which reigns too much over some ; let your virtues be your ornaments, remembering life is more than food, and the body than raiment. Let your furniture be simple and cheap. Avoid pride, avarice, and luxury. Read my "No Cross, no Crown." There is instruction. Make your conversation with the most eminent for wisdom and piety, and shun all wicked men as you hope for the blessing of God and the comfort of your father's living and dying prayers. Be sure you speak no evil of any, no, not of the meanest ; much less of your superiors, as magistrates, guardians, tutors, teachers, and elders in Christ.

Be no busybodies ; meddle not with other folks' matters, but when in conscience and duty pressed ; for it procures trouble, and is ill manners, and very unseemly to wise men.

In your families remember Abraham, Moses, and Joshua, their integrity to the Lord, and do as you have them for your examples.

Let the fear and service of the living God be encouraged in your houses, and that plainness, sobriety, and moderation in all things, as becometh God's chosen people ; and as I advise you, my beloved children, do you counsel yours, if God should give you any. Yea, I counsel and

command them as my posterity, that they love and serve the Lord God with an upright heart, that he may bless you and yours from generation to generation.

And as for you, who are likely to be concerned in the government of Pennsylvania and my parts of East Jersey, especially the first, I do charge you before the Lord God and his holy angels, that you be lowly, diligent, and tender, fearing God, loving the people, and hating covetousness. Let justice have its impartial course, and the law free passage. Though to your loss, protect no man against it ; for you are not above the law, but the law above you. Live, therefore, the lives yourselves you would have the people live, and then you have right and boldness to punish the transgressor. Keep upon the square, for God sees you : therefore, do your duty, and be sure you see with your own eyes, and hear with your own ears. Entertain no lurchers, cherish no informers for gain or revenge, use no tricks, fly to no devices to support or cover injustice ; but let your hearts be upright before the Lord, trusting in him above the contrivances of men, and none shall be able to hurt or supplant.

TURBULENT INCIDENTS OF THE ENGLISH REVOLUTION.

WE copy these interesting incidents from Lord Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion," published in 1707, as an evidence of the fact that the dispositions of people were about the same then as now, under like circumstances :

On the Sunday morning appointed for the work, the Chancellor of Scotland, and others of the council, being present in the cathedral church, the dean began to read the Liturgy, which he had no sooner entered upon, but a noise and clamor was raised throughout the church, that no words could be heard distinctly ; and then a shower of stones, and sticks, and cudgels, were thrown at the dean's head. The bishop went up into the pulpit, and from thence put them in mind of the sacredness of the place, of their duty to God and the king ; but he found no more reverence, nor was the clamor and disorder less than before. The chancellor, from his seat, commanded the provost and magistrates of the city to descend from the gallery in which they sat, and by their authority to suppress the riot ; which at last with great difficulty they did, by driving the rudest

of those who made the disturbance out of the church, and shutting the doors, which gave the dean opportunity to proceed in the reading of the Liturgy, that was not at all attended or hearkened to by those who remained within the church; and if it had, they who were turned out continued their barbarous noise, broke the windows, and endeavored to break down the doors, so that it was not possible for any to follow their devotions.

When all was done that at that time could be done there, and the council and magistrates went out of the church to their houses, the rabble followed the bishops with all the opprobrious language they could invent, of bringing in superstition and popery into the kingdom, and making the people slaves; and were not content to use their tongues, but employed their hands too in throwing dirt and stones at them; and treated the bishop of Edinburgh, whom they looked upon as most active that day, so rudely, that

with difficulty he got into a house, after they had torn his habit, and was from thence removed to his own, with great hazard of his life. As this

was the reception which the liturgy had in the cathedral, so it fared not better in the other churches of the city, but was entertained with the same



THE RABBLE FORCING THEIR WAY INTO THE CHURCH.

noise and outcries, and threatening the men, whose office it was to read it, with the same bitter execrations against bishops and popery.

Hitherto no person of condition or name appeared or seemed to countenance this seditious confusion; it was the rabble, of which nobody was named, and, which is more strange, not one apprehended: and it seems the bishops thought it not of moment enough to desire or require any help or protection from the council; but without conferring with them, or applying themselves to them, they despatched away an express to the king, with a full and particular information of all that had passed, and a desire that he would take that course he thought best for the carrying on his service.

Until this advertisement arrived from Scotland, there were very few in England who had heard of any disorders there, or of anything done there which might produce any * * And the truth is, there was so little curiosity either in the court or in the country to know anything of Scotland, or what was done there, that when the whole nation was solicitous to know what passed weekly in Germany, and Poland, and all other parts of Europe, no man ever inquired what was doing in Scotland. Nor had that kingdom a place or mention in one page of any gazette; and even after the advertisement of this preamble to rebellion, no mention was made of it at the council-board, but such a despatch made into Scotland upon it, as expressed the king's dislike and displeasure, and obliged the lords of the council there to appear more vigorously in the vindication of his authority, and suppression of those tumults. But all was too little. That people, after they had once begun, pursued the business vigorously, and with all imaginable contempt of the government; and though in the hubbub of the first day there appeared nobody of name or reckoning, but the actors were really of the dregs of the people, yet they discovered by the countenance of that day, that few men of rank were forward to engage themselves in the quarrel on the behalf of the bishops; whereupon more considerable persons every day appeared against them, and (as heretofore in the case of St Paul, Acts xiii. 50, 'The Jews stirred up the devout and honourable women') the women and ladies of the best quality declared themselves of the party, and, with all the reproaches imaginable, made war upon the bishops, as introducers of popery and superstition, against which they avowed themselves to be irreconcilable enemies: and their husbands did not

long defer the owning the same spirit; insomuch as within a few days the bishops durst not appear in the streets, nor in any courts, or houses, but were in danger of their lives; and such of the lords as durst be in their company, or seemed to desire to rescue them from violence, had their coaches torn in pieces, and their persons assaulted, insomuch as they were glad to send for some of those great men, who did indeed govern the rabble, though they appeared not in it, who readily came and redeemed them out of their hands; so that, by the time new orders came from England, there was scarce a bishop left in Edinburgh, and not a minister who durst read the Liturgy in any church.

CHARACTER OF HAMPDEN.

THIS description of the character of Hampden we also copy from Lord Clarendon's history:

Mr. Hampden was a man of much greater cunning, and, it may be, of the most discerning spirit, and of the greatest address and insinuation to bring anything to pass which he desired, of any man of that time, and who laid the design deepest. He was a gentleman of a good extraction, and a fair fortune; who, from a life of pleasure and license, had on a sudden retired to extraordinary sobriety and strictness, and yet retained his usual cheerfulness and affability; which, together with the opinion of his wisdom and justice, and the courage he had shown in opposing the ship-money, raised his reputation to a very great height, not only in Buckinghamshire, where he lived, but generally throughout the kingdom. He was not a man of many words, and rarely began the discourse, or made the first entrance upon any business that was assumed; but a very weighty speaker, and after he had heard a full debate, and observed how the house was like to be inclined, took up the argument, and shortly, and clearly, and craftily so stated it, that he commonly conducted it to the conclusion he desired; and if he found he could not do that, he was never without the dexterity to divert the debate to another time, and to prevent the determining anything in the negative, which might prove inconvenient in the future. He made so great a show of civility, and modesty, and humility, and always of mistrust of his own judgment, and esteeming his with whom he conferred for the present, that he seemed to have no opinions

or resolutions, but such as he contracted from the information and instruction he received upon the discourses of others, whom he had a wonderful art of governing and leading into his principles and inclinations, whilst they believed that he wholly depended upon their counsel and advice. No man had ever a greater power over himself, or was less the man that he seemed to be; which shortly after appeared to everybody, when he cared less to keep on the mask.

that time the most popular man in England, and exercised a greater influence than any other over the actions of the people.

During the war between the parliamentary forces and the royalists, he commanded a regiment of volunteer infantry, which he had raised in his native county, and he made himself so distinguished by his daring and intrepidity that a wish was expressed that he should take command of the entire army. On the evening of



THE BURIAL OF JOHN HAMPDEN.

This sketch hardly does justice to the character of Hampden. He was a cousin of Oliver Cromwell, his mother (Elizabeth Cromwell) being an aunt of the latter; and as he was also a leader of the people in their revolution against the tyranny of the king, he naturally made bitter enemies, whose hatred could not be restrained from tarnishing his name in history. That he was very popular with the people is shown by the fact that when he had been denounced for treason, and his person was demanded by Charles, the officers of the latter, in spite of their utmost efforts, found it impossible to arrest him. In fact it is asserted that he was at

June 17, 1643, Prince Rupert set out for Oxford with two thousand men, on one of his characteristic expeditions. Hampden hastened with a small body of volunteers to intercept his return, and overtook the enemy at Chalgrove. Without a moment's hesitation he charged into their ranks, according to his usual intrepid custom, but was struck in the shoulder by two balls, which lodged in his body. After six days' acute suffering he expired, uttering with his latest breath a prayer for England. The whole country mourned his loss, and his funeral was attended by an immense concourse of people. His name will stand forever on the pages of

history as one of the great defenders of the liberties of the people.

PRIVATE HISTORY OF THE COURT OF
CHARLES I.

THE king is accused of the most spiritless uxoriousness; and the chaste fondness of a husband is placed among his political errors. Even Hume conceives that his queen precipitated

cal misconduct. The factious, too, by this aspersion, promoted the alarm they spread in the nation, of the king's inclination to popery; yet, on the contrary, Charles was then making a determined stand, and at length triumphed over a Catholic faction, which was ruling his queen; and this at the risk of menace of a war with France. Yet this firmness too has been denied him, even by his apologist Hume: that historian on his preconceived system imagined, that every action of Charles I. originated in the Duke of Buckingham, and that the duke pursued his personal quarrel with Richelieu and taking advantage of these domestic quarrels, had persuaded Charles to dismiss the French attendants of the queen.

There are, fortunately, two letters from Charles I. to Buckingham, preserved in the state-papers of Lord Hardwicke, which set this point to rest: these decisively prove, that the whole matter originated with the king himself, and that Buckingham had tried every effort to persuade him to the contrary.

It is remarkable that the character of a queen who is imagined to have performed so active a part in our history, scarcely ever appears in it: when abroad, and when she returned to England, in the midst of a winter storm, bringing all the aid she could to her unfortunate consort,

those who witnessed this appearance of energy imagined that her character was equally powerful in the cabinet. Yet Henrietta, after all, was nothing more than a volatile woman: one who had never studied, never reflected, and whom nature had formed to be charming and haughty, but whose vivacity could not retain a state-secret for an hour, and whose talents were quite opposite to those of deep political intrigue.

Henrietta viewed even the characters of great



ATTEMPT OF CHARLES I. TO SEIZE THE FIVE MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT.

him into hasty and imprudent counsels, and Bishop Kennet had alluded to the influence of a stately queen over an affectionate husband. The uxoriousness of Charles is re-echoed by all the writers of a certain party. This is an odium which the king's enemies first threw out to make him contemptible: while his apologists imagined that, in perpetuating this accusation, they had discovered, in a weakness which has at least something amiable, some palliation for his own politi-

men with all the sensations of a woman. Describing the Earl of Stafford to a confidential friend, and having observed that he was a great man, she dwelt with far more interest on his person: "Though not handsome," said she, "he was agreeable enough, and he had the finest hands of any man in the world." Landing at Burlington Bay in Yorkshire, she lodged on the quay; the parliament's admiral barbarously pointed his cannon at the house; and several shot reaching

lively temper, and impatiently babbled the plot; so that one of the ladies in attendance despatched a hasty note to the parties, who, as the king entered the house, had just time to leave it. Some have dated the ruin of his cause to the failure of that impolitic step, which alarmed every one zealous for that spirit of political freedom which had now grown up in the commons. Incidents like these mark the feminine dispositions of Henrietta. But when at sea, in danger of being taken by a



LANDING OF QUEEN HENRIETTA AT BURLINGTON BAY.

it, her favorite, Jermyn requested her to fly; she safely reached a cavern in the fields, but, recollecting that she had left a lap-dog asleep in its bed, she flew back, and, amidst the cannon-shot, returned with this other favorite. The queen related this incident of the lap-dog to her friend Madame Motteville; these ladies considered it as a complete woman's victory. It is in these memoirs we find, that when Charles went down to the house, to seize on the five leading members of the opposition, the queen could not retain her

parliamentarian, the queen commanded the captain not to strike, but to prepare at the extremity to blow up the ship, resisting the shrieks of her females and domestics; we perceive how, on every trying occasion, Henrietta never forgot that she was the daughter of Henry IV.; that glorious affinity was inherited by her with all the sexual pride; and hence, at times, that energy in her actions which was so far above her intellectual capacity. Even when driven to land, to escape capture, she was the coolest of her party, and

nursed her lap-dog apparently unconscious of all danger.

And, indeed, when the awful events she had witnessed were one by one registered in her melancholy mind, the sensibility of the woman subdued the natural haughtiness of her character; but, true woman! the feeling creature of circumstances, at the Restoration she resumed it, and when the new court of Charles II. would not endure her obsolete haughtiness, the dowager-queen left it in all the full bitterness of her spirit. An habitual gloom, and the meagerness of grief, during the commonwealth had changed a countenance once the most lively, and her eyes, whose dark and dazzling lustre was even celebrated, then only shone in tears. When she told her physician, Sir Theodore Mayerne, that she found her understanding was failing her, and seemed terrified lest it was approaching to madness, the court physician, hardly courtly to fallen majesty, replied, "Madam, fear not that: for you are already mad." Henrietta had lived to contemplate the awful changes of her reign, without comprehending them.

When Henrietta was on her way to England, a legate from Rome arrested her at Amiens, requiring the princess to undergo a penance, which was to last sixteen days, for marrying Charles without the papal dispensation. The queen stopped her journey, and wrote to inform the king of the occasion. Charles, who was then waiting for her at Canterbury, replied, that if Henrietta did not instantly proceed, he would return alone to London. Henrietta doubtless sighed for the pope and the penance, but she set off the day she received the king's letter. The king, either by his wisdom or his impatience, detected the aim of the Roman pontiff, who, had he been permitted to arrest the progress of a Queen of England for sixteen days in the face of all Europe, would thus have obtained a tacit supremacy over a British Monarch.

When the king arrived at Canterbury, although not at the moment prepared to receive him, Henrietta flew to meet him and with all her spontaneous grace and native vivacity, kneeling at his feet, she kissed his hand, while the king, bending over her, wrapt her in his arms, and kissed her with many kisses. This royal and youthful pair, unusual with those of their rank, met with the eagerness of lovers, and the first words of Henrietta were those of devotion: *Sire. Je suis venue en ce*

paie de votre Majesté, pour être usée et commandée de vous. It had been rumoured that she was of a very short stature, but reaching to the king's shoulder, his eyes were cast down to her feet, seemingly observing whether she used art to increase her height. Anticipating his thoughts, and playfully showing her feet, she declared, that "she stood upon her own feet, for thus high I am, and neither higher or lower." After an hour's conversation in privacy, Henrietta took her dinner surrounded by the court; and the king, who had already dined, performing the office of her carver, cut a pheasant and some venison. By the side of the queen stood her ghostly confessor, solemnly reminding her that this was the eve of John the Baptist, and was to be fasted, exhorting her to be cautious that she set no scandalous example on her first arrival. But Charles and his court were now to be gained over, as well as John the Baptist. She affected to eat very heartily of the forbidden meat, which gave great comfort, it seems, to several of her new heretical subjects then present; but we may conceive the pangs of so confirmed a devotee! She carried her dissimulation so far, that being asked about this time whether she could abide a Huguenot? she replied, "Why not?—Was not my father one?" Her ready smiles, the graceful wave of her hand, the many "good signs of hope," as a contemporary in a manuscript letter expresses it, induced many of the English to believe that Henrietta might even become one of themselves! Sir Symonds D'Ewes, as appears by his manuscript diary, was struck by "her deportment to her women, and her looks to her servants, which were so sweet and humble!" However, this was in the first days of her arrival, and these "sweet and humble looks" were not constant ones; for a courtier at Whitehall, writing to a friend, observes that "the queen, however little of stature, yet is of a pleasing countenance, if she be pleased, otherwise full of spirit and vigour, and seems of more than ordinary resolution"; and he adds an incident of one of her "frowns." The room in which the queen was at dinner being somewhat overheated with the fire and company, "she drove us all out of the chamber. I suppose none but a queen could have cast such a scowl." We may already detect the fair waxen mask melting away on the features it covered, even in one short month!



QUEEN HENRIETTA AND HER PARTY IN DANGER OF CAPTURE.

By the marriage contract, Henrietta was to be allowed a household establishment, composed of her own people; and this had been contrived to be no less than a small French colony, exceeding three hundred persons.

The French party had not long resided in London, ere the mutual jealousies between the two nations broke out. All the English who were not Catholics were soon dismissed from their attendance on the queen, by herself; while Charles was compelled, by the popular cry, to forbid any English Catholics to serve the queen, or to be present at the celebration of her mass. The king was even obliged to employ pursuivants or king's messengers, to stand at the door of her chapel to seize on any of the English who entered there, while on these occasions the French would draw their swords to defend these concealed Catholics. "The queen and hers" became an odious distinction in the nation. Such were the indecent scenes exhibited in public; they were not less reserved in private. The following anecdote of saying a grace before the king, at his own table, in a most indecorous race run between the catholic priest and the king's chaplain, is given in a manuscript letter of the times:

"The King and queen dining together in the presence, Mr. Hacket (the chaplain to the Lord Keeper Williams) being then to say grace, the confessor would have prevented him, but that Hacket shoved him away; whereupon the confessor went to the queen's side, and was about to say grace again, but that the king pulling the dishes unto him, and the carvers falling to their business, hindered. When dinner was done, the confessor thought, standing by the queen, to have been before Mr. Hacket, but Mr. Hacket again got the start. The confessor, nevertheless, begins his grace as loud as Mr. Hacket, with such a confusion that the king in great passion instantly rose from the table, and, taking the queen by the hand, retired into the bed-chamber."

One evening the king suddenly appeared, and summoning the French household, commanded them to take their instant departure—the carriages were prepared for their removal. In doing this, Charles had to resist the warmest entreaties, and even the vehement anger of the queen, who said in her rage to have broken several panes of the window of the apartment, to which the king dragged her, and confined her from them.

The scene which took place among the French people, at the sudden announcement of the king's determination, was remarkably indecorous. They instantly flew to take possession of the queen's wardrobe and jewels; they did not leave her, it appears, a change of linen, since it was with difficulty she procured one as a favor, according to some manuscript letters of the times. One of their extraordinary expedients was that of inventing bills, for which they pretended they had engaged themselves on account of the queen, to the amount of 10,000 pounds (\$50,000), which the queen at first owned to, but afterwards acknowledged the debts were fictitious ones. Among these items was one for 400 pounds for necessaries for her majesty; an apothecary's bill for drugs of 800 pounds; and another of 150 pounds for "the bishop's unholy water," as the writer expresses it. The young French bishop attempted by all sorts of delays to avoid this ignominious expulsion; till the king was forced to send his yeomen of the guards to turn them out from Somerset House, where the juvenile French bishop at once protested against it, and mounting the steps of the coach, took his departure "head and shoulders." It appears that to pay the debts and pensions, besides sending the French troops home, cost 50,000 pounds (\$250,000).

In a long procession of nearly forty coaches, after four days' tedious travelling, they reached Dover; but the spectacle of these impatient foreigners so reluctantly quitting England, gesticulating their sorrows or their quarrels, exposed them to the derision and stirred up the prejudices of the common people. As Madame George, whose vivacity is described as extravagantly French, was stepping into the boat, one of the mob could not resist the satisfaction of flinging a stone at her French cap; an English courtier, who was conducting her, instantly quitted his charge, ran the fellow through the body, and quietly returned to the boat. The man died on the spot; but no further notice appears to have been taken of the inconsiderate gallantry of this English courtier.

During the residence of the French party at the English court, they found opportunities to divulge many state secrets to the French government, and this fact was no doubt the real cause of their expulsion.

The queen's priests, by those peculiar methods

which have been sanctioned by the Church in all ages, were drawing from the queen the minutest circumstances which passed in privacy between her and the king; indisposed her mind towards her royal consort, impressed on her a contempt of the English nation, and a disgust of their customs, and particularly, as has been usual with the French, made her neglect the English language, as if the queen of England held no common interest with the nation. They had made her residence a place of security for the persons and papers of the discontented. Yet all this was hardly more offensive than the humiliating state to which they had reduced an English queen by their monastic obedience; inflicting the most degrading penances. One of the most flagrant is alluded to in our history. This was a barefoot pilgrimage to Tyburn, where, one morning, under the gallows on which so many Jesuits had been executed as traitors to Elizabeth and James I., she knelt and prayed to them as martyrs and saints who had shed their blood in defence of the catholic cause. A manuscript letter of the times mentions that "the priests had also made her dabble in the dirt in a foul morning from Somerset house to St. James's, her confessor riding along by her in his coach! They made her to go barefoot, to spin, and to eat her meat out of dishes, to wait at the table of servants, with many other ridiculous and absurd penances. And if they dare thus insult (adds the writer) over the daughter, sister, and wife of so great a king, what slavery would they not make us, the people, to undergo!"

One of the articles in the contract of marriage was, that the queen should have a chapel at St. James's to be built and consecrated by her French bishop; the priests became very importunate, declaring that without a chapel mass could not be performed with the state it ought, before the queen. The king's answer was firm and to the point: "If the queen's closet, where they now say mass, is not large enough, let them have it in the great chamber; and, if the great chamber is not wide enough, they might use the garden; and, if the garden will not serve their turn, the park is the fittest place."

VISIONS IN LITERATURE.

DANTE'S "Inferno" is written in the form of a vision, and of late years it has been asserted that this masterpiece of poetry was bor-

rowed from the older "Vision of Charles the Bald," written by a monk named Alberico, two centuries before Dante's time. These "visions" were the satires of the times, and served the purpose of a vehicle for popular instruction. We quote some passages from the "Vision of Charles the Bald," to show the similarity to corresponding passages in Dante's poem. Alberico, in writing this vision, put himself in the place of the emperor:

"I, Charles, by the gratuitous gift of God, king of the Germans, Roman patrician, and likewise emperor of the Franks:

"On the holy night of Sunday, having performed the divine offices of matins, returning to my bed to sleep, a voice most terrible came to my ear: 'Charles! thy spirit shall now issue from thy body; thou shalt go and behold the judgments of God; they shall serve thee only as pre-sages, and thy spirit shall again return shortly afterwards.' Instantly was my spirit rapt, and he who bore me away was a being of the most splendid whiteness. He put into my hand a ball of thread, which shed about a blaze of light, such as the comet darts when it is apparent. He divided it, and said to me, 'Take thou this thread, and bind it strongly on the thumb of thy right hand, and by this I will lead thee through the infernal labyrinth of punishments.'

"Then going before with velocity, but always unwinding this luminous thread, he conducted me into deep valleys filled with fires, and wells inflamed, blazing with all sorts of unctuous matter. There I observed the prelates who had served my father and my ancestors. Although I trembled, I still, however, inquired of them to learn the cause of their torments. They answered, 'We are the bishops of your father and your ancestors; instead of uniting them and their people in peace and concord, we sowed among them discord, and were the kindlers of evil; for this we are burning in these Tartarean punishments; we, and other men-slayers and devourers of rapine. Here also shall come your bishops, and that crowd of satellites who surround you, and who imitate the evil we have done.'

"And whilst I listened to, them tremblingly, I beheld the blackest demons flying with hooks of burning iron, who would have caught that ball of thread which I held in my hand, and drawn it towards them, but I darted such a reverberating

light, that they could not lay hold of the thread. These demons, when at my back, hustled to precipitate me into those sulphureous pits; but my conductor, who carried the ball, wound about my shoulder a doubled thread, drawing me to him with such force, that we ascended high mountains of flame, from whence issued lakes and burning streams, melting all kinds of metals. There I found the souls of lords who had served my father and my brothers; some plunged in up to the hair of their heads, others to their chins, others with half their bodies immersed. These yelling, cried to me, 'It is for inflaming discontents with your father, and your brothers, and yourself, to make war and spread murder and rapine, eager for earthly spoils, that we now suffer these torments in these rivers of boiling metal.' While I was timidly bending over their suffering, I heard at my back the clamor of voices, *potentes potentior tormenta patiuntur!* 'The powerful suffer torments powerfully;' and I looked up, and beheld on the shore boiling streams and ardent furnaces, blazing with pitch and sulphur, full of great dragons, large scorpions, and serpents of a strange species; where also I saw some of my ancestors, princes, and my brothers also, who said to me, 'Alas, Charles! behold our heavy punishment for evil, and for proud and malignant counsels, which in our realms and in thine we yielded to from the lust of dominion.' As I was grieving with their groans, dragons hurried on, who sought to devour me with throats opened, belching flame and sulphur. But my leader trebled the thread over me, at whose resplendent light these were overcome. Leading me then securely, we descended into a great valley, which on one side was dark, except where lighted by ardent furnaces, while the amenity of the other was so pleasant and splendid that I cannot describe it. I turned, however, to the obscure and flaming side; I beheld some kings of my race agonized in great and strange punishments, and I thought how in an instant the huge black giants who in turmoil were working to set this whole valley into flames, would have hurled me into these gulfs; I still trembled, when the luminous thread cheered my eyes, and on the other side of the valley a light for a little while whitened, gradually breaking: I observed two fountains; one, whose waters had extreme heat, the other more temperate and clear; and two large vessels filled with these waters.

The luminous thread rested on one of the fervid waters, where I saw my father Louis covered to his thighs, and though laboring in the anguish of bodily pain, he spoke to me, 'My son Charles, fear nothing! I know that thy spirit shall return unto thy body; and God has permitted thee to come here that thou mayest witness, because of the sins I have committed, the punishments I endure. One day I am placed in the boiling bath of this large vessel, and on another changed into that of more temperate waters: this I owe to the prayers of Saint Peter, Saint Denis, Saint Remy, who are the patrons of our royal house; but if by prayers and masses, offerings and alms, psalmody and vigils, my faithful bishops and abbots, and even all the ecclesiastical order, assist me, it will not be long before I am delivered from these boiling waters. Look on your left!' I looked, and beheld two tuns of boiling waters. 'These are prepared for thee,' he said, 'if thou wilt not be thine own corrector, and do penance for thy crimes!' Then I began to shudder with horror; but my guide, perceiving the panic of my spirit, said to me, 'Follow me to the right of the valley bright in the glorious light of Paradise.' I had not long proceeded, when amidst the most illustrious kings, I beheld my uncle Lotharius seated on a topaz, of marvellous magnitude, crowned with a most precious diadem; and beside him was his son Louis, like him crowned, and seeing me, he spake with a blandishment of air, and a sweetness of voice, 'Charles, my successor, now the third in the Roman Empire, approach! I know that thou hast come to view these places of punishment, where thy father and my brother groans to his destined hour; but still to end by the intercession of the three saints, the patrons of the kings and the people of France. Know that it will not be long ere thou shalt be dethroned, and shortly after thou shalt die!' Then Louis turning towards me: 'Thy Roman Empire shall pass into the hands of Louis, the son of my daughter; give him the sovereign authority, and trust to his hands, that ball of thread thou holdest.' Directly I loosened it from the finger of my right hand to give the empire to his son. This invested him with empire, and he became brilliant with all light; and at the same instant, admirable to see, my spirit, greatly wearied and broken, returned and glided into my body. Hence let all know, whatever happen, that Louis the young possesses the

Roman empire destined by God. And so the Lord who reigneth over the living and the dead, and whose kingdom endureth forever and for aye, will perform when he shall call me away to another life."

It is easy to believe, from the similarity of the two, that this "Vision of Charles the Bald" furnished Dante with his inspiration for the "Inferno."

When the latter first appeared, it was accepted by the credulous and ignorant people of the times as a veritable history, and thereby no doubt exerted a good influence over the turbulent and lawless characters of that period.

FRANKLIN'S PARABLE AGAINST PERSECUTION.

THE following parable was composed by Benjamin Franklin. It was his habit to call for a copy of the Bible and read it as a portion of the Old Testament, and it is so like the Bible in style and sentiment that he had no difficulty in causing even the best read persons to suppose that it was really a part of the Scriptures. It sounds very much like some of the articles in the Talmud, and Franklin may have borrowed it. But no matter where it came from, it is worth reading and preserving:

1. And it came to pass after these things, that Abraham sat in the door of his tent, about the going down of the sun.

2. And behold a man, bowed with age, came from the way of the wilderness, leaning on a staff.

3. And Abraham arose and met him, and said unto him, "Turn in, I pray thee, and wash thy feet, and tarry all night, and thou shalt arise early on the morrow, and go on thy way.

4. But the man said, "Nay, for I will abide under this tree."

5. And Abraham pressed him greatly; so he turned, and they went into the tent, and Abraham baked unleavened bread, and they did eat.

6. And when Abraham saw that the man blessed not God, he said unto him, "Wherefore dost thou not worship the most high God, Creator of heaven and earth?"

7. And the man answered and said, "I do not worship the God thou speakest of, neither do I call upon his name for I have made to myself a

god, which abideth always in mine house, and provideth me with all things."

8. And Abraham's zeal was kindled against the man, and he arose and fell upon him, and drove him forth with blows into the wilderness.

9. And at midnight God called unto Abraham, saying, "Abraham, where is the stranger?"

10. And Abraham answered and said, "Lord, he would not worship thee, neither would he call upon thy name; therefore have I driven him out from before my face into the wilderness."

11. And God said, "Have I borne with him these hundred ninety and eight years, and nourished him, and clothed him, notwithstanding his rebellion against me; and couldst not thou, that art thyself a sinner, bear with him one night?"

12. And Abraham said, "Let not the anger of the Lord wax hot against his servant; lo, I have sinned; forgive me, I pray thee."

13. And Abraham arose, and went forth into the wilderness, and sought diligently for the man, and found him, and returned with him to the tent; and when he had entreated him kindly, he sent him away on the morrow with gifts.

14. And God spake again unto Abraham, saying, "For this thy sin shall thy seed be afflicted four hundred years in a strange land;

15. "But for thy repentance will I deliver them; and they shall come forth with power, and with gladness of heart, and with much substance."

JOHN WESLEY'S "PREACHMENT."

W^H copy the following interesting description of Wesley's personal appearance and style of preaching from the journal of Samuel Curwen, written on the 7th and 14th of September, 1777:

In the afternoon, walked to a street adjoining King's square to attend John Wesley's preaching; he being seated on a decent scaffold, addressed about two thousand people, consisting of the middle and lower ranks. The preacher's language was plain and intelligible, without descending to vulgarisms.

Sept. 14. In the afternoon I attended once more, John Wesley, having the heavens for his canopy; he began with an extempore prayer, followed by a hymn of his own composing, and adapted to the subject of his discourse. He wears his own gray hair, or a wig so very like that my eye could not distinguish. He is not a graceful speaker his

voice being weak and harsh; he is attended by great numbers of the middling and lower classes; is said to have humanized the almost savage colliers of Kingswood, who, before his time, were almost as fierce and unmanageable as the wild beasts of the wilderness. He wears an Oxford master's gown; his attention seemingly not directed to manner and behavior,—not rude, but negligent, dress cleanly, not neat. He is always visiting the numerous societies of his own forming in England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland; though near eighty years old, he reads without spectacles the smallest print. He rises at four, preaches every day at five, and once besides; an uncommon instance of physical ability.

A HISTORY OF PSALM-SINGING.

THE history of psalm-singing is a portion of the history of the Reformation; of that great religious revolution which separated for ever, into two unequal divisions, the great establishment, of Christianity. Archbishop Secker observes, "that though the first Christians (from this passage in James v. 13, 'Is any merry? let him sing psalms!') made singing a constant part of their worship, and the whole congregation joined in it; yet afterwards the singers by profession, who had been prudently appointed to lead and direct them, by degrees usurped the whole performance. But at the Reformation the people were restored to their rights," after which, congregational singing again became the rule among most of the churches.

To trace the history of modern metrical psalmody, we must have recourse to Bayle, who, as a mere literary historian, has accidentally preserved it. The inventor was a celebrated French poet, named Clement Marot; and the invention, though perhaps in its very origin inclining towards the abuse to which it was afterwards carried, was unexpectedly adopted by the austere Calvin, and introduced into the Geneva discipline. It is indeed strange, that while he was stripping religion not merely of its pageantry, but even of its decent ceremonies, that this levelling reformer should have introduced this taste for singing psalms in opposition to reading psalms. "On a parallel principle," says Thomas Warton, "and if any official aids to devotion were to be allowed, he might at least have retained the use of pictures

in the church." But it was decreed that statues should be mutilated of "their fair proportions," and painted glass be dashed into pieces while the congregation were to sing! "Calvin," says the same writer, "sought for proselytes among the rabble of a republic, who can have no relish for the more elegant externals." But to have made men sing in concert, in the streets, or at their work, and merry, or sad, on all occasions to tickle the ear with rhymes and touch the heart with emotion, was betraying no deficient knowledge of human nature.

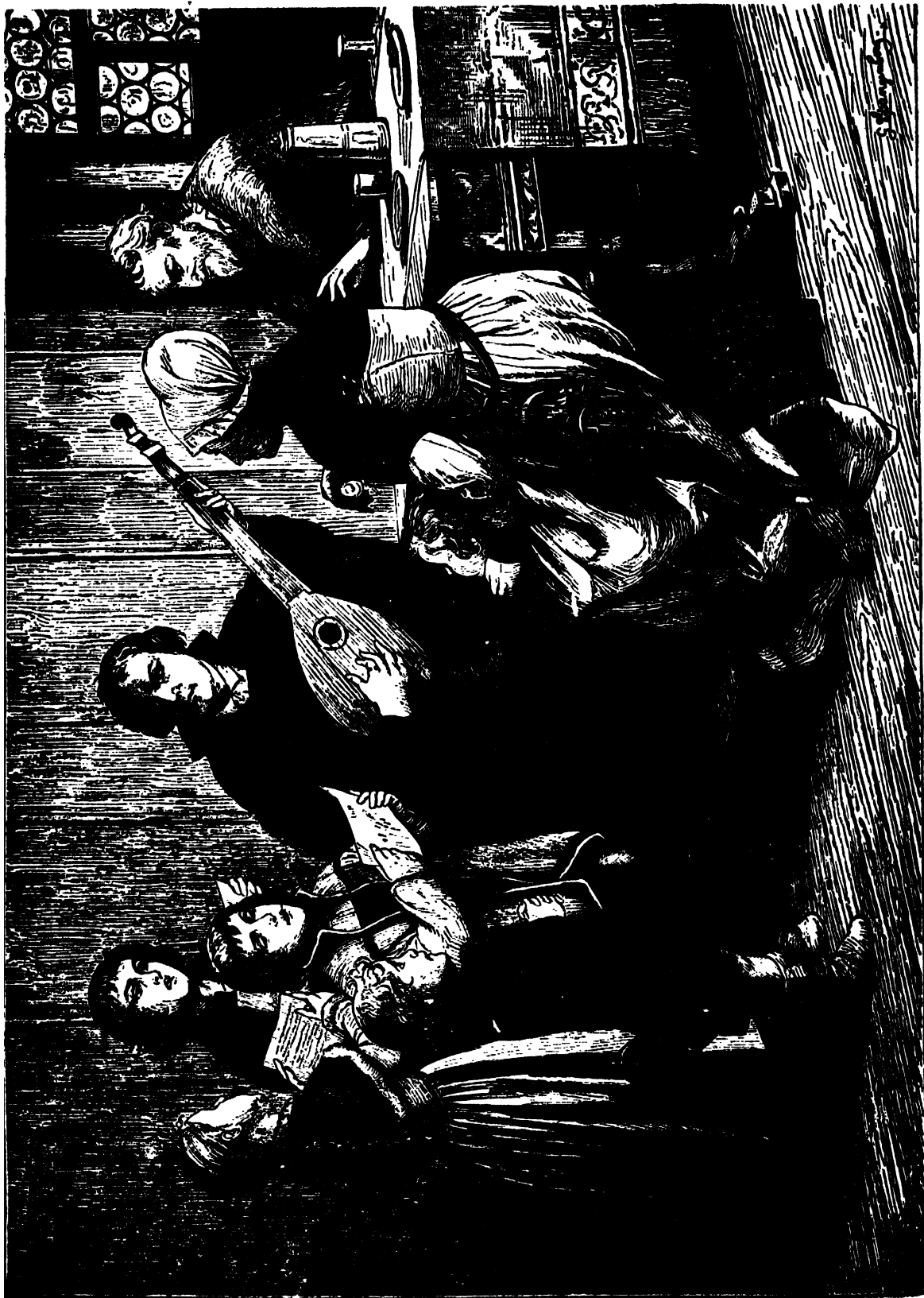
The following is a sample of one of Marot's "psalms," selected from his holy song-book:

Thrice happy they, who may behold,
And listen, in that age of gold!
As by the plough the labourer strays,
And carman mid the public ways,
And tradesman in his shop shall swell
Their voice in Psalm or Canticle,
Singing to solace toil; again,
From woods shall come a sweeter strain:
Shepherd and shepherdless shall vie
In many a tender Psalmody;
And the Creator's name prolong
As rock and stream return their song!
Begin then, ladies fair! begin
The age renew'd that knows no sin!
And with light heart, that wants no wing,
Sing! from this holy song-book, sing.

This "holy song-book" for the harpsichord or the voice was a gay novelty, and no book was ever more eagerly received by all classes than Marot's "Psalms." In the fervour of that day, they sold faster than the printers could take them off their presses; but as they were understood to be songs, and yet were not accompanied by music, every one set them to favourite tunes, commonly those of popular ballads. Each of the royal family, and every nobleman, chose a psalm or a song, which expressed his own personal feelings, adapted to his own tune. The Dauphin, afterwards Henry II., a hunter, when he went to the chase, was singing *Ainsi qu'on vit le cerf heurte*. "Like as the hart desireth the water-brooks."

The Queen of France adopted for herself a psalm under the title of "Rebuke me not in Thy indignation," which she sang to the tune of a fashionable jig; while the King of Navarre sang for himself, "Stand up, O Lord, to revenge my quarrel," to the air of a popular dance.

Catharine de Medicis had her psalm, and nearly



LUTHER AND HIS FAMILY SINGING PSALMS.

all her courtiers adopted some particular one for themselves, which they often played on lutes, guitars, etc. Singing psalms in verse was thus a favorite social amusement.

The universal reception of Marot's psalms induced Theodore Beza to complete the collection, and ten thousand copies were immediately dispersed. These had the advantage of being set to music, for we are told they were "admirably fitted to the violins and other musical instruments."

And who was the man who had thus adroitly taken hold of the public feeling to give it this strong direction? It was the solitary and ascetic Calvin, who, from the depth of his closet at Geneva, had engaged the finest musical composers, who were no doubt warmed by the zeal of propagating his faith, to form these simple and beautiful airs to assist the Psalm singers. At first this was not discovered, and Catholics as well as Huguenots, were solacing themselves on all occasions with this new music. But when Calvin appointed these Psalms, as set to music, to be sung at his meetings, and Marot's formed an appendix to the Catechism of Geneva, this put an end to all Psalm singing for the Catholics! Marot himself was forced to fly to Geneva from the fulminations of the Sorbonne, and Psalm singing became an open declaration of what the French called "Lutheranism," when it became with the reformed a regular part of their religious discipline. The Cardinal of Lorraine succeeded in persuading the lovely patroness of the "holy song book," Diana de Poitiers, who at first was a Psalm singer and an heretical reader of the Bible, to discountenance this new fashion. He began by finding fault with the Psalms of David, and revived the amatory elegancies of Horace: at that moment even the reading of the Bible was symptomatic of Lutheranism; Diana, who had given way to these novelties, would have a French Bible, because the queen, Catharine de Medicis, had one, and the Cardinal finding a Bible on her table, immediately crossed himself, beat his breast, and otherwise so well acted his part, that, "having thrown the Bible down and condemned it, he remonstrated with the fair penitent, that it was a kind of reading not adapted for her sex, containing dangerous matters; if she was uneasy in her mind she should read two masses instead of one, and rest content with her Paternosters and her Primer, which were not only devotional but ornamented with a variety

of elegant forms from the most exquisite pencils of France." Such is the story drawn from a curious letter, written by a Huguenot, and a former friend of Catharine de Medicis, and by which we may infer that the reformed religion was making considerable progress in the French court,—had the Cardinal of Lorraine not interfered by persuading the mistress, and she the king, and the king his queen, at once to give up Psalm singing and the reading of the Bible!

"This infectious frenzy of Psalm singing," as Warton describes it, under the Calvinistic preachers, had rapidly propagated itself through Germany as well as France. It was admirably calculated to kindle the flame of religious enthusiasm, and frequently served as the trumpet to rebellion." These energetic hymns of Geneva excited and supported a variety of popular instructions in the most flourishing cities of the Low Countries, and what our poetical antiquary could never forgive, "fomented the fury which defaced many of the most beautiful and venerable churches of Flanders."

At length it reached England at the critical moment when it had first embraced the Reformation; and here its domestic history was paralleled with its foreign, except, perhaps, in the splendor of its success. Sternhold, an enthusiast for the reformation, was much offended, says Warton, at the lascivious ballads which prevailed among the courtiers, and with a laudable design to check these indecencies, he undertook to be the English Marot—without his genius; "thinking thereby," says the cynical literary historian, Antony Wood, "that the courtiers would sing them instead of their sonnets *but did not*, only some few excepted." They were practised by the Puritans in the reign of Elizabeth; for Shakespeare notices the Puritan of his day "singing Psalms to hornpipes," and more particularly during the protectorate of Cromwell, on the same plan of accommodating them to popular tunes and jigs, which one of them said "were too good for the devil." Psalms were now sung at Lord Mayor dinners and city feasts; soldiers sang them on their march and at parade; a few houses which had windows fronting the streets, but had their evening psalms; for a story has come down to us, to record that the good brethren did not always care to sing unless they were heard! a failing that still obtains to some extent.

SECRET HISTORY OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

RALEIGH exercised in perfection incorruptible talents, and his character connects the opposite extremes of our nature. His "Book of Life," with its incidents of prosperity and adversity, of glory and humiliation, was as checkered as the novelist could desire for a tale of fiction. From his earliest days he betrayed the genius of an adventurer, which prevailed in his character to the last; and degraded by its littleness the grandeur of a character which was closed by a splendid death, worthy the life of the wisest and the greatest of mankind!

The sunshine of his days was in the reign of Elizabeth. From a boy, always dreaming of romantic conquests, for he was born in an age of heroism; and formed by nature for the chivalric gallantry of the court of a maiden queen, from the moment he with such infinite art cast his rich mantle over the miry spot, his life was a progress of glory. All about Raleigh was splendid as the dress he wore: his female sovereign, whose eyes loved to dwell on men who might have been fit subjects for "the Faerie Queen" of Spenser, envious of reward, only recompensed her favorites by suffering them to make their own fortunes on sea and land; and Elizabeth listened to the glowing projects of her hero, indulging that spirit which could have conquered the world, to lay the toy at the feet of the sovereign!

This man, this extraordinary being, who was prodigal of his life and fortune on the Spanish main, in the idleness of peace could equally direct his invention to supply the domestic wants of everyday life, in his project of "an office for address." Nothing was too high for his ambition, nor too humble for his genius. Pre-eminent as a military and a naval commander, as a statesman and a student, Raleigh was as intent on forming the character of Prince Henry, as that prince was studious of moulding his own aspiring qualities by the genius of the friend whom he contemplated. Yet the active life of Raleigh is not more remarkable than his contemplative one. He may well rank among the founders of our literature: for composing on a subject exciting little interest, his fine genius has sealed his unfinished volume with immortality. For magnificence of eloquence, and massiveness of thought, we must still dwell on his pages. Such was the man, who was the adored patron of Spenser; whom Ben

Jonson, proud of calling other favourites "his sons," honoured by the title of "his father;" and who left political instructions which Milton deigned to edit.

A letter written at that time records the following characteristic incident illustrative of the artifices to which Raleigh occasionally stooped for the purpose of gaining his ends:

When, under Elizabeth, he was once in confinement, and it appears, that seeing the queen passing by, he was suddenly seized with a strange resolution of combating with the governor and his people; declaring that the mere *sight* of the queen had made him desperate, as a confined lover would feel at the sight of his mistress. The writer gives a minute narrative of Sir Walter's astonishing conduct, and carefully repeats the warm romantic style in which he talked of his royal mistress, and his formal resolution to die rather than exist out of her presence. This extravagant scene, with all its colouring, was most elaborately penned, with a hint to the person whom the writer addresses, to suffer it to meet the eye of their royal mistress, who could not fail of admiring our new "Orlando Furioso;" and she soon after released this tender prisoner!

The letter referred to was doubtless written by Raleigh himself, under an arrangement with the person to whom it was addressed, whereby it purposely fell into the queen's hands, with the happy result that was anticipated and intended.

On another occasion, while Raleigh was imprisoned in the Tower for the Cobham conspiracy, an examination took place, and an incident occurred which is thus described by Lord Cecil:

"One afternoon, while diverse of us were in the Tower examining some of these prisoners, Sir Walter *attempted to murder himself*; whereof when we were advertised, we came to him and found him in some agony to be unable to endure his misfortunes, and protesting innocency, with carelessness of life; and in that humour *he had wounded himself under the right breast, but no way mortally, being in truth rather a cut than a stab*, and now very well cured both in body and mind."

When Raleigh returned from his wild and desperate voyage to Guiana, he found misery in every shape about him. His son had perished, his friends were deserting him, and, without fortune or hope, in sickness and sorrow, he brooded over the sad thought that in the hatred of the Span-

jards and the political pusillanimity of King James, he was arriving only to meet inevitable death.

He landed in his native county of Devon, and having settled his affairs, he set off for London, in obedience to the king's proclamation. On the way he was met and placed under surveillance by Sir Lewis Stucley, Vice-Admiral of Devon, and a kinsman of Sir Walter. Stucley was accompanied by a Frenchman named Manoury, who was sent to act the part of spy, and report to the authorities anything that might appear suspicious in the conduct or actions of the distinguished prisoner. They proceeded together to London, where for a time, by the king's permission, Sir Walter was allowed to reside in his own house, but still under the surveillance of Stucley and the Frenchman.

At first he suspected that Manoury was one of those instruments of state, who are sometimes employed when open measures are not to be pursued, or when the cabinet have not yet determined on the fate of a person implicated in a state crime; in a word, Raleigh thought that Manoury was a spy over him, and probably over Stucley too. The first impression of these matters is usually the right one; but when Raleigh found himself caught in the toils, he imagined that such corrupt agents were to be corrupted. The French empiric was sounded, and found very compliant; Raleigh was desirous by his aid to counterfeit sickness, and for this purpose invented a series of the most humiliating stratagems. He imagined that a constant appearance of sickness might produce delay, and procrastination, in the chapter of accidents, might end in pardon. He procured vomits from the Frenchman, and whenever he chose, produced every appearance of sickness; with dimness of sight, dizziness in his head, he reeled about, and once struck himself with such violence against a pillar in the gallery, that there was no doubt of his malady. Raleigh's servant one morning entered Stucley's chamber, and declared that his master was out of his senses, for that he had just left him in his shirt upon all fours, gnawing the rushes from the floor. On Stucley's entrance, Raleigh was raving, and reeling in strong convulsions. Stucley ordered him to be chafed and fomented, and Raleigh afterwards laughed at this ludicrous scene, observing that he had made Stucley a perfect physician.

But Raleigh found it required some more visible and alarming disease than such ridiculous scenes had exhibited. The vomits worked so slowly that Manoury was fearful to repeat the doses. Sir Walter inquired whether the empiric knew of any preparations which could make him look ghastly, without injuring his health. The Frenchman offered a harmless ointment to act on the surface of the skin, which would give him the appearance of a leper. "That will do!" said Raleigh, "for the lords will be afraid to approach me; and besides, it will move their pity." Applying the ointment to his brows, his arms, and his breast, the blisters rose, the skin inflamed, and was covered with purple spots. Stucley concluded that Raleigh had the plague. Physicians were now called in; Raleigh took the black silk ribbon from his poinard, and Manoury tightened it strongly about his arm, to disorder his pulse, but it beat too strong and regular. He appeared to take no food, while Manoury secretly provided him. The physicians pronounced the disease mortal, and that the patient could not be removed into the air without immediate danger. Awhile after, being in his bed-chamber undressed, and no one present but Manoury, Sir Walter held a looking-glass in his hand, to admire his spotted face, and observed in merriment to his new confidant, how they should one day laugh for having thus cozened the king, council, physicians, Spaniards and all. The excuse Raleigh offered for this course of poor stratagems, so unworthy of his genius, was to obtain time and seclusion for writing his apology, or vindication of his voyage, which has come down to us in his "Remains." "The prophet David did make himself a fool, and suffered spittle to fall upon his beard, to escape from the hands of his enemies," said Raleigh in his last speech. Brutus, too, was another example. But his discernment often prevailed over this mockery of his spirits. The king licensed him to reside at his own house on his arrival in London; on which Manoury observed, that the king showed by his indulgence that his majesty was favorably inclined towards him; but Raleigh replied, "They used all these kinds of flatteries to the Duke of Biron, to draw him fairly into prison, and then they cut off his head. I know they have concluded among them, that it is expedient that a man should die, to reassure the traffic which I have broke with Spain. And Manoury adds, from whose narrative

we have all these particulars, that Sir Walter broke out in this rant: "If he could but save himself for this time, he would plot such plots as would make the king think himself happy to send for him again, and restore him to his estate, and would force the king of Spain to write to England in his favor."

Raleigh at length proposed a flight to France with Manoury, who then revealed to Stueley what he had hitherto concealed from him, and Raleigh soon perceived that he had two rogues to bribe instead of one, and that they were playing into one another's hands. For the purpose of bribing him, Sir Walter presented Stueley with "a jewel made in the fashion of hair powdered with diamonds, with a ruby in the midst." But Stueley observed that if he allowed his friend and kinsman to escape it would cost him his office, which was worth £600, to which Raleigh replied that he should be no loser, for that his wife would pay him £1000 when they had safely reached France or Holland.

About this time the Frenchman took his leave; the part he had to act was performed; the juggle was complete, and two wretches had triumphed over the sagacity and magnanimity of a sage and hero, whom misfortune had levelled him to folly.

But the story does not here conclude, for the treacheries of Stueley were more intricate. This villain had obtained a warrant of indemnity, to authorize his compliance with any offer to assist Raleigh in his escape. This miserable wretch was both the confidant and the executioner of Raleigh; he carried about him a license to betray him, and was making profit of the victim before delivering him to the sacrifice. Arrangements were made to secure a boat at Tilbury, in which Sir Walter could escape, the price agreed upon being "thirty pieces of silver." Stueley betrayed the plot to his cousin, William Herbert, and the two Judases kept their treachery as a family affair. The night for the flight was fixed, but Sir Walter, blinded as to Stueley's real motive, insisted that he should accompany him. The party met at the appointed place, Raleigh being in disguise. They had not rowed twenty strokes before the boatmen observed that Mr. Herbert had lately taken boat, and made toward the bridge, but had returned down the river after them.

At this Raleigh became apprehensive, and wished to return home, while the boatmen became

greatly frightened, for they clearly perceived that something unusual was in progress, which might result in danger to them. Stueley acted his part well, cursing his ill-fortune in having a friend, whom he was anxious to save, so full of doubts and fears, and threatening to pistol the boatmen if they did not proceed. Thus menaced, they rowed a mile beyond Woolwich, approaching two or three ketches, when King, the boatswain, doubted whether any of these were the one he had provided to furnish them. "We are betrayed!" cried Raleigh, and ordered the watermen to row back: he strictly examined the boatswain, alas! his ingenuity was baffled by a shuffling villain, whose real answer appeared when a wherry hailed the boat; Raleigh observed that it contained Herbert's crew. He saw that all was now discovered. He took Stueley aside; his ingenious mind still suggesting projects for himself to return home in safety, or how Stueley might plead that he had only pretended to go with Raleigh, to seize on his private papers. They whispered together, and Raleigh took some things from his pocket, and handed them to Stueley; probably more "rubies powdered with diamonds."—Some effect was instantaneously produced; for the tender heart of his friend Stueley relented, and he not only repeatedly embraced him with extraordinary warmth of affection, but was voluble in effusions of friendship and fidelity. Stueley persuaded Raleigh to land at Gravesend, the strange wherry which had dogged them landing at the same time; these were people belonging to Mr. Herbert and Sir William St. John, who, it seems, had formerly shared in the spoils of this unhappy hero. On Greenwich bridge, Stueley advised Captain King that it would be advantageous to Sir Walter, that King should confess that he had joined with Stueley to betray his master; and Raleigh lent himself to the suggestion of Stueley, of whose treachery he might still be uncertain; but King, a rough and honest seaman, declared that he would not share in the odium. At the moment he refused. Stueley arrested the captain in the king's name, committing him to the charge of Herbert's men. They then proceeded to a tavern, but Raleigh, who now viewed the monster in his true shape, observed, "Sir Lewis, these actions will not turn out to your credit;" and on the following day, when they passed through the Tower-gate, Ra-

leigh, turning to King, observed, "Stucley and my servant Cotterell have betrayed me. You need be in no fear of danger, but as for me, it is I who am the mark that is shot at." The fate of Raleigh soon verified the prediction.

This long narrative of treachery will not, however, be complete, unless we wind it up with the fate of the infamous Stucley. Fiction gives perfection to its narratives, by the privilege it enjoys of disposing of its criminals in the most exemplary manner; but the labours of the historian are not always refreshed by this moral pleasure.

Raleigh, in his admirable address from the scaffold, where he seemed to be rather one of the spectators than the sufferer, declared he forgave Sir Lewis, for he had forgiven all men; but he was bound in charity to caution all men against him, and such as he is! Raleigh's last and solemn notice of the treachery of his "kinsman and friend" was irrevocably fatal to this wretch. The hearts of the people were open to the deepest impressions of sympathy, melting into tears at the pathetic address of the magnanimous spirit who had touched them; in one moment Sir Lewis Stucley became an object of execration throughout the nation; he soon obtained a new title, that of "Sir Judas," and was shunned by every man. To remove the Cain-like mark, which God and men had fixed on him, he published an apology for his conduct, in which he pleaded in justification of his perfidy that he was a state agent; that it was lawful to lie for the discovery of treason; that he had a personal hatred towards Raleigh, for having abridged his father of his share of some prize-money; and then he entered more into Raleigh's character, who "being desperate of any fortune here, agreeable to the height of his mind, would have made up his fortune elsewhere, upon any terms against his sovereign and his country. "Is it not marvel," continues the personifier of Stucley, "that he was angry with me at his death for bringing him back? Besides, being a man of so great a wit, it was no small grief, that a man of mean wit as I, should be thought to go beyond him," all of which is the mere subterfuge of a coward and villain.

To keep up appearances, Sir Judas resorted more than usual to court; where, however, he was perpetually enduring rebuffs, or avoided, as one infected with the plague of treachery. He

offered the king, in his own justification, to take the sacrament, that whatever he had laid to Raleigh's charge was true, and would produce two unexceptionable witnesses to do the like. "Why, then," replied his majesty, "the more malicious was Sir Walter to utter these speeches at his death." Sir Thomas Badger, who stood by, observed, "Let the king take off Stucley's head, as Stucley has done Sir Walter's, and let him at his death take the sacrament and his oath upon it, and I'll believe him; but till Stucley loses his head, I shall credit Sir Walter Raleigh's bare affirmative before a thousand of Stucley's oaths. When Stucley, on pretence of giving an account of his office, placed himself in the audience chamber of the lord admiral, and his lordship passed him without any notice, Sir Judas attempted to address the earl; but with a bitter look his lordship exclaimed, "Base fellow! darest thou, who art the scorn and contempt of men, offer thyself in my presence? Were it not in my own house, I would cudgel thee with my staff for presuming on this sauciness." This annihilating affront Stucley hastened to convey to the king; his majesty answered him, "What wouldst thou have me do? Wouldst thou have me hang him? On my soul, if I should hang all that speak ill of thee, all the trees of the country would not suffice, so great is the number!"

One of the crimes of that age, ere the forgery of bank-notes existed, was the clipping of gold; and this was one of the private amusements suitable to the character of Sir Judas. Treachery and forgery are the same crime in a different form. Stucley received out of the exchequer five hundred pounds, as the reward of his espionage and perfidy. It was the price of blood, and was hardly in his hands ere it was turned into the fraudulent coin of "the Cheater!" He was seized in the palace of Whitehall, for diminishing the gold coin. "The manner of the discovery," says the manuscript-writer, "was strange, if my occasions would suffer me to relate the particulars." On his examination he attempted to shift the crime to his own son, who fled, and on his man, who being taken, in the words of the letter-writer, was "willing to set the saddle upon the right horse, and accused his master." Manoury, too, the French empiric, was arrested at Plymouth for the same crime, and accused his worthy friend. But such was the interest of Stucley with government,

bought probably with his last shilling, and, as one says, with his last shirt, that he obtained his own, and his son's pardon, for crimes that ought to have finally concluded the history of this blessed family. A more solemn and tragical catastrophe was reserved for the perfidious Stucley. He was deprived of his place of vice-admiral, and left destitute in the world. Abandoned by all human beings, by the son whom he had tutored in the arts of villainy, he appears to have wandered about an infamous and distracted beggar. It is also recorded that "in August, 1620, Lewis Stucley, who betrayed Sir Walter Raleigh, died in a manner mad." Such is the catastrophe of one of the most remarkable domestic tales; an historical example not easily paralleled in the annals of retribution.

The close of Sir Walter Raleigh's life was as extraordinary as many parts of his varied history. The promptitude and uprightness of his genius, his carelessness of life, and the equanimity of his great spirit in quitting the world, are only equalled by a few other heroes and sages.

Raleigh one morning was taken out of his bed in a fit of fever, and unexpectedly hurried, not to his trial, but to a sentence of death. The story is well known. Yet pleading with "a voice grown weak by sickness and an ague he had at that instant on him," he used every means to avert his fate; he did, therefore value the life he could so easily part with. His judges there at least, respected their state criminal, and they addressed him in a tone far different from that which he had fifteen years before listened to from Coke. Yelverton, the attorney-general, said, "Sir Walter Raleigh hath been as a star at which the world have gazed; but stars may fall, nay, they must fall, when they trouble the sphere where they abide." And the lord chief-justice noticed Raleigh's great work: "I know that you have been valiant and wise, and I doubt not but you retain both these virtues, for now you shall have occasion to use them. Your book is an admirable work; I would give you counsel, but I know you can apply unto yourself far better than I am able to give you." But the judge ended with saying, "Execution is granted." It was stifling Raleigh with roses! the heroic sage felt as if listening to fame from the voice of death.

He declared, that now being old, sickly, and in disgrace, and certain were he allowed to live, to go

to it again, life was wearisome to him, and all he entreated was to have leave to speak freely at his farewell, to satisfy the world that he was ever loyal to the king, and a true lover of the commonwealth; for this he would seal with his blood.

Raleigh, on his return to prison, while some were deploring his fate, observed, that "the world itself is but a large prison, out of which some are daily selected for execution."

That last night of his existence was occupied by writing what the letter-writer calls "a remembrancer" to be left with his wife, to acquaint the world with his sentiments, should he be denied their delivery from the scaffold as he had been at the bar of the King's Bench. She visited him that night, and amidst her tears acquainted him that she had obtained the favour of disposing of his body: to which he answered smiling, "It is well, Bess, that thou mayest dispose of that, dead, which thou hadst not always the disposing of when it was alive." At midnight he entreated her to leave him. It must have been then, that, with unshaken fortitude, Raleigh sat down to compose those verses on his death, which, being short, the most appropriate may be repeated.

"Even such is Time, that takes on trust,
Our youth, our joys, or all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust;
Who in dark and silent graves,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days!"

The same night Raleigh wrote this distich, on the candle burning dimly:

"Cowards fear to die: but courage stout,
Rather than live in snuff, will be put out."

His cheerfulness was so remarkable, and his fearlessness of death so marked, that the Dean of Westminster, who attended, at first wondering at the hero, reprehended the lightness of his manner; but Raleigh gave God thanks that he had never feared death, for it was but an opinion and an imagination; and as for the manner of death, he would rather so than of a burning fever: and that some might have made shows outwardly, but he felt the joys within. The Dean says that he made no more of his death than if he had been to take a journey: "Not," said he, "but that I am a great sinner, for I have been a soldier, a seaman, and a courtier." The writer of a manuscript letter tells us, that the Dean de-

clared he died not only religiously, but he found him to be a man as ready and as able to give as to take instruction.

On the morning of his death he smoked, as usual, his favorite tobacco, and when they brought him a cup of excellent sack, being asked how he liked it, Raleigh answered, "As the fellow, that, drinking of St. Giles's bowl, as he went to Tyburn, said, 'That was good drink if a man might tarry by it.' " The day before, in passing from Westminster-hall to the Gatehouse, his eye had caught Sir Hugh Beeston in the throng, and calling on him, Raleigh requested that he would see him die tomorrow. Sir Hugh, to secure himself a seat on the scaffold, had provided himself with a letter to the sheriff, which was not read at the time, and Sir Walter found his friend thrust by, lamenting that he could not get there. "Farewell!" exclaimed Raleigh, "I know not what shift you will make,

but I am sure to have a place." In going from the prison to the scaffold, among others who



SIR WALTER RALEIGH DRESSED FOR THE SCAFFOLD.

were pressing hard to see him, one old man, whose head was bald, came very forward, inso-

much that Raleigh noticed him, and asked, "whether he would have ought of him?" The old man answered, "Nothing but to see him, and to pray God for him." Raleigh replied, "I thank thee, good friend, and I am sorry I have no better thing to return thee for thy good will." Observing his bald head, he continued, "but take this night-cap, (which was a very rich wrought one that he wore) for thou hast more need of it now than I."

His dress, as was usual with him, was elegant, if not rich. Oldys describes it, but mentions that "he had a wrought night cap under his hat," this we have otherwise disposed of; he wore a ruff-band, a black wrought velvet night-gown over a hair-coloured satin doublet, and a black wrought waistcoat; black cut taffety breeches, and ash-colored silk stockings.

He ascended the scaffold with the same cheerfulness as he had passed to it; and observing the lords seated at a distance, some at windows, he requested that they would approach him, as he wished that they should all witness what he had to say. The request was complied with by several. When he finished, he requested Lord Arundel that the king would not suffer any libels to defame him after death—"And now I have a long journey to go, and must take my leave." He embraced all the lords and other friends with such courtly compliments, as if he had met them at some feast," says a letter-writer. Having taken off his gown, he called to the headsman to show him the axe, which not being instantly done, he repeated, "I prithee let me see it. Dost thou think that I am afraid of it?" He passed the edge lightly over his finger, and smiling, observed to the sheriff, "This is a sharp medicine, but a sound cure for all diseases," and kissing it, laid it down. Another writer has it, "This is that, that will cure all sorrows." After this he went to three several corners of the scaffold, and kneeling down, desired all the people to pray for him, and recited a long prayer to himself. When he began to fit himself for the block, he first laid himself down to try how the block fitted him; after rising up, the executioner kneeled down to ask his forgiveness, which Raleigh with an embrace gave, but entreated him not to strike; "he gave a token by lifting up his hand, *and then, fear not, but strike home!*" When he laid his head down to receive the stroke, the executioner desired him to

lay his face towards the east. "It is no great matter which way a man's head stands, so the heart is right," said Raleigh; but these were not his last words. He was once more to speak in this world with the same intrepidity he had lived in it—for, having lain some minutes on the block in prayer, he gave his signal; but the executioner, either unmindful, or in fear, failed to strike, and Raleigh, after once or twice putting forth his hands, was compelled to ask him, "Why dost thou not strike? Strike! man!" In two blows he was beheaded; but from the first, his body never shrunk from the spot, by any discomposure of his posture, which, like his mind, was immovable.

"In all the time he was upon the scaffold, and before," says one of the manuscript letter-writers, "there appeared not the least alteration in him, either in his voice or countenance; but he seemed as free from all manner of apprehension as if he had been come thither rather to be a spectator than a sufferer; nay, the beholders seemed much more sensible than did he, so that he hath purchased here in the opinion of men such honour and reputation, as it is thought his greatest enemies are they that are most sorrowful for his death, which they see is like to turn so much to his advantage."

The people were deeply affected at the sight, and so much, that one said, that "we had not such another head to cut off;" and another, "wished the head and brains to be upon Secretary Naunton's shoulders." The observer suffered for this; he was a wealthy citizen, and a great new-monger, and one who haunted Paul's Walk. Complaint was made, and the citizen summoned to the privy-council. He pleaded that he intended no disrespect to Mr. Secretary; but only spoke in reference to the old proverb, that "two heads were better than one!" His excuse was allowed at the moment; but when afterwards called on for a contribution to St. Paul's cathedral, and having subscribed a hundred pounds, the Secretary observed to him, "that two were better than one, Mr. Wiemark!" either from fear, or charity the witty citizen doubled his subscription.

Thus died this glorious and gallant cavalier, of whom Osborne says, "His death was managed by him with so high and religious a resolution, as if a Roman had acted a Christian, or rather a Christian a Roman."

After having read the preceding article, we are astonished at the greatness, and the variable nature of this extraordinary man, and this happy genius. With Gibbon, who once meditated to write his life, we may pause, and pronounce "his character is ambiguous;" but we shall not hesitate to decide, that Raleigh knew better how to die than to live. "His glorious hours," says a contemporary, "were his arraignment and execution;"—but never will be forgotten the intermediate years of his lettered imprisonment!

EFFECTS OF APPROACHING DEATH ON THE MINDS OF GREAT MEN.

THE functions of the mind are connected with those of the body. On a death-bed a fortnight's disease may reduce the firmest to a most wretched state; while, on the contrary, the soul struggles, as it were in torture, in a robust frame. Nani, the Venetian historian, has curiously described the death of Innocent X., who was a character unblemished by vices, and who died at an advanced age, with too robust a constitution. "After a long and terrible agony, with great bodily pain and difficulty, his soul separated itself from that robust frame, and expired in his eighty-first year."

Some have composed sermons of consolation on death, while they passed many years of anxiety, approaching to madness, in contemplating their own. The certainty of an immediate separation from all our human sympathies may, even on a death-bed, suddenly disorder the imagination. A celebrated physician relates an incident of a general, who had often faced the cannon's mouth, dropping down in terror when informed by him that his disease was rapid and fatal. Some have died of the strong imagination of death. There is a print of a knight brought on the scaffold to suffer; he viewed the headsman; he was blinded, and knelt down to receive the stroke. Having passed through the whole ceremony of a criminal execution, accompanied by all its disgrace, it was ordered that his life should be spared,—instead of the stroke from the sword, they poured cold water over his neck. After this operation the knight remained motionless; they discovered that he had expired in the very imagination of death! Such are among the many causes which may affect the mind in the hour of its last trial. The habitual associations of the natural character are most

likely to prevail—though not always! The intrepid Marshal Biron disgraced his exit by womanish tears, and raging imbecility; the virtuous Erasmus, with miserable groans was heard crying out *Domine! Domine! fac finem! fac finem!* Bayle having prepared his proof for the printer, pointed to where it lay when dying. The last words which Lord Chesterfield was heard to speak were, when the valet, opening the curtains of the bed, announced Mr. Dayroles—"Give Dayroles a chair!" "This good-breeding," observed Dr. Warren, his physician, "only quits him with his life." The last words of Nelson were, "Tell Collingwood to bring the fleet to an anchor." The tranquil grandeur which cast a new majesty over Charles the First on the scaffold, appeared when he declared—"I fear not death! Death is not terrible to me!" And the characteristic pleasantry of Sir Thomas More exhilarated his last moments, when observing the weakness of the scaffold, he said, in mounting it, "I pray you see me up safe, and for my coming down, let me shift for myself!" Sir Walter Raleigh used a similar expression while on the way to the scaffold.

In one of the bloody battles fought by the Duke of Enghien, two French noblemen were left wounded among the dead on the field of battle. One complained loudly of his pains, the other after long silence thus offered him consolation. "My friend, whoever you are, remember that our God died on the cross, our king on the scaffold; and if you have strength to look at him who now speaks to you, you will see that both his legs are shot away."

At the execution of the Duke D'Enghien, the royal victim, looking at the soldiers who had pointed their fuses, said, "Grenadiers! lower your arms, otherwise you will miss, or only wound me!" To two of them who proposed to tie a handkerchief over his eyes, he said, "A loyal soldier who has been so often exposed to fire and sword, can see the approach of death with naked eyes, and without fear."

After a similar caution on the part of Sir George Lisle, or Sir Charles Lucas, when executed in nearly the same manner at Colchester, by the soldiers of Fairfax, the hero in answer to their assertions and assurances that they would take care not to miss him, replied, "You have often missed me when I have been nearer to you in the field of battle."

When the Governor of Cadiz, the Marquis de Solano, was murdered by the enraged and mistaken citizens, to one of the murderers who had run a pike through his back, he calmly turned and said, "Coward to strike there ! Come round, if you dare, face and destroy me."

It is doubtful whether the thoughts of death are useful, particularly with persons who are so constituted that such thoughts deprive them of their proper faculties. In this connection we quote some of Lady Gethin's thoughts on "Death:" "The very thought of death," she says, "disturbs one's reason; and though a man may have many excellent qualities, yet he may have the weakness of not commanding his sentiments. Nothing is worse for one's health than to be in fear of death. There are some so wise as to neither hate nor fear it; but for my part I have an aversion for it, and with reason; for it is a rash, inconsiderate thing, that always comes before it is looked for; always comes unseasonably, parts friends, ruins beauty, laughs at youth, and draws a dark veil over all the pleasures of life. This dreadful evil is but the evil of a moment, and what we cannot by any means avoid; and it is that which makes it so terrible to me; for were it uncertain, hope might diminish some part of the fear; but when I think I must die, and that I may die every moment, and that too a thousand several ways, I am in such a fright as you cannot imagine. I see dangers where, perhaps, there never were any. I am persuaded it is happy to be somewhat dull of apprehension in this case; and yet the best way to cure the pensiveness of the thoughts of death is to think of it as little as possible."

She proceeds by enumerating the terrors of the fearful, who "cannot enjoy themselves in the pleasantest places, and although they are neither on sea, river, or creek, but in good health in their chamber, yet are they so well instructed with the *fear of dying*, that they do not measure it only by the *present* dangers that wait on us."

Such is the picture of an ingenious and a religious mind, drawn by an amiable woman, who, it is evident, lived always in the fear of death. The Gothic skeleton was ever haunting her imagination.

Dr. Johnson had the same horror of the thoughts of death. When Boswell once in conversation persecuted him on the subject, by argu-

ing whether we might not fortify our minds for the approach of death, he answered in a passion, "No, sir ! let it alone ! It matters not how a man dies, but how he lives ! the art of dying is not of importance, it lasts so short a time !" When Boswell persisted in the conversation, Johnson was thrown into such a state of agitation that he thundered out, "Give us no more of this ;" and further sternly told the trembling and too curious philosopher, "Don't let us meet to-morrow !"

HISTORY OF THE FEAR OF DEATH.

THE ancients contemplated death without terror, and met it with indifference. It was the only divinity to which they never sacrificed, convinced that no human being could turn aside its stroke. They raised altars to fever, to misfortune, to all the evils of life; for these might change ! But though they did not court the presence of death in any shape, they acknowledged its tranquillity; and in the beautiful fables of their allegorical religion, Death was the daughter of Night, and the sister of Sleep; and ever the friend of the unhappy ! To the eternal sleep of death they dedicated their sepulchral monuments—*Eterna. Somno* ! If the full light of revelation had not yet broken on them, it can hardly be denied that they had some glimpses and a dawn of the life to come, from the many allegorical inventions which describe the transmigration of the soul. A butterfly on the extremity of an extinguished lamp, held up by the messenger of the gods intently gazing above, implied a dedication of that soul; Love, with a melancholy air, his legs crossed, leaning on an inverted torch, the flame thus naturally extinguishing itself, elegantly denoted the cessation of human life; a rose sculptured on a sarcophagus, or the emblems of epicurean life traced on it, in a skull wreathed by a chaplet of flowers, such as they wore at their convivial meetings, a flask of wine, a patera, and the small bones used as dice; all these symbols were indirect allusions to death, veiling its painful recollections. They did not pollute their imaginations with the contents of a charnel-house. The sarcophagi of the ancients rather recall to us the remembrance of the activity of life; for they are sculptured with battles or games, in basso relieve a sort of tender homage paid to the dead, observed Mad. De Staël, with her peculiar refinement of thinking.



THE URN OF DEATH: AS REGARDED BY THE ANCIENTS.

A representation of Death by a skeleton appears among the Egyptians; and a custom more singular than barbarous prevailed, of enclosing a skeleton of beautiful workmanship in a small coffin, which the bearer carried round at their entertainments; observing, "After death you will resemble this figure: drink then! and be happy!" A symbol of Death in a convivial party was not designed to excite terrific or gloomy ideas.

It would seem that the Romans had even an aversion to mention death in express terms, for they disguised its very name by some periphrasis, such as "he has departed from life;" and they did not say that their friend had *died*, but that he had *lived*; *vixit*! In the old Latin chronicles, and even the *Fadere* and other documents of the middle ages, we find the same delicacy about using the fatal word *Death*, especially when applied to kings and great people. Even among a people less refined, the obtrusive idea of death has been studiously avoided: we are told that when the emperor of Morocco inquires after any one who has recently died, it is against etiquette to mention the word "death;" the answer is, "his destiny is closed." But this tenderness is only reserved for "the elect" of the Mussulmans. A Jew's death is at once plainly expressed, "He is dead, sir! asking your pardon for mentioning such a contemptible wretch!" *i. e.*, a Jew! They describe a Christian's death by saying "The infidel is dead!" or "The cuckold is dead!"

The artists of antiquity have so rarely attempted to personify Death, that we have not discovered a single revolting image of this nature in all the works of antiquity—to conceal its deformity to the eye, as well as to elude its suggestion to the mind, seems to have been an universal feeling, and it accorded with a fundamental principle of ancient art; that of never offering to the eye a distortion of form in the violence of passion, which destroyed the beauty of its representation; such is shown in the Laocoon, where the mouth only opens sufficiently to indicate the suppressed agony of superior humanity, without expressing the loud cry of vulgar suffering. Pausanias considered as a personification of death a female figure, whose teeth and nails long and crooked, were engraven on a coffin of cedar, which enclosed the body of Cypselus; this female was unquestionably only one of the *Parce*, or the *Fates*, "watchful to cut the thread of life;" Hesiod describes Atropos in-

deed as having sharp teeth and long nails, waiting to tear and devour the dead; but this image was in a barbarous era. Catullus ventured to personify the Sister-Destines as three 'Crones'; "but in general," Winkelman observes, "they are portrayed as beautiful virgins, with winged heads, one of whom is always in the attitude of writing on a scroll."

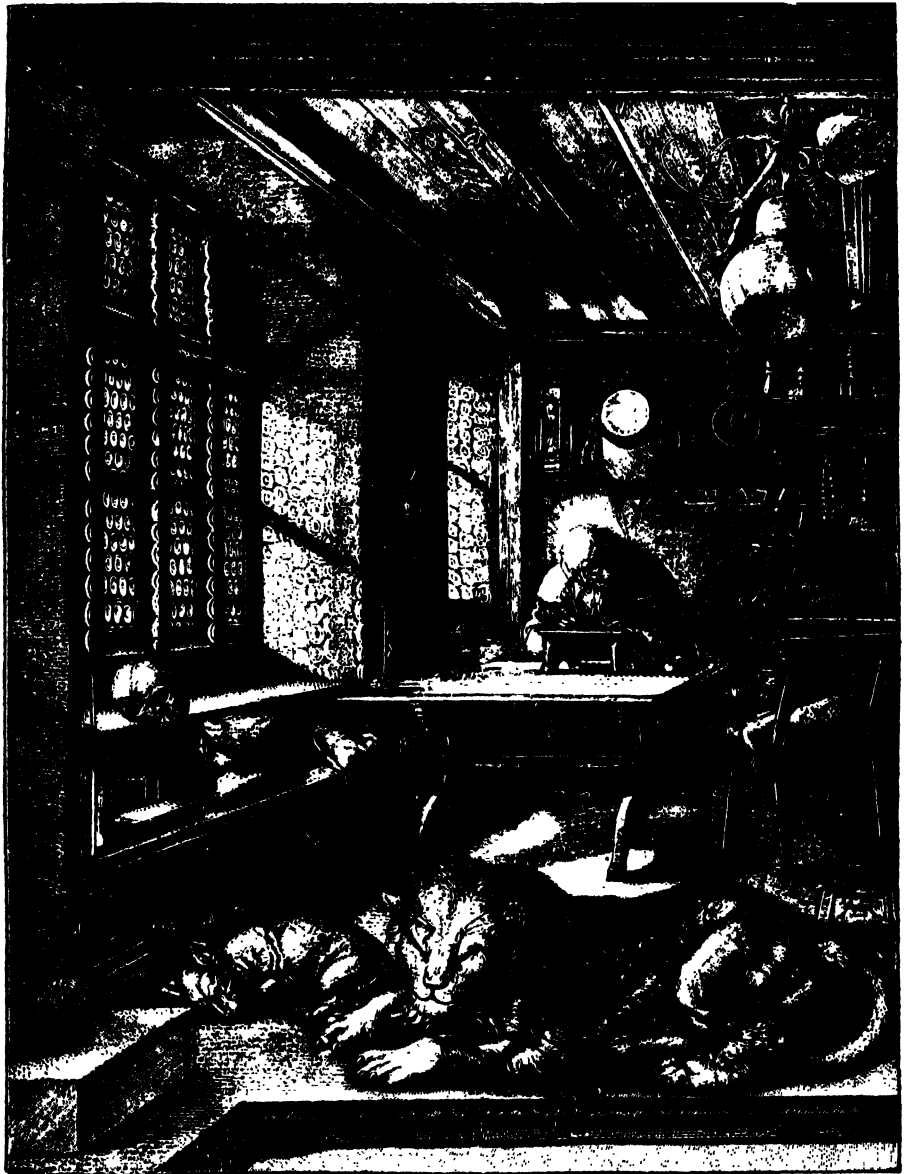
Death was a nonentity to the ancient artist. Could he exhibit what represents nothing? Could he animate into action what lies in a state of eternal tranquillity? Elegant images of repose and tender sorrow were all he could invent to indicate the state of death. Even the terms which different nations have bestowed on a burial-place are not associated with emotions of horror. The Greeks called a burying-ground by the soothing term of *Cemetrion*, or "the sleeping-place;" the Jews, who had no horrors of the grave, by *Beth-haim*, or "the house of the living;" the Germans, with religious simplicity, "God's field," or "God's acre."

When the Christian religion spread over Europe, the world changed! The certainty of a future state of existence, terrified instead of consoling human nature; and in the resurrection the ignorant multitude seemed rather to have dreaded retribution, than hoped for remuneration. The Founder of Christianity every where breathes the blessedness of social feeling. It is "our Father!" whom he addresses. The horrors with which Christianity was afterwards disguised arose in the corruptions of Christ's teachings among those insane ascetics, who, misinterpreting the word of life, trampled on nature; and imagined that to secure an existence in the other world it was necessary not to exist in the one in which God had placed them. The dominion of mankind fell into the usurping hands of those imperious monks whose artifices trafficked with the terrors of ignorant and hypochondriac "Kaisers and kings." The scene was darkened by penances and by pilgrimages, by midnight vigils! by miraculous shrines, and bloody flagellations; spectres started up everywhere; millions of masses increased their supernatural influence. Amid this general gloom of Europe, their troubled imaginations were frequently predicting the end of the world. It was at this period that they beheld the grave yawn, and Death in the Gothic form of a giant anatomy parading through the universe! The people were frightened, as the

viewed everywhere hung before their eyes, in the twilight of their cathedrals, and their pale cloisters, the most revolting emblems of death. They startled the traveller on the bridge; they stared on the sinner in the carvings of his table and chair; the spectre moved in the hangings of the apartment; it stood in the niche, and was the picture of their sitting-room; it was worn in their rings, while the illuminator shaded the bony phantom in the margins of their "horæ," their primers, and their breviaries.

An anecdote of these monkish times has been preserved by old Gerard Leigh; and as old stories are best set off by old words, Gerard speaketh! "The great Maximilian the emperor came to a monastery in high Almaine (Germany), the monks whereof had caused to be curiously painted the charnel of a man, which they termed -- Death! When that well-learned emperor had beholden it awhile, he called unto him his painter, commanding to blot the skeleton out, and to paint therein the image of -- a fool. Wherewith the abbot, humbly beseeching him to the contrary, said, 'It was a good remembrance!' 'Nay,' quoth the emperor, 'as vermin that doth eat man's body doth unlooked for, so doth death, which here is but a famed image, and life is a certain thing, if we know to deserve it.'" The original mind of Maximilian the Great is characterized by this story of converting our emblem of death

into a parti-colored fool; and such satirical allusions to the folly of those who persisted in their notion of the skeleton were not unusual with the artists of those times; we find the figure of a fool sitting, with some drollery, between the legs of one of these skeletons.



AN INSANE RELIGIONIST OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

This story is associated with an important fact. After they had successfully terrified the people with their charnel-house figure, a reaction in the public feelings occurred, for the skeleton was now employed as a medium to convey the most fac-

tious, satirical, and burlesque notions of human life. Death, which had so long harassed their imaginations, suddenly changed into a theme fer-

their own homely nature, delighted to give human passions to the hideous physiognomy of a noseless skull; to put an eye of mockery or malignity into

its hollow socket, and to stretch out the gaunt anatomy into the postures of a Hogarth; and that the ludicrous might be carried to its extreme, this imaginary being, taken from the bone-house, was viewed in the action of *dancing*! This blending of the grotesque with the most disgusting image of mortality is the more singular part of this history of the skeleton, and indeed of human nature itself!

"The Dance of Death" erroneously considered as Holbein's, with other similar dances, however differently treated, have one common subject, which was painted in the arcades of burying-grounds, or on town-halls and in market-places. The subject is usually The Skeleton in the act of leading at



THE KNIGHT OF DEATH.—By Albert Durer.

This illustration, by one of the most famous artists of the Middle Ages, represents a knight going forth to battle, accompanied by the spectres of Sin and Death. It is one of the most striking representations of the ghastly fancies of that age.

tile in coarse humor. The Italians were too long accustomed to the study of the beautiful to allow their pencil to sport with deformity; but the Gothic taste of the German artists, who could only copy

ranks and conditions to the grave, personate after nature, and in the strict costume of the times. This invention opened a new field to genius; and when we can for a moment forg t

their luckless choice of their bony and bloodless hero, who, to abuse us by a variety of action, becomes a sort of horrid harlequin in these pantomimical scenes, we may be delighted by the numerous human characters, which are so vividly presented to us. The origin of this extraordinary invention is supposed to be a favorite pageant, or religious mummary, invented by the clergy, who in these ages of barbarous Christianity always found it necessary to amuse, as well as to frighten the populace; a circumstance well known to have occurred in so many other grotesque and licentious festivals they allowed the people. This pageant was performed in churches, in which the chief characters in society were supported in a sort of masquerade, mixing together in a general dance, in the course of which every one in his turn vanished from the scene, to show how one after the other died off.

PROPHECIES THAT WERE FULFILLED.

A LETTER from Cardinal Julian to Pope Eugenius IV., written a century before Luther appeared, clearly predicts the Reformation and its consequences. He observes that the minds of men were ripe for something tragical; he felt the axe striking at the root, and the tree beginning to bend, and that his party instead of propping it, were hastening its fall. In England, Sir Thomas More was not less prescient in his views; for when his son Roper was observing to him, that the Catholic religion, under 'the Defender of the Faith,' was in a most flourishing state, the answer of More was an evidence of political foresight,—“Truth it is, son Roper! and yet I pray God that we may not live to see the day that we would gladly be at league and composition with heretics, to let them have their churches quietly to themselves, so that they would be contented to let us have ours quietly to ourselves.” Whether the great chancellor predicted from a more intimate knowledge of the king's character, or from some private circumstances which may not have been recorded for our information, of which we have an obscure suspicion, remains to be ascertained. The minds of men of great political sagacity were unquestionably at that moment full of obscure indications of the approaching change: Erasmus, when at Canterbury before the tomb of Becket, observing it loaded with a vast profusion of jewels,

wished that those had been distributed among the poor, and that the shrine had been only adorned with boughs and flowers; “For,” said he, “those who have heaped up all this mass of treasure will one day be plundered, and fall a prey to those who are in power;”—a prediction literally fulfilled about twenty years after it was made. The unknown author of the *Visions of Piers Ploughman*, who wrote in the reign of Edward the Third, surprised the world by a famous prediction of *the fall of the religious houses from the hand of a king*. The event was realized two hundred years afterwards, by Henry the Eighth. But moral and political prediction is not inspiration; the one may be wrought out by man; the other descends from God. The same principle which led Erasmus to predict that those who were “in power” would destroy the rich shrines, because no other class of men in society could mate with so mighty a body as the monks, conducted the author of *Piers Ploughman* to the same conclusion; and since power only could accomplish that great purpose, he fixed on the highest as the most likely; and thus the wise prediction was, so long after, literally accomplished!

Sir Walter Raleigh foresaw the future consequences of the separatists and the sectaries in the national church, and the very scene his imagination raised in 1530 was exhibited, to the letter of his description, two centuries after the prediction! His memorable words are, “Time will bring it to pass, if it were not resisted, that God would be *turned out of churches into barns*, and from thence again into the *fields and mountains*, and under *hedges*—all order of discipline and church-government left to *newness of opinion* and men's fancies, and *as many kinds of religion* spring up as there are parish-churches within England.” We are struck by the profound genius of Tacitus, who clearly foresaw the calamities which so long ravaged Europe on the fall of the Roman empire, in a work written five hundred years before the event! In that sublime anticipation of the future, he observed, “When the Romans shall be hunted out from those countries which they have conquered, what will then happen? The revolted people, freed from their master-oppressor, will not be able to subsist without destroying their neighbours, and the most cruel wars will exist among all these nations.”

We are told that Solon at Athens, contemplat-

ing on the port and citadel of Munychia, suddenly exclaimed, "How blind is man to futurity! Could the Athenians foresee what mischief this

wards! Thales desired to be buried in an obscure quarter of Miliesia, observing that that very spot would in time be the forum. Charle-



NORMAN RIDER IN THE DAYS OF CHARLEMAGNE.

magne, in his old age, observing from the window of a castle a Norman descent on his coast, tears started in the eyes of the aged monarch. He predicted that, since they dared to threaten his dominions while he was yet living, what would they do when he should be no more? A melancholy prediction, says De Foix, of their subsequent incursions, and of the protracted calamities of the French nation during a whole century!

There seems to be something in minds that take in extensive views of human nature, which serves them as a kind of divination, and the consciousness of this faculty has been asserted by some. Cicero appeals to Atticus how he

will do their city, they would even eat it with their own teeth, to get rid of it!"—a prediction verified more than two hundred years after-

had always judged of the affairs of the Republic a good diviner; and that its overthrow had happened, as he had foreseen, fourteen years before

Cicero had not only predicted what happened in his own time, but also what occurred long after, according to the testimony of Cornelius Nepos. The philosopher indeed, affects no secret revelation, nor visionary second-sight; he honestly tells us that this art had been acquired merely by study, and the administration of public affairs, while he reminds his friend of several remarkable instances of his successful predictions. "I do not divine human events by the arts practised by the augurs; but I use other signs." Cicero then expresses himself with the guarded obscurity of a philosopher who could not openly ridicule the prevailing superstitions; but we perfectly comprehend the nature of his "signs," when, in the great pending event of the rival conflicts of Pompey and of Caesar, he shows the means he used for his purpose.

Aristotle, who collected all the curious knowledge of his times, has preserved some remarkable opinions on the art of divination. In detailing the various subterfuges practised by the pretended diviners of his day, he reveals the secret principle by which one of them regulated his predictions. He frankly declared that the future, being always very obscure, while the past was easy to know, his predictions had never the future in view; for he decided from the past as it appeared in human affairs, what the future would most likely produce. Such is the true principle by which a philosophical historian may become a skillful diviner.

The revolutionary character of Cardinal de Retz, even in his youth, was detected by the sagacity of Mazarine. He then wrote the history of the conspiracy of Fiesco with such vehement admiration of his hero, that the Italian politician, after its perusal, predicted that the young author would be one of the most turbulent spirits of the age! The father of the Marshal Biron, even amid the glory of his son, discovered the cloud which, invisible to others, was to obscure it. The father, indeed, well knew the fiery passions of his son. "Biron," said the domestic seer, "I advise thee, when peace takes place, to go and plant cabbages in thy garden, otherwise, I warn thee, thou wilt lose thy head on a scaffold!" The prediction was literally fulfilled July 31, 1602.

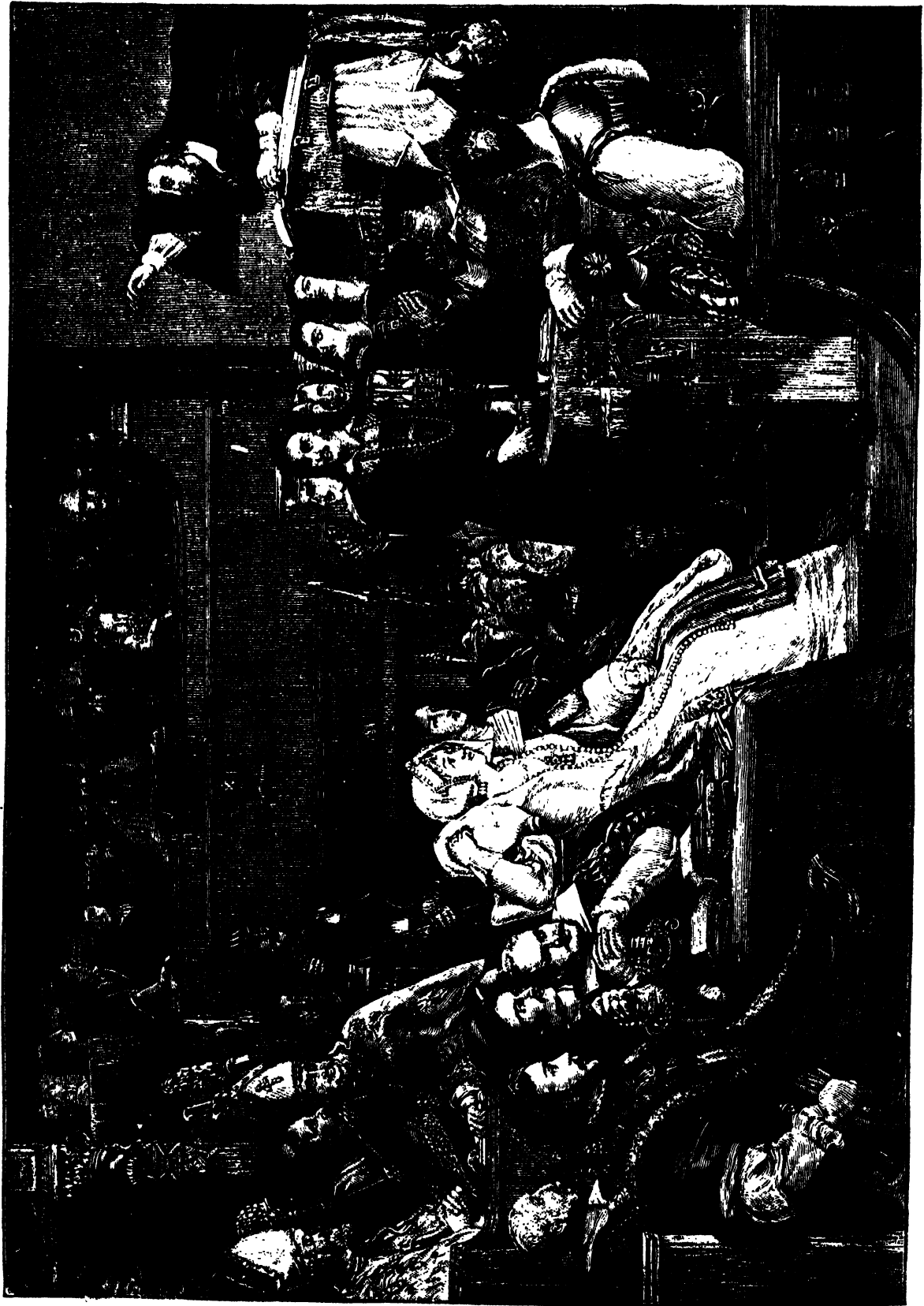
The future career of Cromwell was predicted by two celebrated politicians of England:

"This coarse, unpromising man," said Lord Falkland, pointing to Cromwell, "will be the first

person in the kingdom, if the nation comes to blows!" And Archbishop Williams told Charles the First confidentially, that "There was that in Cromwell which foreboded something dangerous, and wished his majesty would either win him over to him, or get him taken off." The Marquis of Wellesley's incomparable character of Bonaparte predicted his fall when highest in his glory; that great statesman then poured forth the sublime language of philosophical prophecy. "His eagerness of power is so inordinate; his jealousy of independence so fierce; his keenness of appetite so feverish in all that touches his ambition, even in the most trifling things, that he must plunge into dreadful difficulties. He is one of an order of minds that by nature make for themselves great reverses."

A great genius, who was oppressed by malignant rivals in his own times, has been noticed by Madame de Stael, as having left behind him an actual prophecy of the French revolution; this was Guibert, who, in his commentary on Folard's Polybius, published in 1727, declared, that "a conspiracy is actually forming in Europe, by means at once so subtle and efficacious, that I am sorry not to have come into the world *thirty years later* to witness its result. It must be confessed that the sovereigns of Europe wear very bad spectacles. The proofs of it are mathematical, if such proofs ever were, of a conspiracy." Guibert unquestionably foresaw the anti-monarchical spirit gathering up its mighty wings, and rising over the universe! but could not judge of the nature of the impulse which he predicted; prophesying from the ideas in his luminous intellect, he seems to have been far more curious about, than certain of the consequences. Rousseau even circumstantially predicted the convulsions of modern Europe. He stood on the crisis of the French revolution, which he vividly foresaw, for he seriously advised the higher classes of society to have their children taught some useful trade; a notion highly ridiculed on the first appearance of the "Emile;" but at its hour the awful truth struck!

John Knox the reformer possessed an extraordinary portion of this awful prophetic confidence; he appears to have predicted several remarkable events, and the fates of some persons. We are told, that, condemned to a galley at Rochelle, he predicted that "within two or three years, he should preach the gospel at Saint Giles's in Edinburgh;"



JOHN KNOX PREACHING TO THE SCOTS AT GENEVA

an improbable event, which happened. Of Mary and Darnley, he pronounced, that "as the king, for the queen's pleasure, had gone to mass, the Lord in his justice, would make her the instrument of his overthrow." Other striking predictions of the deaths of Thomas Maitland, and of Kirkaldy of Grange, and the warning he solemnly gave to the Regent Murray not to go to Linlithgow, where he was assassinated, occasioned a barbarous people to imagine that the prophet Knox had received an immediate communication from Heaven.

We may account for many predictions of this class, without the intervention of any supernatural agency. Among the busy spirits of a revolutionary age, the heads of a party, such as Knox, have frequently secret communications with spies or with friends. In a constant source of concealed information, a shrewd, confident and enthusiastic temper will find ample matter for mysterious prescience. Knox exercised that deep sagacity which took in the most enlarged views of the future, as appears by his Machiavelian foresight on the destruction of the monasteries and the cathedrals. "The best way to keep the *rooks* from returning, is to pull down their *nests*."

The multitude live only among the shadows of things in the appearances of the present; the learned, busied with the past, can only trace whence, and how, all comes; but he, who is one of the people and one of the learned, the true philosopher, views the natural tendency and terminations which are preparing for the future!

MARSHAL BIRON.

A SHORT sketch of the brilliant career of Marshal Biron, referred to in the preceding article, will doubtless be interesting, especially as one of his descendants of the same name took a prominent part in our revolutionary war, a fact which we have never seen mentioned in any of our country's histories. Charles de Goutant, Duke of Biron, was born in 1562. He first distinguished himself in the battles of Arques and Ivry, the latter being fought on the 14th of March, 1690. He afterward took a prominent part in the sieges of Paris and Rouen, and fought with distinguished valor in a number of other engagements. His daring conduct and quickness of movement won for him the title of "the light-

ning." He was impetuous and brave to the verge of rashness, being apparently devoid of all sense of fear. In 1592 he was made admiral of France, Marshal in 1594, Governor of Burgundy in 1595, duke and peer in 1598, and was ambassador to the court of Elizabeth of England and to the Swiss cantons.

Up to the time of Napoleon no other historical character in France ever enjoyed so brilliant a career as Marshal Biron. But, excited by mercenary motives, he plotted with Savoy and Spain for the dismemberment of his own country. His intrigues were discovered by the king, who pardoned him once, and even after he had renewed his treason, the king offered him forgiveness the second time if he would repent and confess his crime. But Biron, denying everything, was committed to the Bastille, where he was speedily tried and condemned, and, on the 31st of July, 1602, beheaded.

Armand Louis de Gontaut, duke of Biron, a descendant of the distinguished marshal, was born in Paris, April 15, 1747. He was better known in history as the Duc de Lauzun, which was his title till 1788, when he succeeded his uncle as Duc de Biron. In 1778 he was placed in command of the French expedition against the British colonies of Senegal and Gambia, Africa, which he reduced to the French authority early the following year. In 1780, having squandered his fortune, he joined Lafayette in America, and in July, 1781, he was placed in command of an expedition designed to capture New York from the British, but it was unsuccessful. He took part in the battle of Yorktown, and was present at the surrender of Lord Cornwallis. At the close of the war, he returned to France, and in 1789 was chosen a deputy to the States General, and subsequently accompanied Talleyrand on his mission to England. Joining his fortunes with the revolutionists, he was appointed general-in-chief of the army of the coast of La Rochelle in 1793. He defeated the Vendéans in a desperately fought battle, but being accused of insubordination and leniency towards the enemy, he was brought before the revolutionary tribunal, condemned to death, and guillotined at Paris, December 31, 1793. He was the last distinguished representative of his heroic family, and is supposed to have been the original of *Gauvain* in Victor Hugo's historical story of "Ninety-Three."

ROBESPIERRE, DANTON, AND MARAT.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

THERE was a public-house in the Rue du Paon which was called a café. This café had a back room, which is to-day historical. It was

On the 28th of June, 1793, three men were seated about a table in this back chamber. Their chairs did not touch; they were placed one on either of the three sides of the table, leaving the fourth vacant. It was about eight o'clock in the evening; it was still light in the street, but dark in the back room, and a lamp, hung from a hook in the ceiling—a luxury there—lighted the table.

The first of these three men was pale, young, grave, with thin lips and a cold glance. He had a nervous movement in his cheek, which must have made it difficult for him to smile. He wore his hair powdered; he was gloved; his light blue coat, well brushed, was without a wrinkle, carefully buttoned. He wore nankeen breeches, white stockings, a high cravat, a plaited shirt-frill, and shoes with silver buckles.

Of the other two men, one a species of giant, the other a sort of dwarf. The tall one was untidily dressed in a coat of scarlet cloth, his neck bare, his unknotted cravat falling down over his shirt-frill, his vest gaping from lack of buttons. He wore top-boots; his hair stood stiffly up, and was disarranged, though it still showed traces of powder; his very peruke was like a



ROBESPIERRE.

there that often, almost secretly, met certain men, so powerful and so constantly watched that they hesitated to speak with one another in public.

mane. His face was marked with small-pox; there was a choleric line between his brows; a wrinkle that signified kindness at the corner of his mouth;



DEATH OF BAYARD.

his lips were thick, the teeth large; he had the fist of a porter, and eyes that blazed. The little one was a yellow man, who looked deformed when seated. He carried his head thrown back, the eyes were injected with blood, there were livid blotches on his face; he had a handkerchief knotted about his greasy, straight hair; he had no forehead; the mouth was enormous and horrible. He wore pantaloons instead of knee-breeches, slippers, a waistcoat which seemed originally to have been of white satin, and over this a loose jacket, under whose folds a hard, straight line showed that a poniard was hidden.

The first of these men was named Robespierre; the second, Danton; the third, Marat.

They were alone in the room. Before Danton was set a glass and a dusty wine bottle, reminding one of Luther's pint of beer; before Marat a cup of coffee; before Robespierre only papers.

Near the papers stood one of those heavy, round, ridged, leaden inkstands which will be remembered by men who were school-boys at the beginning of this century. A pen was thrown carelessly by the side of the inkstand. On the papers lay a great brass seal, on which could be read *Palloy fecit*, and which was a perfect miniature model of the Bastile.

A map of France was spread in the middle of the table. Outside was stationed Marat's "watch-dog," a certain Laurent Basse, porter on No. 18 Rue des Cordeliers, who some fifteen days after this 28th of June, say the 13th of July, was to deal a blow with a chair on the head of a woman named Charlotte Corday, at this moment vaguely dreaming in Caen. Laurent Basse was the proof-carrier of the *Friend of the People*. Brought this evening by his master to the café of the Rue du Paon, he had been ordered to keep the room closed where Marat, Danton, and Robespierre were seated, and to allow no person to enter unless it might be some member of the Committee of Public Safety, the Commune, or the Eveche.

The conference had already lasted a long time. It was in reference to papers spread on the table, which Robespierre had read. The voices began to grow louder. Symptoms of anger arose between these three men. From without eager words could be caught at angry moments. At that period the example of the public tribunals seemed to have created the right to listen at doors. It was the time when the copying-clerk

Fabricius Paris looked through the keyhole at the proceedings of the Committee of Public Safety; a feat which, be it said by the way, was not without its use, for it was this Paris who warned Danton on the night before the 31st of March, 1794. Laurent Basse had his ear to the door of the back room where Danton, Marat, and Robespierre were. Laurence Basse served Marat, but he belonged to the Eveche.

DEATH OF KING PHILIP.

KING PHILIP, the celebrated Indian chief, was surprised and killed by a party of men under the command of Capt. Benjamin Church, the leader of the movement for the suppression of the marauding bands of savages that infested the New England colonies during the 17th century. In the latter part of his life Capt. Church dictated to his son Thomas an account of his campaigns and adventures, which Thomas subsequently rewrote and published in book form in 1716. From this interesting work we copy the following account of the death of King Philip, which differs materially from descriptions of this event as published in our leading histories. This is no doubt the true account:

Captain Church being now at Plymouth again, weary and worn, would have gone home to his wife and family, but the government being solicitous to engage him in the service until Philip was slain, and promising him satisfaction and redress for some mistreatment that he had met with, he fixes for another expedition.

He had soon volunteers enough to make up the company he desired, and marched through the woods until he came to Pocasset. And not seeing or hearing of any of the enemy, they went over the ferry to Rhode Island, to refresh themselves. The captain, with about half a dozen in his company, took horses and rode about eight miles down the island, to Mr. Sanford's, where he had left his wife. She no sooner saw him, but fainted with surprise; and by that time she was a little revived, they spied two horsemen coming a great pace. Captain Church told his company that "Those men (by their riding) come with tidings." When they came up, they proved to be Major Sanford and Captain Golding. They immediately asked Captain Church what he would give to hear some news of Philip? He replied that that was what he wanted. They told him that they had

rode hard with some hopes of overtaking him, and were now come on purpose to inform him that there were just now tidings from Mount Hope. An Indian came down from thence (where Philip's camp now was) to Sandy Point, over against Trip's, and halloed, and made signs to be fetched over. And being fetched over, he reported that he was fled from Philip, "who (said he) has killed my brother just before I came away, for giving some advice that displeased him." And said that he was fled for fear of meeting with the same his brother had met with. Told them also that Philip was now in Mount Hope Neck. Captain Church thanked them for their good news, and said that he hoped by to-morrow morning to have the rogue's head. The horses that he and his company came on standing at the door (for they had not been unsaddled), his wife must content herself with a short visit, when such game was ahead. They immediately mounted, set spurs to their horses, and away.

The two gentlemen that brought him the tidings told him that they would gladly wait upon him to see the event of the expedition. He thanked them, and told them that he should be as fond of their company as any men's; and (in short) they went with him. And they were soon at Trip's ferry (with Captain Church's company), where the deserter was. He was a fellow of good sense, and told his story handsomely. He offered Captain Church to pilot him to Philip, and to help to kill him, that he might revenge his brother's death. Told him that Philip was now upon a little spot of upland, that was in the south end of the miry swamp, just at the foot of the mount, which was a spot of ground that Captain Church was well acquainted with.

By that time they were over the ferry, and came near the ground, half the night was spent. The captain commands a halt, and bringing the company together, he asked Major Sanford's and Captain Golding's advice, what method it was best to take in making the onset; but they declined giving him any advice; telling him that his great experience and success forbid their taking upon them to give advice. Then Captain Church offered Captain Golding the honor (if he would please accept of it) to beat up Philip's headquarters. He accepted the offer and had his allotted number drawn out to him, and the pilot. Captain Church's instructions to him were, to be

very careful in his approach to the enemy, and be sure not to show himself, until by daylight they might see and discern their own men from the enemy; told him also that his custom in like cases was to creep with his company, on their bellies, until they came as near as they could; and that as soon as the enemy discovered them, they would cry out, and that was the word for his men to fire and fall on. He directed him, that when the enemy should start and take into the swamp, that they should pursue with speed, every man shouting and making what noise he could; for he would give orders to his ambuscade to fire on any that should come silently.

Captain Church, knowing that it was Philip's custom to be foremost in the flight, went down to the swamp, and gave Captain Williams of Scituate the command of the right wing of the ambush, and placed an Englishman and an Indian together behind such shelters of trees, etc., as he could find, and took care to place them at such distance that none might pass undiscovered between them; charged them to be careful of themselves, and of hurting their friends, and to fire at any that should come silently through the swamp. But it being somewhat farther through the swamp than he was aware of, he wanted men to make up his ambuscade.

Having placed what men he had, he took Major Sanford by the hand, and said, "Sir, I have so placed them that it is scarce possible Philip should escape them." The same moment a shot whistled over their heads, and then the noise of a gun towards Philip's camp. Captain Church, at first, thought that it might be some gun fired by accident; but before he could speak, a whole volley followed, which was earlier than he expected. One of Philip's gang going forth a little to one side of the camp, looked round him, and Captain Golding thought that the Indian looked right at him (though probably it was but his conceit), so fired at him; and upon his firing, the whole company that were with him fired upon the enemy's shelter, before the Indians had time to rise from their sleep, and so overshot them. But their shelter was open on that side next the swamp, built so on purpose for the convenience of flight on occasion. They were soon in the swamp, and Philip the foremost, who, starting at the first gun, threw his *pelunk* and powderhorn over his head, caught up his gun, and ran as fast as he could scamper, without any more clothes than his

small breeches and stockings ; and ran directly on two of Captain Church's ambush. They let him come fair within shot, and the Englishman's gun missing fire, he bid the Indian fire away, and he did so to the purpose ; sent one musket bullet through his heart, and another not above two inches from it. He fell upon his face in the mud and water, with his gun under him.

By the time the enemy perceived that they were waylaid on the east side of the swamp, and tacked short about. One of the enemy, who seemed to be a great, surly old fellow, hallooed with a loud voice, and often called out, "*Ioolash, Ioolash.*" Captain Church called to his Indian, Peter, and asked him who that was that called so? He answered that it was old Annawon, Philip's great captain, calling on his soldiers to stand to it, and fight stoutly. Now the enemy finding that place of the swamp which was not ambushed, many of them made their escape in the English tracks.

The man that had shot down Philip ran with all speed to Captain Church, and informed him of his exploit, who commanded him to be silent about it and let no man more know it, until they had driven the swamp clean. But when they had driven the swamp through, and found that the enemy had escaped, or at least the most of them, and the sun now up, and so the dew gone, that they could not easily track them, the whole company met together at the place where the enemy's night shelter was, and then Captain Church gave them the news of Philip's death. Upon which the whole army gave three loud huzzas.

Captain Church ordered his body to be pulled out of the mire to the upland. So some of Captain Church's Indians took hold of him by his stockings, and some by his small breeches (being otherwise naked) and drew him through the mud to the upland ; and a doleful, great, naked, dirty beast he looked like. Captain Church then said, that forasmuch as he had caused many an Englishman's body to be unburied, and to rot above ground, that not one of his bones should be buried. And calling his old Indian executioner, he bid him behead and quarter him.

DESPERATE STRUGGLE BETWEEN CAPTAIN CHURCH AND AN INDIAN.

WE copy the following thrilling account of a desperate hand-to-hand encounter between Church and an Indian warrior, from the

same interesting work mentioned in the preceding article.

Capt. Church had been severely wounded in a combat with the Indians, and was removed, with other injured men, to Rhode Island, where he remained for three months. He then designed returning home, as his wounds were not yet fully healed, but was prevailed upon by the earnest solicitations of his general, to accompany him on a long march into the country occupied by the Nipmucks. We give the history of the march and his singular and desperate encounter with the savage in his own language, as dictated to his son :

In this march, the first thing remarkable was, they came to an Indian town, where there were many wigwams in sight, but an icy swamp, lying between them and the wigwams, prevented their running at once upon it as they intended. There was much firing upon each side before they passed the swamp. But at length the enemy all fled, and a certain Mohegan, that was a friendly Indian, pursued and seized one of the enemy that had a small wound in his leg, and brought him before the General, where he was examined. Some were for torturing him to bring him to a more ample confession of what he knew concerning his countrymen. Mr. Church verily believing that he had been ingenuous in his confession, interceded, and prevailed for his escaping torture. But the army being bound forward in their march, and the Indian's wound somewhat disabling him for travelling, it was concluded that he should be knocked on the head. Accordingly, he was brought before a great fire, and the Mohegan that took him was allowed, as he desired, to be his executioner. Mr. Church, taking no delight in the sport, framed an errand at some distance among the baggage horses, and when he had got ten rods or thereabouts, from the fire, the executioner fetching a blow with a hatchet at the head of the prisoner, he being aware of the blow, dodged his head aside, and the executioner missing his stroke, the hatchet flew out of his hand, and had like to have done execution where it was not designed. The prisoner upon his narrow escape, broke from them that held him, and notwithstanding his wound, made use of his legs, and happened to run right upon Mr. Church, who laid hold on him, and a close scuffle they had ; but the Indian having no clothes on, slipped from

him and ran again, and Mr. Church pursued him, although being lame there was no great odds in the race, until the Indian stumbled and fell, and then they closed again—scuffled and fought pretty smartly, until the Indian, by the advantage of his nakedness, slipped from his hold again, and set out on his third race, with Mr. Church close at his heels, endeavouring to lay hold on the hair of his head, which was all the hold could be taken of him. And running through a swamp that was covered with hollow ice, it made so loud a noise that Mr. Church expected (but in vain) that some of his English friends would follow the noise and come to his assistance. But the Indian happened to run athwart a large tree that lay fallen near breast high, where he stopped and cried out aloud for help. But Mr. Church being soon upon him again, the Indian seized him fast by the hair of his head, and endeavoured by twisting to break his neck. But though Mr. Church's wounds had somewhat weakened him, and the Indian a stout fellow, yet he held him in play and twisted the Indian's neck as well, and took advantage of many opportunities, while they hung by each other's hair, gave him notorious bunts in the face with his head. But in the heat of the scuffle they heard the ice break, with somebody's coming apace to them, which when they heard, Church concluded there was help for one or other of them, but was doubtful which of them must now receive the fatal stroke—anon somebody comes up to them, who proved to be the Indian that had first taken the prisoner; and without speaking a word, he felt them out, (for it was so dark he could not distinguish them by sight, the one being clothed and the other naked) he felt where Mr. Church's hands were fastened in the Netop's hair, and with one blow settled his hatchet in between them, and thus ended the strife. He then spoke to Mr. Church and hugged him in his arms, and thanked him abundantly for catching his prisoner. He then cut off the head of his victim and carried it to the camp, and after giving an account to the rest of the friend Indians in the camp how Mr. Church had seized his prisoner, &c. they all joined in a mighty shout.

INDIAN SUPERSTITIONS.

MANY of the customs and superstitions of the Indians, as they existed at the time of the discovery of America and for one or two

centuries afterward, were of the most peculiar and interesting character, differing in many respects from those of any other race or people. We copy a history of some of these peculiarities from the writings of David Brainerd, who served as a missionary among the tribes of Pennsylvania and New Jersey for some years during the first half of the eighteenth century. The work from which we quote was published about one hundred and fifty years ago.

When I was in this region in May last, I had an opportunity of learning many of the notions and customs of the Indians, as well as observing many of their practices. I then travelled more than an hundred and thirty miles upon the river, above the English settlements; and, in that journey, met with individuals of seven or eight distinct tribes, speaking as many different languages. But of all the sights I ever saw among them, or indeed any where else, none appeared so frightful, or so near akin to what is usually imagined of infernal powers, none ever excited such images of terror in my mind, as the appearance of one who was a devout and zealous Reformer, or rather, restorer of what he supposed was the ancient religion of the Indians. He made his appearance in his pontifical garb, which was a coat of bear skins, dressed with the hair on, and hanging down to his toes; a pair of bear skin stockings; and a great wooden face painted, the one-half black, the other half tawny, about the color of an Indian's skin, with an extravagant mouth, cut very much awry; the face fastened to a bear-skin cap, which was drawn over his head. He advanced towards me with the instrument in his hand, which he used for music in his idolatrous worship; which was a dry tortoise shell with some corn in it, and the neck of it drawn on to a piece of wood, which made a very convenient handle. As he came forward, he beat his tune with the rattle, and danced with all his might, but did not suffer any part of his body, not so much as his fingers, to be seen. No one would have imagined from his appearance or actions, that he could have been a human creature, if they had not had some intimation of it otherwise. When he came near me, I could not but shrink away from him, although it was then noon day, and I knew who it was; his appearance and gestures were so prodigiously frightful. He had a house consecrated to religious uses, with diverse images cut upon the several parts of it. I went

in, and found the ground beat almost as hard as a rock, with their frequent dancing upon it. I discoursed with him about Christianity. Some of my discourse he seemed to like, but some of it he disliked extremely. He told me that God had taught him his religion, and that he never would turn from it; but wanted to find some who would join heartily with him in it; for the Indians, he said, were grown very degenerate and corrupt. He had thoughts, he said, of leaving all his friends, and travelling abroad, in order to find some who would join with him; for he believed that God had some good people some where, who felt as he did. He had not always, he said, felt as he now did; but had formerly been like the rest of the Indians, until about four or five years before that time. Then, he said, his heart was very much distressed, so that he could not live among the Indians, but got away into the woods, and lived alone for some months. At length, he says, God comforted his heart, and showed him what he should do; and since that time he had known God, and tried to serve him; and loved all men, be they who they would, so as he never did before. He treated me with uncommon courtesy, and seemed to be hearty in it. I was told by the Indians, that he opposed their drinking strong liquor with all his power; and that, if at any time he could not dissuade them from it by all he could say, he would leave them, and go crying into the woods. It was manifest that he had a set of religious notions which he had examined for himself, and not taken for granted, upon bare tradition; and he relished or disrelished whatever was spoken of a religious nature, as it either agreed or disagreed with his standard. While I was discoursing, he would sometimes say, "Now that I like; so God has taught me;" &c., and some of his sentiments seemed very just. Yet he utterly denied the existence of a devil, and declared there was no such creature known among the Indians of old times, whose religion he supposed he was attempting to revive. He likewise told me, that departed souls all went southward, and that the difference between the good and the bad, was this: that the former were admitted into a beautiful town with spiritual walls: and that the latter could for ever hover around these walls, in vain attempts to get in. He seemed to be sincere, honest, and conscientious in his own way, and according to his own religious notions; which was more

than I ever saw in any other Pagan. I perceived that he was looked upon and derided among most of the Indians, as a precise zealot, who made a needless noise about religious matters; but I must say that there was something in his temper and disposition, which looked more like true religion, than any thing I ever observed amongst other heathens.

BAYARD, THE HERO OF CHIVALRY.

The brightest pages in the annals of chivalry and knight-errantry are those which record the brilliant deeds of Bayard. He lived at a time when the strict laws of chivalry were becoming greatly relaxed, and when knights were assuming the vices as well as the profession of mere soldiers of fortune; but no breath of dishonor ever tarnished his fame. His loyalty, purity of character and scrupulous honor won the universal admiration of his contemporaries, friends and foes alike uniting in proclaiming him "the good knight" and above all reproach.

The correct orthography of his name, according to his original signatures preserved in the National Library at Paris, is Bayart, but he is better known under the name that has become a synonym for gallantry and heroism.

He was born at the Chateau de Bayard, in Dauphiny, France, in 1475, the exact date and month being unknown. His family was an ancient and honorable one, and had produced several brilliant warriors before his advent. They were a race of warriors. His great-great-grandfather was killed at the battle of Poitiers, his great-grandfather at Crecy, and his grandfather at Montlhery, while his father received many honorable wounds in the wars of Louis XI. Young Bayard, while serving as page to the Duke of Savoy, and in the household of Paul of Luxembourg, received his education in the rules of chivalry, in horsemanship, and in feats of arms. When only eighteen years of age, his martial valor and desire for military glory led him to enlist under the banners of Charles VIII., in the expedition against Naples, and in the hotly contested battle of Fornovo he won the admiration of his companions and the favorable notice of his king by a desperate hand-to-hand combat in which he captured a stand of colors. On a certain occasion, during the siege of Milan in 1499, the enemy made a strong sortie from

their works, but were defeated and driven back; and in the eagerness of pursuit, Bayard was carried by the press within the walls of the city and captured; but even at that early age his reputation for honor and valor was so great that he was liberated by his admiring enemies, and conducted in safety to the lines of the French army, with his horse and armor, and without ransom or parole. He was admired and honored equally by friends and foes, because all men naturally love the true and the noble. On another occasion, during the war with Spain, when the battle had gone against the French and they were in full retreat, two hundred steel-clad Spanish knights, mounted on fresh horses, and with their lances firmly fixed, came dashing down upon the devoted army. Such an attack in that moment of rout and peril meant certain destruction. It was like a Grecian phalanx crashing into the confused mass of a defeated army. Fright and despair blanched the cheeks of the French troops as they saw this dreadful array of glittering spears bearing down upon them. But the magnificent courage of a single man turned the tide and saved the army. Between the flying French and the plunging column of Spanish horsemen there was a deep and rapid stream, spanned by a narrow bridge, over which the Spaniards were compelled to pass. Bayard's quick eye saw the opportunity, and dashing the spurs into the foaming flanks of his jaded warhorse, he threw himself upon the bridge and awaited the shock. It came in all its power and ferocity, but he held his own, and with his battle-axe hewed bloody gaps in the ranks of the astonished Spaniards. They hesitated and recoiled, and then came on again with redoubled energy; but the gallant Bayard cut to the right and left and soon built a rampart in front of him with the bodies of the dead and wounded. Thus he held the two hundred in check until the French, having recovered from their panic and gained a place of security, he turned and followed them, amidst the admiring shouts of both armies. The Spaniards did not attempt to pursue, for they were satisfied with that display of his prowess and courage which they had witnessed upon the bridge, and they suffered the defeated army to withdraw in safety.

In the assault upon Brescia Bayard was severely wounded, and carried to a house in the town, oc-

cupied only by a lady and her two daughters. Soon afterward the house was entered by a party of half-frenzied soldiers, who, not being aware of the knight's presence, proceeded to insult the ladies in the grossest and most brutal manner. This aroused the hot blood of the gallant Bayard, who, in spite of the fact that he was almost disabled by his wounds, arose from his couch, and charging among them with his sword, drove them into the street. For this valiant and timely service the hostess presented him with two thousand pistoles, which with knightly courtesy he immediately gave to the young ladies for a marriage portion.

In the battle of Guinegate, fought on the 16th of August, 1513, between the French and the army of Henry VIII., of England, Bayard, assisted by only twelve men-at-arms, held the entire English army at bay until the French, who were panic-stricken and in full retreat, had time to recover. This battle was called by the English "*the battle of the spurs*," because they claimed that the French made a better use of their spurs than their arms during the fight.

After the victory of Marignano, known in history as "*the battle of the giants*," and which was won principally through the bravery and sagacity of Bayard, Francis I. was so delighted with his feats of valor, that he requested the honor of being knighted by his hands, a mark of distinction never offered by any other royal ruler to a subject. In 1522, with a force of only one thousand men, he defended the unfortified town of Mezieres for six weeks against an army of 35,000, aided by artillery. For this gallant service he received the collar of St. Michael, and was made a commander of one hundred men-at-arms, a position until then never held except by princes of the blood royal.

But it was in his last battle that he won his most enduring fame. When he came to face the infinite he showed himself godlike. Although he had been deservedly promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general, for his many acts of valor and his services to his king and country, yet when called upon to serve in a subordinate position in the army of Bonnivet, which Francis was sending into Italy to fight against the Constable de Bourbon, he did not hesitate, but came forward and took his place cheerfully and with enthusiasm. When Bonnivet was defeated and wounded, he



CAPTAIN CHURCH'S EXPEDITION AGAINST KING PHILIP.

wisely entrusted the command of the army to the sagacious and ever-valiant Bayard, who restored order and would doubtless have gained a victory, if he had not been wounded by a stone discharged from an arquebuse. Realizing that his wound was mortal, at his own request he was left seated against a tree, with his face toward the advancing enemy, among whom he soon afterward expired. His death ended the battle, for the French, learning that he had fallen, broke into a disorderly flight, abandoning their standards, ordnance and baggage, and seeking only to save their lives. When Bayard fell, France lost more than an army; she lost the soul of chivalry, and the genius of victory.

INCIDENTS OF THE REVOLUTION.

WE obtain the following interesting incidents of the American Revolution from the writings of Mercy Warren, who was a witness of the events described :

Last Thursday, which was a very stormy day, a large number of British troops came softly through the town, *viz* Watertown, to Prospect Hill. On Friday we heard the Hessians were to make a procession in the same route. We thought we should have nothing to do but to view them as they passed. To be sure the sight was truly astonishing. I never had the least idea that the creation produced such a sordid set of creatures in human figure—poor, dirty, emaciated men. Great numbers of women, who seemed to be the beasts of burden, having bushel-baskets on their backs, by which they were bent double. The contents seemed to be pots and kettles, various sorts of furniture, children peeping through gridirons, and other utensils—some very young infants, who were born on the road—the women barefoot, clothed in dirty rags. Such effluvia filled the air while they were passing, that, had they not been smoking all the time, I should have been apprehensive of being contaminated.

The same writer gives this anecdote of General Burgoyne :

General Burgoyne dined on Saturday, in Boston, with General ——. He rode through the town properly attended, down Court street, and through the main street; and on his return walked on foot to Charlestown Ferry, followed by as great a number of spectators as ever attended a pope; and generously observed to an officer with him, the

decent and modest behaviour of the inhabitants as he passed; saying, if he had been conducting prisoners through the city of London, not all the Guards of his Majesty could have prevented insults. He likewise acknowledges Lincoln and Arnold to be great generals.

AN AFRICAN IDEA OF THE ORIGIN OF EVIL.

IN one of his letters, John Adams, the American statesman, gives the following account of an intelligent negro's description of the creation of the world :

The negro had been brought from his own country to America and sold as a slave, but soon manifesting a degree of intelligence above his race, he was treated with respect and consideration. On one occasion he was present in a company of gentlemen who were discussing the question of Adam's fall and the introduction of natural and moral evil into the world, when he said that they had in his country a different account of this matter.

"A dog and a toad were to run a race," said he, "and if the dog reached the goal first, the world was to continue innocent and happy, but if the toad should outstrip the dog, the world was to become sinful and miserable. Everybody thought there could be no danger; but in the midst of their career the dog found a bone by the way, and stopped to gnaw it; and while he was so engaged, the toad, constant in his malevolence, hopped on, reached the mark, and spoiled the world."

COL. PUTNAM'S INDIAN STORY.

MR. ADAMS also relates the following Indian story, which was told him by the old Revolutionary hero, Israel Putnam :

Col. Putnam told a story of an Indian upon Connecticut river, who called at a tavern, in the fall of the year, for a dram. The landlord asked him two coppers for it. The next spring, happening at the same house, he called for another, and had three coppers to pay for it. "How is this, landlord," said he; "last fall you asked but two coppers for a glass of rum, now you ask three." "Oh," says the landlord, "it cost me a good deal to keep 'em over winter. It is as expensive to keep a hogshead of rum over winter as a horse." "Ay!" says the Indian, "I can't see through that; he won't eat so much hay—*maybe he drink as much water.*" "This," says Mr.



BRITISH TROOPS IN AMERICA.

Adams, "was sheer wit, pure satire, and true humor from a source generally supposed to be void of these faculties."

VOLTAIRE AND FRANKLIN.

THE following anecdote about Voltaire and Franklin has been incorporated in a number of our histories, without its origin being given. It occurs for the first time in a letter written by John Adams, from Paris, April 29, 1778. He says:

After dinner we went to the Academy of Science, and heard M. d'Alembert, as perpetual secretary, pronounce eulogies upon several of their members, lately deceased. Voltaire and Franklin were both present, and there presently arose a general cry that M. Voltaire and M. Franklin should be introduced to each other. This was no satisfaction; there must be something more. Neither of the philosophers seemed to divine what was wished or expected; they however, took each other by the hand. But this was not enough; the clamor continued, until the explanation came out. "Il faut s'embrasser à la Francoise." The two aged actors upon this great theatre of philosophy then embraced each other, by hugging one another in their arms, and kissing each other's cheeks, and then the tumult subsided.

HISTORICAL LETTERS FROM JOHN ADAMS TO HIS WIFE.

THE first letter relates some very interesting private information about General Arnold, and very much to the latter's credit. It has been asserted that Arnold was driven into his treasonable course through the intrigues of the supporters of Gen. Gates, who at that time were doing their best to put him in Washington's place, but found an insurmountable obstacle in Gen. Arnold, who was an unswerving friend of the great commander-in-chief. Finding that they could not win him to their side, they determined to force him out of the army, and with this end in view they pursued a course which so irritated and inflamed him that, hoping to obtain revenge, he began his negotiations with Sir Henry Clinton, and the force of circumstances impelled him onward to open treason. Whether there is any ground for this view of the case or not, it is quite evident, from the tone of Mr. Adams's letter, that his sympathies at that time were very decidedly with Arnold, and he was

not a man who could be easily deceived or misled. The letter is dated at Philadelphia, May 22d, 1780, only three months before the capture of Andre and flight of Arnold from West Point:

After a series of the severest and harshest weather that I ever felt in this climate, we are at last blessed with a bright sun and a soft air. The weather here has been like our old easterly winds to me and southerly winds to you. The charms of the morning at this hour are irresistible. The streaks of glory dawning in the east; the freshness and purity in the air, the bright blue of the sky, the sweet warblings of a great variety of birds intermingling with the martial clarions of a hundred cocks now within my hearing, all conspire to cheer the spirits.

This kind of puerile description is a very pretty employment for an old fellow whose brow is furrowed with the cares of politics and war. I shall be on horseback in a few minutes, and then I shall enjoy the morning in more perfection. I spent the last evening at the war office with General Arnold. He has been basely slandered and libelled. The regulars say, "he fought like Julius Cæsar" [at Danbury]. I am wearied to death with the wranglings between military officers, high and low. They quarrel like cats and dogs. They worry one another like mastiffs, scrambling for rank and pay, like apes for nuts. I believe there is no one principle which predominates in human nature so much, in every stage of life, from the cradle to the grave, in males and females, old and young, black and white, rich and poor, high and low, as this passion for superiority. Every human being compares itself in its imagination with every other round about it, and will find some superiority over every other, real or imaginary, or it will die of grief and vexation. I have seen it among boys and girls at school, among lads at college, among practitioners at the bar, among the clergy in their associations, among clubs of friends, among the people in town meetings, among the members of a House of Representatives, among the grave councillors, on the more solemn bench of Justice, and in that awfully august body, the Congress, and on many of its committees, and among ladies everywhere; but I never saw it operate with such keenness, ferocity, and fury, as among military officers. They will go terrible lengths in their emulation, their envy and revenge, in consequence of it.

So much for philosophy. I hope my five or six babes are all well. My duty to my mother and your father, and love to sisters and brothers, aunts and uncles. Pray how does your asparagus perform? &c. I would give three guineas for a barrel of your cider. Not one drop is to be had here for gold, and wine is not to be had under six or eight dollars a gallon, and that very bad. I would give a guinea for a barrel of your beer. The small beer here is wretchedly bad. In short, I can get nothing that I can drink, and I believe I shall be sick from this cause alone. Rum at forty shillings a gallon, and bad water will never do, in this hot climate, in summer, when acid liquors are necessary against putrefaction.

The second letter to his wife was written two years previous to the above, from Passy, France, and is full of pleasant gossip, such as the ladies love. The reference to Franklin's gallantry with the ladies brings that philosopher down to the comprehension of ordinary men, and makes us love him all the more :

Passy, April 25th, 1778.

MY DEAREST FRIEND :—

Monsieur Chaumont has just informed me of a vessel bound to Boston, but I am reduced to such a moment of time, that I can only inform you that I am well, and enclose a few lines from Johnny to let you know that he is so. I have ordered the things you desired to be sent you, but I will not yet say by what conveyance, for fear of accidents.

If human nature could be made happy by any thing that can please the eye, the ear, the taste, or any other sense, or passion, or fancy, this country would be the region for happiness. But if my country were at peace, I should be happier among the rocks and shades of Penn's hill; and would cheerfully exchange all the elegance, magnificence, and sublimity of Europe, for the simplicity of Braintree and Weymouth.

To tell you the truth, I admire the ladies here. Don't be jealous. They are handsome, and very well educated. Their accomplishments are exceedingly brilliant, and their knowledge of letters and arts exceeds that of the English ladies, I believe.

Tell Mrs. Warren that I had write her a letter, as she desired, and let her know some of my reflections in this country. My venerable colleague [Dr. Franklin] enjoys a privilege here, that is

much to be envied. Being seventy years of age, the ladies not only allow him to embrace them as often as he pleases, but they are perpetually embracing him. I told him, yesterday, I would write this to America.

Mrs. Adams to her Husband, on His Election to the Presidency.

Quincy, February 8th, 1797.

"The sun is dressed in brightest beams,
To give thy honors to the day."

And may it prove an auspicious prelude to each ensuing season. You have this day to declare yourself head of a nation. "And now, O Lord, my God, thou hast made thy servant ruler over the people. Give unto him an understanding heart, that he may know how to go out and come in before this great people; that he may discern between good and bad. For who is able to judge this thy so great a people?" were the words of a royal sovereign; and not less applicable to him who is invested with the chief magistracy of a nation, though he wear not a crown, nor the robes of royalty.

My thoughts and my meditations are with you, though personally absent; and my petitions to Heaven are, that "the things which make for peace may not be hidden from your eyes." My feelings are not those of pride or ostentation, upon the occasion. They are solemnized by a sense of the obligations, the important trusts, and numerous duties connected with it. That you may be enabled to discharge them with honor to yourself, with justice and impartiality to your country, and with satisfaction to this great people, shall be the daily prayer of your wife.

THE REVOLUTION IN PARIS.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

PEOPLE lived in public; they ate at tables spread outside the doors; women seated on the steps of the churches made lint as they sang the *Marseillaise*. Park Monceaux and the Luxembourg Gardens were parade-grounds. There were gunsmiths' shops in full work; they manufactured muskets before the eyes of the passers-by, who clapped their hands in applause. The watch-word on every lip was, "*Patience; we are in Revolution.*" The people smiled heroically. They went to the theatre as they did at Athens during the Peloponnesian war. One saw play-bills such

as these pasted at the street corners ! "The Siege of Thionville ; " "A Mother Saved from the Flames ; " "The Club of the Careless ; " "The Eldest of the Popes Joan ; " "The Philosopher-Soldiers ; " "The Art of Village Love-making."

above her head. A solicitor named Seran, who had been denounced, awaited his arrest in dressing-gown and slippers, playing his flute at his window. Nobody seemed to have leisure ; all the world was in a hurry. Every hat bore a cockade.



WOMEN AT THE BARRIERS

The Germans were at the gates ; a report was current that the King of Prussia had secured boxes at the opera. Everything was terrible, and no one was frightened. The mysterious law against the suspected, which was the crime of Merlin of Douai, held a vision of the guillotine

The women said, "*We are pretty in red caps.*" All Paris seemed to be removing. The curiosity shops were crowded with crowns, mitres, sceptres of gilded wood, and *fleurs-de-lis*—torn down from royal dwellings ; it was the demolition of monarchy that went on.

Copes were to be seen for sale at the old clothesmen's, and rochets hung on hooks at their doors. At Ramponneau's and the Porcherons, men dressed out in surplices and stoles, and mounted on donkeys, caparisoned with chasubles, drank wine at the doors from the cathedral ciboria. In the Rue Saint Jacques, barefooted street-pavers stopped the wheelbarrow of a peddler who had boots for sale, and clubbed together to buy fifteen pairs of shoes, which they sent to the Convention "for our soldiers."

Busts of Franklin, Rousseau, Brutus, and, we must add, of Marat, abounded. Under a bust of Marat in the Rue Cloche-Perce was hung in a black wooden frame, and under glass, an address against Malouet, with testimony in support of the charges, and these marginal lines:

"These details were furnished me by the mistress of Silvain Bailly, a good patriotess, who has a liking for me. (Signed) MARAT."

Very few of the larger shops were open; peripatetic haberdashery and toy shops were dragged about by women, lighted by candles, which dropped their tallow on the merchandisc. Open-air shops were kept by ex-nuns, in blonde wigs. This mender, darning stockings in a stall, was a countess; that dressmaker a marchioness. Madame de Bufflers inhabited a garret, from whence she could look out at her own hotel. Hawkers ran about offering the "paper of news." Persons who wore cravats that hid their chins were called "the scrofulous." Street-singers swarmed. The crowd hooted Pitou, the royalist song-writer, and a valiant man into the bargain; he was twenty-two times imprisoned and taken before the revolutionary tribunal for slapping his coat-tails as he pronounced the word *Civism*. Seeing that his head was in danger, he exclaimed: "*But it is just the opposite of my head that is in fault!*"—a witticism which made the judges laugh, and saved his life. This Pitou ridiculed the rage for Greek and Latin names; his favorite song was about a cobbler, whom he called *Cujus*, and to whom he gave a wife named *Cujusdam*. They danced the Carmagnole in great circles. They no longer said gentleman and lady, but citizen and citizeness.

They danced in the dim cloisters with the church-lamps lighted on the altars, with cross-shaped chandeliers hanging from the vaulted roofs and ~~and~~ beneath their feet. Waistcoats of "tyrant's blue" were worn. There were "liberty-

caps" shirt-pins made of white, blue, and red stones. The Rue de Richelieu was called the Street of Law; the Faubourg Saint Antoine was named the Faubourg of Glory; a statue of Nature stood in the Place de la Bastille. People pointed out to one another certain well-known personages—Chatelet, Didier, Nicholas and Garnier-Deslaunay, who stood guard at the door of Duplay the joiner; Voullant, who never missed a guillotine-day, and followed the carts of the condemned—he called it going to "the red mass;" Montflabert, revolutionary jurymen; and a marquis, who took the name of *Dix Aout* (Tenth of August). People watched the pupils of the École Militaire file past, described by the decrees of the Convention as "aspirants in the school of Mars," and by the crowd as "the pages of Robespierre." They read the proclamations of Freron denouncing those suspected of the crime of "negotiantism." The dandies collected at the doors of the mayoralties to mock at the civil marriages, thronging about the brides and grooms as they passed, and shout "Married municipaliter!" At the Invalides, the statues of the saints and kings were crowned with Phrygian caps. They played cards on the curb-stones at the crossings. The packs of cards were also in the full tide of revolution: the kings were replaced by genii; the queens by the goddess of Liberty; the knaves by figures representing Equality, and the aces by impersonations of Law. They tilled the public gardens; the plow worked at the Tuileries. With all these excesses was mingled, especially among the conquered parties, an indescribable haughty weariness of life. A man wrote to Fouquier-Tinville, "*Have the goodness to free me from existence. This is my address.*" Champeanteux was arrested for having cried in the midst of the Palais Royal garden: "When are we to have the revolution of Turkey. I want to see the republic *a la Porte*." Newspapers appeared in legions. The hair-dressers' men curled the wigs of women in public, while the masters read the *Moniteur* aloud. Others, surrounded by eager groups, commented with violent gesture upon the journal *Listen to Us* of Dubois Crance, or the *Trumpet* of Father Bellerose. Sometimes the barbers were pork-sellers as well, and hams and chitterlings might be seen hanging side by side with a golden-haired doll. Dealers sold in the open street "wines of the refugees;" one merchant advertised wines of fifty-two sorts.

PARIS DURING THE REVOLUTION



Others displayed harp-shaped clocks and sofas "*à la d'archesse*." One hairdresser had for a sign: "I shave the Clergy; I comb the Nobility; I arrange the Third Estate."

People went to have their fortunes told by Martin, at No. 173 in the Rue d'Anjou, formerly Rue Dauphine. There was a lack of bread, of coal, of soap. Herds of milch cows might be seen coming in from the country. At the Vallée, lamb sold for fifteen francs the pound. An order of the Commune assigned a pound of meat per head every ten days. People stood in ranks at the doors of the butchers' shops. One of these files has remained famous: it reached from a grocer's shop in the Rue du Petit Carreau to the middle of the Rue Montorgueil. To form a line was called "holding the cord," from a long rope which was held in the hands of those who were standing in a row. Amid this wretchedness, the women were brave and mild; they passed entire nights awaiting their turn to get into the bakers' shops. The Revolution resorted to expedients which were successful; she alleviated this wide distress by two perilous means—the assignat and the maximum. The assignat was the lever, the maximum was the fulcrum. This empiricism saved France. The enemy, whether of Coblenz or London, gambled in assignats. Girls came and went, offering lavender-water, garters, false hair, and selling stocks. There were jobbers on the Perron of the Rue Vivienne, with muddy shoes, greasy hair, and fur caps decorated with fox-tails; and there were swells from the Rue Valois, with varnished boots, toothpicks, and long-napped hats on their heads, to whom the girls said "thee and thou." Later, the people gave chase to them as they did the thieves, whom the royalists styled "active citizens." For the time, theft was rare. There reigned a terrible destitution and a stercoral probity. The barefooted and the starving passed with lowered eyelids before the jewellers' shops of the Palais Égalité. During domiciliary visit that the Section Antoine made to the house of Beaumarchais, a woman picked a flower in the garden; the crowd boxed her ears. Wood cost four hundred francs in coin per cord; people could be seen in the streets sawing up their bedsteads. In the winter the fountains were frozen; two pails of water cost twenty sous; every man made himself a water-carrier. A gold louis was worth three thousand nine hun-

dred and fifty francs. After a day's use of a carriage, this sort of dialogue might be heard: "Coachman, how much do I owe you?" "Six thousand francs." A green-grocer woman sold twenty thousand francs' worth of vegetables in a day. A beggar said, "Help me, in the name of charity! I lack two hundred and thirty francs to finish paying for my shoes."

There was no faltering among this people. There was the sombre joy of having made an end of thrones. Volunteers abounded; each street furnished a battalion. The flags of the districts came and went, every one with its own device. On the banner of the Capuchin district could be read, "*Nobody can cut our beards*." On another, "*No other nobility than that of the heart*." On all the walls were placards, large and small, white, yellow, green, red, printed and written, on which might be read this motto: "*Long live the Republic!*" The children lisped "*Ca ira*."

These children were in themselves the great future.

Later, to the tragical city succeeded the cynical city. The streets of Paris have offered two revolutionary aspects entirely distinct—that before and that after the 9th Thermidor. The Paris of Saint Just gave place to the Paris of Tallien. Such antitheses are perpetual; after Sinai, the Courtille appeared.

An attack of public madness made its appearance. It had already been seen eighty years before. The people came out from under Louis XIV. as they did from under Robespierre, with a great need to breathe; hence the regency which opened that century and the directory which closed it. Two Saturnalia after two terrorisms. France snatched the wicket-key and got beyond the Puritan cloister just as it did beyond that of monarchy, with the joy of a nation that escapes.

After the 9th Thermidor Paris was gay; but with an insane gayety. An unhealthy joy overflowed all bonds. To the frenzy for dying succeeded the frenzy for living, and grandeur eclipsed itself. They had a Trimalcion, calling himself Grimod de la Reyniere: there was the "*Almanac of the Gourmands*." People dined in the entre-sols of the Palais Royal to the din of orchestras of women beating drums and blowing trumpets; the "*rigadooner*" reigned, bow in hand. People supped oriental fashion at Meot's, surrounded by perfumes. The artist Boze painted his daughters,

innocent and charming heads of sixteen, *en guillemottes*; that is to say, with bare necks and red shifts. To the wild dances in the ruined churches succeeded the balls of Ruggieri, of Luquet-Wenzel, Mauduit, and the Montansier; to grave citizenesses making lint succeeded sultanas, savages, nymphs; to the naked feet of the soldiers covered with blood, dust, and mud, succeeded the naked feet of women decorated with diamonds; at the same time, with shamelessness, improbity reappeared; and it had its purveyors in high ranks, and their imitators among the class below. A swarm of sharpers filled Paris, and every man was forced to guard well his "*luc*"—that is, his pocket-book. One of the amusements of the day was to go to the Palace of Justice to see the female thieves; it was necessary to tie fast their petticoats. At the doors of the theatres the street boys opened cab doors, saying, "Citizen and citizeness, there is room for two." The *Old Cordelier* and the *Friend of the People* were no longer sold. In their place were cried *Punch's Letter* and the *Rogues' Petition*. The Marquis de Sade presided at the Section of the Pikes, Place Vendome. The reaction was jovial and ferocious. The *Dragons of Liberty* of '92 were reborn under the name of the *Chevaliers of the Dagger*. At the same time there appeared in the booths that type, Joerisse. There were "the *Merveilleuses*," and in advance of these feminine marvels came "the *Incroyables*." People swore by strange and affected oaths; they jumped back from Mirabeau to Robespierre. Thus it is that Paris sways back and forth; it is the enormous pendulum of civilization; it touches either pole in turn, Thermopylae and Gomorrah. After '93 the Revolution traversed a singular oscillation; the century seemed to forget to finish that which it had commenced; a strange orgy imposed itself, took the foreground, swept back to the second place the awful Apocalypse; veiled the immeasurable vision, and laughed aloud after a fright. Tragedy disappeared in parody, and, rising darkly from the bottom of the horizon, a smoke of carnival effaced Medusa.

DR. SAMUEL PETERS THE CONNECTICUT MUNCHAUSEN.

ONE of the rarest historical characters that this country has ever produced was the Rev. Samuel Andrew Peters, who was born in Hebron, Ct., December 12, 1735, and died in New York, April

19, 1826. He graduated at Yale College in 1757, was ordained a clergyman of the Church of England in 1760, and two years later took charge of the churches of Hartford and Hebron. In 1774 he was compelled to leave the country on account of his Tory principles. The circumstances of his exit were characteristic of the times. He was regarded with distrust by his Whig neighbors for meddling with and marring the work of Independence by his communications to persons in England. If his humorous, voluble style of composition is to be taken as evidence of his conversational powers, his tongue would also have been an unwelcome scourge of his townspeople. Three hundred of the latter accordingly gathered at his house one evening, and demanded a declaration of his principles, hinting at a coat of tar and feathers if their demand were not immediately complied with. They also demanded copies of letters which he had sent to England, and of the malignant articles which he had written for the newspapers.

His visitors were so numerous and vehement in their requests that he hastened to comply with their wishes, and signed a paper agreeing to curb his royal inclinations and behave himself in the future. This occurred in August.

When the storm had blown over the good Doctor recovered his equanimity, and soon began again to make himself fully as objectionable as he had ever been in the past. A month later another committee called on him, and made him understand that they "meant business." He offered to argue the question with them, but they informed him that they had come to act and not to talk. He persisted, however, and commenced a lengthy harangue; in the midst of which a gun was heard to go off in his house, notwithstanding his solemn declarations that he had no firearms. The whole body thereupon broke into the house by door and windows, seized the doctor and carried him off to the meeting-house green, three-quarters of a mile away. "During the affair," we are told, "his gown and shirt were torn, one sock of his hose was somewhat shattered, a table was turned over, and a punch-bowl and glass were broken."

These energetic measures convinced Dr. Peters that a sojourn in more loyal regions would be conducive to his health, and he accordingly fled to Boston and sailed from thence to England. Here, smarting under a sense of his wrongs, and desir-

ing to be avenged against the whole Yankee nation, he wrote his "General History of Connecticut," which is the most perfect and enduring specimen of pure Munchausenism that ever came from the press. The humorous gravity of the style is irresistible; while its feigned earnestness has led many learned men to suppose that its extravagant statements were intended for facts, and they have accordingly composed excuses and apologies for the author on the ground of his excited condition during the preparation of his book! This, of course, adds to the humor of the productions.

When the war was ended, Peters was chosen, in 1794, bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Vermont, and he accepted the office with enthusiasm; but the Archbishop declined to consecrate him. The good doctor had not only gone so far as to accept the proffered call, but had also written and caused to be extensively circulated an "Episcopal Letter," somewhat after the style of St. Paul. He addressed his epistle "to the churches of Christ spread abroad in the State of Vermont, mercy, peace, and love be multiplied," and proceeded with an apostolic injunction, the humor of which is irresistible, when we consider St. Paul, Dr. Peters, and the fact that he was no bishop after all.

"Until I come," he writes, parodying the Apostle, "give attendance to reading, prayer and faith. When present with you, by the grace of God, I will lead you through the wilderness of life, up to a world that knows no sorrow. I will guide you with mine eye, and feed your lambs and sheep with bread more durable than the everlasting hills. While absent from you in body I am present with you in mind, thanking God always in every prayer of mine, and making request with joy for your fellowship in the gospel of His Son; that you may be of good cheer, and overcome a world yielding no content, the only wealth of man; and that you may know how to be abased, and how to abound everywhere and in all things; to be instructed to obey the laws of Christ. The spirit which heals all our infirmities, no doubt led you to glorify God in me when you appointed the least of all saints to fill the high station in the Church of Jesus Christ; duty and inclination (with feeble blood flowing in my veins) inspire my soul to seek and do yet good in that sacred office to which you have invited me; being confident that you will

receive me with all gladness, and hold me in reputation for the work of Christ; which brought me near to death, and shall finally make you my glory and my joy. Should my insufficiency in spiritual and scientific knowledge appear too manifest among you, my zeal and labors in the vineyard of the Lord shall, I trust, be your pride and boast; in this hope, and resting on the candor, order, morality, learning, piety, and religion of those over whom I am well chosen to preside, I shall with some degree of confidence undertake the charge, and claim the wisdom of the wise to enlighten my understanding, and the charity and prayers of all to remove any wants, and to lessen my manifold imperfections. Salute one another with faith and love."

History is silent with reference to Dr. Peters' feelings on learning that the Archbishop of Canterbury had refused to consecrate him. But his "episcopal address" had gone forth, and it was too late to recall it. His opinion of himself, however, was not lessened, for he subsequently wrote and published a work in which he mentions his good qualities in the following terms: "He is reputed," says he of himself, "to have the faculties of his uncle Hugh, the zeal and courage of his grand-parent, General Thomas Harrison, mixed with the benevolence that characterized his great-grand-parent, William Peters, Esq., of 1634."

We now proceed to copy some extracts from the Doctor's "History," which, if not reliable as history, are at least entertaining as specimens of magnificent and boundless imagination:

Interview Between Rev. Mr. Ward and Cotton Mather.

The Rev. Mr. Ward, being an eminent Puritan in England, disliked the spiritual and star-chamber courts under the control of the hierarchy of England; he fled to New England, and became minister of Agawam, an Indian village, making the west part of Springfield in the State of Massachusetts. He was an exact scholar, a meek, benevolent, and charitable Christian. He used the Indians with justice and tenderness, and established one of the best towns on the Connecticut river. He was free from hypocrisy and stiff bigotry, which then domineered in New England, and which yet remain at Hadley and Northampton, not much to the credit of morality and piety. Mr. Ward had a large share of Hudibrastic wit, and much pleasantry with his gravity. This appe-

in his history of Agawam, wherein he satirized the prevailing superstition of the times; which did more good than Dr. Mather's book, entitled, "Stilts for Dwarfs in Christ to Wade through the Mud," or his "Magnalia," with his other twenty-four books. His posterity are many, and have done their part in the pulpit, in the field, and at the bar, in the six States of New England, and generally have followed the charitable temper of their venerable ancestor, and seldom fail to lash the avarice of the clergy, who are often recommending charity and hospitality to the needy stranger, and at the same time never follow their own advice to others. Mr. Ward, of Agawam, has left his children an example worthy of imitation. The story is thus related:

Dr. Mather, of Boston, was constantly exhorting his hearers to entertain strangers, for by doing so they might entertain angels. But it was remarked, that Dr. Mather never entertained strangers, nor gave any relief to beggars. This report reached Mr. Ward, of Agawam, an intimate chum of the Doctor while at the university. Ward said he hoped it was not true; but resolved to discover the truth; therefore he set off for Boston on foot, one hundred and twenty miles, and arriving at the door of Dr. Mather on Saturday evening, when most people were in bed, and knocked at the door, which the maid opened. Ward said, "I come from the country, to hear good Dr. Mather preach to-morrow. I am hungry, and thirsty, without money, and I beg the good Doctor will give me relief and a bed in his house until the Sabbath is over." The maid replied, "The Doctor is in his study, it is Saturday night, the Sabbath is begun, we have no bed, or victuals, for ragged beggars," and shut the door upon him. Mr. Ward again made use of the knocker: the maid went to the Doctor, and told him there was a sturdy beggar beating the door, who insisted on coming in and staying there over the Sabbath. The Doctor said, "Tell him to depart, or a constable shall conduct him to a prison." The maid obeyed the Doctor's order; and Mr. Ward said, "I will not leave the door until I have seen the Doctor." This tumult aroused the Doctor with his black velvet cap on his head, and he came to the door and opened it, and said, "Thou country villain, how dare you knock thus at my door after the Sabbath has

begun?" Mr. Ward replied, "Sir, I am a stranger, hungry and moneyless; pray take me in, until the holy Sabbath is past, so that I may hear one of your godly sermons." The Doctor said, "Vagrant, go thy way, and trouble me no more; I will not break the Sabbath by giving thee food and lodging," and then shut the door. The Doctor had scarcely reached his study, when Ward began to exercise the knocker with continued violence. The Doctor, not highly pleased, returned to the door and said, "Wretched being, why dost thou trouble me thus? what wilt thou have?" Ward replied, "Entertainment in your house until Monday morning." The Doctor said, "You shall not, therefore go thy way." Mr. Ward replied, "Sir, as that point is settled, pray give me a sixpence or a shilling, and a piece of bread and meat." The Doctor said, "I will give thee neither," and again shut the door. And then Mr. Ward thundered with the knocker of the door, and the Doctor returned in great wrath and said, "Thou art mad, or possessed with an evil spirit: what wilt thou have now?" Mr. Ward replied, "Since you, sir, will not give lodgings, nor money, nor food, nor drink to me, I pray for your advice; will you direct me to a stew?" The Doctor cried out, "Vagrant of all vagrants! the curse of God will fall on thee; thou art one of the non-elects. Dost thou, villain, suppose that I am acquainted with bad houses? What dost thou want at a stew?" Mr. Ward replied, "I am hungry, weary, thirsty, moneyless, and almost naked; and Solomon, the wisest king the Jews ever had, tells me and you, that a whore will bring a man to a morsel of bread at the last." Now Dr. Mather awoke from his reverend dream, and cried, "Tu es Wardonus vel Diabolus." Mr. Ward laughed, and the Doctor took him in and gave him all he wanted; and Mr. Ward preached for the Doctor next day, both morning and evening. This event had its due effect on the Doctor ever after, and he kept the Shunamite's chamber, and became hospitable and charitable to all in want.

It corrected the Doctor's temper to such a degree, that six months after, he ceased to pray more against the pope and conclave of Rome, and supplied the vacuum, by praying for the downfall of the red dragon at Morocco, Egypt, and Arabia, on the east side of the Red Sea,

even at Mecca and Medina ; words which helped the sand to pass through the hour-glass, the orthodox length of a prayer.

A History of the Connecticut River.

The middle river is named Connecticut, after the great Sachem to whom that part of the province through which it runs belonged. This vast river is 500 miles long, and four miles wide at its mouth : its channel, or inner banks, in general, half a mile wide. It takes its rise from the White Hills, in the north of New England, where also springs the river Kennebec. Above 500 rivulets, which issue from lakes, ponds, and drowned lands, fall into it ; many of them are larger than the Thames at London. In March, when the rain and sun melt the snow and ice, each stream is overcharged, and kindly hastens to this great river, to overflow, fertilize, and preserve its trembling meadows. They lift up enormous cakes of ice, bursting from their frozen beds with threatening intentions of ploughing up the frightened earth, and carry them rapidly down the falls, where they are dashed in pieces and rise in mist. Except at these falls, of which there are five, the first sixty miles from its mouth, the river is navigable throughout. In its northern parts are three great bendings, called cohosses, about 100 miles asunder. Two hundred miles from the Sound is a narrow of five yards only, formed by two shelving mountains of solid rock, whose tops intercept the clouds. Through this chasm are compelled to pass all the waters which in the time of the floods bury the northern country. At the upper cohos the river then spreads several miles wide, and for five or six weeks ships of war might sail over lands, that afterwards produce the greatest crops of hay and grain in all America. People who can bear the sight, the groans, the tremblings and surly motion of water, trees, and ice, through this awful passage, view with astonishment one of the greatest phenomena in nature. Here water is consolidated, without frost, by pressure, by swiftness, between the pinching, sturdy rocks, to such a degree of induration, that an iron crow floats smoothly down its current :—here iron, lead, and cork, have one common weight :—here, steady as time, and louder than music, the stream passes irresistible and swift. Flaming :—the electric fire rends trees in pieces with no greater ease, than does this mighty water. The passage is about

400 yards in length, and of a zigzag form, with obtuse corners.

Remarkable Achievement of the Frogs at Windham.

Windham resembles Rumford, and stands on Winnomantic river. Its meeting-house is elegant, and has a steeple, bell, and clock. Its court-house is scarcely to be looked upon as an ornament. The township forms four parishes, and is ten miles square.

Strangers are very much terrified at the hideous noise made on summer evenings by the vast number of frogs in the brooks and ponds. There are about thirty different voices among them ; some of which resemble the bellowing of a bull. The owls and whippoorwills complete the rough concert, which may be heard several miles. Persons accustomed to such serenades are not disturbed by them at their proper stations ; but one night, in July, 1758, the frogs of an artificial pond, three miles square, and about five from Windham, finding the water dried up, left the place in a body, and marched, or rather hopped towards Winnomantic river. They were under the necessity of taking the road and going through the town, which they entered about midnight. The bull frogs were the leaders, and the pipers followed without number. They filled a road 40 yards wide for four miles in length, and were for several hours in passing through the town, unusually clamorous. The inhabitants were equally perplexed and frightened ; some expected to find an army of French and Indians ; others feared an earthquake, and dissolution of nature. The consternation was universal. Old and young, male and female, fled naked from their beds with worse shriekings than those of the frogs. The event was fatal to several women. The men, after a flight of half a mile, in which they met with many broken shins, finding no enemies in pursuit of them made a halt, and summoned resolution enough to venture back to their wives and children ; when they distinctly heard from the enemy's camp these words, *Wight, Hilderken, Dier, &c.* This last they thought meant *treaty* ; and plucking up courage, they sent a triumvirate to capitulate with the supposed French and Indians. These three men approached in their shirts, and begged to speak with the general ; but it being dark, and no answer given, they were sorely agitated for some time betwixt hope and fear ; at length.

however, they discovered that the dreaded inimical army was an army of thirsty frogs, going to the river for a little water.

Such an incursion was never known before nor since ; and yet the people of Windham have been ridiculed for their timidity on this occasion. I verily believe an army under the Duke of Marlborough, would, under like circumstances, have acted no better than they did.

The Story of Gen. Putnam and the Wolf.

Dr. Peters' account of Gen. Putnam's encounter with the wolf differs materially from the accepted version :

We read that David slew a lion and a bear, and afterwards that Saul trusted him to fight Goliath. In Pomfret lives Col. Israel Putnam, who slew a she-bear and her two cubs with a billet of wood. The bravery of this action brought him into public notice ; and, it seems, he is one of fortune's favorites. The story is as follows :—In 1754, a large she-bear came in the night from her den, which was three miles from Mr. Putnam's house, and took a sow out of a pen of his. The sow, by her squeaking, awoke Mr. Putnam, who hastily ran to the poor creature's relief ; but before he could reach the pen, the bear had left it, and was trotting away with the sow in her mouth. Mr. Putnam took up a billet of wood, and followed the screamings of the sow, till he came to the foot of the mountain, where the den was. Dauntless he entered the horrid cavern ; and, after walking and crawling upon his hands and knees for fifty yards, came to a roomy cell, where the bear met him with great fury. He saw nothing but the fire of her eyes ; but that was sufficient for our hero ; he accordingly directed his blow, which at once proved fatal to the bear and saved his own life at a most critical moment. Putnam then discovered and killed two cubs ; and having, though in Egyptian darkness, dragged them and the dead sow, one by one, out of the cave, he went home, and calmly reported to his family what had happened. The neighbors declared, on viewing the place by torch-light, that his exploit exceeded those of Samson and David. Soon afterwards the General Assembly appointed Mr. Putnam a Lieutenant in the Army marching against Canada. His courage and good conduct raised him to the rank of Captain the next year. The third year he was made a Major ; and the fourth a Colonel. Putnam and Rogers were the heroes through the last war. Putnam

was so harry, at a time when the Indians had killed all his men, and completely hemmed him in upon a river, as to leap into a stream, which in a minute carried him down a stupendous fall, where no tree could pass without being torn in pieces. The Indians reasonably concluded that Putnam, their terrible enemy, was dead, and made their report accordingly at Ticonderoga ; but soon after, a scouting party found their sad mistake in a bloody rencontre. Some few that got off declared that Putnam was yet living, and that he was the first son of Hobbamockow, and therefore immortal. However, at length the Indians took this terrible warrior prisoner, and tied him to a tree ; where he hung three days without food or drink. They did not attempt to kill him for fear of offending Hobbamockow ; but they sold him to the French at a great price. The name of Putnam was more alarming to the Indians than cannon, and they never would fight him after his escape from the falls. He was afterwards redeemed by the English.

But we must take leave of good Dr. Peters, although we do so with regret. We have quoted enough from his writings to prove that his faculty of entertaining was more rarely developed than that of almost any other American writer, and if his reputation for veracity had been equal to his humor and his imagination, what a splendid character he would have been !

ETHAN ALLEN, THE HERO OF VERMONT.

ETHAN ALLEN, the son of a farmer in Connecticut, was born at Coventry in that State, January 10, 1737. He removed to Vermont about the year 1772, and became the stalwart leader of the Green Mountain Boys in their resistance to the territorial claims of New York. His brilliant surprisal of Ticonderoga, in 1775, "in the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," need hardly be mentioned here. It was probably the success of that adventure which led to the rash attempt upon Montreal, where he was taken prisoner ; a captivity which gave rise to his authorship of a volume which contains as much of the essence of military revolutionary whigism and anti-toryism, as it is possible to convey in the same space. This work tells a sad story of the lack of gallantry and of the oppression of the British service at that time. A prisoner taken in war by the English seems to have been regarded as

something between an enemy and a convict, not entitled to the honorable courtesy due to the one, and not exactly responsible to the gallows assigned for the other. The interminable term was a rebel, and the respect for consanguinity which England should have shown in the struggle, was lost in the contempt of familiarity—as an old-fashioned father would whip his own children and reverence those of other persons. In this humor of his conquerors, Allen was taken from Montreal, confined hand and feet in irons, carried on board the Gaspee schooner-of-war, taken from Quebec to Liverpool in a government vessel, suffering the accommodations of a slave ship, landed with indignity at Falmouth; was kept a prisoner and a show at Pendennis castle; removed to the Solebay frigate, which, putting into Cork, the stores which tender-hearted Irish friends sent him were confiscated for the use of the vessel; was brought to the coast of America, and kept in various degrees of restraint, latterly under freedom of parole at New York, till the victory of Saratoga brought about his release in 1778. He published the narrative of his captivity in the following year. He wrote as he acted, a word and a blow. For a certain quick intense conception of things, the uninstructed *physique* of the mind, his narrative of his captivity is a model like his own figure, of rude, burly strength.

When confined on board the schooner Gaspee, in irons, he asserts that he was obliged to throw out plenty of "extravagant language," which answered his purpose at that time better than softer words would have done. "The cause I was engaged in," he adds, "I ever viewed worthy hazarding my life for, nor was I, in the most critical moments of trouble, sorry that I engaged in it."

His remarks on the character of those about him show a subtle knowledge of human nature, as this hint at a fool in authority: "I now found myself under a worse captain than Symonds, for Montagu was loaded with prejudices against everybody and everything that was not stamped with royal warrant; and being of a nature underwitted, his wrath was heavier than the others; or at least his mind was in no instance liable to be directed by good sense, humor, or bravery, of which Symonds was by turns susceptible." His account

of Loring, the British commissary of prisoners in the days of prison-ships at New York, is in his strongest manner:

"This Loring is a monster! There is not his like in human shape." He exhibits a smiling countenance, seems to wear a phiz of humanity, but has been instrumentally capable of the most consummate acts of wickedness, which were first projected by an abandoned British council clothed with the authority of a Howe, murdering premeditatedly, in cold blood, near or quite two thousand helpless prisoners, and that in the most clandestine, mean, and shameful manner. He is the most mean spirited, cowardly, deceitful, and destructive animal in God's creation below, and regions of infernal devils, with all their tremendous horrors, are impatiently ready to receive Howe and him, with all their detestable accomplices, into the most exquisite agonies of the hottest region of hell fire."

This extract is pretty good evidence that he could use his tongue as well as his sword, and the British were no doubt glad to see him depart when an opportunity came for his exchange. An anecdote is related of one of his word encounters with a British officer, that the latter on being challenged by Allen to produce another such woman as his (Allen's) mother, the officer replied by saying that Mary Magdalene was a case in point, as she was also delivered of seven devils!

Allen's Encounter with a Savage.

AT the time of Allen's capture, his life was threatened by an Indian warrior, but he escaped by superior strength and adroitness, as he relates in the following language:

"The officer I capitulated with then directed me and my party to advance towards him, which was done; I handed him my sword, and in half a minute after, a savage, part of whose head was shaved, being almost naked and painted, with feathers intermixed with the hair of the other side of his head, came running to me with an incredible swiftness; he seemed to advance with more than mortal speed; as he approached near me, his hellish visage was beyond all description; snake's eyes appear innocent in comparison to his; his features distorted; malice, death, murder, and the wrath of devils and damned spirits are the emblem of his countenance; and in less than twelve feet of me, presented his firelock; at the instant of his present, I twitched the officer, to whom I gave my

sword, between me and the savage; but he flew round with great fury, trying to single me out to shoot me without killing the officer; but by this time I was nearly as nimble as he, keeping the officer in such a position that his danger was my defence; but, in less than half a minute, I was attacked by just such another imp of hell; then I made the officer fly around with incredible velocity, for a few seconds of time, when I perceived a Canadian, who had lost one eye, as appeared afterwards, taking my part against the savages; and in an instant an Irishman came to my assistance with a fixed bayonet, and drove away the fiends, swearing he would kill them. This tragic scene composed my mind. The escaping from so awful a death made even imprisonment happy; the more so as my conquerors on the field treated me with great civility and politeness.

His Interview with Rivington.

Allen's interview with Rivington, the pleasure loving king's printer, of New York, during his parole, is characteristic of both parties. Rivington had offended him by his allusions, and the old hero swore "he would lick him the first opportunity he had." The sequel is told by Rivington himself.

"I was sitting," says he, "after a good dinner, alone, with my bottle of Madeira before me, when I heard an unusual noise in the street, and a huzza from the boys. I was in the second story, and, stepping to the window, saw a tall figure in tarnished regimentals, with a large cocked hat and an enormous long sword, followed by a crowd of boys, who occasionally cheered him with huzzas, of which he seemed insensible. He came up to my door and stopped. I could see no more. My heart told me it was Ethan Allen. I shut my window and retired behind my table and my bottle. I was certain the hour of reckoning had come. There was no retreat. Mr. Staples, my clerk, came in paler than ever, and, clasping his hands, said, 'Master, he has come!' 'I know it.' 'He entered the store and asked 'if James Rivington lived there?' I answered, 'Yes, sir.' 'Is he at home?' 'I will go and see, sir,' I said; 'and now, master, what is to be done?' There he was in the store, and the boys peeping at him from the street.' I had made up my mind. I looked at the Madeira—possibly took a glass. 'Show him up,' said I; 'and if such Madeira cannot mollify him, he must be harder than adamant.'

There was a fearful moment of suspense. I heard him on the stairs, his long sword clanking at every step. In he stalked. 'Is your name James Rivington?' 'It is sir, and no man could be more happy than I am to see Colonel Ethan Allen.' 'Sir, I have come—' 'Not another word, my dear Colonel, until you have taken a seat and a glass of old Madeira.' 'But, sir, I don't think it proper—' 'Not another word, Colonel. Taste this wine. I have had it in glass for ten years. Old wine, you know, unless it is originally sound, never improves by age.' He took the glass, swallowed the wine, smacked his lips, and shook his head approvingly. 'Sir, I come—' 'Not another word until you have taken another glass, and then, my dear Colonel, we will talk of old affairs, and I have some queer events to detail.' In short, we finished two bottles of Madeira, and parted as good friends as if we had never had cause to be otherwise."

Personal Appearance of Ethan Allen.

When Alexander Gray, the American author, was a prisoner of war in New York, in 1777, after the loss of Fort Washington, he met Allen, and has left in his "Memoirs" a striking account of his recollections of the man.

"His figure," says Gray, "was that of a robust, large-framed man, worn down by confinement and hard fare; but he was now recovering his flesh and spirits; and a suit of blue clothes, with a gold-laced hat that had been presented to him by the gentlemen of Cork, enabled him to make a very passable appearance for a rebel colonel. He used to show a fracture in one of his teeth, occasioned by his twisting off with it, in a fit of anger, the nail which fastened the bar of his hand-cuffs; and which drew from one of the astonished spectators the exclamation of 'He can eat iron!' His style was a singular compound of local barbarisms, scriptural phrases, and oriental wildness, and though unclassic and sometimes ungrammatical, it was highly animated and forcible. In the following sentence of his narrative, though it is not perhaps strictly correct in its construction, there is to me, a flash of moral pathos not unworthy a Robertson. 'When the fleet,' says he, 'consisting of about forty-five sail, including five men-of-war, sailed from the cove (of Cork) with a fresh breeze, the appearance was beautiful, abstracted from the unjust and bloody designs they had in view.' Notwithstanding

that Allen might have had something of the insubordinate, lawless frontier spirit in his composition, having been in a state of hostility with the government of New York before the war of the revolution, he appeared to be a man of generosity and honor; several instances of which occur in his publication, and one not equivocally came under my own observation. General Washington, speaking of him in an official letter of May the 12th, 1788, observes, with a just discrimination, that there was an original something in him which commanded admiration."

How Ethan Allan Proposed to His Second Wife.

The following story of Ethan Allen's proposal to his second wife is told by Du Puy, in his "History of Vermont:"

General Allen, who had at various times resided at Bennington, Arlington, and Timmouth, at last took up his residence on the Winooski. During a session of the court at Westminster, he appeared with a magnificent pair of horses and a black driver. Chief Justice Robinson and Stephen R. Bradley, an eminent lawyer, were there, and as their breakfast was on the table, they asked Allen to join them. He replied that he had breakfasted, and while they were at the table, he would go in and see Mrs. Buchanan, a handsome widow who was at the house. He entered the sitting-room, and at once said to Mrs. Buchanan, "Well, Fanny, if we are to be married, let us be about it." "Very well," she promptly replied, "give me time to fix up." In a few minutes she was ready, and Judge Robinson was at once called upon by them to perform the customary ceremony. Said Allen, "Judge, Mrs. Buchanan and I have concluded to be married; I don't care much about the ceremony, and as near as I can find out, Fanny cares as little for it as I do; but as a decent respect for the customs of society requires it of us, we are willing to have the ceremony performed." The gentlemen present were much surprised, and Judge Robinson replied, "General Allen, this is an important matter; have you thought seriously of it?" "Yes, yes," exclaimed Allen, looking at Mrs. Buchanan; "but it don't require much thought." Judge Robinson then rose from his seat and said, "Join your hands together. Ethan Allen, you take this woman to be your lawful and wedded wife: you promise to love and protect her according to the law of God and——" "Stop,

stop, Judge. The law of God," said Allen, looking forth upon the fields; "all nature is full of it. Yes, go on. My team is at the door." As soon as the ceremony was ended, General Allen and his bride entered his carriage and drove off.

Incidents of Allen's Singular Character.

Two anecdotes of Allen show the best nature of the man. He once gave a note to a citizen of Boston, who put it in collection in Vermont. Judgment was about being taken, when Allen employed a lawyer to stay proceedings. To his surprise, he heard, from a distant part of the court-house, his lawyer deny the signature, upon which he rushed forward, and in a loud, indignant tone, confronted him: "Mr. —, I didn't hire you to come here and lie. That is a true note. I signed it; I'll swear to it; and I'll pay it! I want no shuffling. I want time. What I employed you for, was to get this business put over to the next court; not to come here and lie and juggle about it." This proves his honor; another instance shows his humanity. When two children, daughters of a settler, were once lost in the woods of Vermont, search was made for them by the townspeople and given up. Allen mounted a stump, made an eloquent, pathetic appeal, rallied the company for a new expedition, and the children were restored to their parents. Another anecdote is somewhat ludicrous, but energetic. While at Timmouth, he was one day in the house of the village physician when a lady was present for the purpose of having a tooth drawn. As often as the doctor was ready, the lady's timidity balked his operations. Allen's big nature grew restive at the sight. "Here, doctor, take out one of my teeth." "But your teeth are all sound." "Never mind. Do as I direct you." Out came a tooth. "Now, madam," says Allen to the lady, "take courage from the example." He once threatened to apply the *argumentum ad hominem* in this novel form on a somewhat larger scale. A man had been convicted of supplying the British with provisions, and been sentenced by a jury of six to be hung. A lawyer interposed for a new trial, as twelve must constitute a legal jury. The public was disappointed at the reprieve. Allen addressed them with an oath, advising to wait for the day next appointed, promising, "You shall see somebody hung at all events; for if Redding is not then hung, I will be hung myself."

CAPTURE OF TICONDEROGA.

WE close these interesting sketches of the grand old revolutionary hero, Ethan Allen, with his own graphic and stirring account of his famous capture of Ticonderoga :

Ever since I arrived at the state of manhood, and acquainted myself with the general history of mankind, I have felt a sincere passion for liberty. The history of nations, doomed to perpetual slavery, in consequences of yielding up to tyrants their natural-born liberties, I read with a sort of philosophical horror ; so that the first systematical and bloody attempt, at Lexington, to enslave America, thoroughly electrified my mind, and fully determined me to take part with my country. And, while I was wishing for an opportunity to signalize myself in its behalf, directions were privately sent to me from the then colony (now state) of Connecticut, to raise the Green-Mountain Boys, and, if possible, with them to surprise and take the fortress of Ticonderoga. This enterprise I cheerfully undertook ; and, after first guarding all the several passes that led thither, to cut off all intelligence between the garrison and the country, made a forced march from Bennington, and arrived at the lake opposite to Ticonderoga, on the evening of the ninth day of May, 1775, with two hundred and thirty valiant Green-Mountain Boys : and it was with the utmost difficulty that I procured boats to cross the lake. However, I landed eighty-three men near the garrison, and sent the boats back for the rear-guard, commanded by Col. Seth Warner, but the day began to dawn, and I found myself under the necessity to attack the fort, before the rear could cross the lake ; and, as it was viewed hazardous, I harangued the officers and soldiers in the manner following :--

"Friends and fellow soldiers—you have for a number of years past been a scourge and terror to arbitrary power. Your valor has been famed abroad, and acknowledged, as appears by the advice and orders to me, from the General Assembly of Connecticut, to surprise and take the garrison now before us. I now propose to advance before you, and, in person, conduct you through the wicket-gate, for we must this morning either quit our pretensions to valor, or possess ourselves of this fortress in a few minutes ; and, inasmuch as it is a desperate attempt, which none but the bravest of men dare undertake, I do not urge it

on any contrary to his will. You that will undertake voluntarily, poise your firelocks."

The men being, at that time, drawn up in three ranks, each poised his firelock. I ordered them to face to the right, and at the head of the centre-file, marched them immediately to the wicket-gate aforesaid, where I found a sentry posted, who instantly snapped his fusée at me ; I ran immediately towards him, and he retreated through the covered way into the parade within the garrison, gave a halloo, and ran under a bomb-proof. My party, who followed me into the fort, I formed on the parade in such a manner as to face the two barracks which faced each other.

The garrison being asleep, except the sentries, we gave three huzzas which greatly surprised them. One of the sentries made a pass at one of my officers with a charged bayonet, and slightly wounded him : My first thought was to kill him with my sword ; but, in an instant, I altered the design and fury of the blow to a slight cut on the side of the head, upon which he dropped his gun, and asked quarter, which I readily granted him, and demanded of him the place where the commanding officer kept ; he shewed me a pair of stairs in the front of a barrack, on the west part of the garrison, which led up to a second story in said barrack, to which I immediately repaired, and ordered the commander, Captain De la Place, to come forth instantly, or I would sacrifice the whole garrison ; at which the Capt. came immediately to the door, with his breeches in his hand ; when I ordered him to deliver me the fort instantly ; he asked me by what authority I demanded it : I answered him, "In the name of the Great Jehovah, and the Continental Congress." The authority of the Congress being very little known at that time, he began to speak again ; but I interrupted him, and with my drawn sword over his head, again demanded an immediate surrender of the garrison ; with which he then complied, and ordered his men to be forthwith paraded without arms, as he had given up the garrison. In the mean time some of my officers had given orders, and in consequence thereof, sundry of the barrack doors were beat down, and about one third of the garrison imprisoned, which consisted of the said commander, a Lieut. Feltham, a conductor of artillery, a gunner, two serjeants, and forty-four rank and file ; about one hundred pieces of cannon, one

thirteen inch mortar, and a number of swivels. This surprise was carried into execution in the grey of the morning of the tenth of May, 1775. The sun seemed to rise that morning with a superior lustre; and Ticonderoga and its dependencies smiled to its conquerors, who tossed about the flowing bowl, and wished success to Congress, and the liberty and freedom of America.

THE VENDEAN WAR.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

THERE were at that time seven ill-famed forests in Brittany. The Vendean war was a revolt of priests. This revolt had the forests as auxiliaries. These spirits of darkness aid one another.

The seven black forests of Brittany were the forest of Fougères, which stopped the way between Dol and Avranches; the forest of Prince, which was eight leagues in circumference; the forest of Paimpol, full of ravines and brooks, almost inaccessible on the side toward Baignon, with an easy retreat upon Concornet, which was a royalist town; the forest of Rennes, from whence could be heard the tocsin of the Republican parishes—always numerous in the neighborhood of the cities—it was in this forest that Puyssaye lost Focard; the forest of Machecoul, which had Charette for its wild beast; the forest of Garnache, which belonged to the Tremoilles, the Gauvains, and the Rohans; and the forest of Broceliande, which belonged to the fairies.

If one wish to comprehend Vendée, one must picture to one's self this antagonism: on one side the French Revolution, on the other the Breton peasant. In face of these unparalleled events—an immense promise of all benefits at once—a fit of rage for civilization—an excess of maddened progress—an improvement that exceeded measure and comprehension—must be placed this grave, strange, savage man, with an eagle glance and flowing hair, living on milk and chestnuts, his ideas bounded by his thatched roof, his hedge, and his ditch, able to distinguish the sound of each village bell in the neighborhood, using water only to drink, wearing a leather jacket covered with silk arabesque—uncultivated, but clad embroidered—tattooing his garments as his ancestors, the Celts, had tattooed their faces, looking up to a master in his executioner, speaking a dead language, which was like forcing his thoughts to dwell in a tomb; driving his bullocks, sharpening

his scythe, winnowing his black grain, kneading his buckwheat biscuit, venerating his plow first, his grandmother next; believing in the Blessed Virgin and the White Lady; devoted to the altar, but also to the lofty mysterious stone standing in the midst of the moor; a laborer in the plain, a fisher on the coast, a poacher in the thicket, loving his kings, his lords, his priests, his very lice; pensive, often immovable for entire hours upon the great deserted sea-shore, a melancholy listener to the sea.

It is difficult to picture to one's self what those Breton forests really were; they were towns. Nothing could be more secret, more silent, and more savage than those inextricable entanglements of thorns and branches; those vast thickets were the home of immobility and silence; no solitude could present an appearance more death-like and sepulchral; yet if it had been possible to fell those trees at one blow, as by a flash of lightning, a swarm of men would have stood revealed in those shades. There were wells, round and narrow, masked by coverings of stones and branches, the interior at first vertical, then horizontal, spread-out underground like funnels, and ending in dark chambers; Cambyzes found such in Egypt, and Westernmann found the same in Brittany. There they were found in the desert, here in the forest; the caves of Egypt held dead men, the caves of Brittany were filled with the living. One of the wildest glades of the wood of Mison, perforated by galleries and cells, amid which came and went a mysterious society, was called "the great city." Another glade, not less deserted above ground and not less inhabited beneath, was styled "the place royal." This subterranean life had existed in Brittany from time immemorial. From the earliest days man had there hidden, flying from man. Hence those hiding-places, like the dens of reptiles, hollowed out below the trees. They dated from the era of the Druids, and certain of those crypts were as ancient as the cromlechs. The larvæ of legend and the monsters of history all passed across that shadowy land. Teutates, Caesar, Hoel, Neomenes, Geoffrey of England, Alain of the iron glove, Pierre Mauclerc, the French house of Blois, the English house of Montfort, kings and dukes, the nine barons of Brittany, the judges of the Great Days, the counts of Nantes contesting with the counts of Rennes, highwaymen, banditti, Free Lances, Rene II.,

Viscount de Rohan, the governors for the king, "the good Duke of Chaulnes," hanging the peasants under the windows of Madame de Sevigne; in the fifteenth century, the butcheries by the nobles; in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the wars of religion; in the eighteenth century, the thirty thousand dogs trained to hunt men. Beneath these pitiless trappings the inhabitants made up their minds to disappear. Each in turn—the Troglodytes to escape the Celts, the Celts to escape the Romans, the Bretons to escape the Normans, the Huguenots to escape the Roman

Brittany revolted, finding itself oppressed by this forced deliverance—a mistake natural to slaves.

The gloomy Breton forests took up anew their ancient role, and were the servants and accomplices of this rebellion, as they had been of all others. The subsoil of every forest was a sort of madrepore, pierced and traversed in all directions by a secret highway of mines, cells and galleries. Each one of these blind cells could shelter five or six men. There are in existence certain strange lists which enable one to understand the powerful



HUT OF A VENDEAN PEASANT.

Catholics, the smugglers to escape the excise officers—took refuge first in the forests and then underground—the resource of hunted animals. It is this to which tyranny reduces nations. During two thousand years despotism under all its forms—conquest, feudality, fanaticism, taxes—beset this wretched, distracted Brittany: a sort of inexorable battue, which only ceased under one shape to recommence under another. Men hid underground. When the French Republic burst forth, terror, which is a species of rage, was already latent in human souls, and when the Republic burst forth, the dens were already in the woods.

organization of that past peasant rebellion. In Ille-et-Vilaine, in the forest of Petre, the refuge of the Prince de Talmont, not a breath was heard, not a human trace to be found, yet there collected six thousand men under Focard. In the forest of Meulac, in Morbihan, not a soul was to be seen, yet it held eight thousand men. Still, these two forests, Petre and Meulac, do not count among the great Breton forests. If one trod there, the explosion was terrible. Those hypocritical copses, filled with fighters waiting in a sort of underground labyrinth, were like enormous black sponges, whence, under the pressure

of the gigantic foot of Revolution, civil war spurted out.

Invisible battalions lay there in wait. These untrackable armies wound along beneath the Republican troops; burst suddenly forth from the earth and sank into it again, sprang up in numberless force and vanished at will, gifted with a strange ubiquity and power of disappearance; an avalanche at one instant, gone like a cloud of dust at the next; colossal, yet able to become pigmies at will; giants in battle, dwarfs in ability to conceal themselves—jaguars with the habits of moles.

The women lived in the huts, and the men in the cellars. In carrying on the war, they utilized the galleries of the fairies and the old Celtic mines. Food was carried to the buried men. Some were forgotten and died of hunger; but these were awkward fellows who had not known how to open the mouth of their well. Usually the cover, made of moss and branches, was so artistically fashioned that, although impossible on the outside to distinguish from the surrounding turf, it was very easy to open and close on the inside. These hiding-places were dug with care. The earth taken out of the well was thrown into some neighboring pond. The sides and bottoms were carpeted with ferns and moss. These nooks were called "lodges." The men were as comfortable there as could be expected, considering that they lacked light, fire, bread and air.

It was a difficult matter to unbury themselves and come up among the living without great precaution. They might find themselves between the legs of an army on the march. These were formidable woods; snares with a double trap. The Blues dared not enter; the Whites dared not come out.

These underground belligerents were kept perfectly informed of what was going on. Nothing could be more rapid, nothing more mysterious, than their means of communication. They had cut all the bridges, broken up all the wagons, yet they found means to tell each other everything, to give each other timely warning. Relays of emissaries were established from forest to forest, from village to village, from farm to farm, from cottage to cottage, from bush to bush. A peasant with a stupid air passed by: he carried dispatches in his hollow stick. Many of them were only armed with pikes. Good fowling-

pieces were abundant. No marksmen could be more expert than the poachers of the Bocage and the smugglers of the Loroux. They were strange combatants—terrible and intrepid.

In order to attack the Blues and to leap the ravines, they had their poles fifteen feet in length, called *ferle*, an arm available for combat and for flight. In the thickest of the frays, when the peasants were attacking the Republican squares, if they chanced to meet upon the battle-field a cross or a chapel, all fell upon their knees and said a prayer under the enemy's fire; the rosary counted, such as were still living sprang up again and rushed upon the foe. Alas, what giants! They loaded their guns as they ran; that was their peculiar talent. They were made to believe whatever their leaders chose. The priests showed them other priests whose necks had been reddened by means of a cord, and said to them, "These are the guillotined who have been brought back to life." They had their spasms of chivalry—they honored Fesque, a Republican standard-bearer, who allowed himself to be sabred without losing hold of his flag. The peasants had a vein of mockery: they called the Republican and married priests "*Des sans-culottes devenus sans-culottes*" ("The unpetticoated become the unbreeched").

They began by being afraid of the cannon, then they dashed forward with their sticks and took them. They captured first a fine bronze cannon, which they baptized "The Missionary;" then another which dated from the Roman Catholic wars, upon which were engraved the arms of Richelieu and a head of the Virgin; this they named "Marie Jeanne." When they lost Fontenay they lost Marie Jeanne, about which six hundred peasants fell without flinching; then they retook Fontenay in order to recover Marie Jeanne: they brought it back beneath a fleur-de-lis embroidered banner, and covered with flowers, and forced the women who passed to kiss it. But two cannons were a small store. Stofflet had taken Marie Jeanne; Cathelineau, jealous of his success, started out of Pinen-Mange, assaulted Jallaiz, and captured a third. Forest attacked Saint-Florent, and took a fourth. Two other captains, Chouppes and Saint Pol, did better; they simulated cannons by the trunks of trees, gunners by mannikins, and with this artillery, about which they laughed heartily, made the



ARREST OF A VENDEAN INSURGENT.

Blues retreat to Mareuil. This was their great

niere, the peasants left behind them on the dishonored field of battle thirty-two cannon bearing the arms of England.

They styled the "Jacobin herd" those of the country people who had joined the Blues, and exterminated such with more ferocity than other foes. They loved battle like soldiers, and massacre like brigands. To shoot the "clumsy fellows"—that is, the bourgeois—pleased them; they called that "breaking Lent." At Fontenay, one of their priests, the Cure Barbotin, struck down an old man by a sabre stroke. At Saint-Germain-sur-Ille, one of their captains, a nobleman, shot the solicitor of the Commune and took his watch. At Machecoul, for five weeks they shot Republicans at the rate of thirty a day, settling them in a row, which was called "the rosary." Back of the line was a trench, into which some of the victims fell alive; they were buried all the same. We have seen a revival of such actions. Joubert, the president of the district, had his hands sawed off. They put sharp handcuffs, forged expressly, on the Blues, whom they made prisoners. They massacred them in the public places, with the hunting cry, "In at the death." They preferred a cartridge to a gold louis. They wept when they lost sight of their village belfry. To run away seemed perfectly natural to them; at such times the leaders would cry: "Throw off your sabots, but keep your guns." When munitions were wanting, they counted their rosaries and rushed forth to seize the powder in the caissons of the Republican artillery; later, D'Elbec demanded powder from the English. If they had wounded men among them, at the approach of the enemy they concealed these in the grain-fields or among the ferns, and went back in search of them when the fight was ended. They had no uniforms. Their garments were torn to bits. Peasants and nobles wrapped themselves in any rags they could find. Roger Mouliniers wore a turban and a pelisse taken from the wardrobe of the theatre of La Flèche; the Chevalier de Beauvilliers wore a barber's gown, and set a woman's bonnet on his head over a woollen cap. All wore the white belt and a scarf; different grades were marked by the knots. Stofflet had a red knot; La Rochejacque-
ien, had a black knot; Wimpfen, who was half a

Girondist, and who for that matter never left Normandy, wore the leather jacket of the Carabots of Caen. They had women in their ranks: Madame de Lescure, who became Madame de la Rochejacquelein: Therese de Mollien, the mistress of La Rouarie—she who burned the list of the chiefs of the parishes; Madame de la Roche-foucauld—beautiful, young—who, sabre in hand, rallied the peasants at the foot of the great tower of the castle of Puy Rousseau; and that Antoinette Adams, styled the Chevalier Adams, who was so brave that when captured she was shot standing, out of respect for her courage.

This epic period was a cruel one. Men were mad. Madame de Lescure made her horse tread upon the Republicans stretched on the ground; dead, she averred; only wounded perhaps. Sometimes men proved traitors; the women, never. Mademoiselle Fleury, of the Theatre Francais, went from La Rouarie to Marat, but it was for love. The captains were often as ignorant as the soldiers. Monsieur de Sapinaud could not spell; he was at fault in regard to the orthography of the commonest word. There was enmity among the leaders. The captains of the Marais cried: "Down with those of the High Country!" Their cavalry were not numerous and difficult to form. Pnyssaye writes: "Many a man who would cheerfully give me his two sons grows lukewarm if I ask for one of his horses." Poles, pitchforks, reaping-hooks, guns old and new, poacher's knives, spits, cudgels, bound and studded with iron, these were the arms; some of them carried slung round them crosses made of dead men's bones.

They rushed to an attack with loud cries, springing up suddenly from every quarter, from the woods, the hills, the bushes, the hollows of the roads, killing, exterminating, destroying, then were gone. When they marched through a Republican town they cut down the liberty pole, set it on fire, and danced in circles about it as it burned. All their habits were nocturnal. The Vendean rule was, always to appear unexpectedly. They would march fifteen leagues in silence, not so much as stirring a blade of grass as they went. When evening came, after the chiefs had settled what Republican posts should be surprised on the morrow, the men loaded their guns, mumbled their prayers, pulled off their sabots, and filed in long columns through the woods, marching barefoot across heath and moss, without a sound,

without a word, without a breath. It was like a march of cats through the darkness.

THRILLING ADVENTURE WITH CROCODILES ON THE ST. JOHN'S RIVER.

WILL copy the following thrilling incidents from the writings of William Bartram, the American Naturalist, relating his remarkable experiences on the St. John's river, in Florida, while exploring that country for scientific purposes in 1772 :

The evening was temperately cool and calm. The crocodiles began to roar and appear in uncommon numbers along the shores and in the river. I fixed my camp in an open plain, near the utmost projection of the promontory, under the shelter of a large live oak, which stood on the highest part of the ground, and but a few yards from my boat. From this open, high situation, I had a free prospect of the river, which was a matter of no trivial consideration to me, having good reason to dread the subtle attacks of the alligators, who were crowding about my harbor. Having collected a good quantity of wood for the purpose of keeping up a light and smoke during the night, I began to think of preparing my supper, when, upon examining my stores, I found but a scanty provision. I thereupon determined, as the most expeditious way of supplying my necessities, to take my bob and try for some trout. About one hundred yards above my harbor began a cove or bay of the river, out of which opened a large lagoon. The mouth or entrance from the river to it was narrow, but the waters soon after spread and formed a little lake, extending into the marshes: its entrance and shores within I observed to be verged with floating lawns of the pistia and nymphaea and other aquatic plants; these I knew were excellent haunts for trout.

The verges and islets of the lagoon were elegantly embellished with flowering plants and shrubs; the laughing coots with wings half spread were tripping over the little coves, and hiding themselves in the tufts of grass; young broods of the painted summer teal, skimming the still surface of the waters, and following the watchful parent unconscious of danger, were frequently surprised by the voracious trout; and he, in turn, as often by the subtle greedy alligator. Behold him rushing forth from the flags and reeds. His

enormous body swells. His plaited tail, brandished high, floats upon the lake. The waters like a cataract descend from his opening jaws. Clouds of smoke issue from his dilated nostrils. The earth trembles with his thunder. When immediately from the opposite coast of the lagoon emerges from the deep his rival champion. They suddenly dart upon each other. The boiling surface of the lake marks their rapid course, and terrific conflict commences. They now sink to the bottom folded together in horrid wreaths. The water becomes thick and discolored. Again they rise, their jaws clap together, re-echoing through the deep surrounding forests. Again they sink, when the contest ends at the muddy bottom of the lake, and the vanquished makes a hazardous escape, hiding himself in the muddy turbulent waters and sedge on a distant shore. The proud victor exulting returns to the place of action. The shores and forests resound his dreadful roar, together with the triumphing shouts of the plaited tribes around, witnesses of the horrid combat.

My apprehensions were highly alarmed after being a spectator of so dreadful a battle. It was obvious that every delay would but tend to increase my dangers and difficulties, as the sun was near setting, and the alligators gathered around my harbor from all quarters. From these considerations I concluded to be expeditious in my trip to the lagoon, in order to take some fish. Not thinking it prudent to take my fusce with me, lest I might lose it overboard in case of a battle, which I had every reason to dread before my return, I therefore furnished myself with a club for my defense, went on board, and penetrating the first line of those which surrounded my harbor, they gave way; but being pursued by several very large ones, I kept strictly on the watch, and paddled with all my might towards the entrance of the lagoon, hoping to be sheltered there from the multitude of my assailants; ere I had half-way reached the place, I was attacked on all sides, several endeavoring to over-set the canoe. My situation now became precarious to the last degree: two very large ones attacked me closely, at the same instant, rushing up with their heads and part of their bodies above the water, roaring terribly and belching floods of water over me. They struck their jaws together so close to my ears, as almost to stun me, and

expected every moment to be dragged out of the boat and instantly devoured. But I applied my weapons so effectually about me, though at random, that I was so successful as to beat them off a little; when finding that they designed to renew the battle, I made for the shore, as the only means left me for my preservation; for, by keeping close to it, I should have my enemies on one side of me only, whereas I was before surrounded by them; and there was a probability, if pursued to the last extremity, of saving myself by jumping out of the canoe on shore, as it is easy to outwalk them on land, although comparatively as swift as lightning in the water. I found this last experiment alone could fully answer my expectations, for as soon as I gained the shore, they drew off and kept aloof. This was a happy relief, as my confidence was, in some degree, recovered by it. On recollecting myself, I discovered that I had almost reached the entrance of the lagoon, and determined to venture in, if possible, to take a few fish, and then return to my harbor, while daylight continued; for I could now with caution and resolution, make my way with safety along shore; and indeed there was no other way to regain my camp, without leaving my boat and making my retreat through the marshes and reeds, which, if I could even effect, would have been in a manner throwing myself away, for then there would have been no hopes of ever recovering my bark, and returning in safety to any settlement of men. I accordingly proceeded, and, made good my entrance into the lagoon, though not without opposition from the alligators, who formed a line across the entrance, but did not pursue me into it, nor was I molested by any there, though there were some very large ones in a cove at the upper end. I soon caught more trout than I had present occasion for, and the air was too hot and sultry to admit of their being kept for many hours, even though salted or barbecued. I now prepared for my return to camp, which I succeeded in with but little trouble, by keeping close to the shore; yet I was opposed upon re-entering the river out of the lagoon, and pursued near to my landing (though not closely attacked), particularly by an audacious one, about twelve feet in length, who kept close after me; and when I stepped on shore and turned about, in order to draw up my canoe, he rushed up near my feet, and lay there for some time looking me in the face, his head and

shoulders out of water. I resolved he should pay for his temerity, and having a heavy load in my fusée, I ran to my camp, and returning with my piece, found him with his foot on the gunwale of the boat, in search of fish. On my coming up he withdrew sullenly and slowly into the water, but soon returned and placed himself in his former position, looking at me, and seeming neither fearful nor any way disturbed. I soon dispatched him by lodging the contents of my gun in his head, and then proceeded to cleanse and prepare my fish for supper: and accordingly took them out of the boat, laid them down on the sand close to the water, and began to scale them: when, raising my head, I saw before me, through the clear water, the head and shoulders of a very large alligator, moving slowly towards me. I instantly stepped back, when, with a sweep of his tail, he brushed off several of my fish. It was certainly most providential that I looked up at that instant, as the monster would probably, in less than a minute, have seized and dragged me into the river. This incredible boldness of the animal disturbed me greatly, supposing there could now be no reasonable safety for me during the night, but by keeping constantly on the watch; I therefore, as soon as I had prepared the fish, proceeded to secure myself and effects in the best manner I could. In the first place, I hauled my bark upon the shore, almost clear out of the water, to prevent their over-setting or sinking her; after this, every movable was taken out and carried to my camp, which was but a few yards off; then ranging some dry wood in such order as was the most convenient, I cleared the ground round about it, that there might be no impediment in my way, in case of an attack in the night, either from the water or the land; for I discovered by this time, that this small isthmus, from its remote situation and fruitfulness, was resorted to by bears and wolves. Having prepared myself in the best manner I could, I recharged my gun, and proceeded to reconnoitre my camp and the adjacent grounds; when I discovered that the peninsula and grove, at the distance of about two hundred yards from my encampment, on the land side, were invested by a cypress swamp, covered with water, which below was joined to the shore of the little lake, and above to the marshes surrounding the lagoon; so that I was confined to an island exceedingly circumscribed, and I found

there was no other retreat for me, in case of an attack, but by either ascending one of the large oaks, or pushing off with my boat.

It was by this time dusk, and the alligators had nearly ceased their roar, when I was again alarmed by a tumultuous noise that seemed to be in my harbor, and therefore engaged my immediate attention. Returning to my camp, I found it undisturbed, and then continued on to the extreme point of the promontory, where I saw a scene, new and surprising, which at first threw my senses into such a tumult that it was some time before I could comprehend what was the matter; however, I soon accounted for this prodigious assemblage



ALLIGATORS IN THE ST. JOHN'S RIVER.

of crocodiles at this place, which exceeded everything of the kind I had ever heard of.

How shall I express myself so as to convey an adequate idea of it to the reader, and at the same time avoid raising suspicions of my veracity? Should I say that the river (in this place) from shore to shore, and perhaps near half a mile above and below me, appeared to be one solid bank of fish, of various kinds, pushing through this narrow pass of St. John's into the little lake, on their return down the river, and that the alligators were in such incredible numbers and so close together from shore to shore, that it would have been easy to have walked across on their heads, had the animals been harmless! What expressions can sufficiently declare the shocking scene that for

some minutes continued, while this mighty army of fish were forcing the pass? During this attempt, thousands, I may say hundreds of thousands, of them were caught and swallowed by the devouring alligators. I have seen an alligator take up out of the water several great fish at a time, and just squeeze them betwixt his jaws, while the tails of the great trout flapped about his eyes and lips, ere he had swallowed them. The horrid noise of their closing jaws, their plunging amidst the broken banks of fish, and rising with their prey some feet upright above the water, the floods of water and blood rushing out of their mouths, and the clouds of vapor issuing from their wide nostrils, were truly frightful. This scene continued at intervals during the night, as the fish came to the pass. After this sight, shocking and tremendous as it was, I found myself somewhat easier and more reconciled to my situation; being convinced that their extraordinary assemblage here was owing to this annual feast of fish, and that they were so well employed in their own element that I had little occasion to fear their paying me a visit.

It being now almost night, I returned to my camp, where I had left my fish broiling, and my kettle of rice stewing; and having with me oil, pepper, and salt, and excellent oranges hanging in abundance over my head (a valuable substitute for vinegar), I sat down and regaled myself cheerfully. Having finished my repast, I rekindled my fire for light, and whilst I was revising the notes of my past day's journey, I was suddenly roused with a noise behind me toward the main land. I sprang up on my feet, and listening, I distinctly heard some creature wading in the water of the isthmus. I seized my gun and went cautiously from my camp, directing my steps towards the noise. When I had advanced about thirty yards, I halted behind a coppice of orange trees, and soon perceived two very large bears, which had made their way through the water, and had landed in the grove, about one hundred yards' distance from me, and were advancing towards me. I waited until they were within thirty yards of me: they there began to snuff and look towards my camp. I snapped my piece, but it flashed, on

which they both turned about and galloped off, plunging through the water and swamp, never halting, as I suppose, until they reached fast land, as I could hear them leaping and plunging a long time. They did not presume to return again, nor was I molested by any other creatures except being occasionally awakened by the whooping of owls, screaming of bitterns, or the wood-rats running amongst the leaves.

CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

BY THOMAS JEFFERSON.

I THINK I knew General Washington intimately and thoroughly; and were I called on to delineate his character, it should be in terms like these:—

His mind was great and powerful, without being of the very first order; his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of a Newton, Bacon, or Locke; and as far as he saw, no judgment was ever sounder. It was slow in operation, being little aided by invention or imagination, but sure in conclusion. Hence the common remark of his officers, of the advantage he derived from councils of war, where, hearing all suggestions, he selected the best; and certainly no general ever planned his battles more judiciously. But if deranged during the course of the action, if any member of his plan was dislocated by sudden circumstance, he was slow in re-adjustment. The consequence was, that he often failed in the field, and rarely against an enemy in station, as at Boston and York. He was incapable of fear, meeting personal dangers with the calmest unconcern. Perhaps the strongest feature in his character was prudence, never acting until every circumstance, every consideration was maturely weighed, refraining, if he saw a doubt; but, when once decided, going through with his purpose, whatever obstacles opposed. His integrity was most pure, his justice the most inflexible I have ever known; no motives of interest or consanguinity, of friendship, or hatred, being able to bias his decisions. He was, indeed, in every sense of the word, a wise, a good, and a great man. His temper was naturally irritable and high-toned; but reflection and resolution had obtained a firm and habitual ascendancy over it. If ever, however, it broke its bonds, he was most tremendous in his wrath. In his expenses he was honorable, but exact; liberal

in his contributions to whatever promised utility; but frowning and unyielding on all visionary projects and all unworthy calls on his charity. His heart was not warm in its affections; but he exactly calculated every man's value, and gave him a solid esteem proportioned to it. His person, you know, was fine; his stature exactly what one would wish; his deportment easy, erect, and noble; the best horseman of his age, and the most graceful figure that could be seen on horseback. Although in the circle of his friends, where he might be unreserved with safety, he took a free share in conversation, his colloquial talents were not above mediocrity, possessing neither copiousness of ideas nor fluency of words. In public, when called on for a sudden opinion, he was unready, short, and embarrassed. Yet he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in an easy and correct style. This he had acquired by conversation with the world, for his education was merely reading, writing, and common arithmetic, to which he added surveying, at a later day. His time was employed in action chiefly, reading little, and that only on agricultural and English history. His correspondence became necessarily extensive and, with journalizing his agricultural proceedings, occupied most of his leisure hours within doors. On the whole, his character was in its mass, perfect; in nothing bad, in few points indifferent; and it may truly be said, that never did nature and fortune combine more perfectly to make a man great, and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from man an everlasting remembrance. For his was the singular destiny and merit of leading the armies of his country successfully through an arduous war, for the establishment of its independence; of conducting its councils through the birth of a government, new in its forms and principles, until it had settled down into a quiet and orderly train; and of scrupulously obeying the laws through the whole of his career, civil and military, of which the history of the world furnishes no other example.

JEFFERSON'S RULES OF LIFE.

1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.

3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want, because it is cheap ; it will be dear to you.
5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst, and cold.
6. We never repent of having eaten too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much pain have cost us the evils that have never happened .
9. Take things always by their smooth handle.
10. When angry, count ten before you speak ; if very angry, an hundred.

INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF LINDLEY MURRAY, THE GRAMMARIAN.

I HAVE sometimes hesitated, respecting the propriety of communicating this little piece of my history. But as it is intimately connected with events of this period, and contains some traits of disposition and character in early life, I have at length concluded to relinquish my scruples on this subject. The following is the occurrence to which I allude :

Though my father, as the events already mentioned demonstrate, had an earnest desire to promote my interest and happiness, yet he appeared to me, in some respects, and on some occasions, rather too rigorous. Among other regulations, he had, with true parental prudence, given me general directions not to leave the house, in an evening, without previously obtaining his approbation. I believe that his permission was generally and readily procured. But a particular instance occurred, in which, on account of his absence, I could not apply to him. I was invited by an uncle to spend the evening with him ; and trusting to this circumstance, and to the respectability of my company, I ventured to break the letter, though I thought not the spirit, of the injunction which had been laid upon me. The next morning, I was taken by my father into a private apartment, and remonstrated with for my disobedience. In vain were my apologies. Nothing that I could offer was considered as an extenuation of my having broken a plain and positive command. In short, I received a very severe chastisement ; and was threatened with a repetition of it, for every similar offence. Being a lad of some spirit, I felt very indignant at such treatment, under circumstances which, as I conceived, admitted of so much

alleviation. I could not bear it ; I resolved to leave my father's house, and seek in a distant country, what I conceived to be an asylum, or a better fortune. Young and ardent, I did not want confidence in my own powers : and I presumed that, with health and strength, which I possessed in a superior degree, I could support myself, and make my way happily through life. I meditated on my plan ; and came to the resolution of taking my books and all my property with me, to a town in the interior of the country, where I had understood there was an excellent seminary, kept by a man of distinguished talents and learning. Here I purposed to remain, till I had learned the French language, which I thought would be of great use to me ; and till I had acquired as much other improvements as my funds would admit. With this stock of knowledge, I presumed that I should set out in life under much greater advantages than I should possess by entering immediately into business, with my small portion of property, and great inexperience. I was then about fourteen years of age. My views being thus arranged, I procured a new suit of clothes, entirely different from those which I had been accustomed to wear, packed up my little all and left the city, without exciting any suspicion of my design, till it was too late to prevent its accomplishment.

In a short time I arrived at the place of destination. I settled myself immediately as a boarder in the seminary, and commenced my studies. The prospect which I entertained was so luminous and cheering, that, on the whole, I did not regret the part I had acted. Past recollections and future hopes combined to animate me. The chief uneasiness which I felt in my present situation, must have arisen from the reflection of having lost the society and attentions of a most affectionate mother, and of having occasioned sorrow to her feeling mind. But as I had passed the Rubicon, and believed I could not be comfortable at home, I contented myself with the thought, that the pursuit of the objects before me was better calculated than any other, to produce my happiness. In this quiet retreat, I had as much enjoyment as my circumstances were adapted to convey. The pleasure of study, and the glow of a fond imagination, brightened the scenes around me. And the consciousness of a state of freedom and independence undoubtedly contributed to augment my gratifications, and to animate my youthful heart. But

my continuance in this delightful situation was not of long duration. Circumstances of an apparently trivial nature concurred to overturn the visionary fabric I had formed, and to bring me again to the paternal roof.

I had a particular friend, a youth about my own age, who resided at Philadelphia. I wished to pay him a short visit, and then resume my studies. We met according to appointment, at an inn on the road. I enjoyed his society, and communicated to him my situation and views. But before I returned to my retreat an occurrence took place which occasioned me to go to Philadelphia. When I was about to leave that city, as I passed through one of the streets, I met a gentleman who had some time before dined at my father's house. He expressed great pleasure on seeing me; and inquired when I expected to leave the city. I told him I was then on the point of setting off. He thought the occasion very fortunate for him. He had just been with a letter to the post office; but found that he was too late. The letter, he said, was of importance; and he begged that I would deliver it with my own hand, and as soon as I arrived at New York, to the person for whom it was directed. Surprised by the request, and unwilling to state to him my situation, I engaged to take good care of the letter.

My new residence was at Burlington, about twenty miles from Philadelphia. I travelled towards it rather pensive, and uncertain what plan to adopt respecting the letter. I believe that I sometimes thought of putting it into the post office; sometimes, of hiring a person to deliver it. But the confidence which had been reposed in me; the importance of the trust; and my tacit engagement to deliver it personally; operated so powerfully on my mind, that after I had ridden a few miles, I determined, whatever risk and expense I might incur, to hire a carriage for the purpose, to go to New York as speedily as possible, deliver the letter, and return immediately. My design, so far as it respected the charge of the letter, was completely accomplished. I delivered it, according to the direction, and my own engagement. I was, however, obliged to remain in New York that night, as the packet-boat, in which I had crossed the bay, could not sail till next morning. This was a mortifying circumstance, as I wished to return very expeditiously. The delay was, however, unavoidable. I put up at an

inn, near the wharf from which the packet was to sail in the morning, and waited for that period with some anxiety.

I thought I had conducted my business with so much caution, that no one acquainted with me had known of my being in the city. I had, however, been noticed by some person who knew me; and, in the evening, to my great surprise, my uncle, whom I have mentioned before, paid me a visit. He treated me affectionately, and with much prudent attention; and, after some time, strenuously urged me to go with him to my father's house; but I firmly refused to comply with his request. At length he told me, that my mother was greatly distressed on account of my absence; and that I should be unkind and undutiful, if I did not see her. This made a strong impression upon me. I resolved, therefore, to spend a short time with her, and then return to my lodgings. The meeting which I had with my dear and tender parent was truly affecting to me. Everything that passed, evinced the great affection she had for me, and the sorrow into which my departure from home had plunged her. After I had been some time at the house, my father unexpectedly came in; and my embarrassment, under these circumstances, may easily be conceived. It was, however, instantly removed, by his approaching me in the most affectionate manner. He saluted me very tenderly; and expressed great satisfaction on seeing me again. Every degree of resentment was immediately dissipated. I felt myself happy, in perceiving the pleasure which my society could afford to persons intimately connected with me, and to whom I was so much indebted. We spent the evening together in love and harmony; and I abandoned entirely, without a moment's hesitation, the idea of leaving a house and family, which were now dearer to me than ever.

NELSON'S GREAT VICTORY AT TRAFALGAR.

FRUSTRATED as his own hopes had been, Nelson had yet the high satisfaction of knowing that his judgment had never been more conspicuously approved, and that he had rendered essential service to his country by driving the enemy from those islands, where they expected there could be no force capable of opposing them. The West India merchants in London, as men whose interests were more immediately benefited, appointed a deputation to express their thanks

for his great and judicious exertions. It was now his intention to rest awhile from his labors, and recruit himself, after all his fatigues and cares, in the society of those whom he loved. All his stores were brought up from the *Victory*; and he found in his house at Merton the enjoyment which he had anticipated. Many days had not elapsed before Captain Blackwood, on his way to London with despatches, called on him at five in the morning. Nelson, who was already dressed, exclaimed, the moment he saw him: "I am sure you bring me news of the French and Spanish fleets! I think I shall yet have to beat them!" They had refitted at Vigo, after the indecisive action with Sir Robert Calder; then proceeded to Ferrol, brought out the squadron from thence, and with it entered Cadiz in safety. "Depend on it, Blackwood," he repeatedly said, "I shall yet give M. Villeneuve a drubbing." But, when Blackwood had left him, he wanted resolution to declare his wishes to Lady Hamilton and his sisters, and endeavored to drive away the thought. "He had done enough," he said; "let the man trudge it who has lost his budget!" His countenance belied his lips; and as he was pacing one of the walks in the garden, which he used to call the quarter-deck, Lady Hamilton came up to him, and told him she saw he was uneasy. He smiled, and said: "No, he was as happy as possible, he was surrounded by his family, his health was better since he had been on shore, and he would not give sixpence to call the king his uncle." She replied, that she did not believe him,—that she knew he was longing to get at the combined fleets,—that he considered them as his own property,—that he would be miserable if any man but himself did the business; and that he ought to have them as the price and reward of his two years long watching, and his hard chase. "Nelson," said she, "however we may lament your absence, offer your services;—they will be accepted, and you will gain a quiet heart by it: you will have a glorious victory, and then you may return here and be happy." He looked at her with tears in his eyes—"Brave Emma!—Good Emma!—If there were more Emmas; there would be more Nelsons."

His services were as willingly accepted as they were offered, and Lord Barham, giving him the list of the navy, desired him to choose his own officers. "Choose yourself, my lord," was his

reply: "the same spirit actuates the whole profession: you cannot choose wrong." Lord Barham then desired him to say what ships, and how many, he would wish, in addition to the fleet which he was going to command, and said they should follow him as soon as each was ready. No appointment was ever more in unison with the feelings and judgment of the whole nation. They, like Lady Hamilton, thought that the destruction of the combined fleets ought properly to be Nelson's work: that he ought to reap the spoils of the chase, which he had watched so long, and so perseveringly pursued.

Unremitting exertions were made to equip the ships which he had chosen, and especially to refit the *Victory*, which was once more to bear his flag. Before he left London he called at his upholsterer's, where the coffin, which Captain Hallowell had given him, was deposited; and desired that his history might be engraven upon the lid, saying that it was highly probable that he might want it on his return. He seemed, indeed, to have been impressed with an expectation that he should fall in the battle. In a letter to his brother, written immediately after his return, he had said: "We must not talk of Sir Robert Calder's battle—I might not have done so much with my small force. If I had fallen in with them, you might probably have been a lord before I wished; for I know they meant to make a dead set at the *Victory*. Nelson had once regarded the prospect of death with gloomy satisfaction; it was when he anticipated the upbraidings of his wife, and the displeasure of his venerable father. The state of his feelings now was expressed, in his private journal, in these words:—"Friday night (Sept 13), at half-past ten, I drove from dear, dear Merton, where I left all which I hold dear in this world, to go to serve my king and country. May the great God, whom I adore, enable me to fulfil the expectations of my country! and, if it is His good pleasure that I should return, my thanks will never cease being offered up to the throne of His mercy. If it is His good providence to cut short my days upon earth, I bow with the greatest submission; relying that He will protect those so dear to me, whom I may leave behind! His will be done! Amen! Amen! Amen!"

Early on the following morning he reached Portsmouth; and, having despatched his business

on shore, endeavored to elude the populace by taking a bye-way to the beach; but a crowd collected in his train, pressing forward to obtain a sight of his face—many were in tears, and many knelt down before him, and blessed him as he passed. England has had many heroes, but never one who so entirely possessed the love of his fellow-countrymen as Nelson. All men knew that his heart was as humane as it was fearless; that there was not in his nature the slightest alloy of selfishness or cupidity; but that, with perfect and entire devotion, he served his country with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his strength; and, therefore, they loved him as truly and as fervently as he loved England. They pressed upon the parapet to gaze after him when his barge pushed off, and he was returning their cheers by waving his hat. The sentinels, who endeavored to prevent them from trespassing upon this ground, were wedged among the crowd; and an officer, who, not very prudently upon such an occasion, ordered them to drive the people down with their bayonets, was compelled speedily to retreat, for the people would not be debarred from gazing, till the last moment, upon the hero, the darling hero of England.

He arrived off Cadiz on the 29th of September,—his birthday. Fearing that, if the enemy knew his force, they might be deterred from venturing to sea, he kept out of sight of land, desired Collingwood to fire no salute and hoist no colors; and wrote to Gibraltar, to request that the force of the fleet might not be inserted there in the "Gazette." His reception in the Mediterranean fleet was as gratifying as the farewell of his countrymen at Portsmouth: the officers, who came on board to welcome him, forgot his rank as commander, in their joy at seeing him again. On the day of his arrival, Villeneuve received orders to put to sea the first opportunity. Villeneuve, however, hesitated when he heard that Nelson had resumed the command. He called a council of war; and their determination was, that it would not be expedient to leave Cadiz, unless they had reason to believe themselves stronger by one-third than the British force. In the public measures of England secrecy is seldom practicable, and seldom attempted; here, however, by the precaution of Nelson and the wise measures of the Admiralty, the enemy were for once kept in ignorance; for, as the ships appointed to reinforce the

Mediterranean fleet were dispatched singly—each as soon as it was ready—their collected number was not stated in the newspapers, and their arrival was not known to the enemy. But the enemy knew that Admiral Lewis, with six sail, had been detached for stores and water to Gibraltar. Accident also contributed to make the French admiral doubt whether Nelson himself had actually taken the command. An American lately, arrived from England maintained that it was impossible, for he had seen him only a few days before in London, and at that time there was no rumor of his going again to sea.

The station which Nelson had chosen was some fifty or sixty miles to the west of Cadiz, near Cape St. Mary's. At this distance he hoped to decoy the enemy out, while he guarded against the danger of being caught with a westerly wind near Cadiz, and driven within the Straits. The blockade of the port was rigorously enforced; in hopes that the combined fleet might be forced to sea by want. The Danish vessels, therefore, which were carrying provisions from the French ports in the bay, under the name of Danish property, to all the little ports from Ayamonte to Algeziras, from whence they were conveyed in coasting boats to Cadiz, were seized. Without this proper exertion of power, the blockade would have been rendered nugatory, by the advantage thus taken of the neutral flag. The supplies from France were thus effectually cut off. There was now every indication that the enemy would speedily venture out: officers and men were in the highest spirits at the prospect of giving them a decisive blow, such, indeed, as would put an end to all further contest upon the seas. Theatrical amusements were performed every evening in most of the ships, and "God Save the King" was the hymn with which the sports concluded. "I verily believe," says Nelson (writing on the 6th of October), "that the country will be put to some expense on my account; either a monument, or a new pension and honors; for I have not the smallest doubt but that a very few days, almost hours, will put us in battle. The success no man can ensure; but for fighting them, if they can be got at, I pledge myself. The sooner the better: I don't like to have these things upon my mind."

At this time he was not without some cause of anxiety: he was in want of frigates,—the eyes of

the fleet 'as he always called them :—to the want of which, the enemy before were indebted for their escape, and Bonaparte for his arrival in Egypt. He 'ad only twenty-three ships—others were on the way—but might come too late ; and, though Nelson never doubted of victory, mere victory was not what he looked to, he wanted to annihilate the enemy's fleet.

On the 9th Nelson sent Collingwood what he called, in his diary, the Nelson-touch. "I send you," said he, "my plan of attack, as far as a man dare venture to guess at the very uncertain position the enemy may be found in : but it is to place you perfectly at ease respecting my intentions, and to give full scope to your judgment for carrying them into effect. We can, my dear Coll, have no little jealousies. We have only one great object in view, that of annihilating our enemies, and getting a glorious peace for our country. No man has more confidence in another than I have in you ; and no man will render your services more justice than your very old friend Nelson and Bronte." The order of sailing was to be the order of battle : the fleet in two lines, with an advanced squadron of eight of the fastest sailing two-deckers. The second in command having the entire direction of his line, was to break through the enemy, about the twelfth ship from their rear : he would lead through the centre, and the advanced squadron was to cut off three or four ahead of the centre. This plan was to be adapted to the strength of the enemy, so that they should always be one-fourth superior to those whom they cut off. Nelson said, "That his admirals and captains, knowing his precise object to be that of a close and decisive action, would supply any deficiency of signals, and act accordingly. In case signals cannot be seen or clearly understood, no captain can do wrong if he places his ship alongside that of an enemy." One of the last orders of this admirable man was, that the name and family of every officer, seaman and marine, who might be killed or wounded in action, should be, as soon as possible, returned to him, in order to be transmitted to the chairman of the Patriotic Fund, that the case might be taken into consideration, for the benefit of the sufferer or his family.

About half-past nine in the morning of the 19th, the Mars, being the nearest to the fleet of the ships which formed the line of communication with the frigates in shore, repeated the signal that

the enemy were coming out of port. The wind was at this time very high, with partial breezes, mostly from the S. S. W. Nelson ordered the signal to be made for a chase in the south-east quarter. About two, the repeating ships announced that the enemy were at sea. All night the British fleet continued under all sail, steering to the south-east. At daybreak they were in the entrance of the Straits, but the enemy were not in sight. About seven, one of the frigates made signal that the enemy were bearing north. Upon this the *Victory* hove to ; and shortly afterwards Nelson made sail again to the northward. In the afternoon the wind blew fresh from the south-west, and the English began to fear that the foe might be forced to return to port. A little before sunset, however, Blackwood, in the *Euryalus*, telegraphed that they appeared determined to go to the westward,—“And that,” said the admiral in his diary, “they shall not do, if it is in the power of Nelson and Bronte to prevent them.” Nelson had signified to Blackwood that he depended upon him to keep sight of the enemy. They were observed so well, that all their motions were made known to him ; and, as they were twice, he inferred that they were aiming to keep the port of Cadiz open, and would retreat there as soon as they saw the British fleet : for this reason he was very careful not to approach near enough to be seen by them during the night. At daybreak the combined fleets were distinctly seen from the *Victory's* deck, formed in a close line of battle ahead, on the starboard tack, about twelve miles to leeward, and standing to the south. The British fleet consisted of twenty-seven sail of the line and four frigates ; the French and Spanish of thirty-three, and seven large frigates. Their superiority was greater in size, and weight of metal, than in numbers. They had four thousand troops on board ; and the best riflemen who could be procured, many of them Tyrolese, were dispersed through the ships.

Soon after daylight Nelson came upon deck. The 21st of October was a festival in his family : because on that day his uncle, Captain Suckling, in the *Dreadnough*, with two other line of battle ships, had beaten off a French squadron of four sail of the line and three frigates. Nelson, with that sort of superstition from which few persons are entirely exempt, had more than once expressed his persuasion that this was to be the

day of his battle also; and he was well pleased at seeing his prediction about to be verified. The wind was now from the west,—light breezes, with a long heavy swell. Signal was made to bear down upon the enemy in two lines; and the fleet set all sail. Collingwood, in the *Royal Sovereign*, led the lee line of thirteen ships; the *Victory* led the weather line of fourteen. Having seen that all was as it should be, Nelson retired to his cabin, and wrote this paper:—

"May the Great God, whom I worship, grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory; and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet! For myself individually, I commit my life to Him that made me, and may His blessing alight on my endeavors for serving my country faithfully! To Him I resign myself, and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend. Amen, Amen, Amen."

Having thus discharged his devotional duties, he annexed, in the same diary, the following remarkable writing:—

"October 21st, 1805.—Then in sight of the combined fleets of France and Spain, distant about ten miles.

Whereas, the eminent services of Emma Hamilton, widow of the Right Honorable Sir William Hamilton, have been of the very greatest service to my king and country, to my knowledge, without ever receiving any reward from either our king or country:

"First, that she obtained the King of Spain's letter, in 1796, to his brother, the King of Naples, acquainting him with his intention to declare war against England: from which letter the ministry sent out orders to the then Sir John Jervis to strike a stroke, if opportunity offered, against either the arsenals of Spain or her fleets. That neither of these was done is not the fault of Lady Hamilton; the opportunity might have been offered.

"Secondly: The British fleet under my command could never have returned the second time to Egypt, had not Lady Hamilton's influence with the Queen of Naples caused letters to be wrote to the governor of Syracuse, that he was to encourage the fleet's being supplied with everything, should they put into any port in Sicily. He put into Syracuse, and received every sup-

ply; went to Egypt, and destroyed the French fleet.

"Could I have rewarded these services, I would not now call upon my country; but as that has not been in my power, I leave Emma Lady Hamilton, therefore, a legacy to my king and country, that they will give her an ample provision to maintain her rank in life.

"I also leave to the beneficence of my country my adopted daughter, Horatia Nelson Thompson; and I desire she will use in future the name of Nelson only.

"These are the only favors I ask of my king and country, at this moment when I am going to fight their battle. May God bless my king and country, and all those I hold dear! My relations it is needless to mention: they will, of course, be amply provided for.

"NELSON AND BRONTE."

"Witness { Henry Blackwood,
 { T. M. Hardy."

The child, of whom this writing speaks, was believed to be his daughter, and so, indeed, he called her the last time that he pronounced her name. She was then about five years old, living at Merton, under Lady Hamilton's care. The last minutes which Nelson passed at Merton were employed in praying over this child as she lay sleeping. A portrait of Lady Hamilton hung in his cabin; and no Catholic ever beheld the picture of his patron saint with devouter reverence. The undisguised and romantic passion with which he regarded it amounted almost to superstition; and when the portrait was now taken down, in clearing for action, he desired the men who removed it to "take care of his guardian angel." In this manner he frequently spoke of it as if he believed there were a virtue in the image. He wore a miniature of her next his heart. Blackwood went on board the "*Victory*" about six. He found him in good spirits, but very calm; not in that exhilaration which he had felt upon entering into battle at Aboukir and Copenhagen; he knew that his own life would be particularly aimed at, and seems to have looked for death with almost as sure an expectation as for victory. His whole attention was fixed upon the enemy. They tacked to the northward, and formed their line on the larboard tack; thus bringing the shoals of Trafalgar and St. Pedro under the lee of the British, and keeping the port of Cadiz open for themselves. This

was judiciously done : and Nelson, aware of all the advantages which it gave them, made signal to prepare to anchor.

Villeneuve was a skilful seaman ; his plan of defence was as well conceived, and as original, as the plan of attack. He formed the fleet in a double line, every alternate ship being about a cable's length to windward of her second ahead and astern. Nelson, certain of a triumphant issue to the day, asked Blackwood what he should consider as a victory. That officer answered, that, considering the handsome way in which battle was offered by the enemy, their apparent determination for a fair trial of strength, and the situation of the land, he thought it would be a glorious result if fourteen were captured. He replied : " I shall not be satisfied with less than twenty." Soon afterwards he asked him if he did not think there was a signal wanting. Captain Blackwood made answer that he thought the whole fleet seemed very clearly to understand what they were about. These words were scarcely spoken before that signal was made, which will be remembered as long as the language, or even the memory, of England shall endure ;—Nelson's last signal :—" *England expects every man to do his duty!*" It was received throughout the fleet with a shout of answering acclamation, made sublime by the spirit which it breathed and the feeling which it expressed. " Now," said Lord Nelson, " I can do no more. We must trust to the Great Disposer of all events, and the justice of our cause. I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my duty."

He wore that day, as usual, his admiral's frock coat, bearing on the left breast four stars of the different orders with which he was invested. Ornaments which rendered him so conspicuous a mark for the enemy were beheld with ominous apprehensions by his officers. It was known that there were riflemen on board the French ships ; and it could not be doubted but that his life would be particularly aimed at. They communicated their fears to each other ; and the surgeon, Mr. Beatty, spoke to the chaplain, Dr. Scott, and to Mr. Scott, the public secretary, desiring that some person would entreat him to change his dress, or cover the stars ; but they knew that such a request would highly displease him. " In honour I gained them," he had said when such a thing had been hinted to him formerly, " and in

honour I will die with them." Mr. Beatty, however, would not have been deterred by any fear of exciting his displeasure, from speaking to him himself upon a subject, in which the weal of England as well as the life of Nelson was concerned, but he was ordered from the deck before he could find an opportunity. This was a point upon which Nelson's officers knew that it was hopeless to remonstrate or reason with him ; but both Blackwood, and his own captain, Hardy, represented to him how advantageous to the fleet it would be for him to keep out of action as long as possible ; and he consented at last to let the *Leviathan* and the *Temeraire*, which were sailing abreast of the *Victory*, be ordered to pass ahead. Yet even here the last infirmity of this noble mind was indulged ; for these ships could not pass ahead if the *Victory* continued to carry all her sail ; and so far was Nelson from shortening sail, that it was evident he took pleasure in pressing on, and rendering it impossible for them to obey his own orders. A long swell was setting into the Bay of Cadiz : our ships, crowding all sail, moved majestically before it, with light winds from the south-west. The sun shone on the sails of the enemy ; and their well-formed line, with their numerous three-deckers, made an appearance which any other assailants would have thought formidable ; but the British sailors only admired the beauty and the splendor of the spectacle ; and, in full confidence of winning what they saw, remarked to each other what a fine sight yonder ships would make at Spithead !

The French admiral, from the *Bucentaure*, beheld the new manner in which his enemy was advancing, Nelson and Collingwood each leading his line ; and, pointing them out to his officers, he is said to have exclaimed that such conduct could not fail to be successful. Yet Villeneuve had made his own dispositions with the utmost skill, and the fleets under his command waited for the attack with perfect coolness. Ten minutes before twelve they opened their fire. Eight or nine of the ships immediately ahead of the *Victory*, and across her bows, fired single guns at her to ascertain whether she was yet within their range. As soon as Nelson perceived that their shot passed over him, he desired Blackwood, and Captain Prowse, of the *Sirius*, to repair to their respective frigates ; and, on their way to tell all the captains of the line of battle ships that he depended on

their exertions; and that, if by the prescribed mode of attack they found it impracticable to get into action immediately, they might adopt whatever they thought best, provided it led them quickly and closely alongside an enemy. As they were standing on the front of the poop, Blackwood took him by the hand, saying, he hoped soon to return and find him in possession of twenty prizes. He replied: "God bless you, Blackwood: I shall never see you again."

Nelson's column was steered about two points more to the north than Collingwood's, in order to cut off the enemy's escape into Cadiz: the lee line, therefore, was first engaged. "See," cried Nelson, pointing to the *Royal Sovereign*, as she steered right for the centre of the enemy's line, cut through it astern of the *Santa Anna* three decker, and engaged her at the muzzle of her guns on the starboard side; see how that noble fellow, Collingwood, carries his ship into action!" Collingwood, delighted at being first in the heat of the fire, and knowing the feelings of his commander and old friend, turned to his captain, and exclaimed, "Rotherham, what would Nelson give to be here!" Both these brave officers, perhaps, at this moment thought of Nelson with gratitude, for a circumstance which had occurred on the preceding day. Admiral Collingwood, with some of the captains, having gone on board the *Victory* to receive instructions, Nelson inquired of him where his captain was? and was told, in reply, that they were not upon good terms with each other. "Terms!" said Nelson;—good terms with each other!" Immediately he sent a boat for Captain Rotherham; and as soon as he arrived, to Collingwood, and saying, "Look; yonder are the enemy!" bade them shake hands like Englishmen.

The enemy continued to fire a gun at a time at the *Victory*, till they saw that a shot had passed through her main-topgallant-sail; then they opened their broadsides, aiming chiefly at her rigging, in the hope of disabling her before she could close with them. Nelson, as usual, had hoisted several flags, lest one should be shot away. The enemy showed no colors till late in the action, when they began to feel the necessity of having them to strike. For this reason, the *Antissima Trinidad*, Nelson's old acquaintance, which he used to call her, was distinguishable only by her four decks; and to the bow of this op-

ponent he ordered the *Victory* to be steered. Meantime an incessant raking fire was kept up upon the *Victory*. The admiral's secretary was one of the first who fell: he was killed by a cannon shot, while conversing with Hardy. Captain Adair, of the marines, with the help of a sailor, endeavored to remove the body from Nelson's sight, who had a great regard for Mr. Scott; but he anxiously asked, "Is that poor Scott that's gone?" and being informed that it was indeed so, exclaimed, "Poor fellow!" Presently a double-headed shot struck a party of marines, who were drawn up on the poop, and killed eight of them: upon which Nelson immediately desired Captain Adair to disperse his men round the ship, that they might not suffer so much from being together. A few minutes afterwards a shot struck the fore brace bits on the quarter-deck, and passed between Nelson and Hardy, a splinter from the bit tearing off Hardy's buckle and bruising his foot. Both stopped, and looked anxiously at each other, each supposing the other to be wounded. Nelson then smiled, and said, "This is too warm work, Hardy, to last long."

The *Victory* had not yet returned a single gun: fifty of her men had been by this time killed or wounded, and her main-topmast, with all her studding sails and their booms, shot away. Nelson declared that, in all his battles, he had seen nothing which surpassed the cool courage of his crew on this occasion. At four minutes after twelve she opened her fire from both sides of her deck. It was not possible to break the enemy's line without running on board one of their ships: Hardy informed him of this, and asked which he would prefer. Nelson replied: "Take your choice, Hardy, it does not signify much." The master was then ordered to put the helm to port, and *Victory* ran on board the *Redoubtable*, just as her tiller ropes were shot away. The French ship received her with a broadside; then instantly let down her lower deck ports, for fear of being boarded through them, and never afterwards fired a great gun during the action. Her tops, like those of all the enemy's ships, were filled with riflemen. Nelson never placed musketry in his tops; he had a strong dislike to the practice; not merely because it endangers setting fire to the sails, but also because it is a murderous sort of warfare, by which individuals may suffer, and a commander, now

and then, be picked off, but which never can decide the fate of a general engagement.

Captain Harvey, in the *Temeraire* fell on board the *Redoubtable* on the other side. Another enemy was in like manner on board the *Temeraire*: so that these four ships formed as compact a tier as if they had been moored together, their heads lying all the same way. The lieutenants of the *Victory*, seeing this, depressed their guns of the middle and lower decks, and fired with a diminished charge, lest the shot should pass through, and injure the *Temeraire*. And because there was danger that the *Redoubtable* might take fire from the lower-deck guns, the muzzles of which touched her side when they were run out, the fireman of each gun stood ready with a bucket of water, which, as soon as the gun was discharged, he dashed into the hole made by the shot. An incessant fire was kept up from the *Victory* from both sides; her larboard guns playing upon the *Bucentaur* and the high *Santissima Trinidad*.

It had been part of Nelson's prayer, that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the *Redoubtable*, supposing that she had struck, because her great guns were silent; for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizen-top, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, about a quarter after one, just in the heat of the action. He fell upon his face, on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," said he. "I hope not!" cried Hardy. "Yes," he replied; "my back bone is shot through." Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately:—then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered his face and his stars. Had he but concealed these

badges of honor from the enemy, England, perhaps, would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar.

The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men; over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's berth. It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all, except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being certain, from the sensation in his back, and the gush of blood which he felt momentarily within his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful. "For," said he, "you can do nothing for me." All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade, to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck the crew of the *Victory* hurraed; and at every hurra a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes and marked the countenance of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Captain Hardy; and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried: "Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed! He is surely dead!"—An hour and ten minutes elapsed, from the time when Nelson received his wound, before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence; Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful, and yet sublimest moment. "Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us?"—Very well," replied Hardy: "ten ships have struck, but five of their van have tacked, and show an intention of bearing down upon the *Victory*. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing."—"I hope," said Nelson, "none of our ships have struck?" Hardy answered, "There was no fear of that." Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. "I am a dead man, Hardy," said he: "I am going fast:—it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me. Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair, and all other things belonging to me." Hardy observed, that he hoped Mr. Peatty could yet hold out some

prospect of life." "Oh, no!" he replied; "it is impossible. My back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so." Captain Hardy then, once more, shook hands with him; and, with a heart almost bursting, hastened upon deck.

By this time all feeling below the breast was gone; and Nelson, having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him: "You know I am gone. I know it. I feel something rising in my breast."

Putting his hand on his left side—"which tells me so." And upon Beatty's inquiring whether his pain was very great? he replied, "So great, that he wished he was dead. Yet," said he, in a lower voice, "one would like to live a little longer too!" And after a few minutes, in the same under tone, he added: "What would become of poor Lady Hamilton if she knew my situation?" Next to his country she occupied his thoughts. Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit returned; and again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly—but fourteen or fifteen at least.

"That's well," cried Nelson; "but, I bargained for twenty." And then, in a stronger voice, he said, "Anchor, Hardy; anchor." Hardy, upon this, hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. "Not while I live, Hardy!" said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavoring to raise himself from the bed: "do you anchor." His previous order for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this. Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him, in a low voice, "Don't throw me overboard;" and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the king to order otherwise. Then, reverting to private feelings; "Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton.—Kiss me, Hardy," said he. Hardy knelt down, and kissed his cheek: and Nelson said "Now I am satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty." Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two; then knelt again, and kissed his forehead. "Who is that?" said Nelson; and being informed, he replied, "God bless you, Hardy." And Hardy then left him—for ever.

Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side and said: "I wish I had not left the deck; I shall soon be gone." Death was, indeed,

rapidly approaching. He said to the chaplain: "Doctor, I have *not* been a *great* sinner;" and, after a short pause, "Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton, and my daughter Horatia, as a legacy to my country." His articulation now became difficult; but he was distinctly heard to say, "Thank God, I have done my duty!" These words he had repeatedly pronounced; and they were the last words which he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four,—three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

Within a quarter of an hour after Nelson was wounded, about fifty of the *Victory's* men fell by the enemy's musketry. They, however, on their part, were not idle; and it was not long before there were only two Frenchmen left alive in the mizen-top of the *Redoubtable*. One of them was the man who had given the fatal wound: he did not live to boast of what he had done. An old quartermaster had seen him fire; and easily recognized him, because he wore a glazed cocked hat and a white frock. This quartermaster, and two midshipmen, Mr. Collingwood and Mr. Pollard, were the only persons left on the *Victory's* poop;—the two midshipmen kept firing at the top, and he supplied them with cartridges. One of the Frenchmen, attempting to make his escape down the rigging, was shot by Mr. Pollard, and fell on the poop. But the old quartermaster, as he cried out, "That's he, that's he," and pointed at the other, who was coming forward to fire again, received a shot in his mouth, and fell dead. Both the midshipmen then fired at the same time, and the fellow dropped in the top. When they took possession of the prize, they went into the mizen-top, and found him dead; with one ball through his head, and another through his breast.

The *Redoubtable* struck within twenty minutes after the fatal shot had been fired from her. During that time she had been twice on fire,—in her fore-chains and in her fore-castle. The French, as they had done in other batties, made use in this of fireballs and other combustibles. Once they succeeded in setting fire, from the *Redoubtable*, to some ropes and canvass on the *Victory's* booms. The cry ran through the ship, and reached the cockpit: but even this dreadful cry produced no confusion: the men displayed that perfect self-possession in danger by which English seamen are characterized; they extinguished the flames on board their own ship, and

then hastened to extinguish them in the enemy, by throwing buckets of water from the gangway. When the *Redoubtable* had struck, it was not practicable to board her from the *Victory*; for, though the two ships touched, the upper works of both fell in so much that there was a great space between their gangways; and she could not be boarded from the lower or middle decks, because her ports were down.

Once, amidst his sufferings, Nelson had expressed a wish that he were dead; but immediately the spirit subdued the pains of death, and he wished to live a little longer; doubtless that he might hear the completion of the victory which he had seen so gloriously begun. That consolation—that joy—that triumph, was afforded him. He lived to know that the victory was decisive; and the last guns which were fired at the flying enemy were heard a minute or two before he expired.

The total British loss in the battle of Trafalgar amounted to 1587. Twenty of the enemy struck;—unhappily the fleet did not anchor, as Nelson, almost with his dying breath, had enjoined;—a gale came on from the south-west; some of the prizes went down, some went on shore; one effected its escape into Cadiz; others were destroyed; four only were saved, and those by the greatest exertions.

It is almost superfluous to add, that all the honors which a grateful country could bestow, were heaped upon the memory of Nelson. His brother was made an earl, with a grant of £6000 per year; £10,000 were voted to each of his sisters; and £100,000 for the purchase of an estate. A public funeral was decreed, and a public monument. Statues and monuments also were voted by most of our principal cities. The leaden coffin, in which he was brought home, was cut in pieces, which were distributed as relics of Saint Nelson,—so the gunner of the *Victory* called them:—and when, at his interment, his flag was about to be lowered into the grave, the sailors, who assisted at the ceremony, with one accord rent it in pieces, that each might preserve a fragment while he lived.

REMARKABLE FACTS REGARDING THE INFLUENCE OF MILITARY EVENTS UPON THE HUMAN BODY.

THE singular and remarkable facts recorded in this article are selected from the writings of Dr. Benjamin Rush, the celebrated physician

and philanthropist of Colonial times, and intimate friend of Franklin:

In the beginning of a battle, I have observed thirst to be a very common sensation among both officers and soldiers. It occurred where no exercise, or action of the body, could have excited it.

Many officers have informed me, that after the first onset in a battle they felt a glow of heat, so universal as to be perceptible in both their ears. This was the case, in a particular manner, in the battle of Princeton, on the third of January, in the year 1777, on which day the weather was remarkably cold.

A veteran colonel of a New England regiment, whom I visited at Princeton, and who was wounded in the hand at the battle of Monmouth, on the 28th of June, 1778 (a day in which the mercury stood at 90° of Fahrenheit's thermometer), after describing his situation at the time he received his wound, concluded his story by remarking, "that fighting was hot work, on a cold day, but much more so on a warm day." The many instances which appeared after that memorable battle, of soldiers who were found among the slain without any marks of wounds or violence upon their bodies, were probably occasioned by the heat excited in the body, by the emotions of the mind, being added to that of the atmosphere.

Soldiers bore operations of every kind, immediately after a battle, with much more fortitude than they did at any time afterwards.

The effects of the military life upon the human body come next to be considered under this head.

In another place I have mentioned three cases of pulmonary consumption being perfectly cured by the diet and hardships of a camp life.

Doctor Blane, in his valuable observations on the diseases incident to seamen, ascribes the extraordinary healthiness of the British fleet in the month of April, 1782, to the effects produced on the spirit of the soldiers and seamen, by the victory obtained over the French fleet on the 1st of that month; and relates, upon the authority of Mr. Ives, an instance, in the war between Great Britain and the combined powers of France and Spain, in 1744, in which the scurvy, as well as other diseases, were checked by the prospect of a naval engagement.

The American army furnished an instance of the effects of victory upon the human mind.

which may serve to establish the inferences from the facts related by Doctor Blane. The Philadelphia militia who joined the remains of General Washington's army, in December, 1776, and shared with them a few days afterwards in the capture of a large body of Hessians at Trenton, consisted of 1500 men, most of whom had been accustomed to the habits of a city life. These men slept in tents and barns, and sometimes in the open air,

during the usual colds of December and January; and yet there were but two instances of sickness, and only one of death, in that body of men in the course of nearly six weeks, in those winter months. This extraordinary healthiness of so great a number of men, under such trying circumstances can only be ascribed to the vigour infused into the human body by the victory of Trenton having produced insensibility

to all the usual remote causes of diseases. Militia officers and soldiers, who enjoyed good health during a campaign, were often affected by fevers and other diseases as soon as they returned to their respective homes. I know one instance of a militia captain who was seized with convulsions the first night he lay on a feather bed, after sleeping several months on a mattress or upon the ground. These affections of the body appeared

to be produced only by the sudden abstraction of that tone in the system, which was excited by a sense of danger, and the other invigorating objects of a military life.

The nostalgia of Doctor Cullen, or the homesickness, was a frequent disease in the American army, more especially among the soldiers of the New England States. But this disease was suspended by the superior action of the mind, under



CHARGE OF THE AMERICAN CAVALRY AT THE BATTLE OF PRINCETON.

the influence of the principles which governed common soldiers in the American army. Of this General Gates furnished me with a remarkable instance in 1776, soon after his return from the command of a large body of regular troops and militia at Ticonderoga. From the effects of the nostalgia, and the feebleness of the discipline which was exercised over the militia, desertions were very frequent and numerous in his army, in

the latter part of the campaign ; and yet during the three weeks in which the general expected every hour an attack to be made upon him by General Burgoyne, there was not a single desertion from his army, which consisted at that time of 10,000 men.

The patience, firmness, and magnanimity with which the officers and soldiers of the American army endured the complicated evils of hunger, cold, and nakedness, can only be ascribed to an insensibility of body produced by an uncommon tone of mind, excited by the love of liberty and their country.

Before I proceed to the second general division of this subject, I shall take notice that more instances of apoplexies occurred in the city of Philadelphia, in the winter of 1774-5, than had been known in former years. I should have hesitated in recording this fact had I not found the observation supported by a fact of the same kind, and produced by a nearly similar cause, in the appendix to the practical works of Doctor Baglivi, professor of physic and anatomy at Rome. After a very wet season in the winter of 1694-5, he informs us that "apoplexies displayed their rage ; and perhaps (adds our author) some part of this epidemic illness was owing to the universal grief and domestic care occasioned by all Europe being engaged in a war. All commerce was disturbed, and all the avenues of peace blocked up, so that the strongest heart could scarcely bear the thoughts of it." The winter of 1774-5 was a period of uncommon anxiety among the citizens of America. Every countenance wore the marks of painful solicitude for the event of a petition to the throne of Britain, which was to determine whether reconciliation, or a civil war, with all its terrible and distressing consequences, were to take place. The apoplectic fit, which deprived the world of the talents and virtues of Peyton Randolph, while he filled the chair of Congress, in 1775, appeared to be occasioned in part by the pressure of the uncertainty of those great events upon his mind. To the name of this illustrious patriot, several others might be added, who were affected by the apoplexy in the same memorable year. At this time a difference of opinion upon the subject of the contest with Great Britain had scarcely taken place among the citizens of America.

The political events of the revolution produced

different effects upon the human body, through the medium of the mind, according as they acted upon the friends or enemies of the revolution.

I shall first describe its effects upon the former class of citizens of the United States.

Many persons of infirm and delicate habits were restored to perfect health by the change of place, or occupation, to which the war exposed them. This was the case in a more especial manner with hysterical women, who were much interested in the successful issue of the contest. The same effects of a civil war upon the hysteria were observed by Doctor Cullen in Scotland, in the years 1745 and 1746. It may perhaps help to extend our ideas of the influence of the passions upon diseases, to add, that when either love, jealousy, grief, or even devotion, wholly engross the female mind, they seldom fail in like manner to cure or to suspend hysterical complaints.

An uncommon cheerfulness prevailed everywhere, among the friends of the revolution. Defeats, and even the loss of relations and property, were soon forgotten in the great objects of the war.

The population in the United States was more rapid from births during the war than it had ever been in the same number of years since the settlement of the country.

I am disposed to ascribe this increase of births chiefly to the quantity and extensive circulation of money, and to the facility of procuring the means of subsistence during the war, which favoured marriages among the labouring part of the people.* But I have sufficient documents to prove that marriages were more fruitful than in former years, and that a considerable number of unfruitful marriages became fruitful during the war. In 1783, the year of the peace, there were several children born of parents who had lived many years together without issue.

Mr. Hume informs us, in his History of England, that some old people, upon hearing the news of the restoration of Charles II., died suddenly of joy. There was a time when I doubted the truth of this assertion ; but I am now disposed to

* Wheat, which was sold before the war for seven shillings and sixpence, was sold for several years during the war for four, and in some places for two and sixpence Pennsylvania currency, per bushel. Beggars of every description disappeared in the year 1776, and were seldom seen till near the close of the war.

believe it, from having heard of a similar effect from an agreeable political event, in the course of the American revolution. The door-keeper of Congress, an aged man, died suddenly, immediately after hearing of the capture of Lord Cornwallis's army. His death was universally ascribed to a violent emotion of political joy. This species of joy appears to be one of the strongest emotions that can agitate the human mind.

Perhaps the influence of that ardour in trade and speculation which seized many of the friends of the revolution, and which was excited by the fallacious nominal amount of the paper money, should rather be considered as a disease than as a passion. It unhinged the judgment, deposed the moral faculty, and filled the imagination, in many people, with airy and impracticable schemes of wealth and grandeur. Desultory manners, and a peculiar species of extempore conduct, were among its characteristic symptoms. It produced insensibility to cold, hunger, and danger. The trading towns, and in some instances the extremities of the United States, were frequently visited in a few hours or days by persons affected by this disease; and hence, "to travel with the speed of a speculator" became a common saying in many parts of the country. This species of insanity (if I may be allowed to call it by that name) did not require the confinement of a Bedlam to cure it, like the South-Sea madness described by Doctor Mead. Its remedies were the depreciation of the paper money, and the events of the peace.

The political events of the revolution produced upon its enemies very different effects from those which have been mentioned.

It was observed in South Carolina that several gentlemen, who had protected their estates by swearing allegiance to the British government, died soon after the evacuation of Charlestown by the British army. Their deaths were ascribed to the neglect with which they were treated by their ancient friends, who had adhered to the government of the United States. The disease was called, by the common people, the "protection fever."

From the causes which produced this hypochondriasis, I have taken the liberty of distinguishing it by the name of *revolutiana*.

In some cases this disease was rendered fatal by neglect and confinement; and in others, by those

persons who were afflicted with it seeking relief from spirituous liquors.

CONQUEST OF JERUSALEM BY THE CRUSADERS.

BY EDWARD GIBBON.

JERUSALEM has derived some reputation from the number and importance of her memorable sieges. It was not till after a long and obstinate contest that Babylon and Rome could prevail against the obstinacy of the people, the craggy ground that might supersede the necessity of fortifications, and the walls and towers that would have fortified the most accessible plain. These obstacles were diminished in the age of the crusades. The bulwarks had been completely destroyed and imperfectly restored: the Jews, their nation and worship, were forever banished; but nature is less changeable than man, and the site of Jerusalem, though somewhat softened and somewhat removed, was still strong against the assaults of an enemy. By the experience of a recent siege, and a three years' possession, the Saracens of Egypt had been taught to discern, and in some degree to remedy, the defects of a place which religion as well as honour forbade them to resign. Aladin or Istikhar, the caliph's lieutenant, was intrusted with the defence; his policy strove to restrain the native Christians by the dread of their own ruin and that of the holy sepulchre; to animate the Moslems by the assurance of temporal and eternal rewards. His garrison is said to have consisted of forty thousand Turks and Arabians; and if he could muster twenty thousand of the inhabitants, it must be confessed that the besieged were more numerous than the besieging army. Had the diminished strength and numbers of the Latins allowed them to grasp the whole circumference of four thousand yards (about two English miles and a half), to what useful purpose should they have descended into the valley of Ben Himmion and torrent of Cedron, or approached the precipices of the south and east, from whence they had nothing either to hope or fear? This siege was more reasonably directed against the northern and western sides of the city. Godfrey of Bouillon erected his standard on the first swell of Mount Calvary; to the left as far as St. Stephen's gate, the line of attack was continued by Tancred and the two Roberts; and Count Raymond established his

quarters from the citadel to the foot of Mount Sion, which was no longer included within the precincts of the city. On the fifth day, the crusaders made a general assault, in the fanatic hope

supply of cisterns and aqueducts. The circumjacent country is equally destitute of trees for the uses of shade and building, but some large beams were discovered in a cave by the crusaders: a wood



SOUTH WALL OF JERUSALEM,
SCALED BY THE CRUSA-
DERS.

of battering down the walls without engines, and of scaling them without ladders. By the dint of brutal force, they burst the first barrier, but they were driven back with shame and slaughter to the camp: the influence of vision and prophecy was deadened by the too frequent abuse of those pious stratagems, and time and labour were found to be the only means of victory. The time of the siege was indeed fulfilled in forty days, but they were forty days of calamity and anguish. A repetition of the old complaint of famine may be imputed in some degree to the voracious or disorderly appetite of the Franks, but the stony soil of Jerusalem is almost destitute of water; the scanty springs and hasty torrents were dry in the summer season; nor was the thirst of the besiegers relieved, as in the city, by the artificial

near Sichem, the enchanted grove of Tasso, cut down: the necessary timber was transported to the camp by the vigour and dexterity of the crusaders; and the engines were framed by some

Genoese artists, who had fortunately landed in the harbour of Jaffa. Two movable turrets were constructed at the expense and in the stations of the Duke of Lorraine and the Count of Tholouse, and rolled forwards with devout labour, not to the most accessible but to the most neglected parts of the fortification. Raymond's tower was reduced to ashes by the fire of the besieged, but his col-

league was more vigilant and successful; the enemies were driven by his archers from the rampart; the draw-bridge was let down; and on a Friday, at three in the afternoon, the day and hour of the Passion, Godfrey of the Bouillon stood victorious on the walls of Jerusalem. His example was followed on every side by the emulation of valour; and about four hundred and sixty years after the conquest of Omar; the holy city was rescued from the Mohammedan yoke. In the pillage of public and private wealth, the adventurers had agreed to respect the exclusive property of the first occupant; and the spoils of the great mosque—seventy lamps and massy vases of gold

and silver—rewarded the diligence and displayed the generosity of Tancred. A bloody sacrifice was offered by his mistaken votaries to the God of the Christians: resistance might provoke, but neither age nor sex could mollify their implacable rage; they indulged themselves three days in a promiscuous massacre, and the infection of the dead bodies produced an epidemical dis-

case. After seventy thousand Moslems had been put to the sword, and the harmless Jews had been burnt in their synagogue, they could still reserve a multitude of captives whom interest or lassitude persuaded them to spare. Of these savage heroes of the cross, Tancred alone betrayed some sentiments of compassion; yet we may praise the more selfish lenity of Raymond, who granted a



GODFREY, OF BOUILLON, LEADING THE ASSAULT UPON JERUSALEM.

capitulation and safe conduct to the garrison of the citadel. The holy sepulchre was now free; and the bloody victors prepared to accomplish their vow. Bareheaded and barefoot, with contrite hearts, and in a humble posture, they ascended the hill of Calvary amidst the loud anthems of the clergy; kissed the stone which had covered the Saviour of the world, and bedewed with tears

of joy and penitence the monument of their redemption.

SCENES AT THE DEATH OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

SOME incidents happened which revived her tenderness for Essex, and filled her with the deepest sorrow for the consent which she had unwarily given to his execution.

her service required him often to be absent from her person, and exposed him to all those ill offices which his enemies, more assiduous in their attendance, could employ against him. She was moved with this tender jealousy; and making him the present of a ring, desired him to keep that pledge of her affection, and assured him that into whatever disgrace he should fall, whatever prejudices she might be induced to entertain against him,



MASSACRE OF THE INFIDELS.

The Earl of Essex, after his return from the fortunate expedition against Cadiz, observing the increase of the queen's fond attachment towards him, took occasion to regret that the necessity of

yet if he sent her that ring, she would immediately, upon sight of it, recall her former tenderness, would afford him a patient hearing, and would lend a favorable ear to his apology. Essex,

notwithstanding all his misfortunes, reserved this precious gift to the last extremity ; but after his trial and condemnation, he resolved to try the experiment, and he committed the ring to the Countess of Nottingham, whom he desired to deliver it to the queen. The countess was prevailed on by her husband, the mortal enemy of Essex, not to execute the commission ; and Elizabeth, who still expected that her favourite would make this last appeal to her tenderness, and who ascribed the neglect of it to his invincible obstinacy, was, after much delay and many internal combats, pushed by resentment and policy to sign the warrant for his execution. The Countess of Nottingham, falling into sickness, and affected with the near approach of death, was seized with remorse for her conduct ; and having obtained a visit from the queen, she craved her pardon, and revealed to her the fatal secret. The queen, astonished with this incident, burst into a furious passion : she shook the dying countess in her bed ; and crying to her that God might pardon her, but she never could, she broke from her, and thenceforth resigned herself over to the deepest and most incurable melancholy. She rejected all consolation : she even refused food and sustenance ; and, throwing herself on the floor, she remained sullen and immovable, feeding her thoughts on her afflictions, and declaring life and existence insufferable burden to her. Few words she uttered ; and they were all expressive of some inward grief which she cared not to reveal : but sighs and groans were the chief vent which she gave to her despondency, and which, though they discovered her sorrows, were never able to ease or assuage them. Ten days and nights she lay upon the carpet, leaning on cushions which her maids brought her ; and her physicians could not persuade her to allow herself to be put to bed, much less to make trial of any remedies which they prescribed to her. Her anxious mind at last had so long preyed on her frail body, that her end was visibly approaching ; and the council being assembled, sent the keeper,

admiral, and secretary, to know her will with regard to her successor. She answered with a faint voice that as she had held a regal sceptre, she desired no other than a royal successor. Cecil, requesting her to explain herself more particularly, she subjoined that she would have a king to succeed her ; and who should that be but her nearest kinsman, the king of Scots ? Being then advised by the archbishop of Canterbury to fix her



DEATH OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

thoughts upon God, she replied that she did so, nor did her mind in the least wander from him. Her voice soon after left her ; her senses failed ; she fell into a lethargic slumber, which continued some hours, and she expired gently, without farther struggle or convulsion (March 24), in the seventieth year of her age and forty-fifth of her reign.—*David Hume.*

CHARACTER OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

BY WILLIAM ROBERTSON, HISTORIAN

TO all the charms of beauty and the utmost elegance of external form, she added those accomplishments which render their impression irresistible. Polite, affable, insinuating, sprightly, and capable of speaking and writing with equal ease and dignity. Sudden, however, and violent in all her attachments, because her heart was warm and unsuspecting. Impatient of contradiction, because she had been accustomed from her infancy to be treated as a queen. No stranger, on some occasions, to dissimulation, which, in that perfidious court where she received her education,



MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

was reckoned among the necessary arts of government. Not insensible to flattery, or unconscious of that pleasure with which almost every woman beholds the influence of her own beauty. Formed with the qualities which we love, not with the talents that we admire she was an agreeable woman rather than an illustrious queen. The vivacity of her spirit, not sufficiently tempered with sound judgment, and the warmth of her heart, which was not at all times under the restraint of discretion, betrayed her both into errors and into crimes. To say that she was always unfortunate

will not account for that long and almost uninterrupted succession of calamities which befell her; we must likewise add that she was often imprudent. Her passion for Darnley was rash, youthful, and excessive. And though the sudden transition to the opposite extreme was the natural effect of her ill-requited love, and of his ingratitude, insolence and brutality, yet neither these nor Bothwell's artful address and important services can justify her attachment to that nobleman. Even the manners of the age, licentious as they were, are no apology for this unhappy passion; nor can they induce us to look on that tragical and infamous scene which followed upon it with less abhorrence. Humanity will draw a veil over this part of her character which it cannot approve, and may, perhaps, prompt some to impute her actions to her situation more than to her disposition, and to lament the unhappiness of the former rather than accuse the perverseness of the latter. Mary's sufferings exceed, both in degree and in duration, those tragical distresses which fancy has feigned to excite sorrow and commiseration; and while we survey them, we are apt altogether to forget her frailties; we think of her faults with less indignation, and approve of our tears as if they were shed for a person who had attained much nearer to pure virtue.

With regard to the queen's person, a circumstance not to be omitted in writing the history of a female reign, all contemporary authors agree in ascribing to Mary the utmost beauty of countenance and elegance of shape of which the human form is capable. Her hair was black, though, according to the fashion of that age, she frequently wore borrowed locks, and of different colors. Her eyes were a dark gray, her complexion was exquisitely fine, and her hands and arms remarkably delicate, both as to shape and color. Her stature was a height that rose to the majestic. She danced, she walked and rode with equal grace. Her taste for music was just, and she both sung and played upon the lute with uncommon skill. Towards the end of her life she began to grow fat, and her long confinement and the coldness of the houses in which she had been imprisoned, brought on a rheumatism, which deprived her of the use of her limbs. "No man," says Brantome, "ever beheld her person without admiration and love, or will read her history without sorrow."

Mary Stuart, the daughter of James V., of Scotland, and Mary of Lorraine, daughter of Claude, Duke of Guise, was born in the castle of Linlithgow, Scotland, in December, 1542, and beheaded at Fotheringhay Castle, Northamptonshire, England, February 8, 1587. Her father died a few days after her birth, and she was crowned queen of Scotland when not quite one year old. In her sixth year she was betrothed by her mother and the regent Arran to the Dauphin of France, and immediately sailed for that country, landing at Brest on the 14th of August, 1548. She was received in Paris most affectionately by King Henry II., who treated her as a daughter. The French court was brilliant and gay, and Mary grew to young womanhood under its influences, which, no doubt, accounts for much of the frivolous conduct of her subsequent life. In her sixteenth year she was married to the Dauphin, and on the death of Queen Mary, of England, called "Bloody Mary," which occurred the same year, the king of France caused his son to quarter the arms of Scotland with those of England, claiming that Mary Stuart was the rightful heir to the crowns of both England and Scotland. This claim was based on the ground of her descent from Margaret Tudor, eldest daughter of Henry VII., of England, Elizabeth, daughter of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn, having been declared illegitimate. This act, aided by her own imprudent disposition, was the cause of all the troubles that befell the unhappy Queen of Scots in after life.

Henry II., of France, died July 10, 1559, and the Dauphin succeeding his father, as Francis II., Mary became Queen of France, as well as Scotland, and retained that position until the death of her husband, on the 5th of December, 1560. During this short reign she was practically the head of the government, through her influence over her pliable husband, and being intensely Catholic herself, that party predominated in all the affairs of the kingdom. But after the death of her husband the influence of Catherine de Medici, her personal enemy, predominated, and the situation became so unpleasant for Mary Stuart that she decided to lose

no time in returning to her native country. It is not necessary to repeat the story of her unhappy life in Scotland, for that is familiar to all readers of history. Her death was peculiarly tragical. After her trial and conviction, parliament urged immediate execution, but Elizabeth seemed reluctant to proceed to extremities, and for six weeks the warrant remained unsigned: in fact, there are the best of reasons for believing that she never did sign it, and that the one pur-



MARY STUART IN PRISON.

porting to bear her signature was a forgery. An attempt to induce her jailor to poison the unhappy queen having failed, on the 7th of February, 1587, the earls of Kent and Shrewsbury proceeded to Fotheringhay Castle, and informed Mary that she must prepare to die the next morning at eight o'clock. She was taken by surprise, as Elizabeth's delay in signing the warrant had led her to hope that she would escape the axe; but she

bore herself with firmness and dignity. She made all her preparations for death with deliberation, and at the appointed time proceeded calmly to the scaffold, which, with cruel irony, had been erected in the banqueting hall. She was denied spiritual consolation by a priest of her own faith, and was rudely importuned by the dean of Peterborough and the earl of Kent to change her belief; but she firmly repulsed their efforts. Her heroic fortitude did not fail her even at the last moment, for when the executioner struck her on the skull,

Bedford. Twenty-five years later, her son, James I., caused them to be removed to the chapel of Henry VII., in Westminster Abbey, where they now rest.

THE CAPTAIN AND HIS FATHER.

THE following affecting historical incident is recorded by Smollet, the novelist, in one of his inimitable stories:

We set out from Glasgow, by the way of Lanark, the county town of Clydesdale, in the neigh-



A PIOUS SCOTTISH FAMILY OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

inflicting a frightful wound, she did not shrink or groan. Two more blows were required to dispatch her.

After six months of contemptuous neglect, her remains were buried in Peterborough Cathedral, Elizabeth acting as chief mourner through Lady

borough of which the whole river Clyde, rushing down a steep rock, forms a very noble and pendous cascade. Next day we were obliged to halt in a small borough until the carriage, which had received some damage, should be repaired, and here we met with an incident which warmly

interested the benevolent spirit of Mr. Bramble. As we stood at the window of an inn that fronted the public prison, a person arrived on horseback, genteelly though plainly dressed in a blue frock, with his own hair cut short, and a gold-laced hat upon his head. Alighting, and giving his horse to the landlord, he advanced to an old man who was at work in paving the street, and accosted him in these words—"This is hard work for such an old man as you." So saying, he took the instrument out of his hand, and began to thump the pavement. After a few strokes, "Have you never a son," said he, "to ease you of this labor?" "Yes, an' please your honor," replied the senior, "I have three hopeful lads, but at present they are out of the way." "Honor not me," cried the stranger; "it more becomes me to honor your gray hairs. Where are those sons you talk of?" The ancient pavier said his eldest son was a captain in the East Indies, and the youngest had lately enlisted as a soldier, in hopes of prospering like his brother. The gentlemen desiring to know what was become of

the second, he wiped his eyes, and owned he had taken upon him his old father's debts, for which he was now in the prison hard by.

The traveller made three quick steps towards the jail; then turning short, "Tell me," said he, "was that unnatural captain sent you nothing to relieve your distresses?" "Call him not unnatural," replied the other, "God's blessings be upon him! He sent me a great deal of money, but I made bad use of it; I lost it by being security for a gentleman that was my landlord, and was stripped of all I had in the world besides." At that instant a

young man thrusting out his head and neck between two bars in the prison-window, exclaimed, "Father! father! if my brother William is in life, that's he." "I am! I am!" cried the stranger, clasping the old man in his arms, and shedding a flood of tears, "I am your son Willy, sure enough!" Before the father, who was quite confounded, could make any return to this tenderness, a decent old women, bolting out from the door of a poor habitation, cried, "Where is my



A RURAL WEDDING IN SCOTLAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

bairn? where is my dear Willy?" The Captain no sooner beheld her than he quitted his father, and ran to her embrace.

I can assure you, my uncle who saw and heard everything that passed, was as much moved as any one of the parties concerned in this pathetic recognition. He sobbed, and wept, and clapped his hands, and hollowed, and finally ran down into the street. By this time the captain had retired with his parents, and all the inhabitants of the place were assembled at the door. Mr Bramble, nevertheless, pressed through the crowd,

and entering the house, "Captain," said he, "I beg the favour of your acquaintance. I would have travelled a hundred miles to see this affecting scene; and I shall think myself happy if you and your parents will dine with me at the public house." The captain thanked him for his kind invitation, which he said he would accept with pleasure; but in the mean time he could not think of eating or drinking while his poor brother was in trouble. He forthwith deposited a sum equal to the debt in the hands of the magistrate, who ventured to set his brother at liberty without further process; and then the whole family repaired to the inn with my uncle, attended by the crowd, the individuals of which shook their townsman by the hand, while he returned their caresses without the least sign of pride or affectation.

The honest favourite of fortune, whose name was Brown, told my uncle that he had been bred a weaver, and about eighteen years ago had, from a spirit of idleness and dissipation, enlisted as a soldier in the service of the East India Company; that in the course of duty he had the good fortune to attract the notice and approbation of Lord Clive, who preferred him from one step to another till he had attained the rank of captain and paymaster to the regiment, in which capacities he had honestly amassed above twelve thousand pounds, and at the peace resigned his commission. He had sent several remittances to his father, who received the first only, consisting of one hundred pounds; the second had fallen into the hands of a bankrupt; and the third had been consigned to a gentleman in Scotland, who died before it arrived, so it still remained to be accounted for by his executors. He now presented the old man with fifty pounds for his present occasions, over and above bank notes for one hundred, which he had deposited for his brother's release. He brought along with him a deed, ready executed, by which he settled a perpetuity of fourscore pounds upon his parents, to be inherited by the other two sons after their decease. He promised to purchase a commission for his youngest brother; to take the other as his own partner in a manufacture which he intends to set up to give employment and bread to the industrious; and to give five hundred pounds, by way of dower, to his sister, who had married a farmer in poor circumstances. Finally, he gave fifty pounds

to the poor of the town where he was born, and feasted all the inhabitants without exception.

A FRENCH PEASANT'S SUPPER.

BY LAWRENCE STERNE.

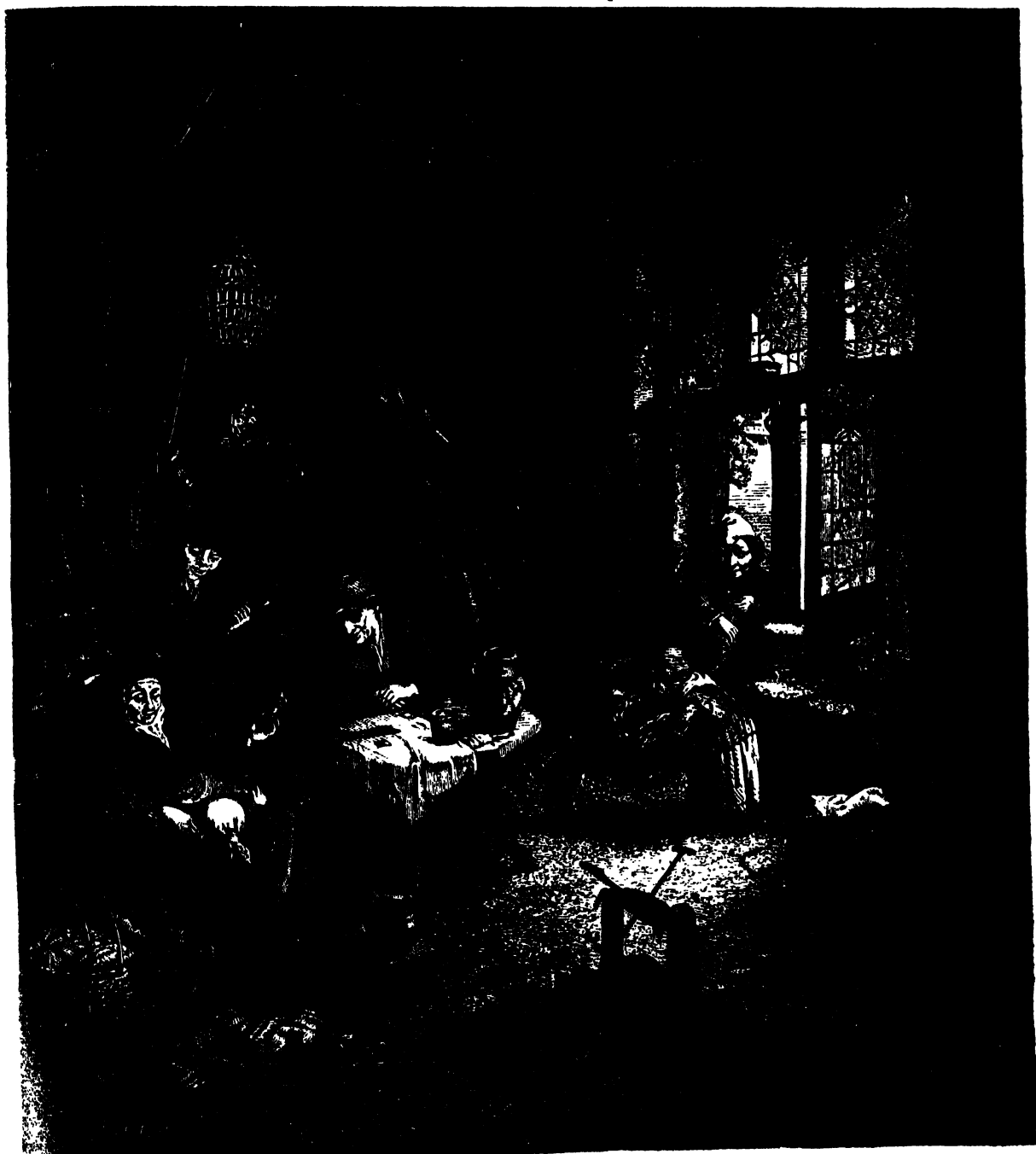
A SHOE coming loose from the fore-foot of the thill-horse, at the beginning of the ascent of Mount Taurira, the postilion dismounted, twisted the shoe off, and put it in his pocket. As the ascent was of five or six miles, and that horse our main dependence, I made a point of having the shoe fastened on again as well as we could; but the postilion had thrown away the nails, and the hammer in the chaise-box being of no great use without them, I submitted to go on. He had not mounted half a mile higher, when, coming to a flinty piece of road, the poor devil lost a second shoe, and from off his other fore-foot. I then got out of the chaise in good earnest; and seeing a house about a quarter of a mile to the left hand, with a great deal to do I prevailed upon the postilion to turn up to it. The look of the house, and of everything about it, as we drew nearer, soon reconciled me to the disaster. It was a little farm-house, surrounded with about twenty acres of vineyard, about as much corn; and close to the house on one side was a *potagerie* of an acre and a-half, full of everything which could make plenty in a French peasant's house; and on the other side was a little wood, which furnished wherewithal to dress it. It was about eight in the evening when I got to the house; so I left the postilion to manage his point as he could, and for mine, I walked directly into the house.

The family consisted of an old grayheaded man and his wife, with five or six sons and sons-in-law and their several wives, and a joyous genealogy out of them. They were all sitting down together to their lentil-soup; a large wheaten loaf was in the middle of the table; and a flagon of wine at each end of it promised joy through the stage of the repast; 'twas a feast of love. The old man rose up to meet me, and with a respectful cordiality would have me sit down at the table; my heart was set down the moment I entered the room, so I sat down at once like a son of the family; and, to invest myself in the character as speedily as I could, I instantly borrowed the old man's knife, and taking up the loaf, cut myself a hearty luncheon; and as I did it, I saw a testi-

mony in every eye, not only of an honest welcome, but of a welcome mixed with thanks that I had not seemed to doubt it. Was it this, or tell me, Nature, what else it was, that made this morsel

hour? If the supper was to my taste, the grace which followed it was much more so.

When supper was over, the old man gave a knock upon the table with the hilt of his knife,



A FRENCH PEASANT FAMILY OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

sweet and to what magic I owe it, that the night I took of their flagon was so delicious in it, that they remain upon my palate to this

to bid them prepare for the dance. The moment the signal was given, the women and girls ran all together into a back apartment to tie up their

hair, and the young men to the door to wash their faces and change their sabots; and in three minutes every soul was ready, upon a little esplanade before the house, to begin. The old man and his wife came out last, and placing me betwixt them, sat down upon a sofa of turf by the door. The old man had some fifty years ago been no mean performer upon the vielle; and at the age he was then of, touched it well enough for the purpose. His wife sung now and then a little to the tune, then intermitted, and joined her old man again as their children and grandchildren danced before them.

It was not till the middle of the second dance, when, for some pauses in the movement, wherein they all seemed to look up, I fancied I could distinguish an elevation of spirit different from that which is the cause or the effect of simple jollity. In a word, I thought I beheld Religion mixing in the dance; but as I had never seen her so engaged, I should have looked upon it now as one of the illusions of an imagination which is eternally misleading me, had not the old man, as soon as the dance ended, said that this was their constant way; and that all his life long he had made it a rule, after supper was over, to call out his family to dance and rejoice; believing, he said, that a cheerful and contented mind was the best sort of thanks to Heaven that an illiterate peasant could pay. Or a learned prelate either, said I.

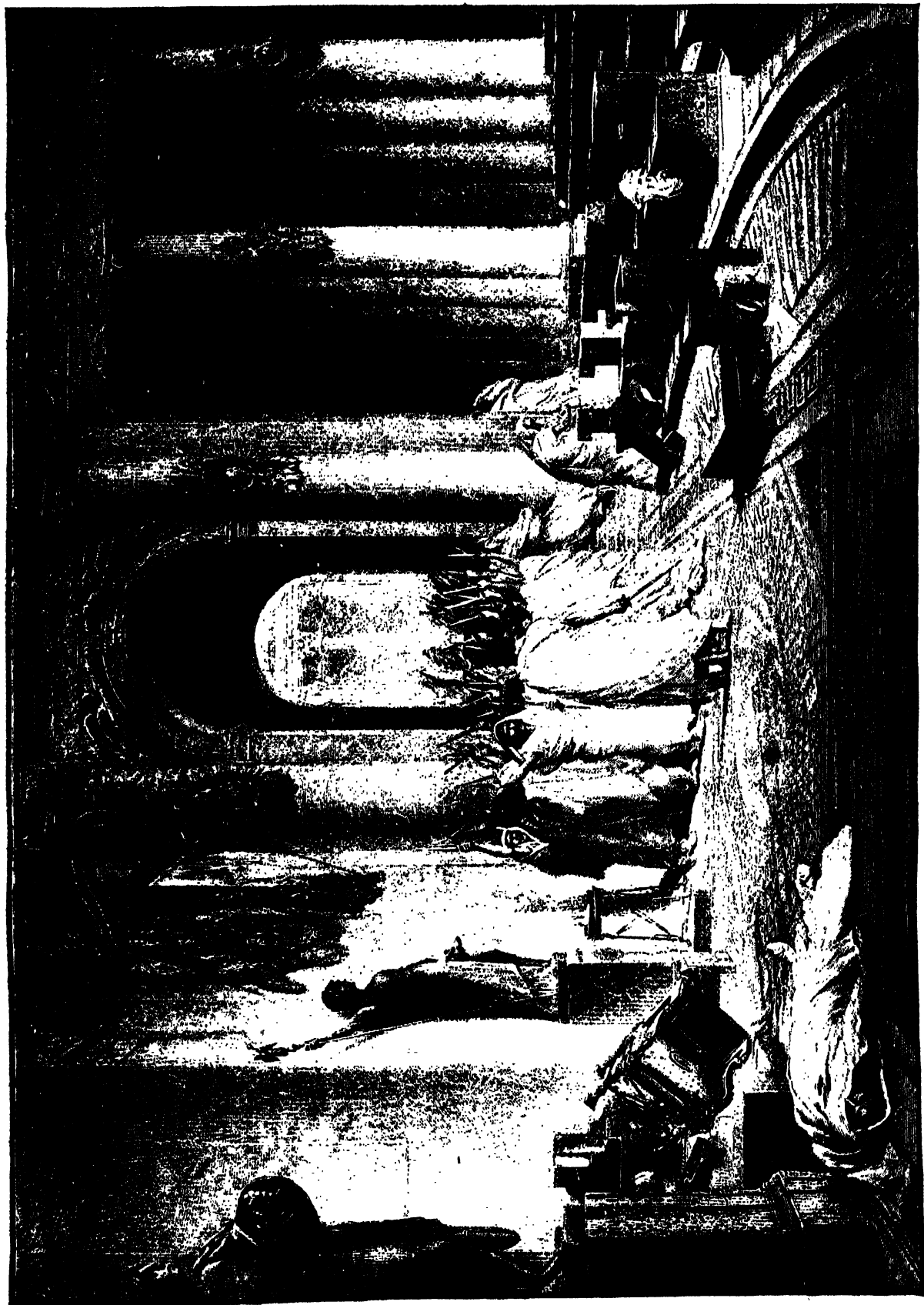
CHARACTER OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

CÆSAR was endowed with every great and noble quality that could exalt human nature, and give a man the ascendant in society: formed to excel in peace, as well as in war; provident in counsel: fearless in action; and executing what he had resolved with amazing celerity; generous beyond measure to his friends; placable to his enemies; and for parts, learning, eloquence, scarce inferior to any man. His orations were admired for two qualities which are seldom found together—strength and elegance. Cicero ranks him among the greatest orators that Rome ever bred; and Quintilian says, that he spoke with the same force with which he fought: and if he had devoted himself to the bar, would have been the only man capable of rivalling Cicero. Nor was he a master only of the politer arts; but conversant also with the most abstruse and critical parts of learning; and, among other works which he pub-

lished, addressed two books to Cicero on the analogy of language, or the art of speaking and writing correctly. He was a most liberal patron of wit and learning wheresoever they were found, and out of his love of those talents, would readily pardon those who had employed them against himself; rightly judging that by making such men his friends, he should draw praises from the same fountain from which he had been aspersed. His capital passions were ambition and love of pleasure, which he indulged in their turns to the greatest excess; yet the first was always predominant, to which he could easily sacrifice all the charms of the second, and draw pleasure even from toils and dangers when they ministered to his glory. For he thought Tyranny, as Cicero says, the greatest of goddesses; and he had frequently in his mouth a verse of Euripides, which expressed the image of his soul, that, if right and justice were ever to be violated, they were to be violated for the sake of reigning. This was the chief end and purpose of his life; the scheme that he had formed from his early youth; so that, as Cato truly declared of him, he came with sobriety and meditation to the subversion of the republic. He used to say that there were two things necessary to acquire and support power—soldiers and money, which yet depended mutually upon each other. With money, therefore, he provided soldiers, and with soldiers extorted money; and was of all men the most rapacious in plundering both friends and foes, sparing neither prince, nor state, nor temple, nor even private persons, who were known to possess any share of treasure. His great abilities would necessarily have made him one of the first citizens of Rome; but disdaining the condition of a subject, he could never rest till he made himself a monarch. In acting this last part, his usual prudence seemed to fail him, as if the height to which he was mounted had turned his head and made him giddy; for, by a vain ostentation of his power, he destroyed the stability of it; and as men shorten life by living too fast, or by an intemperance of reigning, he brought his reign to a violent end.

MAGNIFICENCE OF THE ANCIENT CALIPHS.

ALMANSOR, the brother and successor of Saffah, laid the foundations of Bagdad (A. 762), the imperial seat of his posterity during a reign of five hundred years. The chosen spot is



DEATH OF CESAR.



ALMANSOR AND HIS COURT.

on the eastern bank of the Tigris, about fifteen miles above the ruins of Modain; the double wall was of a circular form; and such was the rapid increase of a capital now dwindled to a provincial town, that the funeral of a popular saint might be attended by eight hundred thousand men and sixty thousand women of Bagdad and the adjacent villages. In this city of peace, amidst the riches of the east, the Abbassides soon disdained the abstinence and frugality of the first caliphs, and aspired to emulate the magnificence of the Persian kings. After his wars and buildings, Almansor left behind him in gold and silver about thirty millions sterling; and this treasure was exhausted in a few years by the vices or virtues of his children. His son Mahadi, in a single pilgrimage to Mecca, expended six millions of dinars of gold. A pious and charitable motive may sanctify the foundation of cisterns and caravan-saries, which he distributed along a measured road of seven hundred miles; but his train of camels, laden with snow, could serve only to astonish the natives of Arabia, and to refresh the fruits and liquors of the royal banquet. The courtiers would surely praise the liberality of his grandson Almamon, who gave away four-fifths of the income of a province—a sum of two millions four hundred thousand gold dinars—before he drew his foot from the stirrup. At the nuptials of the same prince, a thousand pearls of the largest size were showered on the head of the bride, and a lottery of lands and houses displayed the capricious bounty of fortune. The glories of the court were brightened rather than impaired in the decline of the empire, and a Greek ambassador might admire or pity the magnificence of the feeble Mottader. “The caliph’s whole army,” says the historian Abulfeda, “both horse and foot, was under arms, which together made a body of one hundred and sixty thousand men. His state-officers, the favorite slaves, stood near him in splendid apparel, their belts glittering with gold and gems. Near them were seven thousand eunuchs, four thousand of them white, the remainder black. The porters or doorkeepers were in number seven hundred. Barges and boats, with the most superb decorations, were seen swimming upon the Tigris. Nor was the place itself less splendid, in which were hung up thirty-eight thousand pieces of tapestry, twelve thousand five hundred of which were of silk embroidered with gold. The carpets

on the floor were twenty-two thousand. A hundred lions were brought out, with a keeper to each lion. Among the other spectacles of rare and stupendous luxury, was a tree of gold and silver spreading into eighteen large branches, on which, and on the lesser boughs, sat a variety of birds made of the same precious metals, as well as the leaves of the tree. While the machinery affected spontaneous motions, the several birds warbled their natural harmony. Through this scene of magnificence, the Greek ambassador was led by the vizier to the foot of the caliph’s throne.” In the west, the Omniades of Spain supported, with equal pomp, the title of commander of the faithful. Three miles from Cordova, in honor of his favourite sultana, the third and greatest of the Abdalrahmans constructed the city, palace, and gardens of Zehra. Twenty-five years, and above three millions sterling, were employed by the founder: his liberal taste invited the artists of Constantinople, the most skilful sculptors and architects of the age; and the buildings were sustained or adorned by twelve hundred columns of Spanish and African, of Greek and Italian marble. The hall of audience was incrustated with gold and pearls, and a great bason in the centre was surrounded with the curious and costly figures of birds and quadrupeds. In a lofty pavilion of the gardens, one of these basins and fountains, so delightful in a sultry climate, was replenished not with water but with the purest quicksilver. The seraglio of Abdalrahman, his wives, concubines and black eunuchs, amounted to six thousand three hundred persons; and he was attended to the field by a guard of twelve thousand horse, whose belts and scimitars were studded with gold.

In a private condition, our desires are perpetually repressed by poverty and subordination; but the lives and labors of millions are devoted to the service of a despotic prince, whose laws are blindly obeyed, and whose wishes are instantly gratified. Our imagination is dazzled by the splendid picture; and whatever may be the cool dictates of reason, there are few among us who would obstinately refuse a trial of the comforts and the cares of royalty. It may therefore be of some use to borrow the experience of the same Abdalrahman, whose magnificence has perhaps excited our admiration and envy, and to transcribe an authentic memorial which was found in the closet of the deceased caliph: “I have now



FAVORITE SULTANA OF ABDALRAHMAN.

reigned above fifty years in victory or peace; beloved by my subjects, dreaded by my enemies, and respected by my allies. Riches and honors, power and pleasure, have waited on my call, nor does any earthly blessing appear to have been wanting to my felicity. In this situation I have diligently numbered the days of pure and genuine happiness which have fallen to my lot; they amount to fourteen. O man! place not thy confidence in this present world."

WHITEFIELD AND WESLEY.

CONNECTED with the English establishment, yet ultimately separating from it, were those two remarkable men, Whitefield and Wesley. Both were highly useful in their day and generation, and they enjoyed a popularity rarely attained by divines. George Whitefield was born in Gloucester in 1714. He took orders, and preached in London with astonishing success. He made several voyages to America, where he was equally popular. Whitefield adopted the Calvinistic doctrines, and preached them with incessant activity, and an eloquence unparalleled in its effects. As a popular orator he was passionate and vehement, wielding his audiences almost at will, and so fascinating in his style and manner, that Hume the historian said he was worth travelling twenty miles to hear. He died in Newbury, New England, in 1770. His writings are tame and commonplace, and his admirers regretted that he should have injured his fame by resorting to publication.

John Wesley was more learned, and in all respects better fitted to become the leader and founder of a sect. His father was rector of Epworth, in Lincolnshire, where John was born in 1703. He was educated at Oxford, where he and his brother Charles, and a few other students, lived in a regular system of pious study and discipline, whence they were denominated Methodists. After officiating a short time as curate to his father, the young enthusiast set off as a missionary to Georgia, where he remained about two years. Shortly after his return in 1738, he commenced field-preaching, occasionally travelling through every part of Great Britain and Ireland, where he established congregations of Methodists. Thousands flocked to his standard. The doctrine of Wesley was universal redemption, as contradistinguished from the Calvinistic doctrine

of particular redemption, and his proselytes were, by the act of conversion, made regenerate men. The Methodists also received lay converts as preachers, who, by their itinerant ministrations and unquenchable enthusiasm, contributed materially to the extension of their societies. Wesley continued writing, preaching, and travelling, till he was eighty-eight years of age; his apostolic earnestness and venerable appearance procured for him everywhere profound respect. He had preached about forty thousand sermons, and travelled three hundred thousand miles. His highly useful and laborious career was terminated on the 2d of March, 1791. His body lay in a kind of state in his chapel at London the day previous to his interment, dressed in his clerical habit, with gown, cassock, and band; the old clerical cap on his head, a Bible in one hand, and a white handkerchief in the other. The funeral service was read by one of his old preachers. When he came to that part of the service, "Forasmuch as it hath pleased God to take unto himself the soul of our dear brother," his voice changed, and he substituted the word *father*; and the feeling with which he did this was such, that the congregation, who were shedding silent tears, burst at once into loud weeping.

A LADY'S CHAMBER IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

A SILVER lamp, richly fretted, suspended from the raftered roof, gleamed faintly on the splendid bed. The curtains were of silk, and the coverlet of velvet, faced with miniver; gilded coronals and tufts of plumage shed alternate gleam and shadow over every angle of the canopy; and tapestry of silk and silver covered every compartment of the walls, save where the uncouthly-constricted doors and windows broke them into angles, irreconcilable alike to every rule of symmetry or purpose of accommodation. Near the ample hearth, stored with blazing wood, were placed a sculptured desk, furnished with a missal and breviary gorgeously illuminated, and a black marble tripod supporting a vase of holy water: certain amulets, too, lay on the hearth, placed there by the care of Dame Marguerite, some in the shape of relics, and others in less consecrated forms, on which the lady was often observed by her attendants to look somewhat disregardfully. The great door of the chamber was

closed by the departing damsels carefully; and the rich sheet of tapestry dropt over it, whose hushful sweeping on the floor seemed like the wish for a deep repose breathed from a thing inanimate. The castle was still, the silver lamp twinkled silently and dimly; the perfumes, burning in small silver vases round the chamber, began to abate their gleams and odours; the scented waters, scattered on the rushes with which the floor was strewn, flagged and failed in their delicious tribute to the sense; the bright moon, pouring its glories through the uncurtained but richly tinted casement, shed its borrowed hues of crimson, amber, and purple on curtain and canopy, as in defiance of the artificial light that gleamed so feebly within the chamber.

**PRIVATE LIFE
OF FREDERIC
THE GREAT.**

THE life of Frederic the Great of Prussia was one of the utmost regularity and

activity. A more complete notion will be obtained of the management by which he contrived to make so much use of his time from the following interesting account of his daily occupations, which Dr. Towers, who has written a his-

tory of his reign, has collected from a variety of authorities:

"It was his general custom to rise at five o'clock in the morning, and sometimes earlier. He commonly dressed his hair himself, and seldom employed more than two minutes for that purpose. After he was dressed, the adjutant of the first bat-



A LADY OF RANK DURING THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

talion of his guards brought him a list of all the persons that were arrived at Potsdam, or departed from thence, and an account of whatever had occurred in the garrison. When he had delivered his orders to this officer, he retired into an inner



FREDERICK THE GREAT IN HIS GARDENS.

cabinet, where he employed himself in private till seven o'clock. He then went into another apartment, where he drank coffee or chocolate; and here he found upon the table all the letters, addressed to him from Potsdam, Berlin, or any other parts of his dominions. Foreign letters were placed upon a separate table. After reading all these letters he wrote hints or notes in the margin of those which his secretaries were to answer; and then, returning into the inner cabinet, carried with him such as he meant to write or dictate an answer to himself. Here he employed himself till nine o'clock with one of his private secretaries. He then returned back again into his former apartment, where he was attended by three secretaries, each of whom gave him an account of what he had done; after which the king delivered his orders to them, with the letters they were to answer. None of these answers, however, were sent off till they had been read, and many of them signed by the king. At ten o'clock the generals who were about his person, whom he was accustomed to send for in their turn, attended him to his closet, where he conversed with them on the news of the day, politics, tactics, and other subjects; and at this time he also gave audience to such persons as had received previous notice to attend. At eleven o'clock he mounted his horse and rode to the parade, where he reviewed and exercised his regiment of guards. He afterwards walked for some time in the garden, with his generals and the rest of the company whom he had invited to dine with him. At one o'clock he sat down to dinner, and his company generally consisted of the princes his brothers, some of his general officers, some of the officers of his regiment of guards, and one or two of his chamberlains. He had no carver, but did the honors of the table himself, like a private gentleman. After dinner he generally conversed with some of his guests for about a quarter of an hour, walking about the room. He then retired into his private apartment, making low bows to his company. He remained in private till five o'clock, when his reader waited on him. His reading lasted about two hours; and this was succeeded by a concert, in which he himself was a performer on the flute, and which lasted till nine. When the concert was over, he was attended by such wits or favorites as he had invited. With these he supped at half an hour after nine, and his company seldom consisted of more than eight

persons, the king himself included. At twelve he went to bed."

The literary works of Frederic will be at least allowed to show great industry, when it is stated that they extend, in the most complete edition, to no fewer than twenty-five octavo volumes—quite a wonderful amount of authorship, certainly, for one who led so busy a life, and strikingly illustrative of what may be done by the economical employment even of the merest odds and ends of time; for, compared to the leisure which many a student enjoys, such must be considered the very few hours every day which were the utmost that Frederic could, by possibility, have given to study.

VOLTAIRE AND THE MISCHIEVOUS PAGE.

VOLTAIRE, being once on a visit to Frederick the Great, was attended at dinner by a page, to whom he called for something which the page either could not, or probably would not, immediately execute; for his illiberality and ambiguous character made him disliked by every one in court. Offended at the tardiness of the page, Voltaire immediately flew into a violent passion, as usual, to which he gave vent by loading him with a volley of opprobrious names, particularly with that of Pomeranian clown.

The page, who dared not, in the presence of the king, express his resentment at the unmanly insult of the Frenchman, in the mean time was determined to watch an opportunity of making him feel his just vengeance. The following day the king undertook a journey, on which he was accompanied by Voltaire and another gentleman of the bed-chamber. The page, having received orders to attend, rode with some others of the household, in order to prepare accommodations on the road. In the first carriage sat the king with one of his officers of state, and, in the second, Voltaire on the right hand, and the other gentleman of the bed-chamber on the left. Previously to their arrival at a village, where they intended to take a breakfast, and where the carriages had to stop before the house, the page had informed a number of peasants assembled there that in the first carriage was the king; but that in the second was the king's favorite monkey, dressed like a gentleman, seated aside of his attendant; that the monkey had the vicious habit of teasing persons whenever he was



CONCERT IN THE PALACE AT POTSDAM.

suffered to leave the coach, when he would often fly at their faces and belabor them most unmercifully. In order to avoid this, he desired that some of them might attend at the coach door, and, on the gentleman to the left getting out, immediately shut it again, and that, should he cut capers, and endeavor to get out, they need only give him a few raps on his meagre knuckles. This the peasants promised to execute with attention. The coaches arriving soon after, the king alighted, and was followed by the gentleman in the second, and the door immediately closed again. Voltaire endeavored to express the resentment he felt at this insult offered to so illustrious a personage, by shaking his head, and using every gesture in his power; but all was in vain. The peasants, who had, by this time, collected in considerable numbers, and who all believed him to be a monkey, began to laugh heartily at the trick, and threatened him with their sticks. He began to rail at them in French, which none of them understanding, they only deemed it a monkey trick, and continued to laugh still more at him. The noise and collection of so many people at last attracted the attention of the king, so that he went to the window, and surprised at the concourse of people around the coach door, inquired what was the matter. Being informed that it was Voltaire, still sitting in the carriage surrounded by the country people, he immediately sent some of his attendants for an explanation, why he remained in the carriage, and if he did not intend to take his breakfast.

With some difficulty and force they succeeded in extricating him from the hands of the peasants, who, finding that they no longer could prevent the escape of this vicious or enraged animal, and dreading lest he should make them feel his resentment the more furiously, immediately separated and fled in all directions with the utmost speed, and as far as possible, each being apprehensive that the detested creature might fasten on his neck or body, and ply him with his teeth and claws.

At last Voltaire joined the company upstairs, and complained to his majesty of the brutality of these savage boors. Exasperated on hearing the details of the treatment, the king immediately gave orders for an inquiry into the motives which had induced the peasants to commit such an outrage.

Some of the fugitives being speedily overtaken, the examination commenced, when the sad mistake of the innocent peasants was explained; they added, that a gentleman belonging to his majesty's suite had occasioned this excess; and by pointing him out at last, they proved their harmless intention. The king immediately demanded to know why he had undertaken such a trick, and was frankly informed by the latter that it was intended as a retaliation for the insult offered to his countrymen by the supercilious Frenchman, and to prove to the scoffer that the Germans were not altogether so stupid as Voltaire imagined. This honest confession at once disarmed the king's anger; but, to appease the fury of Voltaire, he ordered the page to be put under arrest for a few hours, and often indulged in a smile on recollecting this ludicrous adventure.

Subsequently this same page, on account of some mischievous trick, was dismissed from the household service of the king, and having nothing else to do, he enlisted in the guard; but the easy life that he had been accustomed to in the palace unfitted him for the rigors of military duty. He was stationed, one day, as a sentinel in the royal gardens, where the king soon afterward found him sitting on a bench sound asleep. Frederick, with a resounding rap of his cane upon the bench, awoke the terrified young soldier, and demanded why he was asleep on his post. "Do you not know," thundered Frederick, "that if you should sleep on your post in the presence of an enemy, the penalty would be death?" "Ah, sire," replied the youth, rubbing his eyes, and coming to an awkward "present arms" in front of the king, "but how is it when we sleep in the presence of a friend?" The wit of the young rascal, in referring to the king as his friend, disarmed Frederick's resentment, and he soon afterward reinstated him in the household service.

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL MOREAU.

WHEN General Moreau, who forsook the colors of Napoleon, and was afterwards killed fighting against his former commander, in Germany, was in the city of Boston, he was much courted and sought after as a lion of the first quality. On one occasion he was invited to Cambridge to attend the commencement exercises. In the course of the day a musical society of undergraduates sang a then very popular ode, the

chorus of which was, "To-morrow, to-morrow, to-morrow." Moreau, who was imperfectly acquainted with our language, fancied they were complimenting him, and at every recurrence of the burden, which he interpreted, "To Moreau,

SHAKESPEARE AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.

QUEEN ELIZABETH condescended sometimes to a little flirtation. Shakespeare was performing the part of a king; Queen Elizabeth's box was contiguous to the stage; she purposely



FREDERIC THE GREAT AND THE SLEEPING SENTINEL.

to Moreau, to Moreau," he rose and bowed gracefully to the singers' gallery, pressing his laced chapeau to his heart. We can easily imagine the amusement of the spectators who were in the secret, and the mortification of the Frenchman when he discovered his mistake.

dropped her handkerchief upon the boards, at the feet of Shakespeare, having a mind to try whether her poet would stoop from his assumed majesty. She was mistaken. "Take up *our* sister's handkerchief," was his prompt and dignified order to one of the actors in his train.

CHRISTIAN NAMES OF THE PURITANS.

THE Puritans, in the reign of Elizabeth, among other objects of reformation which they laid down in their discipline, as it was called, had this article: "Let persuasions be used that such names as do savor either of paganism or popery be not given to children, but principally those whereof there are examples in the Scriptures." They were not content with the plain scriptural names of Abraham, Obadiah, Zechariah, Ruth, and Rebecca; they adopted phrases, and sometimes sentences, for their children, such as "The Lord is near," "More tryall," "Reformation," "Discipline," "Joy again," "Sufficient," "From above," "Heavenly mind," "Free gifts," "More fruit," "Dust," &c.; and one of the Puritanical ministers was so bigoted in this respect, that he refused to christen a man's child because he insisted on having him called Richard.

This ridiculous superstition continued to prevail till the reign of Charles II., as may be seen by examining the accounts of many persons of eminence, who were born about the period of the great rebellion, as, for instance, Accepted Frewen, Archbishop of York, Offspring Blackhall, Bishop of Exeter.

Praise God Barebones, a respectable leather-seller in Holborn, was one of the most active members of the Parliament assembled by Cromwell, and which took its denomination from his surname. It is said there were three brothers of this family, each of whom had a sentence to his name, viz.: "Praise God Barebone," "Christ came into the world to save, Barebone," and "If Christ had not died, thou hadst been d—d, Barebone." But this last name was so long, that many persons took the liberty of abridging it, and called the owner only "D—d Barebone."

Mr. Brome, in his Travels over England, gives the following list of a jury impanelled in Sussex about the same time:—

Accepted Trevor, of Horsham; Redeemed Compton, of Battle; Faint-not Hewet, of Heathfield; Make Peace Heaton, of Hare; God-reward Smart, of Fivelhurst; Stand-fast-on-high Stringer, of Crowhurst; Earth Adams, of Warbleton; Called Lower, of the same; Fight-the-good-fight-of-fith White, of Emsay; More Fruit Fowler, of East Hadley; Hope for Bending, of the same; Graceful Harding, of Lewes; Weep-not Billing, of the same; Meek Brewer, of Okham.

THE GRAY CHAMPION.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

THERE was once a time when New England groaned under the actual pressure of heavier wrongs than those threatened ones which brought on the Revolution. James II., the bigoted successor of Charles the Voluptuous, had annulled the charters of all the colonies, and sent a harsh and unprincipled soldier to take away our liberties and endanger our religion. The administration of Sir Edmund Andros lacked scarcely a single characteristic of tyranny: a Governor and Council, holding office from the King, and wholly independent of the country; laws made and taxes levied without concurrence of the people, immediate or by their representatives; the rights of private citizens violated, and the titles of all landed property declared void; the voice of complaint stifled by restrictions on the press; and finally, disaffection overawed by the first band of mercenary troops that ever marched on our free soil. For two years our ancestors were kept in sullen submission, by that filial love which had invariably secured their allegiance to the mother country, whether its head chanced to be Parliament's Protector, or popish Monarch. Till these evil times, however, such allegiance had been merely nominal, and the colonists had ruled themselves, enjoying far more freedom than is even yet the privilege of the native subjects of Great Britain.

At length, a rumor reached our shores, that the Prince of Orange had ventured on an enterprise, the success of which would be the triumph of civil and religious rights and the salvation of New England. It was but a doubtful whisper; it might be false, or the attempt might fail; and in either case, the man that stirred against King James would lose his head. Still the intelligence produced a marked effect. The people smiled mysteriously in the streets, and threw bold glances at their oppressors; while far and wide there was a subdued and silent agitation, as if the slightest signal would rouse the whole land from its sluggish despondency. Aware of their danger, the rulers resolved to avert it by an imposing display of strength, and perhaps to confirm their despotism by yet harsher measures. One afternoon in April, 1689, Sir Edmund Andros and his favorite councillors, being warm with wine, assembled the red-coats of the Governor's Guard, and

THE WONDERFUL, THE CURIOUS, AND THE

their appearance in the streets of Boston. The sun was near setting when the march commenced.

tial music of the soldiers, than as the muster-call to the inhabitants themselves. A multitude, by various avenues, assembled in King street, which



RED COATS OF THE GOVERNOR'S GUARD.

The roll of the drum, at that unquiet crisis, seemed to go through the streets less as the martial music of the soldiers, than as the muster-call to the inhabitants themselves. A multitude, by various avenues, assembled in King street, which

of Britain and a people struggling against her tyranny. Though more than sixty years had elapsed since the Pilgrims came, this crowd of their descendants still showed the strong and sombre features of their character, perhaps more strikingly in such a stern emergency than on happier occasions. There was the sober garb, the general severity of mien, the gloomy but undismayed expression, the scriptural forms of speech, and the confidence in Heaven's blessing on a righteous cause, which would have marked a band of the original Puritans, when threatened by some peril of the wilderness. Indeed, it was not yet time for the old spirit to be extinct; since there were men in the street, that day, who had worshipped there beneath the trees, before a house was reared to the God for whom they had become exiles. Old soldiers of the Parliament were here too, smiling grimly at the thought that their aged arms might strike another blow against the house of Stuart. Here, also, were the veterans of King Philip's war, who had burned villages and slaughtered young and old with pious fierceness, while the godly souls throughout the land were helping them with prayer. Several ministers were scattered among the crowd, which, unlike all other mobs, regarded them with such reverence, as if there were sanctity in their garments. These holy men exerted their influence to quiet the people, but not to disperse them. Meantime, the purpose of the Governor in disturbing the peace of the town, at a period when the slightest commotion might throw the country into a ferment, was the almost universal subject of inquiry, and variously explained.

"Satan will strike his master-stroke presently," cried some, "because he knoweth that his time is short. All our godly pastors are to be dragged to prison. We shall see them at a Smithfield fire in King street."

Hereupon, the people of each parish gathered closer round their ministers, who looked calmly upwards and assumed a more apostolic dignity, as well befitted a candidate for the highest honor of his profession, the crown of martyrdom. It was actually fancied, at that period, that New England might have a John Rogers of her own, to take the place of that worthy in the Primer.

"The Pope of Rome has given orders for a new St. Bartholomew!" cried others. "We are to be massacred, man and male child!"

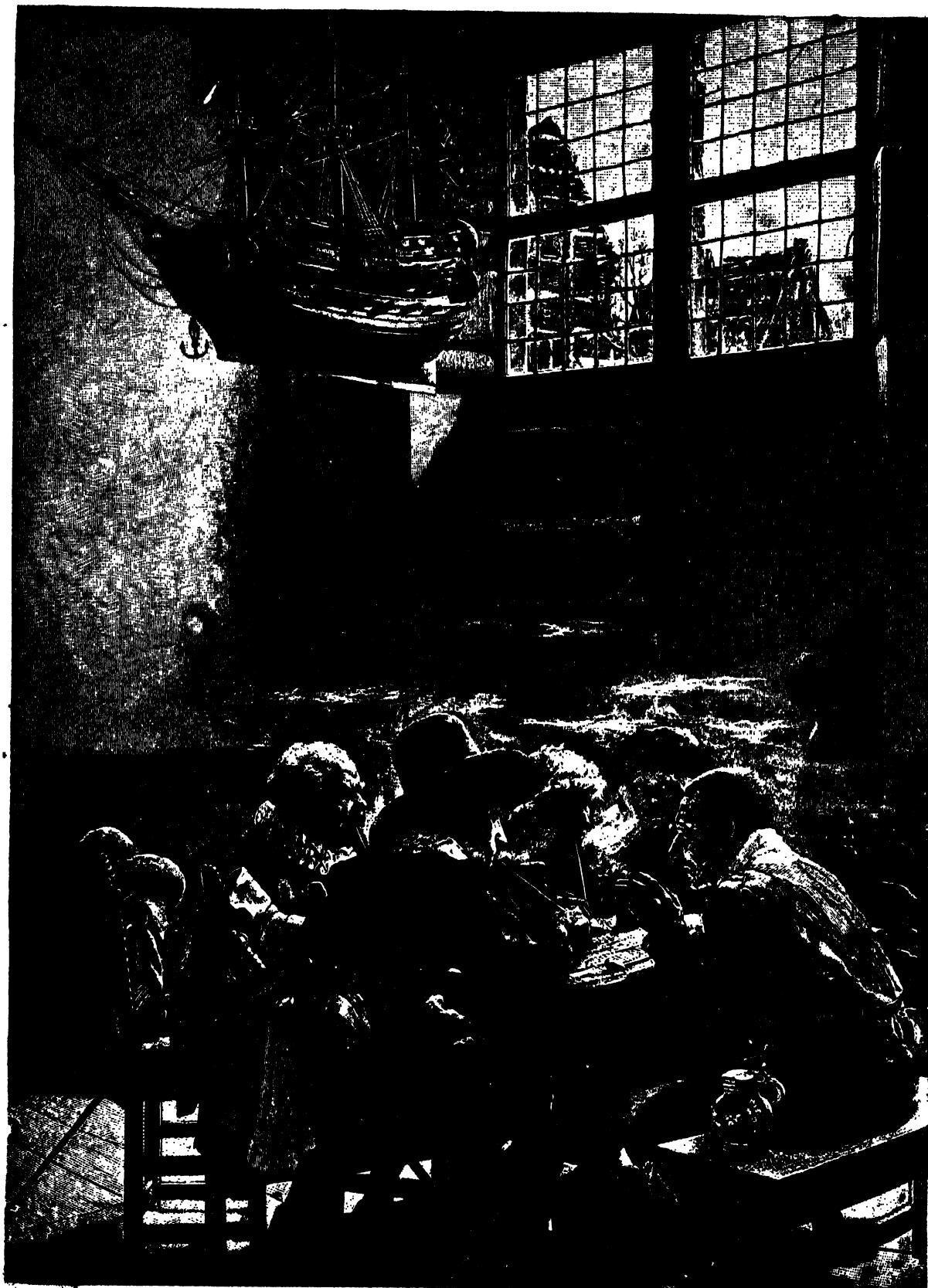
Neither was this rumor wholly discredited, although the wiser class believed the Governor's object somewhat less atrocious. His predecessor under the old charter, Bradstreet, a venerable companion of the first settlers, was known to be in town. There were grounds for conjecturing, that Sir Edmund Andros intended at once to strike terror by a parade of military force, and to confound the opposite faction by possessing himself of their chief.

"Stand firm for the old charter, Governor!" shouted the crowd, seizing upon the idea. "The good old Governor Bradstreet!"

While this cry was at the loudest, the people were surprised by the well-known figure of Governor Bradstreet himself, a patriarch of nearly ninety, who appeared on the elevated steps of a door, and, with characteristic mildness, besought them to submit to the constituted authorities.

"My children," concluded this venerable person, "do nothing rashly. Cry not aloud, but pray for the welfare of New England, and expect patiently what the Lord will do in this matter!"

The event was soon to be decided. All this time the roll of the drum had been approaching through a Cornhill, louder and deeper, till, with reverberations from house to house, and the regular tramp of martial footsteps, it burst into the street. A double rank of soldiers made their appearance, occupying the whole breadth of the passage, with shouldered matchlocks, and matches burning, so as to present a row of fires in the dusk. Their steady march was like the progress of a machine, that would roll irresistibly over everything in its way. Next, moving slowly, with a confused clatter of hoofs on the pavement, rode a party of mounted gentlemen, the central figure being Sir Edmund Andros, elderly, but erect and soldier-like. Those around him were his favorite councillors, and the bitterest foes of New England. At his right hand rode Edward Randolph, our arch enemy, that "blasted wretch," as Cotton Mather calls him, who achieved the downfall of our ancient government, and was followed with a sensible curse through life and to his grave. On the other side was Bullivant, scattering jests and mockery as he rode along. Dudley came behind, with a downcast look, dreading, as well he might, to meet the indignant gaze of the people, who beheld him, their only countryman by birth, among the oppressors of his na-



tive land. The captain of a frigate in the harbor, and two or three civil officers under the Crown, were also there. But the figure which most attracted the public eye, and stirred up the deepest feeling, was the Episcopal clergyman of King's Chapel, riding haughtily among the magistrates in his priestly vestments, the fitting representative of prelacy and persecution, the union of church and state, and all those abominations which had driven the Puritans to the wilderness. Another guard of soldiers, in double rank, brought up the rear.

The whole scene was a picture of the condition of New England, and its morale, the deformity of any government that does not grow out of the nature of things and the character of the people. On one side the religious multitude, with their sad visages and dark attire, and on the other, the group of despotic rulers, with the high churchmen in the midst, and here and there a crucifix at their bosoms, all magnificently clad, flushed with wine, proud of unjust authority, and scoffing at the universal groan. And the mercenary soldiers, waiting but the word to deluge the street with blood, showed the only means by which obedience could be secured.

"Oh! Lord of Hosts!" cried a voice among the crowd, "provide a Champion for thy people."

This ejaculation was loudly uttered, and served as a herald's cry to introduce a remarkable personage. The crowd had rolled back, and were now huddled together nearly at the extremity of the street, while the soldiers had advanced no more than a third of its length. The intervening space was empty—a paved solitude, between lofty edifices, which threw almost a twilight shadow over it. Suddenly, there was seen the figure of an ancient man, who seemed to have emerged from among the people, and was walking by himself along the centre of the street, to confront the armed

band. He wore the old Puritan dress, a dark cloak and a steeple-crowned hat, in the fashion of at least fifty years before, with a heavy sword upon his thigh, but a staff in his hand, to assist the tremulous gait of age.



SIR EDMUND ANDROS.

When at some distance from the multitude, the old man turned slowly round, displaying a face of antique majesty, rendered doubly venerable by the hoary beard that descended on his breast. He made a gesture at once of encouragement

and warning, then turned again and resumed his way.

"Who is this gray patriarch!" asked the young men of their sires.

"Who is this venerable brother!" asked the old men among themselves.

But none could make reply. The fathers of the people, those of fourscore years and upwards, were disturbed, deeming it strange they should forget one of such evident authority, whom they must have known in their early days, the associate of Winthrop and all the old Councillors, giving laws, and making prayers, and leading them against the savage. The elderly men ought to have remembered him, too, with locks as gray in their youth, as their own were now. And the young! How could he have passed so utterly from their memories—that hoary sire, the relic of long departed times, whose awful benediction had surely been bestowed on their uncovered heads in childhood.

"Whence did he come? What is his purpose? Who can this old man be?" whispered the wondering crowd.

Meanwhile, the venerable stranger, staff in hand, was pursuing his solitary walk along the centre of the street. As he drew near the advancing soldiers, and as the roll of their drum came full upon his ear, the old man raised himself to a loftier mien, while the decrepitude of age seemed to fall from his shoulders, leaving him in gray but unbroken dignity. Now, he marched onward with a warrior's step, keeping time to the military music. Thus the aged form advanced on one side, and the whole parade of soldiers and magistrates on the other, till, when scarcely twenty yards remained between, the old man grasped his staff by the middle, and held it before him like a leader's truncheon.

"Stand!" cried he.

The eye, the face, and attitude of command; the solemn yet warlike peal of that voice, fit either to rule a host in the battle-field or be raised to God in prayer, were irresistible. At the old man's word and outstretched arm, the roll of the drum was hushed at once, and the advancing line stood still. A tremulous enthusiasm seized upon the multitude. That stately form, combining the leader and the saint, so gray, so dimly seen, in such an ancient garb, could only belong to some old champion of the righteous cause, whom the

oppressor's drum had summoned from his grave. They raised a shout of awe and exultation, and looked for the deliverance of New England.

The Governor, and the gentlemen of his party, perceiving themselves brought to an unexpected stand, rode hastily forward, as if they would have pressed their snorting and affrighted horses right against the hoary apparition. He, however, blenched not a step, but glancing his severe eye round the group which half encompassed him, at last bent it sternly on Sir Edmund Andros. One would have thought that the dark old man was chief ruler there, and that the Governor and Council, with soldiers at their back, representing the whole power and authority of the Crown, had no alternative but obedience.

"What does this old fellow here?" cried Edward Randolph, fiercely. "On, Sir Edmund! Bid the soldiers forward, and give the dotard the same choice that you give all his countrymen—to stand aside or be trampled on!"

"Nay, nay, let us show respect to the good grandsire," said Bullivant, laughing. "See you not he is some old round-headed dignitary, who hath lain asleep these thirty years, and knows nothing of the change of times? Doubtless, he thinks to put us down with a proclamation in Old Noll's name!"

"Are you mad, old man?" demanded Sir Edmund Andros, in loud and harsh tones. "How dare you stay the march of King James's Governor?"

"I have staid the march of a King himself, ere now," replied the gray figure, with stern composure. "I am here, Sir Governor, because the cry of an oppressed people hath disturbed me in my secret place; and beseeching this favor earnestly of the Lord, it was vouchsafed me to appear once again on earth in the good old cause of his saints. And what speak ye of James? There is no longer a popish tyrant on the throne of England, and by to-morrow noon his name shall be a by-word in this very street, where ye would make it a word of terror. Back, thou that wast a Governor, back! With this night thy power is ended—to-morrow, the prison!—back, lest I foretell the scaffold!"

The people had been drawing nearer and nearer, and drinking in the words of their champion, who spoke in accents long disused, like one unaccustomed to converse, except with the dead of many years ago. But this voice stirred their souls.

They confronted the soldiers, not wholly without arms, and ready to convert the stones of the street into deadly weapons. Sir Edmund Andros looked at the old man; then he cast his hard and cruel eye over the multitude, and beheld them burning with that lurid wrath, so difficult to kindle or to quench; and again he fixed his gaze on the aged form, which stood obscurely in an open space, where neither friend nor foe had thrust himself. What were his thoughts, he uttered no word which might discover. But whether the oppressor was overawed by the Gray Champion's look, or perceived his peril in the threatening attitude of the people, it is certain that he gave back, and ordered his soldiers to commence a slow and guarded retreat. Before another sunset, the Governor, and all that rode so proudly with him, were prisoners, and long ere it was known that James had abdicated King William was proclaimed throughout New England.

But where was the Gray Champion? Some reported that when the troops had gone from King street, and the people were thronging tumultuously in their rear, Bradstreet, the aged Governor, was seen to embrace a form more aged than his own. Others soberly affirmed, that while they marvelled at the venerable grandeur of his aspect, the old man had faded from their eyes, melting slowly into the hues of twilight, till where he stood there was an empty space. But all agreed that the hoary shape was gone. The men of that generation watched for his re-appearance, in sunshine and in twilight, but never saw him more, nor knew when his funeral passed, nor where his gravestone was.

And who was the Gray Champion? Perhaps his name might be found in the records of that stern Court of Justice which passed a sentence too mighty for the age, but glorious in all after times for its humbling lesson to the monarch and its high example to the subject. I have heard, that whenever the descendants of the Puritans are to show the spirit of their sires the old man appears again. When eighty years had passed he walked once more in King street. Five years later, in the twilight of an April morning, he stood on the green, beside the meeting-house, at Lexington, where now the obelisk of granite, with a slab of slate inlaid, commemorates the first fallen of the Revolution. And when our fathers were toiling at the breastwork on Bunker's Hill, all through

that night the old warrior walked his rounds. Long, long may it be ere it comes again! His hour is one of darkness, and adversity, and peril. But should domestic tyranny oppress us, or the invader's step pollute our soil, still may the Gray Champion come; for he is the type of New England's hereditary spirit; and his shadowy march on the eve of danger must ever be the pledge that New England's sons will vindicate their ancestry.

THE BASTINADO AT CAIRO.

HAVING finished my purchases in the bazaars, I returned to my hotel, ready to set out, and found the dromedaries, camels, and guides, and expected to find the letter for the governor of Akaba, which, at the suggestion of Mr. Linant, I had requested Mr. Gliddon to procure for me. I now learned, however, from that gentleman, that to avoid delay it would be better to go myself, first sending my caravan outside the gate, and representing to the minister that I was actually waiting for the letter, in which case he would probably give it to me immediately. I accordingly sent Paul with my little caravan to wait for me at the tombs of the califs, and, attended by the consul's *ja'izary*, rode up to the citadel, and stopped at the door of the governor's palace. The reader may remember that on my first visit to his excellency I saw a man whipped—this time I saw one bastinadoed. I had heard much of this, a punishment existing, I believe, only in the East, but I had never seen it inflicted before, and hope I never shall see it again. As on the former occasion, I found the little governor standing at one end of the large hall of entrance, munching, and trying causes. A crowd was gathered around, and before him was a poor Arab, pleading and beseeching most piteously, while the big tears were rolling down his cheeks; near him was a man whose resolute and somewhat angry expression marked him as the accuser, seeking vengeance rather than justice. Suddenly the governor made a gentle movement with his hand; all noise ceased; all stretched their necks and turned their eager eyes towards him; the accused cut short his crying, and stood with his mouth wide open, and his eyes fixed upon the governor. The latter spoke a few words in a very low voice, to me of course unintelligible, and, indeed, scarcely audible, but they seemed to fall upon the quick ears of the culprit like bolts of

thunder; the agony of suspense was over, and, without a word or a look, he laid himself down on his face at the feet of the governor. A space was immediately cleared around; a man on each side took him by the hand, and stretching out his arms, kneeled upon and held them down, while another seated himself across his neck and shoulders. Thus nailed to the ground, the poor fellow, knowing that there was no chance of escape, threw up his feet from the knee-joint, so as to present the soles in a horizontal position. Two men came forward with a pair of long stout bars of wood, attached together by a cord, between which they placed the feet, drawing them together with the cord so as to fix them in their horizontal position, and leave the whole flat surface exposed to the full force of the blow. In the mean time two strong Turks were standing ready, one at each side, armed with long whips much resembling our common cow-skin, but longer and thicker, and made of the tough hide of the hippopotamus. While the occupation of the judge was suspended by these preparations, the janizary had presented the consul's letter. My sensibilities are not particularly acute, but they yielded in this instance. I had watched all the preliminary arrangements, nerving myself for what was to come, but when I heard the scourge whizzing through the air, and, when the first blow fell upon the naked feet, saw the convulsive movements of the body, and heard the first loud, piercing shriek, I could stand it no longer; I broke through the crowd, forgetting the governor and everything else, except the agonizing sounds from which I was escaping; but the janizary followed close at my heels, and, laying his hand upon my arm, hauled me back to the governor. If I had consulted merely the impulse of feeling, I should have consigned him, and the governor, and the whole nation of Turks, to the lower regions; but it was all important not to offend this summary dispenser of justice, and I never made a greater sacrifice of feeling to expediency than when I re-entered his presence. The shrieks of the unhappy criminal were ringing through the chamber, but the governor received me with as calm a smile as if he had been sitting on his own divan, listening only to the strains of some pleasant music, while I stood with my teeth clenched, and felt the hot breath of the victim, and heard the whizzing of the accursed whip, as it fell again and again

upon his bleeding feet. I have heard men cry out in agony when the sea was raging, and the drowning man, rising for the last time upon the mountain waves, turned his imploring arms towards us, and with his dying breath called in vain for help; but I never heard such heart-rending sounds as those from the poor bastinadoed wretch before me. I thought the governor would never make an end of reading the letter, when the scribe handed it to him for his signature, although it contained but half a dozen lines; he fumbled in his pocket for his seal, and dipped it in the ink; the impression did not suit him, and he made another, and after a delay that seemed to me eternal, employed in folding it, handed it to me with a most gracious smile. I am sure I grinned horribly in return, and almost snatching the letter, just as the last blow fell, I turned to hasten from the scene. The poor scourged wretch was silent; he had found relief in happy insensibility; I cast one look upon the senseless body, and saw the feet laid open in gashes, and the blood streaming down the legs. At that moment the bars were taken away, and the mangled feet fell like lead upon the floor. I had to work my way through the crowd, and before I could escape I saw the poor fellow revive, and by the first natural impulse rise upon his feet, but fall again as if he had stepped upon red-hot irons. He crawled upon his hands and knees to the door of the hall, and here I rejoiced to see that, miserable, and poor, and degraded as he was, he had yet friends whose hearts yearned towards him; they took him in their arms and carried him away.

THE ROMANTIC HISTORY OF QUEEN ISABELLA, OF ENGLAND.

IT is a trite saying, that truth is stranger than fiction; and we find it so when we examine the pages of history.

Philip, king of France, surnamed "the Fair," had three sons, besides his beautiful daughter Isabella, married to Edward, king of England. These three sons were very handsome. The eldest, Lewis, king of Navarre, during the lifetime of his father, was called Lewis Hulin; the second was named Philip the Great, or the Long, because he was tall; and the third, Charles. All of these princes reigned on the throne of France, one after the other, in legitimate succession, after their father, Charles being the last.

When Charles ascended the throne of France, the English were fighting with the Scots, and suffered a defeat at Sterling, which the nobles and barons, and King Edward's council, attributed to Sir Hugh Spencer, a powerful baron, on account of his partiality to the king of Scotland. The discontent became so great that Sir Hugh realized his life was in danger, and being a great favorite with King Edward, he determined to take measures to check the conspiracy against himself.

On the first opportunity, therefore, he told the king that certain lords, including the Earl of Lancaster, the king's uncle, had entered into an alliance against him, and if he did not take proper measures, they would drive him out of his kingdom. The king was so alarmed and incensed at this information, which Sir Hugh had maliciously imparted to him, that he caused all the lords who were supposed to be in the conspiracy, to the number of twenty-two, to be arrested one day when they were in a room together, and had all their heads immediately cut off, without assigning any cause whatever. His uncle, the earl of Lancaster, suffered first. He was a discreet and pious man, and was so highly regarded by the people that after he was beheaded they imagined miracles were performed at his tomb.

The hatred against Sir Hugh Spencer was greatly increased by this dastardly deed, and the queen, taking part against him, so incensed King Edward that he refused to see her, or to come to any place where she was. The quarrel lasted for

some time, when the queen was informed that if she did not speedily quit the court she would repent of it, as Sir Hugh was determined to wreak his vengeance upon her. She at once made preparations for departing secretly to France, and giving out that she was going on a pilgrimage to St. Thomas, of Canterbury, she proceeded instead to the sea coast, accompanied by her young son



PHILIP THE FAIR, OF FRANCE, AND HIS COURT.—(Copy of an ancient engraving of the eighteenth century.)

Edward, the earl of Kent, Sir Roger Mortimer, and a small retinue of servants, and embarking on a vessel they landed the next morning at Boulogne.

Her brother, King Charles, learning of her coming, sent a number of his great lords to meet her, who received and conducted her to Paris in great honor. On their arrival, the king greeted his sister and her son with great affection, and in-

quired after her affairs. She immediately related to him all the injuries that had been done to her by Sir Hugh Spencer, and asked his advice and assistance. The king was greatly moved, and declared, "Fair sister, be appeased; for by the faith I owe to God and St. Denis, I will provide a remedy." He then conducted her to another apartment, which was richly furnished for her and her young son Edward, and with a show of great affection bade them good night, having first directed that everything should be provided for

ceed with the enlistment and equipping of her army.

Meanwhile matters in England were growing worse every day. Sir Hugh Spencer, using the power that he possessed over King Edward, caused many noblemen and others to be put to death without law or justice, merely because he suspected them of being ill-inclined toward himself. His pride had also become so intolerable that the other barons could not endure it, and they sent secretly to inform Queen Isabella that

if she would collect about a thousand men-at-arms, and come at the head of them herself, with her son, into England, they would unite their forces to hers, and obey her as their lawful sovereign.

The queen showed these letters to her brother, who was greatly pleased, and said, "God be your help, and your affairs will prosper so much the better. Take of my subjects as many as your friends desire. I freely give my consent, and I will order the necessary sums of money to be distributed among them."

The queen accordingly pushed her preparations as rapidly and secretly as possible, but she could not prevent her intentions from be-



ARRIVAL OF QUEEN ISABELLA AT PARIS.—(Copy of ancient engraving.)

their comfort in accordance with their royal state.

A short time afterward the king assembled a council of his lords and barons, for the purpose of considering what was best to be done with reference to his sister's affairs. At this great council it was advised that she should be permitted to raise an army and purchase supplies in France, for the purpose of making war against her husband, the king of England, and Sir Hugh Spencer, but that the king of France should pretend to be ignorant of what was going on, lest he should bring on a war between his country and England. King Charles acceded to this advice, and his sister was immediately authorized to pro-

ceeding known to Sir Hugh Spencer, who thought the most prudent plan would be to win the king of France over to his interests, by means of presents, promises of alliances, etc. For this purpose he sent over trusted secret messengers, loaded with gold, silver, and rich jewels; and these were distributed among the king and his ministers with such effect that in a short time they were as cold toward the cause of Isabella as they had before been warm. The king forbade any person, under pain of banishment, to aid his sister in her intended expedition against England.

Sir Hugh also endeavored to get the queen into his and the king's power, and to this effect caused King Edward to write an affectionate letter to the

Pope, entreating him to order the king of France to send back his wife, as he was anxious to acquit himself toward her before God and the world; since it was not his fault that she had left him, for he was all love and good faith toward her. In addition to this, Sir Hugh sent large sums of money and rich presents to the cardinals and prelates, the nearest relations to the Pope, and those most in his counsels, who managed him in such a manner that he wrote to the king of France to send back Isabella to her husband, under pain of excommunication.

On receipt of the Pope's letter, the king caused his sister to be brought before him, and commanded her, in the grossest and most unkind manner, to leave his kingdom immediately, or he would make her leave it with shame.

The queen was greatly astonished and grieved at this command, and knew not what to do. She had no resource or adviser left except in her cousin, Robert of Artois; and he could only counsel and assist her in secret, for he had heard the king say and swear that whoever should speak to him in his sister's behalf should forfeit his lands and be banished from the kingdom. He was also informed that the king was not averse to the seizure of the persons of the queen, her son, and their supporters, and causing them to be delivered into the hands of the king of England and Sir Hugh Spencer. He therefore came in the middle of the night to inform Queen Isabella of the peril she was in. She was thunderstruck at this information and the perfidy of her brother. Sir Robert advised her to set out at once for Germany, where there were many noble lords who would assist her, particularly William, Earl of Hainault, and his brother, who were wise and true men, and much dreaded by their enemies.

The queen, acting upon this good advice, ordered her baggage to be made ready, and having paid for everything, she quitted Paris, accompanied by her son, the earl of Kent, and her company. They took the road toward the country of the Earl of Hainault, as the queen had been advised by her cousin, Robert of Artois, and after some days they came into the borders of the German Empire, when she felt more at ease, as she was now in the midst of friends. They lodged one night at the house of a poor knight named Eustace d'Ambreticourt, who received the queen with great pleasure, and entertained her the best

he could, for which she was very grateful; and afterward when she had become queen of England, she invited him and his family to pay her a visit at her capital, where she advanced their fortunes in many ways. The son of this poor knight was created one of the first Knights of the Garter, and the queen lost no opportunity to show her gratitude for their kindness to her when she was in want and peril.

The queen's arrival was soon known in the house of the Earl of Hainault, who was then at Valenciennes, but his brother, Sir John, a young and handsome man, and panting for glory like a knight-errant, mounted his horse, and, accompanied by a few retainers, set off in hot haste to pay his respects to the beautiful queen. She received him in the midst of her maids and the other company, and he was greatly charmed with her graceful manners and queenly bearing.

When their first greetings were over, and mutual compliments had been exchanged, Sir John begged the queen to inform him of all her troubles; and feeling that he was a true friend, she told him all, which so affected him that he mingled his own tears with hers, and said, "Lady, I am your knight, who will not fail to die for you, though every one else should desert you; therefore will I do everything in my power to conduct you and your son, and to restore you to your rank in England, by the grace of God and the assistance of friends in your own country; and I, and all those whom I can influence, will risk our lives in this adventure, for your dear sake, and we will have a sufficient armed force, if it please God, without fearing any danger from the king of France."

The queen, who was seated during this address, with Sir John standing before her, arose, and would have cast herself at his feet, out of gratitude for the great favor he had just offered her; but the gallant knight, raising her quickly, took her in his arms, and said, "God forbid that the queen of England should kneel to me! Be of good comfort to yourself and company, for I will keep my promise—and you shall come and see my brother, and the countess, his wife, and all their fine children, who will be rejoiced to meet you."

To this gallant and affecting speech the queen replied, weeping: "Sir, I find in you more kindness and comfort than in all the world Besides,

and I give you five hundred thousand thanks for what you have said and offered me. If you will keep what you have promised me with so much

land under your management, as in justice it ought to be."

After this conversation, Sir John took leave of

the queen and the knight whose guest she was, and went to Douay, where he slept, for the knight was so poor that he had no place to offer him, except that which was already occupied by the queen and her women.

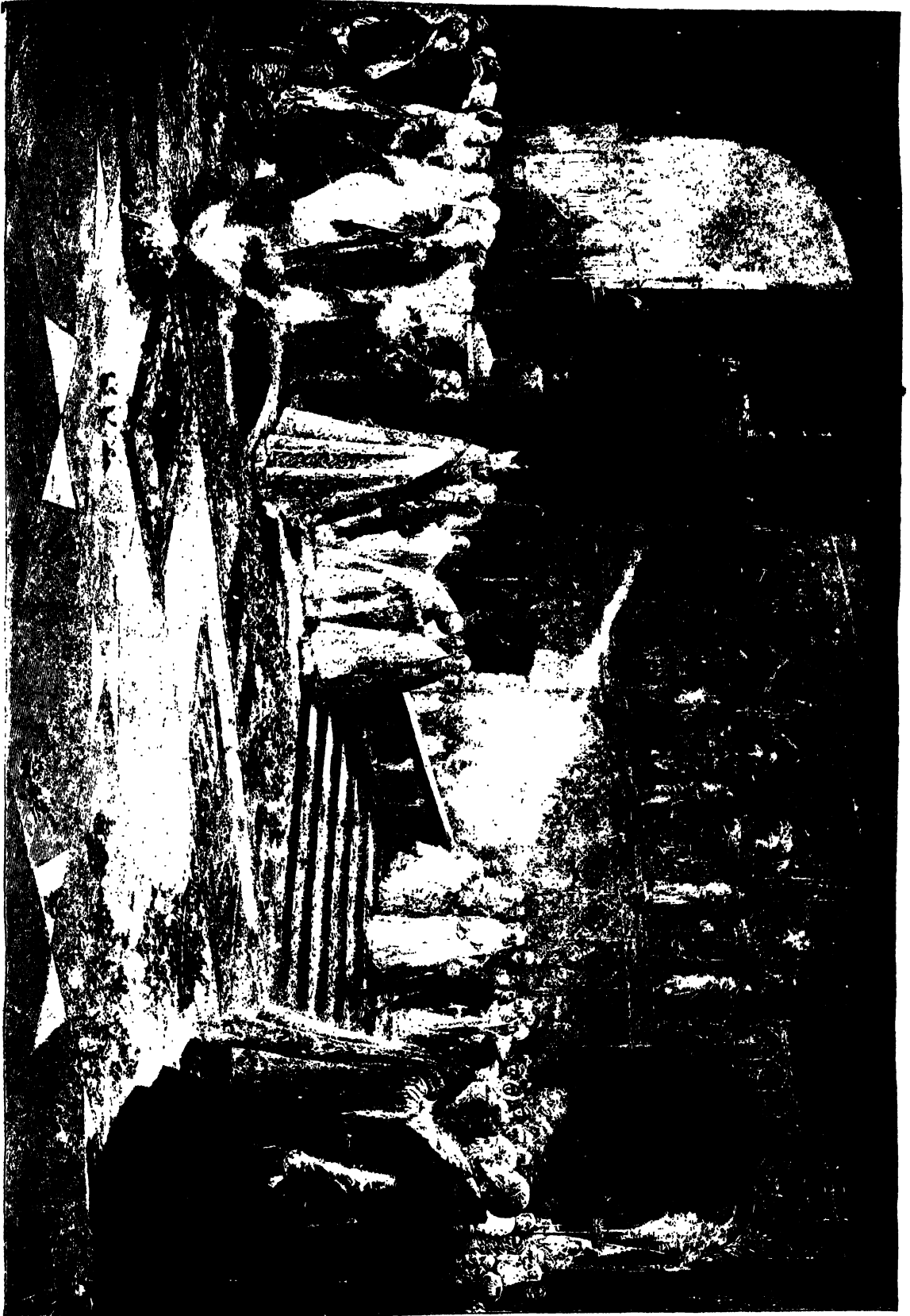
The next day he returned to the queen, who received him with great joy. She had just finished her dinner, and was going to mount her horse for the purpose of setting out on her journey to Valenciennes, when Sir John arrived. In taking leave of the knight and his lady, who had so courteously entertained her and her company, she thanked them for their good cheer, adding that she trusted a time would come when she and her son would not fail to remember their courtesy, and her promise was faithfully kept. Sir John Hainault, with great joy and



SIR JOHN BEFORE QUEEN ISABELLA.

courtesy. I and my son shall be forever bound unto you, and we will put the kingdom of Eng-

respect, conducted the queen to Valenciennes, where the citizens came out to meet her with



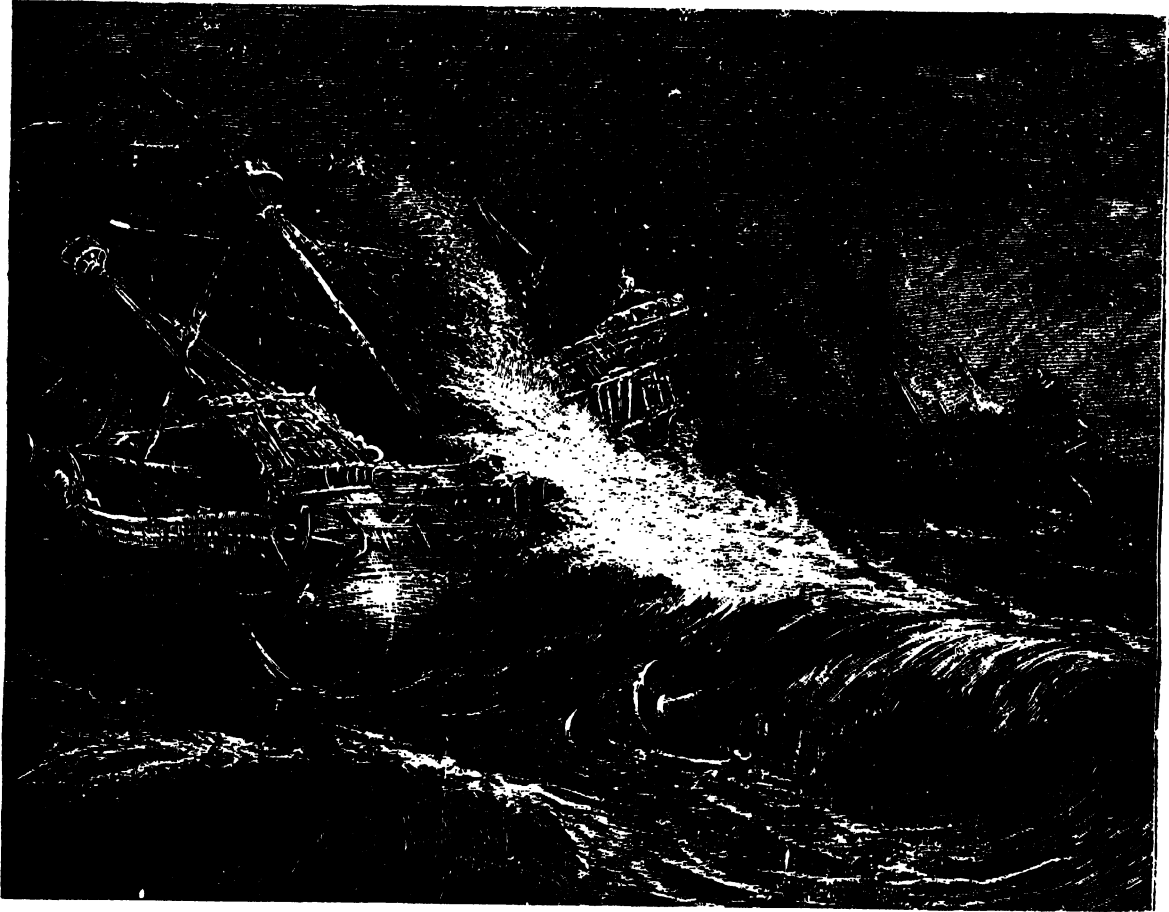
MARRIAGE OF EDWARD III. AND PHILIPPA.

many tokens of respect and good-will. Here she was introduced to William, Earl of Hainault, and his Countess, by whom she was very graciously received. Many great fêtes were given on this happy occasion, and no one knew better than the countess how to do the duties of her house.

The Earl had at that time four daughters, Margaret, Philippa, Joan and Isabella. Philippa was

Queen Isabella remained at Valenciennes eight days, preparing for her journey to her own country, and meanwhile Sir John Hainault wrote a number of letters to certain knights and companions in whom he had great confidence, beseeching them to accompany him on his expedition to England.

There were great numbers in those countries who were willing to go with him for the love



THE QUEEN'S SHIPS IN THE STORM.

the most beautiful woman in all Valenciennes, and the young Prince Edward was captivated by her bright eyes and gentle manners. She was also brilliant and witty in conversation, and it was soon noticed that the young people were nearly always together, and that they preferred one another's society to that of all other persons. It was in fact a case of true love, and afterwards when Edward ascended the throne of England, he offered his hand and heart to the beautiful maiden, and she became his queen.

they bore him, for he was very popular; but others objected on account of the great hazard, and because their countries were not at war with England: but Sir John told them that all true knights were bound to aid, to the utmost of their power, all ladies and damsels driven from their kingdoms comfortless and forlorn; and that, for himself, he would not change his purpose, for he could only die but once.

His brother, the Earl of Hainault, was among those who had opposed the expedition, believ-

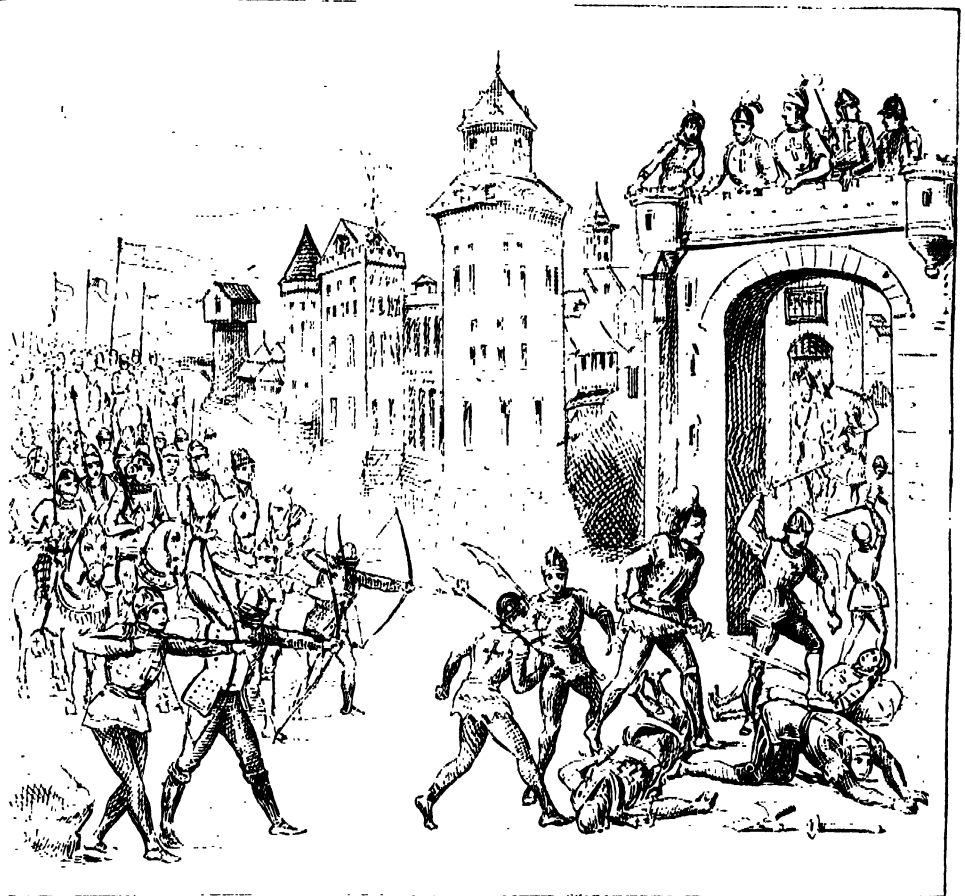
it was wrong to take part in any hostile movement against a friendly nation. But Sir John said to him on taking his departure: "My dear lord and brother, I am young, and feeling that God has inspired me with a desire for this enterprise, for our advancement; if it is for the honor and glory of God to comfort the afflicted and oppressed, how much more so is it to help and succor one of such high birth as this beautiful queen and her son. I would rather renounce every expectation I have here, and serve God beyond the seas, rather than this good lady should be left without aid and comfort."

When the Earl perceived that his brother was in such deep earnest, and considered that perhaps the enterprise might result in great honor and profit to himself and his descendants, he said to him, "God forbid that there should be any hindrance to your wish - therefore I give you leave in the name of God." He then kissed him and pressed his hand in token of great affection, for to him he seemed more like a son than a brother.

That night Sir John and the queen and her company set out, and proceeded toward the sea coast, where it had been appointed for their friends to meet them. Here they collected a force of about three thousand men and many knights, all eager to serve in this expedition. A fleet had been prepared to convey them to England, and the weather being clear and temperate they set sail in good order, making a fine appearance,

considering the smallness of their numbers. It seemed indeed a hazardous undertaking, but the queen knew that she had many friends of great power and influence in her own country, and she confidently depended upon these for such an increase to her forces as she might need.

It was their intention to follow the coast of Zealand, and land at a port in England which they had desisted; but they were prevented by a violent tempest, which drove them far to the



QUEEN ISABELLA'S ARMY BESIEGING BRISTOL.—(Copy of an engraving of the fifteenth century.)

north, so that for two days they knew not where they were. But this was a fortunate circumstance for them, for if they had landed at the port they intended, they would have fallen into the hands of their enemies, who, apprised of their coming, were prepared with a large force to meet them. At the end of the second day the storm abated, and the sailors, perceiving land, made for it joyfully, and drove the ships upon the sand, having neither port nor harbor. They were then upon the coasts of Suffolk, but having lost their reckon-

ing, they were ignorant as to what part of England they were in, or whether the inhabitants were friendly to their cause or not.

They were occupied three days in landing their horses and baggage, and on the fourth they began their march, putting themselves under the protection of God and St. George.

The news of their arrival soon spread abroad, and the barons by whose advice the queen had returned hastened to join her forces. The first who came was Henry, Earl of Lancaster, brother of Earl Thomas who had been beheaded by order of King Edward. He was attended by a great number of men-at-arms. Other nobles, barons, knights, and esquires, with their retainers, flocked to the queen's standard from different parts of the country, so that in a short time her forces were so large that they felt they had nothing more to fear. It was decided in a council of the leaders that they would march directly to Bristol, where the king and Sir Hugh Spencer and his father were. Bristol at that time was a very large town, well inclosed by walls, and situated on a good port. Its castle was very strong, and surrounded by the sea. Here the king and Sir Hugh Spencer, the elder, who was about ninety years of age, and his son, Sir Hugh, the chief governor of the king, and adviser of all his evil deeds, shut themselves up.

The queen and her army took the shortest road for that place. In every town through which they passed they were entertained with marks of distinction. Her forces augmented daily, until their arrival at Bristol, which they immediately besieged. The king and the younger Spencer retired to the castle, while the old earl remained in the town. When the citizens saw the queen's force, and the affections of almost all England on her side, they were alarmed at their own perilous situation, and determined to surrender the town, on condition that their lives and property should be spared. They sent to treat with the queen on this subject; but neither she nor her council would consent to it unless Sir Hugh Spencer and the Earl of Arundel were delivered up to her discretion, for she had come purposely to destroy them. The citizens, seeing they had no other means of saving the town, their lives, and their fortunes, acceded to the queen's terms, and opened the gates to her. She entered the town, accompanied by Sir John Hainault, with all her barons,

knights, and esquires, who took their lodging therein, while the others, for want of accommodation, remained without. Sir Hugh Spencer and the Earl of Arundel were delivered to the queen to do with them as should please her. Her son John and her two daughters were also found there in Sir Hugh's keeping, and they were brought safely to her. As she had not seen them for a long time this meeting gave her great joy.

The king and the younger Spencer remained shut up in the castle, but were much grieved to see the whole country turned over to the queen's party, and to young Edward, her eldest son.

After a few days' rest, the queen and her barons began to make their approaches to the castle as near as they could, whereupon she ordered Sir Hugh Spencer, the elder, and the Earl of Arundel to be brought before Prince Edward and her barons, and said to them that she and her son would see that law and justice should be done them according to their deeds. Sir Hugh replied, "Ah! madam, God grant us an upright judge and a just sentence; and that if we cannot have it in this world, we may find it in another." Then rose up Sir Thomas Wager, a good knight, wise and courteous, and marshal of the army: he read, from a paper in his hand, the charges against them, and then addressed himself to an old knight, seated on his right hand, to decide the punishment due to persons guilty of such crimes. This knight consulted with the other barons and knights, and reported it as their opinion that they deserved death for the many horrible crimes with which they had been charged, and which they believed to be clearly proved. They decided that from the diversity of their crimes, they should suffer in three different manners: first, to be drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution, there beheaded, and afterwards hanged on a gibbet. Agreeably to this sentence, they were executed before the castle of Bristol, in the sight of the king, Sir Hugh Spencer, and all those within it. This execution took place in October, on St. Denis's Day, 1326.

The king and Sir Hugh Spencer, from their places in the castle, witnessed the execution with terror, and seeing themselves so closely pressed, embarked secretly one morning, with a few followers, in a small boat behind the castle, intending if possible, to reach the coast of Wales. They were driven for eleven or twelve days in this small

boat, and notwithstanding their efforts to get forward, the winds blew so contrary that they were frequently driven back near the castle, from whence they had set out. At length an officer in the queen's army, Sir Henry Beaumont, seeing the vessel, embarked with some of his companions in a barge and rowed so vigorously that the king's boatmen, unable to escape, were overtaken. The king and Sir Hugh Spencer were brought back to Bristol and delivered to the queen and her son, as prisoners.

Thus ended this bold and gallant enterprise in which Sir John of Hainault and his companions had so chivalrously assisted Queen Isabella in recovering her kingdom. The whole nation, with the exception of a few who were attached to the Spencers, greatly rejoiced at the result.

The queen and her army soon set out for London, and on the march Sir Thomas Wager caused Sir Hugh Spencer to be fastened to the poorest and smallest horse that he could find, clothed with a tabart, such as he was accustomed to wear. He led him thus in derision in the suite of the queen, through all the towns they passed, where he was announced by trumpets and cymbals, by way of greater mockery, until they reached Hereford, where the queen and her companions were respectfully and joyfully received. Here the feast of All Saints was celebrated with great solemnity and magnificence, out of respect to the queen and her son, and to the noble foreigners who attended them.

When the feast was over, Sir Hugh Spencer was brought before the queen and her knights. The charges against him were read, to which he

made no reply. The barons and knights then passed the sentence upon him, which was executed in the following manner: He was first drawn on a hurdle, attended by trumpets and clarions, through all the streets of Hereford, and then conducted to the market place, where the



THE QUEEN'S ARMY PASSING THROUGH ENGLAND.

people were assembled. At that place he was bound to a high scaffold, in order that he might be more easily seen by the people. Certain portions of his body were first cut off, because he was deemed a heretic, and guilty of unnatural practices, even with the king, whose affections he had alienated from the queen by his wicked suggestions. The parts which had been severed were

then cast into a large fire, kindled close to him ; afterwards, his heart was torn out and thrown into the same fire, because it had been false and traitorous, since he had by his treasonable counsels so advised the king as to bring shame and mischief on the land, and had caused some of the greatest lords to be beheaded, and had so seduced the king that he could not nor would not see the queen nor his eldest son, who was to be their future sovereign, both of whom, in order to preserve their lives, had been forced to quit the king-

DESCRIPTION OF THE SCOTTISH ARMY IN THE DAYS OF BRUCE.

WE quote the following interesting description of the Scottish army, commanded by Robert Bruce during the last years of his life, from the chronicles of Sir John Froissart. It affords a most excellent idea of what an army really was in those days, and takes away much of the glamor with which romancers have clothed the rough heroes of those ancient times :

The Scots are bold, hardy, and much inured to



A SCOTTISH ARMY OF THE OLDEN TIME.

dom. His head was then cut off and sent to London.

The young Prince Edward was crowned with the royal diadem in the palace of Westminster on Christmas Day, 1326. He was then only sixteen years of age. King Edward II., his father, was imprisoned in Berkeley Castle, where he was cruelly murdered in bed one morning ; his bowels having been burnt out with hot irons.

Thus ends the romantic and wonderful story of Queen Isabella of England.

war. When they make their invasions into England, they march from twenty to four-and-twenty leagues without halting, as well by night as day ; for they are all on horseback, except the camp followers, who are on foot. The knights and esquires are well mounted on large bay horses, the common people on little galloways. They bring no carriages with them on account of the mountains they have to pass in Northumberland ; neither do they carry with them any provisions or bread or wine ; for their habits of sobriety are

such, in time of war, that they will live for a long time on flesh half sodden, without bread, and drink the river water without wine. They have, therefore, no occasion for pots or pans; for they dress the flesh of their cattle in the skins, after they have taken them off; and, being sure to find plenty of them in the country in which they invade they carry none with them. Under the flaps of his saddle, each man carries a broad plate of metal; behind the saddle, a little bag of oatmeal: when they have eaten too much of the sodden flesh, and their stomachs appear weak and empty, they place their plate over the fire, mix with water their oatmeal, and when the plate is heated, they put a little of the paste upon it, and make a thin cake, like a cracknel or biseuit, which they eat to warm their stomachs: it is therefore no wonder, that they perform a longer day's march than other soldiers. In this manner the Scots entered England, destroying and burning everything as they passed. They seized more cattle than they knew what to do with. Their army consisted of four thousand men-at-arms, knights and esquires, well mounted; besides twenty thousand men, bold and hardy, armed after the manner of their country, and mounted upon little hackneys, that are never tied up or dressed, but turned, immediately after the day's march, to pasture on the heath or in the fields.

THE HEART OF ROBERT BRUCE.

SOON after the crowning of Edward III., in 1327, Robert Bruce, of Scotland, sent an army into England, under command of the Earl of Moray and Sir James Douglass. It was this army which Froissart has so graphically described in the preceding article.

To meet and repel the Scots, Edward mustered an army of over 40,000 men, and led them in person; but no battles resulted from this expedition. The Scots, being inferior in numbers to the English, refused to descend from the mountain heights and strongholds in which they had encamped, and the English did not deem it prudent to force an engagement. Several combats, however, took place between small parties, one of which is thus related by Sir John Froissart:

"The first night that the English were posted on this second mountain, the lord James Douglass took with him about two hundred men-at-arms; and at midnight crossed the river at such a dis-

tance from the camp that he was not noticed, and fell upon the English army most valiantly, shouting, 'Douglass forever. Ye shall die, ye English thieves.'

"He and his companions killed more than three hundred; and he galloped up to the king's tent and cut two or three of its cords, crying at the same time, 'Douglass! Douglass forever!' when he set off, and in his retreat he lost some of his



ROBERT BRUCE, KING OF SCOTLAND.

followers, but not many. He then returned to his friends on the mountains."

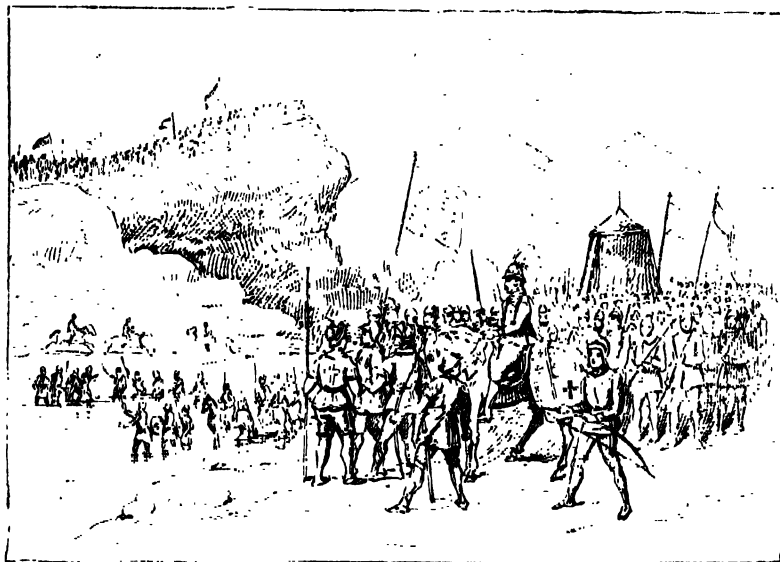
Lord Berners wrote an account of this incident in 1523, and as the peculiarities of the English language at that time adds interest to the adventure, we will copy it *verbatim*:

"The fyrst nyght that the Englysshe ost was thus lodged on the second mountaigne, the lorde William Duglas toke with hym aboute CC men-at-armes, & past the ryver farre afro the oste, so that he was not parceyned: and rodely he brake into the Englysshe ooste about mydnyght crying, 'Duglas! Duglas! ye shall dye, ye thieves of Ingland.' And he slewe or he seased CCC men, some in thire beddes, and some skan redy, and

he strake his horse with the spurres & came to the kyng's owne tente, alwayes crying Douglas, and strake a sundre ii or iii cordis of the kyng tent, & so departed."

The following incident of this campaign is also related by Froissart, and serves a good purpose in depicting the customs of the times. He says:

"Some of the English mounted their horses, passed the river and went to the mountain which the Scots had quitted, and found more than five hundred large cattle, which the enemy had killed, as they were too heavy to carry with them, and too slow to follow them, and they wished not to let them fall into the hands of the English alive.



THE SCOTCH ARMY POSTED ON THE MOUNTAIN.—(Copy of an ancient engraving.)

They found there also more than three hundred caldrons, which were hung on the fires full of water and meat, and ready for boiling. There were also upward of a thousand spits with meat on them, prepared for roasting; and more than ten thousand pairs of old worn-out shoes, made of undressed leather, which the Scots had left there. There were found five poor English prisoners, whom the Scots had bound naked to the trees, and some of them had their legs broken."

The expedition resulted in a total failure, and it is said that the young King Edward wept when he found himself out-generalled by an inferior enemy.

After the withdrawal of the English army, the Scots returned to their native mountains and disbanded; and a few months later a truce of three

years was concluded between the rulers of the two countries.

Bruce was a peculiarly gallant and generous king, exhibiting toward his enemies whom he conquered a spirit of kindness and humanity totally at variance with the cruel practices of his times. Brave and chivalrous himself, he greatly admired the same qualities in those who fought against him; and many an enemy captured in battle had cause to be thankful for having fallen into the hands of so noble a conqueror as Robert Bruce.

We will now proceed, in the language of Froissart, to record the singular circumstances of the death of Robert Bruce, and the promise he exacted from Sir James Douglas to convey his heart to the holy sepulchre at Jerusalem, with the tragic termination of his efforts to comply with this promise. Bruce died of leprosy, after having suffered for some years from this loathsome disease, a fact which we have not seen generally stated in our histories.

During the three years' truce previously referred to, it happened, says Froissart, that King Robert of Scotland, who had been a very valiant knight, waxed old, and was attacked with so severe an illness, that he saw his end was approaching; he therefore summoned together all the chiefs and barons, in whom he most confided, and, after having told them that he should never get the better of this sickness, he commanded them, upon their honor and loyalty, to keep and preserve faithfully and entire the kingdom for his son David, and obey him and crown him king when he was of a proper age, and to marry him with a lady suitable to his station.

He after that called to the gallant lord James Douglas, and said to him, in presence of the others, "My dear lord James Douglas, you know that I have had much to do, and have suffered many troubles, during the time I have lived, to support the rights of my crown; at the time that I was most occupied, I made a vow, the non-accomplishment of which gives me much uneasi-

BEAUTIFUL IN THE WORLD'S HISTORY.

ness—I vowed, that; if I could finish my wars in such a manner, that I might have quiet to govern peaceably, I would go and make war against the enemies of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the adversaries of the Christian faith. To this point my heart has always leaned; but our Lord was not willing, and gave me so much to do in my lifetime, and this last expedition has lasted so long, followed by this heavy sickness, that since my

loyalty, that if you undertake it, it cannot fail of success—and I shall die more contented; but it must be executed as follows:

“I will, that as soon as I shall be dead, you take my heart from my body, and have it well embalmed; you will also take as much money from my treasury as will appear to you sufficient to perform your journey, as well as for all those whom you may choose to take with you in your



BRUCE ORDERING THE RELEASE OF CAPTIVES.

body cannot accomplish what my heart wishes. I will send my heart in the stead of my body to fulfill my vow. And, as I do not know any one knight so gallant or enterprising, or better formed to complete my intentions than yourself, I beg and entreat you, dear and special friend, as earnestly as I can, that you would have the goodness to undertake this expedition for the love of me, and to acquit my soul to our Lord and Saviour; for I have that opinion of your nobleness and

train; you will then deposit your charge at the Holy Sepulchre of our Lord, where he was buried, since my body cannot go there. You will not be sparing of expense—and provide yourself with such company and such things as may be suitable to your rank—and wherever you pass, you will let it be known, that you bear the heart of King Robert of Scotland, which you are carrying beyond seas by his command, since his body cannot go thither."

All those present began wailing bitterly ; and when the lord James could speak, he said :

"Gallant and noble king, I return you a hundred thousand thanks for the high honor you do me, and for the valuable and dear treasure with

"Certainly, sir, most willingly," answered the knight. He then gave his promise upon his knighthood.

The king said, "Thanks be to God ! for I shall now die in peace, since I know that the most

valiant and accomplished knight of my kingdom will perform that for me which I am unable to do for myself."

Soon afterwards the gallant Robert Bruce, king of Scotland, departed this life, the 7th day of November, 1337. His heart was embalmed, and his body buried in the monastery of Dunfermline.

Early in the spring, the Lord James Douglas having made provision of everything that was proper for his expedition, embarked at the port of Montrose, and sailed directly for Sluys, in Flanders, in order to learn if any one were going beyond the sea to Jerusalem, that he might join companies. He remained there twelve days, and would not set his foot on shore, but staid the whole time on board, where he kept a magnificent table, with music of trumpets and drums, as if he had been king of Scotland. His company consisted of one knight banneret, and seven others of the most valiant knights of Scotland, without counting the rest of his household. His plate was of gold and silver, consisting of pots, basins, porringers, cups, bottles, barrels and other such



ROBERT BRUCE'S CHARGE TO LORD JAMES DOUGLAS.

which you intrust me ; and I will most willingly do all that you command me with the utmost loyalty in my power ; never doubt it, however I may feel unworthy of such a high distinction."

The king replied, "Gallant knight, I thank you—you promise it me then?"

things. He had likewise twenty-six young and gallant esquires of the best families in Scotland to wait on him ; and all those who came to visit him were handsomely served with two sorts of wine, and two sorts of spices—I mean those of a certain rank. At last, after staying at Sluys twelve days,

he heard that Alphonso, king of Spain, was waging war against the Saracen king of Granada. He considered that if he should go thither he should employ his time and journey according to the late king's wishes; and when he should have finished there he would proceed further to complete that with which he was charged. He made sail therefore toward Spain, and landed first at Valencia; thence he went straight to the king of Spain, who was with his army on the frontiers, very near the Saracen king of Granada.

It happened, soon after the arrival of Sir James Douglas, that the king of Spain issued forth into the fields, to make his approaches nearer the enemy; the king of Granada did the same; and each king could easily distinguish the other's banners, and they both began to set their armies in array. The Lord James placed himself and his company on one side, to make better work, and a more powerful effort. When he perceived that the battalions on each side were fully arranged, and that of the king of Spain in motion, he imagined they were about to begin the onset; and as he always wished to be among the first rather than last on such occasions, he and his company stuck their spurs into their horses, until they were in the midst of the king of Granada's battalion, and made a furious attack on the Saracens. He thought that he should be supported by the Spaniards; but in this he was mistaken, for not one that day followed his example. The gallant knight and all his companions were surrounded by the enemy; they performed prodigies of valor; but they were of no

avail, as they were all killed. It was a great misfortune that they were not assisted by the Spaniards.

Froissart does not give the whole of this interesting story, which is as follows: When Douglas and his company made their desperate attack



SIR JAMES DOUGLAS ENTERTAINS HIS FRIENDS.

upon the Moors, there was a quick, sharp, and bloody combat, and that portion of the Moorish army with which they were engaged fled. Douglas, with his companions, rapidly pursued the flying Saracens, and, taking from his neck the

casket which held the heart of Bruce, he threw it before him, crying, "*Noe, pass thou onward, as thou wast wont, and Douglas will follow thee or die!*" But the fugitives rallied, and, surrounded and overwhelmed by superior numbers, Douglas fell, while attempting to rescue Sir William St. Clare, who shared his fate. Robert and Walter Logan, brothers, and both of them knights, were also slain with Douglas. His friend, Sir William

where it remains an object of historic interest for tourists.

Archibald Douglas, natural son of Sir James; erected a marble monument to his memory, but his countrymen have more effectually preserved his renown by bestowing on him the title of "the good Sir James Douglas." Contemporary historians state that he fought seventy battles, in fifty-seven of which he was victorious.



DOUGLAS'S BATTLE WITH THE SARACENS.

Keith, having had his arm broken, was not in this engagement, and accordingly escaped. His few surviving comrades found his body in the field, after the battle was over, together with the casket containing the heart of Bruce, and reverently conveyed them to Scotland. The remains of Douglas were interred in the sepulchre of his fathers, in the church of Douglas, and the heart of Bruce was deposited at Melrose,

article; and his fame is no less brilliant in the annals of Scotland than that of his illustrious kinsman.

Edward III., of England, had invaded Scotland, carrying havoc and desolation before him, and capturing many of the principal forts and castles, among others those at Stirling and Edinburgh.

A strong English garrison, under command of

THE CAPTURE OF EDINBURGH CASTLE BY SIR WILLIAM DOUGLAS.

THE bold exploit of Sir William Douglas, in the capture of Edinburgh Castle, has been immortalized in history, song, and romance; but we do not remember to have seen the circumstances minutely stated, as they were recorded at the time by contemporary authors.

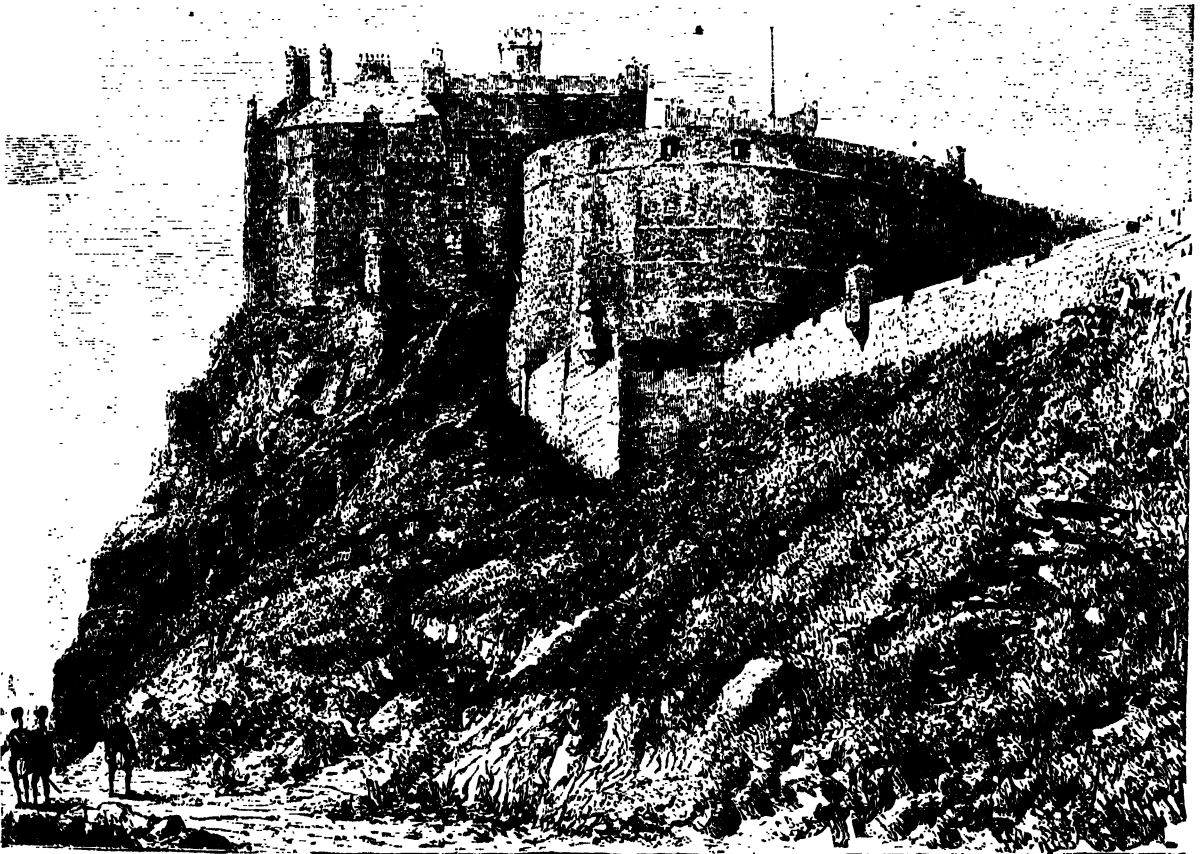
Sir William was a nephew of Sir James Douglas, some of whose deeds are recorded in the preceding

Sir Walter Simonsin, was placed in the latter, and they greatly annoyed and incensed the Scots by their frequent raids upon the people of the adjacent country, and the outrages which they inflicted upon the inhabitants.

Edinburgh Castle is built upon the point of a steep and rocky hill, and almost inaccessible except by the regular pathway cut in the rocks. Before the days of cannon it was practically impregnable, and could only be reduced by strata-

ready for any desperate undertaking, readily acquiesced in his suggestions.

Collecting two hundred Highland lancers, and purchasing a cargo of oats, oatmeal, coal, and straw, they procured a small vessel and put to sea; but having passed out of sight of land, they returned and anchored peaceably in a harbor about three miles from Edinburgh, representing themselves as merchants or tradesmen. At night the three leaders chose ten or twelve of



EDINBURGH CASTLE.

gem or famine. The accompanying illustration is a very fine and accurate picture of the castle and its immediate surroundings, as they now appear, and as they were in the days of Bruce and the Douglasses.

One day while pondering over the disasters and sorrows of his country, a bold thought came into Sir William Douglas's mind, which he communicated to three of his companions, the earl of Dunbar, Sir Robert Fraser, and Alexander Ramsey. They, being daring spirits like himself, and ever

their most trustworthy men, whom they dressed in old, threadbare clothes, with torn hats, like poor tradesmen, and loaded twelve small horses with oats, oatmeal, and coal; they then placed the rest of their men in ambuscade in an old abbey that was in ruins and uninhabited, close to the foot of the mountain on which the castle stands. At daybreak, the pretended merchants, with their arms concealed, took the road with their horses and ascended the narrow pathway as well as they could toward the castle. When

they were about half-way up, Sir William and Sir Robert Fraser advanced in front of the others, whom they ordered to follow; and thus they ascended until they came to the porter's lodge. Here they boldly announced their presence, and informed the porter that they had brought, with many risks and fears, coals, oats and meal, and,

same time he told them to come forward and he would open the gate. They all then passed quietly through, and entered with their loads to the gate of the barriers, which he also opened for them.

Sir William Douglas noticed that the porter had all the great keys of the castle gates, and he



THE FIGHT IN THE CASTLE.

inquired, in an apparently indifferent manner, which opened the main gate and which the wicket. When the first gate was opened they turned in their nags, and flinging off the loads of two, which consisted of coal, directly in the way of the gate, so it could not be closed, they seized the porter and slew him so suddenly that he could not utter a word. They then took the keys and opened all the gates; and Douglas gave a blast upon his horn as a signal to those who were in ambush, after which they tore off their old clothes and stepped forth in their glistening armor. As soon as those who were in hiding heard the horn they rushed forth and hastened toward the castle, as had been previously agreed upon. The noise of the horn also awakened the guards of the castle, who, seeing armed men running up the hill, sounded the alarm, and roared, "Treason! treason! Arm yourselves, my masters, as fast as you can, for here are men-at-arms advancing to our castle!" The garrison roused themselves as quickly as they could, and seizing their arms, rushed to the gate, but Sir William and his twelve com-

panions defended it so that it could not be shut. The combat then grew hot and fierce, but the Scots maintained their ground with great valor until their friends who had been in ambush arrived. The English made a gallant defence, kill-

if the English were in need of such articles, they would be glad to dispose of them at a cheap rate. He explained that the garrison would thankfully take them, but it was so early he dared not awake either the governor or his steward; at the

ing and wounding a number of the assailants ; but Sir William and his men fought with the desperation of men determined to win or die, so that in a short time they were masters of the castle, and all the English were slain except the governor and six esquires, to whom they showed mercy.

This was one of the most daring adventures that ever took place in the history of any nation, and could only have been successful through the strategy and daring of a Douglas.

QUEEN PHILIPPA AND THE CITIZENS OF CALAIS.

IT was a happy and fortunate affair of love which led to the marriage between Edward III. of England and Philippa, the beautiful daughter of the Earl of Hainault. She proved to be a queen worthy of so great and generous a monarch. She not only won the esteem and love of his subjects, by her kind and gentle manners, but when the Scots invaded England during his absence in the campaign against Philip of France, which resulted in the remarkable victory of Crecy and the capitulation of Calais, she hastily collected such an army as she could at the moment, and, infusing into the soldiers some degree of her own spirit, drove the Scotch back to their native mountains. She then crossed the channel and joined her husband in his camp before the city of Calais, which soon afterwards capitulated. Her conduct on that occasion reveals her true womanly nature, and proves that she was as generous and kind as she was brave. This incident forms one of the brightest pages in history, and is deserving of more than a passing notice. We adapt our description from the chronicles of that charming old writer, Sir John Froissart.

After many weary months of siege and battle and suffering, and an ineffectual attempt on the part of the French king to relieve the place, the citizens of Calais saw clearly that all their hopes were gone, and that nothing remained for them but to make the best terms they could with King Edward. They, therefore, earnestly entreated their governor, Lord John of Vienne, to mount the battlements and make a sign that he wished



KING EDWARD III.

to hold a parley. He accordingly did as they had requested him, and King Edward in response sent Sir Walter Manny and Lord Basset to confer with him. In this conference de Vienne informed them that the people of Calais had endeavored to faithfully serve their king and country, as the English would have done under like circumstances ; but that now all hope had

left them, and they entreated that they might be allowed to depart in their present condition, leav-

the king would not consent to such terms; that he was greatly enraged at the obstinate resist-

ance of the Calasians, and was determined that they should surrender to his will to ransom those whom he chose, and to put to death those who by their obstinate resistance had cost him so many lives and so much money.

"These are hard conditions," replied de Vienne, "and I entreat you out of compassion, to return to your king, and beg of him to have pity on us; for I have such an opinion of his gallantry as to hope that, through God's mercy, he will alter his mind."

The two English gentlemen returned to the king, and related what had passed. The king said he had no intention of complying with this request, but should insist that they surrender themselves uncondi-



SIR JOHN MANNY BEFORE KING EDWARD.

ing the fortifications and the town, with all its riches, as the spoils of the conquerors.

To this address Sir John Manny replied that

tionally to his will. Sir Walter replied, with a boldness that seems surprising under the circumstances:

"My lord, you may be to blame in this, as you will set us a very bad example; for if you order us to go to any of your castles, we shall not draw our swords so cheerfully if you put these

expect from me, is that six of the principal citizens march out of the town, with bare heads and feet, with ropes around their necks, and the keys of the town and castle in their hands. These six



SIR JOHN DE VIENNE EXPLAINING TO THE PEOPLE THE CONDITIONS OF THE SURRENDER.

people to death; for they will retaliate upon us in a similar case."

Many barons who were present supported this opinion; whereupon the king replied: "Gentlemen, I am not so obstinate as to hold my opinion against you all. Sir Walter, you may inform the governor of Calais that the only grace he must

persons shall be at my absolute disposal, but the remainder of the inhabitants will be pardoned."

When the king had expressed his final determination, Sir Walter returned to Sir John de Vienne, who had remained on the battlements anxiously awaiting the issue of the conference. When he heard the king's decision, he returned

sorrowfully to the town, and caused the bell to be rung as a sign for the people to collect in the market place; and when all the men, women, and children had come together, he told them what had taken place, and the hard conditions upon which the king would accept their submission. This information caused the greatest lamentation

a great pity to suffer so many people to die through famine, if any means could be found to prevent it, and it would be highly meritorious in the eyes of our Saviour if such misery could be averted. I have such faith and trust in finding grace before God, if I die to save my townsmen, that I name myself as one of the six." When he

had done speaking, they all rose up and almost worshipped him; many cast themselves at his feet with tears and groans. Five other prominent citizens rose up one after the other, and offered themselves as his companions, so that the number required was thus soon completed.

Sir John de Vienne then mounted a small hackney, for it was with difficulty that he could walk on account of his wounds, and conducted the six citizens to the gate, through which they passed, and he led them on to the barriers, where he met Sir Walter Manny, who was there waiting for him. "I

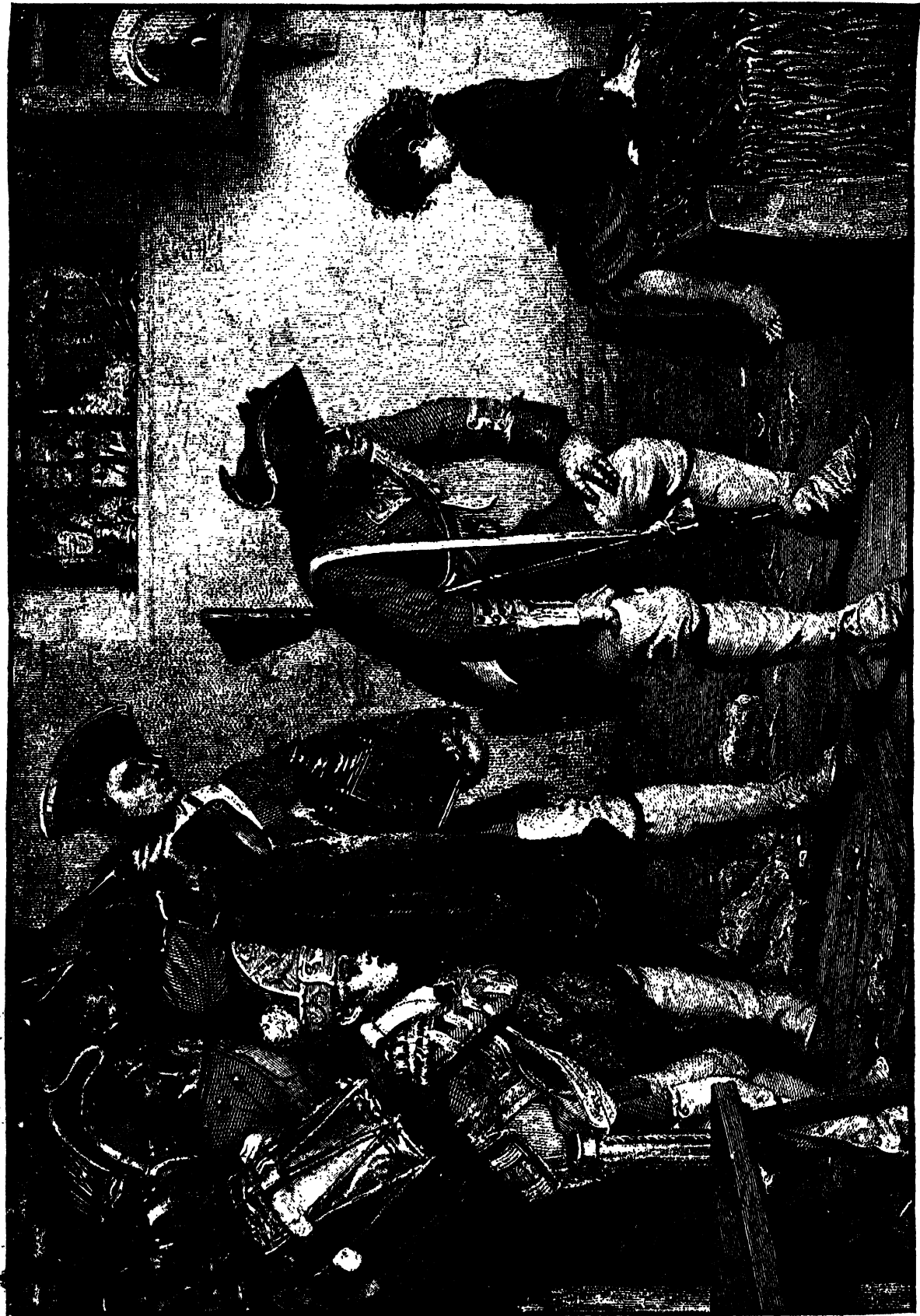


QUEEN PHILIPPA PLEADING FOR THE CONDEMNED CITIZENS.

and despair, and the hardest heart would have had compassion on them; Sir John wept bitterly.

After a short time, the most wealthy citizen of the town, named Justace de St. Pierre, arose and said: Gentlemen, both high and low, it would be

deliver up to you said he, "as governor of Calais, with the consent of the inhabitants, these six citizens, and I swear to you that they were and are to this day, the most wealthy and respectable inhabitants of Calais. I beg of you, gentle sir, that you would have the goodness



A LITTLE REBEL.

to beseech the king that they shall not be put to death." "I cannot answer for what the king will do with them," replied Sir Walter, "but you may depend upon it that I shall do all in my power to save them."

When Sir Walter had presented the six citizens to the king, they fell upon their knees, and upholding their hands said: "Most gallant king, see before you six citizens of Calais who have been capital merchants, and who bring you the keys of the castle and of the town. We surrender ourselves to your absolute will and pleasure, in order to save the remainder of the inhabitants who have suffered much distress and misery. Condescend, therefore, out of your nobleness of mind, to have mercy and compassion upon us." All the barons, knights and esquires who were assembled there in great numbers, wept at this sight. The king looked at them angrily, for he hated the people of Calais on account of the great loss he had suffered from them; and he ordered the heads of the six citizens to be immediately stricken off. All present entreated the king that he be more merciful to them, but he would not listen to what they said. He immediately sent the headsman and ordered that the Calasians should be executed immediately; whereupon the queen fell upon her knees and with tears said: "Ah, gentle sir, since I have crossed the sea with great danger to see you, I have never asked you one favor; now, I most humbly ask a gift, for the sake of the Son of the blessed Mary, and for your love to me, that you will be merciful to these six men." The king looked at her for some time in silence, and then said: "Ah, lady, I wish that you had been anywhere else than here; you have entreated in such a manner that I cannot refuse you; I therefore give them to you, to do as you please with them."

The queen immediately conducted the six citizens to her apartments, and had the halts taken from round their necks, after which she clothed them in new clothes, and served them with a plentiful dinner; she then presented each with six nobles, and had them escorted out of the camp in safety.

THE BOSTON MASSACRE, 1770.

ON Friday the second day of March, a soldier of the Twenty-ninth asked to be employed at Gray's Ropewalk, and was repulsed in the

coarsest words. He then defied the ropemakers to a boxing match; and one of them accepting his challenge, he was beaten off. Returning with several of his companions, they too were driven away. A larger number came down to renew the fight with clubs and cutlasses, and in their turn encountered defeat. By this time Gray and others interposed, and for that day prevented further disturbance.

There was an end to the affair at the Ropewalk, but not at the barracks, where the soldiers inflamed each other's passions, as if the honor of the regiment were tarnished. On Saturday they prepared bludgeons, and being resolved to brave the citizens on Monday night, they forewarned their particular acquaintances not to be abroad. Without duly restraining his men, Carr, the Lieutenant-Colonel of the Twenty-ninth, made complaint to the Lieutenant-Governor of the insult they had received.

The council, deliberating on Monday, seemed of the opinion that the town would never be safe from quarrels between the people and the soldiers as long as soldiers should be quartered among them. In the present case the owner of the Ropewalk gave satisfaction by dismissing the workmen complained of.

The officers should, on their part, have kept their men within the barracks after night-fall. Instead of it they left them to roam the streets. Hutchinson should have insisted on measures of precaution, but he, too, much wished the favor of all who had influence at Westminster.

Evening came on. The young moon was shining brightly in a cloudless winter sky, and its light was increased by a new fallen snow. Parties of soldiers were driving about the streets, making a parade of valor, challenging resistance, and striking the inhabitants indiscriminately with sticks or sheathed cutlasses.

A band, which rushed out from Murray's Barracks in Brattle street, armed with clubs, cutlasses, and bayonets, provoked resistance, and an affray ensued. Ensign Maul, at the gate of the barrack-yard, cried to the soldiers, "Turn out and I will stand by you; kill them; stick them; knock them down; run your bayonets through them;" and one soldier after another levelled a firelock, and threatened to "make a lane" through the crowd. Just before nine, as an officer crossed King street, now State street, a barber's lad cried

after him, "There goes a mean fellow who hath not paid my master for dressing his hair;" on which the sentinel stationed at the westerly end of the Custom-house, on the corner of King street and Exchange lane, left his post, and with his musket gave the boy a stroke on the head, which made him stagger, and cry for pain.

The street soon became clear, and nobody troubled the sentry, when a party of soldiers issued violently from the main guard, their arms glitter-

knocked him down with his cutlass. They abused and insulted several persons at their doors, and others in the street, "running about like madmen in a fury," crying, "Fire," which seemed their watchword, and "Where are they? knock them down." Their outrageous behavior occasioned the ringing of the bell at the head of King street.

The citizens, whom the alarm set in motion, came out with canes and clubs; and partly by the interference of well disposed officers, partly by the courage of Crispus Attucks, a mulatto, and some others, the fray at the barracks was soon over. Of the citizens, the prudent shouted, "Home, Home;" others, it was said, called out, "Huzza for the main guard; there is the nest;" but the main guard was not molested the whole evening.

A body of soldiers came up Royal Exchange lane, crying "Where are the cowards?" and brandishing their arms, passed through King street. From ten to twenty boys came after them, asking, "Where are they, where are they?" "There is the soldier who knocked me down," said the barber's boy, and they began pushing one another towards the sentinel.—He primed and loaded his musket. "The lobster is going to fire," cried a boy. Waving his piece about, the sentinel pulled the trigger. "If you fire you must die for it," said Henry Knox, who was passing by. "I don't care," replied the sentry; damn them, if they touch



BRITISH SOLDIERS IN BOSTON.

ing in the moonlight, and passed on hallooing, "Where are they? where are they? let them come." Presently twelve or fifteen more, uttering the same cry, rushed from the south into King street, and so by way of Cornhill, towards Murray's Barracks. "Pray, soldiers, spare my life," cried a boy of twelve, whom they met; "No, no; I'll kill you all," answered one of them, and

me I'll fire." "Fire and be damned," shouted the boys, for they were persuaded he could not do it without leave from a civil officer; and a young fellow spoke out, "We will knock him down for snapping;" while they whistled through their fingers and huzzaed. "Stand off," said the sentry, and shouted aloud, "Turn out, main guard." "They are killing

the sentinel," reported a servant from the Custom-house, running to the main guard. "Turn out ; why don't you turn out ?" cried Preston, who was Captain of the day, to the guard. "He appeared in a great flutter of spirits," and "spoke to them roughly." A party of six, two of whom, Kilroi and Montgomery, had been worsted at the Ropewalk, formed with a corporal in front, and Preston following. With bayonets fixed, they haughtily "rushed through the people," upon

been standing, gave three cheers, and passed along the front of the soldiers, whose muskets some of them struck as they went by.—"You are cowardly rascals," said they, "for bringing arms against naked men ;" "lay aside your guns, and we are ready for you." "Are the soldiers loaded ?" inquired Palmes of Preston. "Yes," he answered, "with powder and ball." "Are they going to fire upon the inhabitants ?" asked Theodore Bliss. "They cannot, without my



THE BOSTON MASSACRE.

the trot, cursing them and pushing them as they went along. They found about ten persons round the sentry, while about fifty or sixty came down with them. "For God's sake," said Knox, holding Preston by the coat, "take your men back again ; if they fire, your life must answer for the consequences." "I know what I am about," said he, hastily, and much agitated. None pressed on them or provoked them, till they began loading, when a party of about twelve in number, with sticks in their hands, moved from the middle of the street, where they had

orders," replied Preston ; while the "town-born" called out, "Come on, you rascals, you bloody backs, you lobster scoundrels, fire if you dare ; we know you dare not." Just then Montgomery received a blow from a stick thrown, which hit his musket ; and the word "Fire" being given, he stepped a little on one side, and shot Attucks, who at the time was quietly leaning on a long stick. The people immediately began to move off. "Don't fire," said Langford, the watchman, to Kilroi, looking him full in the face, but yet he did so, and Samuel Gray, who was standing next

Langford with his hands in his bosom, fell lifeless. The rest fired slowly and in succession on the people, who were dispersing. One aimed deliberately at a boy who was running for safety. Montgomery then pushed at Palmes to stab him; on which the latter knocked his gun out of his hand, and levelling a blow at him, hit Preston. Three persons were killed, among them Attucks the mulatto; eight were wounded, two of them mortally. Of all the eleven, not more than one had had any share in the disturbance.

So infuriated were the soldiers, that when the men returned to take up the dead, they prepared to fire again, but were checked by Preston, while the Twenty-ninth regiment appeared under arms in King street, as if bent on a further massacre. "This is our time," cried soldiers of the Fourteenth; and dogs were never seen more greedy for their prey.

The bells rung in all the churches; the town drums beat. "To arms; to arms," was the cry. And now was to be tested the true character of Boston. All its sons came forth, excited almost to madness: many were absolutely distracted by the sight of the dead bodies, and of the blood, which ran plentifully in the street, and was imprinted in all directions by the foot-tracks on the snow. "Our hearts," says Warren, "beat to arms; almost resolved by one stroke to avenge the death of our slaughtered brethren." But they stood self-possessed and irresistible, demanding justice, according to the law. "Did you not know that you should not have fired without the order of a civil magistrate?" asked Hutchinson, on meeting Preston. "I did it," answered Preston, "to save my men."

The people would not be pacified till the regiment was confined to the guard-room and the barracks; and Hutchinson himself gave assurances that instant inquiries should be made by the county magistrates. The body of them then retired, leaving about one hundred persons to keep watch on the examination, which lasted till three hours after midnight. A warrant was issued against Preston, who surrendered himself to the Sheriff; and the soldiers who composed the party were delivered up and committed to prison.

—George Bancroft.

GEORGIA THEATRICALS.

FROM "GEORGIA SCENES," BY A. B. LONGSTREET.

RAPT with the enchantment of the season and the scenery around me, I was slowly rising the slope, when I was startled by loud, profane and boisterous voices, which seemed to proceed from a thick covert of undergrowth about two hundred yards in the advance of me, and about one hundred to the right of my road.

"You kin, kin you?"

"Yes, I kin, and am able to do it! Boo-oo-oo! Oh, wake, snakes, and walk your chinks! Brimstone and —— fire! Don't hold me, Nick Stoval! The fight's made up and let's go at it. —— my soul if I don't jump down his throat, and gallop every chitterling out of him before you can say 'quit!'"

"Now, Nick, don't hold him! Jist let the wildcat come, and I'll tame him. Ned'll see me a fair fight, won't you, Ned?"

"Oh, yes; I'll see you a fair fight, blast my old shoes if I don't."

"That's sufficient, as Tom Haynes said when he saw the elephant. Now let him come."

Thus they went on, with countless oaths interspersed, which I dare not even hint at, and with much that I could not distinctly hear.

In Mercy's name! thought I, what band of ruffians has selected this holy season and this heavenly retreat for such Pandæmonian riots! I quickened my gait, and had come nearly opposite to the thick grove whence the noise proceeded, when my eye caught indistinctly and at intervals, through the foliage of the dwarf-oaks and hickories which intervened, glimpses of a man or men, who seemed to be in a violent struggle; and I could occasionally catch those deep-drawn, emphatic oaths which men in conflict utter when they deal blows. I dismounted, and hurried to the spot with all speed. I had overcome about half the space which separated it from me, when I saw the combatants come to the ground, and, after a short struggle, I saw the uppermost one (for I could not see the other) make a heavy plunge with both his thumbs, and at the same instant I heard a cry in the accent of keenest torture, "Enough!" My eye's out!"

I was so completely horrorstruck, that I stood transfixed for a moment to the spot where the cry met me. The accomplices in the hellish deed which had been perpetrated had all fled at my

approach; at least I supposed so, for they were not to be seen.

"Now, blast your corn-shucking soul," said the victor (a youth about eighteen years old) as he rose from the ground, "come cutt'n your shines 'bout me agin, next time I come to the Courthouse, will you! Get your owl-eye in agin if you can!"

At this moment he saw me for the first time. He looked excessively embarrassed, and was moving off, when I called to him, in a tone emboldened by the sacredness of my office and the iniquity of his crime, "Come back, you brute! and assist me in relieving your fellow-mortal, whom you have ruined forever!"

My rudeness subdued his embarrassment in an instant; and, with a taunting curl of the nose, he replied, "You needn't kick before you're spurr'd. There a'nt nobody there, nor ha'nt been nother. I was jist seein' how I could 'a' fount." So saying, he bounded to his plough, which stood in the corner of the fence about fifty yards beyond the battle-ground.

And, would you believe it, gentle reader! his report was true. All that I had heard and seen was nothing more nor less than a Lincoln rehearsal; in which the youth who had just left me had played all the parts of all the characters of a Courthouse fight.

I went to the ground from which he had risen, and there were the prints of his two thumbs, plunged up to the balls in the mellow earth, about the distance of a man's eyes apart; and the ground around was broken up as if two stags had been engaged upon it.

LETTER FROM A MAN WHO HAD BEEN CHALLENGED TO HIS CHALLENGER.

SIR: I have two objections to this duel matter. The one is, lest I should hurt you; and the other is, lest you should hurt me. I do not see any good it would do me to put a bullet thro' any part of your body. I could make no use of you when dead for any culinary purpose, as I would a rabbit or turkey. I am no cannibal to feed on the flesh of men. Why then shoot down a human creature, of which I could make no use? A buffalo would be better meat. For though your flesh may be delicate and tender; yet it wants that firmness and consistency which takes and retains

salt. At any rate, it would not be fit for long sea voyages. You might make a good barbecue, it is true, being of the nature of a raccoon or an opossum; but people are not in the habit of barbecuing any thing human. As to your hide, it is not worth taking off, being little better than that of a year old colt.

It would seem to me a strange thing to shoot at a man that would stand still to be shot at; inasmuch as I have been heretofore used to shoot at things flying, or running, or jumping.

As to myself, I do not much like to stand in the way of any thing harmful. I am under apprehensions you might hit me. That being the case, I think it most advisable to stay at a distance. If you want to try your pistols, take some object, a tree or a barn door, about my dimensions. If you hit that, send me word, and I shall acknowledge that if I had been in the same place you might also have hit me.

A TRIBUTE TO WOMAN.

"I HAVE observed among all nations, that the women ornament themselves more than the men; that, wherever found, they are the same kind, civil, obliging, humane, tender beings; that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest. They do not hesitate, like man, to perform a hospitable or generous action: not haughty, nor arrogant, nor supercilious, but full of courtesy and fond of society; industrious, economical, ingenuous; more liable in general to err than man, but in general, also, more virtuous, and performing more good actions than he. I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship to a woman, whether civilized or savage, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man it has often been otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide-spread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, woman has ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue, so worthy of the appellation of benevolence, these actions have been performed in so free and so kind a manner, that, if I was dry, I drank the sweet draught, and, if hungry, ate the coarse morsel, with a double relish."—*John Ledyard.*

AN AMERICAN IN PARIS DURING THE REVOLUTION.

WE select the following highly interesting account of an American gentleman's experiences with Robespierre, and life in Paris during the revolution, from the writings of Thomas Cooper:

When I was going over to Paris with Watt during the French Revolution, being both members

took me to Robespierre's. We passed through a carpenter's shop, and went up a ladder to the place occupied by Robespierre. He was dressed up. A complete *pétit maitre*, a dandy. A little pale man, with dark hair. He received me well. I told him that I had written an address to deliver to the club, and requested him to deliver it for me, as I spoke French badly. He said he would. I wrote the address, and Watt translated it into



STREETS OF PARIS DURING THE REVOLUTION.

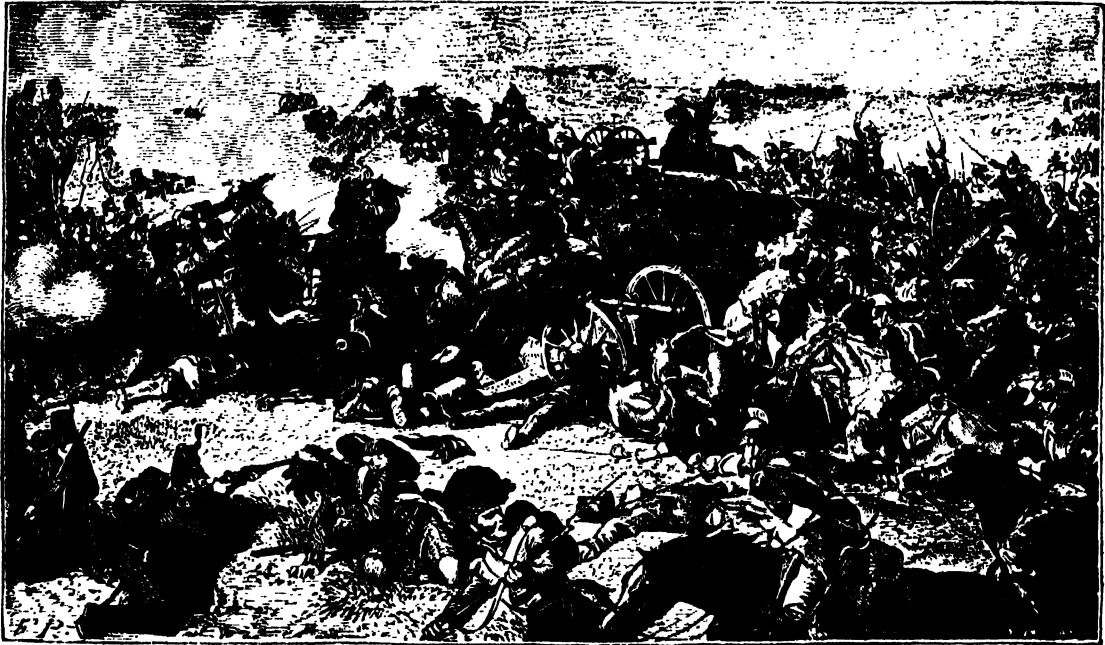
of the club at Manchester, we had letters from the club to Robespierre, Petion, and other members of the Jacobin clubs of Paris. I called on Petion and told him my business, and that I wished to be introduced to Robespierre. Petion was a clever fellow, and more like an Englishman than any Frenchman I have ever seen—good, candid fellow, on whom you might rely. He

French. We went to the club (he mentioned which, but it has escaped me), and he with others sat under the canopy (I think he said) where the president sits. He mentioned who presided. After a while a loud noise was made, and a call for Citizen Cooper (*Citoyen Gouappe*) and Watt, and for the address of *Citoyen Gouappe* which had been formally announced. I requested Robes-

pierre to take it and read it as he had promised. He declined, and I insisted, until he refused positively, when the noise increasing, I told him, "*Citoyen Robespierre, vous êtes un coquin!*" and with that I mounted and delivered my address, which was well received, and with considerable noise. After that (which was before Robespierre commenced his reign of blood), I kept company principally with the Brissotians. The day after the above affair took place at the club, several persons told me to take care of myself, for that Robespierre and his friends had their designs upon us. Spies were set upon us. We were informed of it, and their names furnished, which he men-

wouldn't agree to join us. They would not risk it. At last we were denounced by Robespierre, and Watt went off to Germany, and I returned to England. Now those four months that I spent in Paris were the most happy and pleasant of my life. I laughed more than I ever did before or have since. I lived four years.

It is curious, but I believe the fact from what I saw, that during the most dreadful times of that revolution, during its most bloody period, the people of Paris enjoyed more aggregate happiness than at any other period of their lives. Every moment was a century. When there every energy of my mind was called out, every moment en-



THE CHARGE.

tioned. We invited them regularly to dinner, and the poor devils not being used to drinking wine, we always got them drunk after dinner. One evening, at the house of a person whose name I did not catch, where many Brissotians were present, Watt and I proposed that if they would gather as many friends as they could and go with us, to support us at the club, I would insult Robespierre before the whole assembly, and compel him to challenge us to fight. We should have broken him up that night. We did not care for responsibility there, it would have been all amusement. Such was our excitement, I would as leave have fought him as not. I would have liked it. We might have got him off, but these fellows

gaged. Some important event unceasingly occurred, and incessantly occupied the mind.

BATTLE OF NIAGARA.

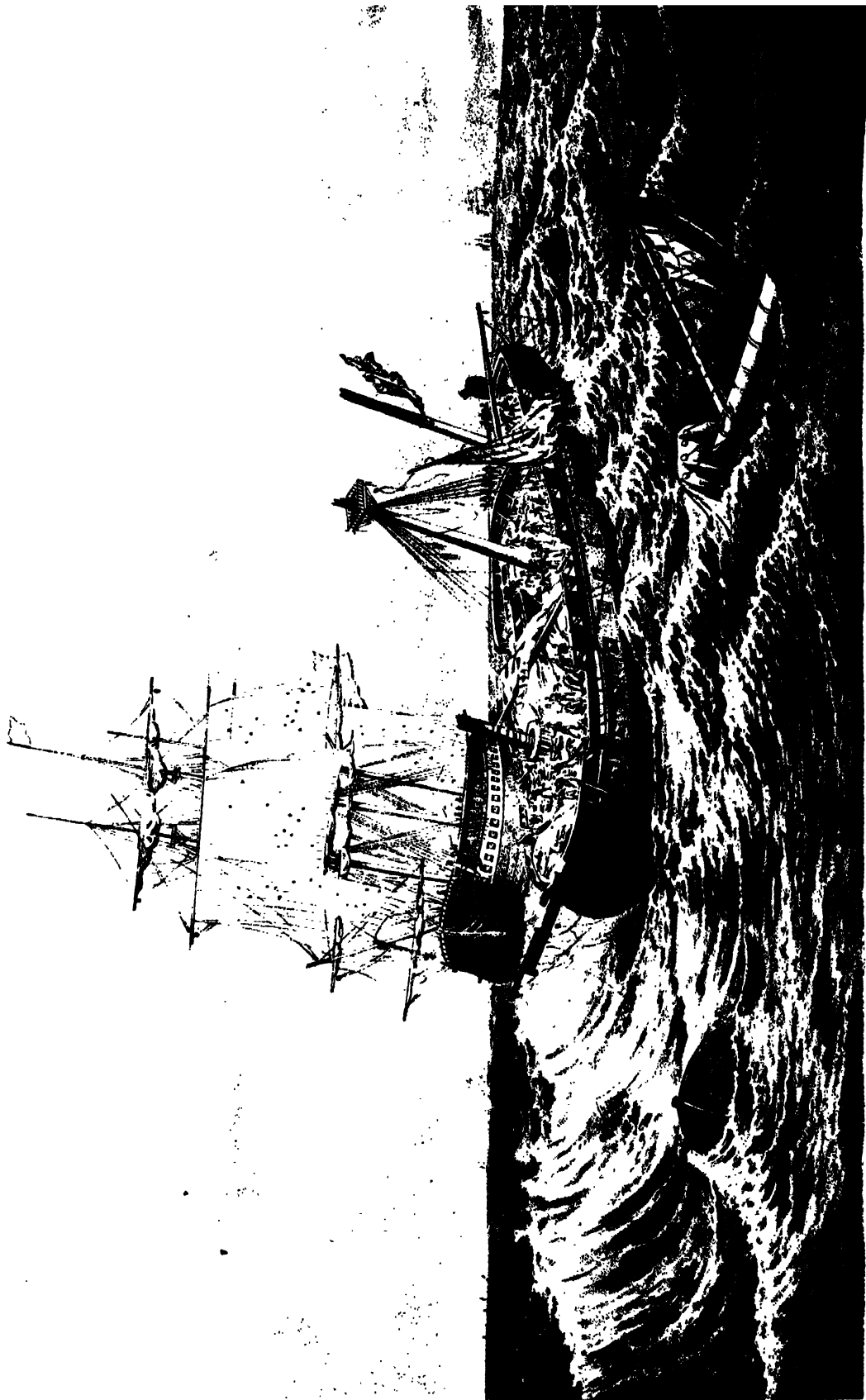
THE battle took place on the margin of the Niagara river, an extensive plain, which had once been covered with fine farms; but now, forsaken by the inhabitants, and desolated by war, it exhibited only a barren waste. The river at that place begins to acquire some of that terrific velocity with which it rushes over the awful precipice three miles below, creating one of the grandest natural curiosities in existence; the noise of the cataract is heard, and the column of foam distinctly seen, from the battle-ground. On the

other side, the field is bounded by a thick forest, but the plain itself presents a level smooth surface, unbroken by ravines, and without a tree or bush to intercept the view, or an obstacle to impede the movements of the hostile bodies, or to afford to either party an advantage. From this plain the American camp was separated by a small creek. In the full glare of the summer sun on the morning of the 5th of July, the British troops were seen advancing to our camp, across the destined field of strife; their waving plumes, their scarlet uniforms, and gilded ornaments exhibited a gay and gorgeous appearance. Their martial music, their firm and rapid step, indicated elastic hopes and high courage. The Americans, inferior in number, were easily put in motion to meet the advancing foe; they crossed a small rude bridge, the only outlet from the camp, under a heavy fire of the enemy's artillery, and moved steadily to the spot selected for the engagement. The scene at this moment was beautiful and imposing. The British line, glowing with crimson hues, was stretched across the plain, flanked by pieces of brass ordnance, whose rapid discharge spread death over the field, and filled the air with thunder; while the clouds of smoke enveloped each extremity of the line, leaving the centre only exposed to the eye, and, extending on to the river on the one hand, and the forest on the other, filled the whole back-ground of the landscape. The Americans were advancing in columns. They were new recruits, now led for the first time into action, and except a few officers, none of that heroic band had ever before seen the banner of a foe. But they moved steadily to their ground, unbroken by the galling fire; and platoon after platoon wheeled into line with the same graceful accuracy of movement which marks the evolution of the holiday parade, until the whole column was deployed into one extended front; the officers carefully dressed the line with technical skill, and the whole brigade evinced, by its deep silence, and the faithful precision of its movements, the subordination of strict discipline, and the steady firmness of determined courage. Now the musketry of the enemy began to rattle, pouring bullets as thick as hail upon our ranks. Still not a trigger was drawn, not a voice was heard on our side, save the quick peremptory tones of command. General Scott rode along the line cheering and restraining his troops, then passed from flank to flank to see

if all was as he wished: he wheeled his steed into the rear of the troops, and gave the command to "Fire." A voice was immediately heard in the British ranks—supposed to be that of their commander—exclaiming, "Charge the Yankees! charge the Buffalo militia! charge! charge!" The American general ordered his men to "Support arms."

The British rushed forward with bayonets charged, but they were struck with amazement when they beheld those whom their commander tauntingly called "militia" standing motionless as statues; their muskets erect, their arms folded across their breasts, gazing calmly at their hostile ranks advancing furiously with levelled bayonets. It was a refinement of discipline rarely exhibited, and here altogether unexpected. The Americans stood until the enemy approached within a few paces; until the foemen could see the fire flashing from each other's eyes, and each could read the expression of his adversary's face; then deliberately as the word was given, the Americans levelled their pieces and fired—and the whole of the enemy's line seemed annihilated!—Many were killed, many wounded, and some, rushing forward with powerful momentum, fell over their prostrate companions, or were thrown down by the weight of succeeding combatants. In one instance the ground occupied by that gallant line was covered by flying Britons; in another, a second line had advanced to sustain the contest; while the broken fragments of the first were rallied behind it. The "Buffalo militia" were now the assailants, advancing with charged bayonets. Then it was that the young American chiefs who led that gallant host displayed the skill of veterans, and the names of Scott, Jessup, Leavenworth, McNeil, and Hinman, were given to their country to adorn the proudest page of its history. Five and thirty minutes decided the contest, and the retiring foe was pursued and driven to his fortress. None who saw will forget the terrific beauty of this scene; the noble appearance of the troops—the dreadful precision of every movement—the awful fury of the battle—its fatal severity—its brief continuance—its triumphant close.

As the victors returned from the pursuit of the retiring enemy, a scene of intense interest was presented. They traversed the field which a few minutes before had sparkled with the proud equipage of war. There had been gallant men, and



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AN OLD-TIME SEA FIGHT. (THE CONSTITUTION AND GUERRIERE.)

gay uniforms, and waving banners; and there had been drums and trumpets, and the wild notes of the bugle, stirring the soul to action. There had been nodding plumes, and beating hearts, and eyes that gleamed with ambition.

There too had been tempestuous chiefs, emulous of fame, dashing their fiery steeds along the hostile ranks; and there had been all the spirit-stirring sighs and sounds that fill the eye and the ear and the heart of the young warrior, giving more than the poet's fire to the entranced imagination. What a change had a few brief minutes produced! Now the field was strewn with ghastly and disfigured forms, with the wounded, with the mutilated and the dying. The ear was filled with strange and melancholy and terrific sounds; the shouts of victory had given place to groans of anguish, the complaints of the vanquished, the prayers or the imprecations of the dying.

BATTLE BETWEEN THE CONSTITUTION AND THE GUERRIERE.

THE Guerriere was lying to. The Constitution was leisurely bearing down upon the enemy under her topsails—every man was at his respective station, and all on board were eager for the contest,—when the Guerriere commenced the action at long shot. Commodore Hull gave a peremptory order to his officers not to apply a single match until he gave the word. In a few minutes a forty-two pounder from the Guerriere took effect, and killed and wounded some of our brave tars. Lieutenant Morris immediately left his station on the gun-deck to report the same to the commodore, and requested permission to return

the fire, as the men were very anxious to engage the enemy.

"Mr. Morris," was the commodore's reply, "are you ready for action on the gun-deck?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, keep so—but don't let a gun be fired till I give the word."

In a few moments Mr. Morris again appeared,



AFTER THE BATTLE.

and stated that he could with difficulty restrain the men from giving the enemy a broadside, so anxious were they to commence the engagement.

"Mr. Morris," reiterated the commodore, intently gazing on the English frigate, "are you ready for action on the gun-deck?"

"Yes, sir; and it is impossible for me any longer to restrain the men from firing on the foe. Their passions are wrought up to the highest possible pitch of excitement. Several of our bravest seamen are already killed and wounded"—

"Keep cool, Mr. Morris—keep cool. See all prepared, and do not suffer a gun to be fired till I give the word."

The gallant lieutenant went below. In a few minutes, the vessels having neared each other to within pistol-shot distance, Morris was sent for to appear on the quarter-deck.

"Are you all ready for action, Mr. Morris?" again demanded the commodore.

"We are all ready, sir—and the men are uttering horrid imprecations because they are not suffered to return the fire of the enemy."

"Fire then, in God's name!" shouted the commodore, in a voice of thunder.

It is added that he wore at the time a pair of *nanken tights*; and he accompanied this *soul-cheering* order with such a tremendous stamp on the deck with his right foot that the unfortunate pantaloons were *split open from the knee to the waist-band*.

The conduct of Dacres, before and during the action, was such as might have been expected from a brave and generous enemy. Mr. Reed, a young man belonging to Brewster, Massachusetts, had been pressed on board the *Guerriere* a few weeks previous to the engagement. Several other American seamen were also on board. When the *Constitution* was bearing down in such gallant style, and it became evident that a severe action with an *American* frigate was inevitable, young Reed left his station and proceeded to the quarter-deck, and respectfully but firmly represented to Captain Dacres that he was an American citizen, who had been unjustly detained on board the English frigate; that he had hitherto faithfully performed the duties which were assigned him; and that it could not reasonably be expected he would fight against his countrymen; he therefore begged leave to decline the honor of participating in the engagement.

The English captain frankly told him that he appreciated his patriotic feelings; that he did not wish the Americans on board to use arms against their countrymen; and he subsequently ordered them all into the cockpit, to render assistance to the surgeon, if it should be necessary. Reed left

the spar-deck after the *Guerriere* had commenced the action. Several shots were known to have taken effect, but the *Constitution* had not yet fired a gun—much to the amusement of the British tars, who predicted that the enemy would be taken without resistance, with the exception of a veteran man-of-war's-man, who had been in the battle of the Nile, and gruffly observed, with a significant shake of the head, "That Yankee knows what he's about."

A few moments passed away, and the *Constitution* poured in her tremendous broadside—every gun was double-shotted and well pointed, and the effect which it had on the enemy can hardly be conceived. Mistimed jests and jeers at the imperturbable but harmless Yankees gave place to the groans of the wounded and dying, and sixteen poor mutilated wretches were tumbled down into the cockpit, from the effects of the first broadside!

Dacres fought as long as a spar was standing and a gun could be brought to bear upon the enemy; but when his masts were completely swept away, his officers and men mostly killed and wounded, encumbering the decks; while the scuppers were streaming with gore; when the *Guerriere*, which a few hours before was justly considered one of the most splendid specimens of naval architecture which belonged to the British navy, lay on the water an unsightly, unmanageable mass; when he had no longer the stump of a mast left from which to display the proud flag of his country, the gallant Briton began to think he had got into an ugly scrape, from which he could not possibly extricate himself. He could no longer oppose even a feeble resistance to his more fortunate foe.

Captain Hull sent an officer to take possession of the *Guerriere*. When he arrived alongside, he demanded of the commander of the English frigate if he had struck.

Dacres was extremely reluctant to make this concession in plain terms, but with a shrewdness which would have done honor to a Yankee, endeavored to evade the question.

"I do not know that it would be prudent to continue the engagement any longer," said he.

"Do I understand you to say that you have struck?" inquired the American lieutenant.

"Not precisely," returned Dacres; "but I don't know that it will be worth while to fight any longer."

"If you think it advisable, I will return aboard," replied the Yankee, "and we will resume the engagement."

"Why, I am pretty much *hors de combat* already," said Dacres; "I have hardly men enough left to work a gun, and my ship is in a sinking condition."

"I wish to know, sir," peremptorily demanded the American officer, "whether I am to consider you as a prisoner of war, or an enemy. I have no time for further parley."

"I believe there is no alternative. If I could fight longer, I would with pleasure; but I—must—surrender—myself—a prisoner of war!"

And so the famous battle closed.

HOW A COUNTRY GIRL BECAME THE ANCESTOR OF TWO OF ENGLAND'S QUEENS.

DURING the troubles in the reign of Charles I., a country girl came to London in search of a place as a servant-maid; but not succeeding, she hired herself to carry out beer from a brew-house, and was one of those called tub-women. The brewer, observing a good-looking girl in this low occupation, took her into his family as a servant, and after a short time married her; but he died while she was yet a young woman, and left her the bulk of his fortune. The business of the brewery was dropped, and to the young woman was recommended Mr. Hyde, as a skilful lawyer to arrange her husband's affairs. Hyde, who was afterwards the great Earl of Clarendon, finding the widow's fortune very considerable, married her. Of this marriage there was no other issue than a daughter, who was afterwards the wife of James II., and mother of Mary and Anne, queens of England.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF DISTINGUISHED OFFICERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

THERE are few that hear of the achievements of distinguished men without forming some idea of their persons and features, and it is always pleasing to know whether the reality answers to the idea.

WASHINGTON has been described so often that his whole appearance must be familiar from our infancy. A person six feet two inches in stature, expanded, muscular, of elegant proportions, and unusually graceful in all his movements: his head

moulded somewhat on the model of the Grecian antique; features sufficiently prominent for strength or comeliness—a Roman nose and large blue eyes; deeply thoughtful, rather than lively. With these attributes, the appearance of Washington was striking and august. A fine complexion being superadded, he was accounted, when young, one of the handsomest of men. But his majesty consisted in the expression of his countenance, much more than in his comely features, his lofty person, or his dignified deportment. It was the emanation of his great spirit through the tenement it occupied.

MAJOR-GENERAL GREENE, in person, was rather corpulent and above the common size; his complexion was fair and florid; his countenance serene and mild, indicating a goodness which seemed to shade and soften the fire and greatness of its expression. His health was delicate, but preserved by temperance and regularity.

GENERAL LAFAYETTE was one of the finest-looking men in the army, notwithstanding his deep-red hair, which then, as now, was rather in disrepute. His forehead was fine, though receding; his eyes, clear and hazel; his mouth and chin delicately formed, and exhibiting beauty rather than strength. The expression of his countenance was strongly indicative of the generous and gallant spirit which animated him, mingling with something of the pride of conscious manliness. His mien was noble, his manners frank and amiable, and his movements light and graceful. He wore his hair plain, and never complied so far with the fashion of the times as to powder.

GENERAL WAYNE was about the middle size, with a fine ruddy countenance, commanding port, with an eagle eye. His looks corresponded well with his character; indicating a soul noble, ardent and daring. At this time, he was about thirty-two years of age; a period of life which, perhaps, as much as any other, blends the graces of youth with the majesty of manhood. In his intercourse with his officers and men, he was affable and agreeable, and had the art of communicating to their bosoms the gallant and chivalrous spirit which glowed in his own.

GENERAL SULLIVAN was a man of short stature, well formed and active; his complexion dark—his nose prominent—his eyes black and piercing, and his face altogether agreeable and well-formed.

LORD STERLING was short and thick-set ; somewhat pursy and corpulent. His face was red, and looked as though colored by brandy rather than sunburnt, and his appearance in no manner either military or commanding.

COLONEL MORGAN was stout and active, six feet in height, not too much encumbered with flesh, and exactly fitted for the toils and pomp of war. The features of his face were strong and manly, and his brow thoughtful. His manners plain and decorous, neither insinuating nor repulsive ; his conversation grave, sententious and considerate, unadorned and uncaptivating.

COLONEL HAMILTON is thus described by Mr. Delaplaine : "Although in person below the middle stature, and somewhat deficient in elegance of figure, Hamilton possessed a very striking and manly appearance. By the most superficial observers, he never could be regarded as a common individual. His head was large, formed on the finest model, resembling somewhat the Grecian antique. His forehead was spacious and elevated ; his nose projecting, but inclined to the aquiline ; his eyes gray, keen at all times, and when animated by debate, intolerably piercing, and his mouth and chin well-proportioned and handsome. These two latter, although his strongest, were his most pleasing features ; yet the form of his mouth was expressive of eloquence, more especially of persuasion. He was remarkable for a deep depression between his nose and forehead, and a contraction of the brows, which gave to the upper part of his countenance an air of sternness. The lower part was an emblem of mildness and ingenuity.

MAJOR LEE, one of the most vigilant and active partisan officers in the American army, was short in stature, and of light make, but agile and active. His face was small and freckled ; his looks eager and sprightly. He was then quite young, and his appearance was even more youthful than his years.

SIR WILLIAM HOWE, the British general, was a fine figure, full six feet high, and admirably well-proportioned. In person, he a good deal resembled Washington, and at a little distance might have been easily taken for the American general ; but his features, though good, were more pointed, and the expression of his countenance was less benignant. His manners were polished, graceful, and dignified.

SIR HENRY CLINTON was short and fat, with a full face, prominent nose, and animated intelligent countenance. In his manners, he was polite and courtly, but more formal and distant than Howe, and in his intercourse with his officers was rather punctilious, and not inclined to intimacy.

GENERAL JACKSON'S VICTORY AT NEW ORLEANS.

IN the month of December, 1814, fifteen thousand British troops, under Sir Edward Packenham, were landed for the attack of New Orleans. The defence of this place was intrusted to General Andrew Jackson, whose force was about six thousand men, chiefly raw militia. Several slight skirmishes occurred previous to the arrival of the enemy before the city ; during this time General Jackson was employed in making preparations for his defence. His front was a straight line of one thousand yards, defended by upwards of three thousand infantry and artillerists. The ditch contained five feet of water, and his front, from having been flooded by opening the levees, and by frequent rains, was rendered slippery and muddy. Eight distinct batteries were judiciously disposed, mounting in all twelve guns of different calibres. On the opposite side of the river was a strong battery of fifteen guns.

At daylight on the morning of the 8th of January, the main body of the British, under their commander-in-chief, General Packenham, were seen advancing from their encampment to storm the American lines. On the preceding evening they had erected a battery within eight hundred yards, which now opened a brisk fire to protect their advance. The British came on in two columns, the left along the levee on the bank of the river, directed against the American right, while their right advanced to the swamp, with a view to turn General Jackson's left. The country being a perfect level, and the view unobstructed, their march was observed from its commencement. They were suffered to approach, in silence and unmolested, until within three hundred yards of the lines. This period of suspense and expectation was employed by General Jackson and his officers in stationing every man at his post, and arranging every thing for the decisive event. When the British columns had advanced with an



D. M. CARTER PINT.

GEN. JACKSON'S VICTORY AT NEW ORLEANS.

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three hundred yards of the lines, the whole artillery at once opened upon them a most deadly fire. Forty pieces of cannon, deeply charged with grape, canister, and musket-balls, mowed them down by hundreds; at the same time the batteries on the west bank opened their fire, while the riflemen, in perfect security behind their works, as the British advanced took deliberate aim, and nearly every shot took effect. Through this destructive fire, the British left column, under the immediate orders of the commander-in-chief, rushed on with their fascines and scaling ladders, to the advance bastion on the American right, and succeeded in mounting the parapet; here, after a close conflict with the bayonet, they succeeded in obtaining possession of the bastion; when the battery planted in the rear for its protection opened its fire, and drove the British from the ground. On the American left, the British attempted to pass the swamp, and gain the rear, but the works had been extended as far into the swamp as the ground would permit. Some who attempted it sank in the mire and disappeared; those behind, seeing the fate of their companions, seasonably retreated and gained the hard ground. The assault continued an hour and a quarter; during the whole time the British were exposed to the deliberate and destructive fire of the American artillery and musketry, which lay in perfect security behind their breastworks of cotton bales, which no balls could penetrate.

At eight o'clock, the British columns drew off in confusion, and retreated behind their works. Flushed with success, the militia were eager to pursue the British troops to their intrenchments, and drive them immediately from the island. A less prudent and accomplished general might have been induced to yield to the indiscreet ardor of his troops; but General Jackson understood too well the nature both of his own and his enemy's force, to hazard such an attempt. Defeat must inevitably have attended an assault made by raw militia, upon an entrenched camp of British regulars. The defence of New Orleans was the object; nothing was to be hazarded which would jeopardize the city. The British were suffered to retire behind their works without molestation. The result was such as might be expected from the different positions of the two armies. General Packenham, near the crest of the glacis, received a ball in his knee. Still continuing to lead on his

men, another shot pierced his body, and he was carried off the field. Nearly at this time, Major-General Gibbs, the second in command, within a few yards of the lines, received a mortal wound, and was removed. The third in command, Major-General Keane, at the head of his troops near the glacis, was severely wounded. The three commanding generals, on marshalling their troops at five o'clock in the morning, promised them a plentiful dinner in New Orleans, and gave them booty and beauty as the parole and countersign of the day. Before eight o'clock, the three generals were carried off the field, two in the agonies of death, and the third entirely disabled; leaving upwards of two thousand of their men, dead, dying, and wounded, on the field of battle.

On the 9th, General Lambert and Admiral Cochrane, with the surviving officers of the army, held a council of war, and determined to abandon the expedition. To withdraw the troops in the face of a victorious enemy, would have been difficult and hazardous. To withdraw in safety, every appearance of a renewal of the assault was kept up, till the night of the 18th, when the whole army moved off in one body, over a road which had been previously constructed through a miry slough, in which a number of the troops perished by sinking into the mire. On the 27th, the whole land and naval forces which remained of this disastrous expedition found themselves on board of their ships, with their ranks thinned, their chiefs and many of their companions slain, their bodies emaciated by hunger, fatigue and sickness.

DEATH OF COUNT DONOP.

I HAVE been down to Redbank, on the Jersey side of the Delaware, below Philadelphia, to look at the remains of that little fortress, within whose rudely-constructed walls so terrible a blow was given to British courage. Only a few remains of that memorable fort are now to be seen. The breastworks are nearly levelled to the earth, and over some, the ploughshare of the industrious farmer has already passed. Nothing but a few mis-shapen mounds are visible to point out to the stranger the site where so much blood was spilt, where so many gallant spirits breathed their last. The neighboring farmer, however, will point you to the battle-ground. His house stood within pistol-shot of the fort, and during the attack the balls whistled around his roof in shrill and fre-

quent showers. He will tell you all that can now be told of it. He saw the battle from his farmhouse ; he saw the foreign foe advance ; he heard their shout as they entered the outer-wall, and in a moment after, he saw them hurrying back, bearing with them the body of their lamented and ill-fated Donop.

The fort at Redbank was thrown up hastily by a handful of Americans. They constructed two walls, or two forts, one within the other ; the outer one of which was not completed when the enemy attacked it. At the head of a chosen band of men, Donop entered the outer wall, and thinking the fort taken by surprise, gave a shout of exultation, which was re-echoed by his men. They entered with shouldered arms. The feeble garrison, commanded by the gallant Greene, opened at once a brisk and murderous fire. I knew a Jerseyman who was in the fortress. He told me every particular. The narrow limits in which the assailants were confined, and the unlooked-for repulse, threw them into irremediable confusion. They fired a few shots, and hastily retired, just as the Americans had fired their eighth round of ammunition—and they had but nine rounds to a man. As the enemy turned about, a volunteer in the fort, whose musket had snapped, pulled the trigger a second time—the last shot from the fort—and the gallant, the misguided, the accomplished Donop fell, among a breastwork of his own dying men !

The enemy retreated to Philadelphia in the greatest confusion. Terrible slaughter had been made in their ranks, and they trembled for the whizzing of the next platoon of balls. Four pieces of brass cannon, which they brought to the assault, were either buried in the earth on their way home, or thrown into the neighbouring creek. Searches have been made for them, but they are lost for ever. Donop was carried to the nearest farm-house, his wounds dressed, and consolation given him. It was then that the gallant Hessian first saw his error. He was a mere hireling in the enemy's ranks. He had no enmity to Americans, for he was of another country, and we had never injured him. Bitterly did he regret, in the agonies of that tremendous and humbling moment, that he had lent his aid to smother the bursting flame of freedom, and deeply did he weep over the ignominy of his end. He felt there was none to pity him. The British did not ; for they paid

his king for his services ; his king did not, for his death insured to him a stipulated compensation ; and America could not, for he was a chosen enemy. Thus did the dying count depict his situation, and cried, " I, who might have flourished in the palaces of kings, am here, the victim of a mercenary bargain, left to die in a solitary hut, in the wilderness of America ! "

A solitary mound, with a bit of rough stone at the head, in the margin of a wood, is all that now remains to point the stranger to the grave of Count Donop. His name has been rudely carved upon it ; but the wanton sportsman makes the melancholy memento his favorite mark, and a few summers more will do away the slightest trace of where he now reposes. Such, alas ! is military glory ; such is the reward of dauntless bravery and misguided virtue !

The hickory on which the banner of our country floated on that memorable day is still rocked by the breeze that sweeps across our happy country. Long may it flourish in undying prime ! I have cut a fragment from it, and it now stands before me in the fashion of an inkstand, from which the ink is drawn that wrote these transient reminiscences of that ever-memorable scene.

SOME CURIOUS ROYAL PROCLAMATIONS.

TO a certain extent, the proclamations of every sovereign characterize his reign, and open to us some of the interior operations of the cabinet. The despotic will, yet vacillating conduct of Henry the Eighth, towards the close of his reign, may be traced in a proclamation to abolish the translation of the Scriptures, and even the reading of Bibles by the people ; commanding all printers of English books and pamphlets to affix their names to them, and forbidding the sale of any English books printed abroad. When the people were not suffered to publish their opinions at home, all the opposition flew to foreign presses, and their writings were then smuggled into the country in which they ought to have been printed. Hence many volumes printed in a foreign type at this period are found in our collections. The king shrunk in dismay from that spirit of reformation which had only been a party-business with him, and making himself a pope, decided that nothing should be learnt but what he himself designed to teach !

The antipathies and jealousies of the English people, long indulged by their incivilities to all foreigners, are characterized by a proclamation issued by Mary, commanding her subjects to behave themselves peaceably towards the strangers coming with King Philip; that noblemen and gentlemen should warn their servants to refrain from "strife and contention, either by outward deeds, taunting words, unseemly countenance, by mimicking them, etc." The punishment was not only "her grace's displeasure, but to be committed to prison without bail or mainprise."

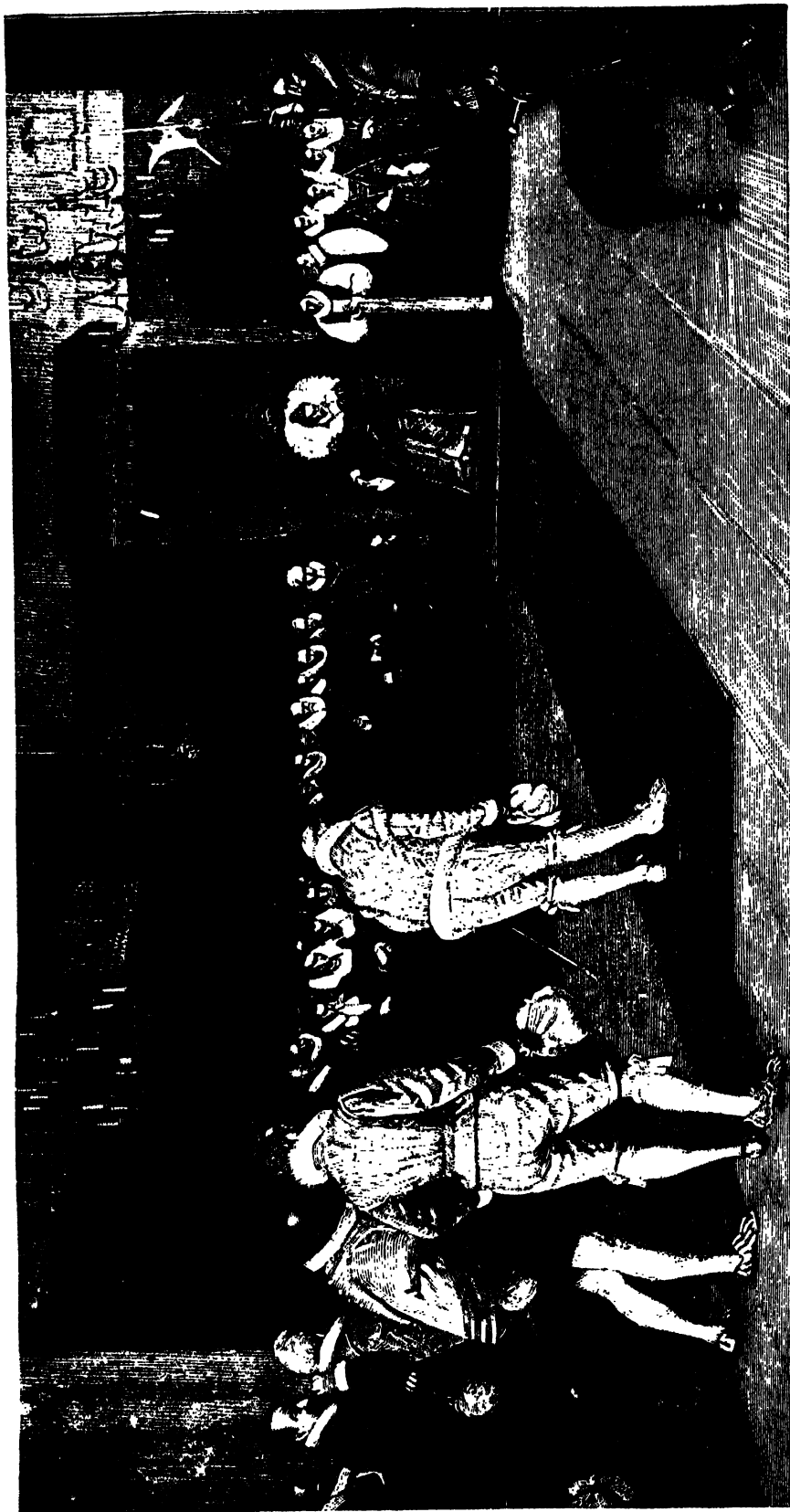
During the reign of Edward the Sixth, a proclamation was issued in which were severely denounced "those who despise the sacrament by calling it idol, or such other vile name." Another is against such "as innovate any ceremony," and who are described as "certain private preachers and other laimen who rashly attempt of their own and singular wit and mind, not only to persuade the people from the old and accustomed rites and ceremonies, but also themselves bring in new and strange orders according to their phantasies. The which, as it is an evident token of pride and arrogancy, so it tendeth both to confusion and disorder." Another proclamation, to press "a godly conformity throughout his realm," where we learn the following curious fact, of "divers unlearned and indiscreet priests of a devilish mind and intent, teaching that a man may forsake his wife and marry another, his first wife yet living; likewise that the wife may do the same to the husband. Others that a man may have two wives or more at once, for that these things are not prohibited by God's law, but by the Bishop of Rome's law; so that by such evil and phantastical opinions some have not been afraid indeed to marry and keep two wives." Here, as in the bud, we may unfold those subsequent scenes of our story, which spread out in the following century; the branching out of the non-conformists into their various sects; and the indecent haste of our reformed priesthood, who, in their zeal to cast off the yoke of Rome, desperately submitted to the liberty of having "two wives or more!" There is also a proclamation of the same reign, commanding the people to abstain from flesh on Fridays and Saturdays; on the principle, not only that "men should abstain on those days, and forbear their pleasures and the meats wherein they have more delight, to the

intent to subdue their bodies to the soul and spirit, but also for worldly policy. To use fish for the benefit of the commonwealth, and profit of many who be fishers and men using that trade, unto the which this realm, in every part environed with the seas, and so plentiful of fresh waters, be increased the nourishment of the land by saving flesh." It did not seem to occur to the king in council that the butchers might have had cause to petition against this monopoly of two days in the week granted to the fishmongers; and much less, that it was better to let the people eat flesh or fish as suited their convenience. In respect to the religious rite itself, it was evidently not considered as an essential point of faith, since the king enforces it on the principle "for the profit and commodity of his realm."

A curious proclamation against the Iconoclasts was issued during the reign of Elizabeth, which throws a great deal of light upon the state of religious society at that time. This proclamation, as well as all others issued by Elizabeth, was signed by her own hand, affording an instance of the remarkable industry and close attention to public affairs manifested on all occasions by this great queen. She informs us in this proclamation that "several persons, ignorant, malicious, or covetous, of late years, have spoiled and broken ancient monuments, erected only to show a memory to posterity, and not to nourish any kind of superstition." The queen laments, that what is broken and spoiled would be now hard to recover, but advises her good people to repair them; and commands them in future to desist from committing such injuries!

These image-breakers, so famous in English history, first appeared under Henry the Eighth, and continued their impractical zeal, in spite of proclamations and remonstrances, till they had accomplished their work. In 1641, an order was published by the commons, that they should "take away all scandalous pictures out of churches:" but more was intended than was expressed; and we are told that the people did not at first carry their barbarous practice against all Art, to the lengths which they afterwards did, till they were instructed by private information!

James the First was prolific with his proclamations. He was fond of giving gentle advice to the people, and as the daily newspaper was not then, as now, the vehicle of public information,



THRONE-ROOM OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

he was obliged to resort to the more kingly method of expressing his thoughts and imparting advice in the form of proclamations, many of which were evidently written by his own hand. In several of these public documents he judiciously warns the people against "speaking too freely of matters above their reach," advice which could be well applied in many instances even in these modern times. As a sample of his prolix and fatherly style of addressing his subjects, we quote the following :

"Although the commixture of nations, confluence of ambassadors, and the relation which the affairs of our kingdoms have had towards the business and interests of foreign states, have caused, during our regiment (government, a greater openness and liberty of discourse, even concerning matters of state (which are themes or subjects fit for vulgar persons or common meetings) than hath been in former times used or permitted; and though in our own nature and judgment we do well allow of convenient freedom of speech, esteeming any over-curious or restrained hands carried in that kind, rather as a weakness, or else over-much severity of government than otherwise; yet for as

much as it is come to our ears, by common report, that there is at this time a more licentious passage of lavish discourse and bold censure in matters of state than is fit to be suffered: We give this warning, &c., to take heed how they intermeddle by pen or speech with causes of state and secrets of empire, either at home or abroad, but contain themselves within that modest and reverent regard of matters above their reach and calling; nor to give any manner of applause to such discourse, without acquainting one of our privy council within the space of twenty-four hours."

He also seemed to have a very good understanding of a certain class of sycophants whom he very accurately describes in the following sentence of the same proclamation:

"Neither let any man mistake us so much as to think that by giving fair and specious attributes to our person, they cover the scandals which they otherwise lay upon our government, but conceive that we make no other construction of them but as fine and artificial glosses, the better to give passage to the rest of their imputations and scandals."

This proclamation was issued in the eighteenth year of his reign; again in the nineteenth; and he might have arranged to have it continuously issued every year, for all time, with satisfactory results.

There were some curious proclamations issued during the reign of Charles the First, which reveal the character of the king and the customs of the times better than any history could. There is one for the regulation of the cure of the "king's evil," or scrofula, by which it appears that his "majesty hath good success therein;" but though ready and willing as any king could be to lay his hand on the afflicted in order that they might be made whole, yet he had regard for his own comfort in the matter, and commanded

to change the seasons for his "sacred touch," "from Easter and Whitsuntide to Easter and Michaelmas, as times more convenient for the temperature of the season," etc. There was another curious proclamation to erect an office for the "suppression of cursing and swearing," which was doubtless a measure greatly needed at that particular time.



BACCHANALIAN REVELS.

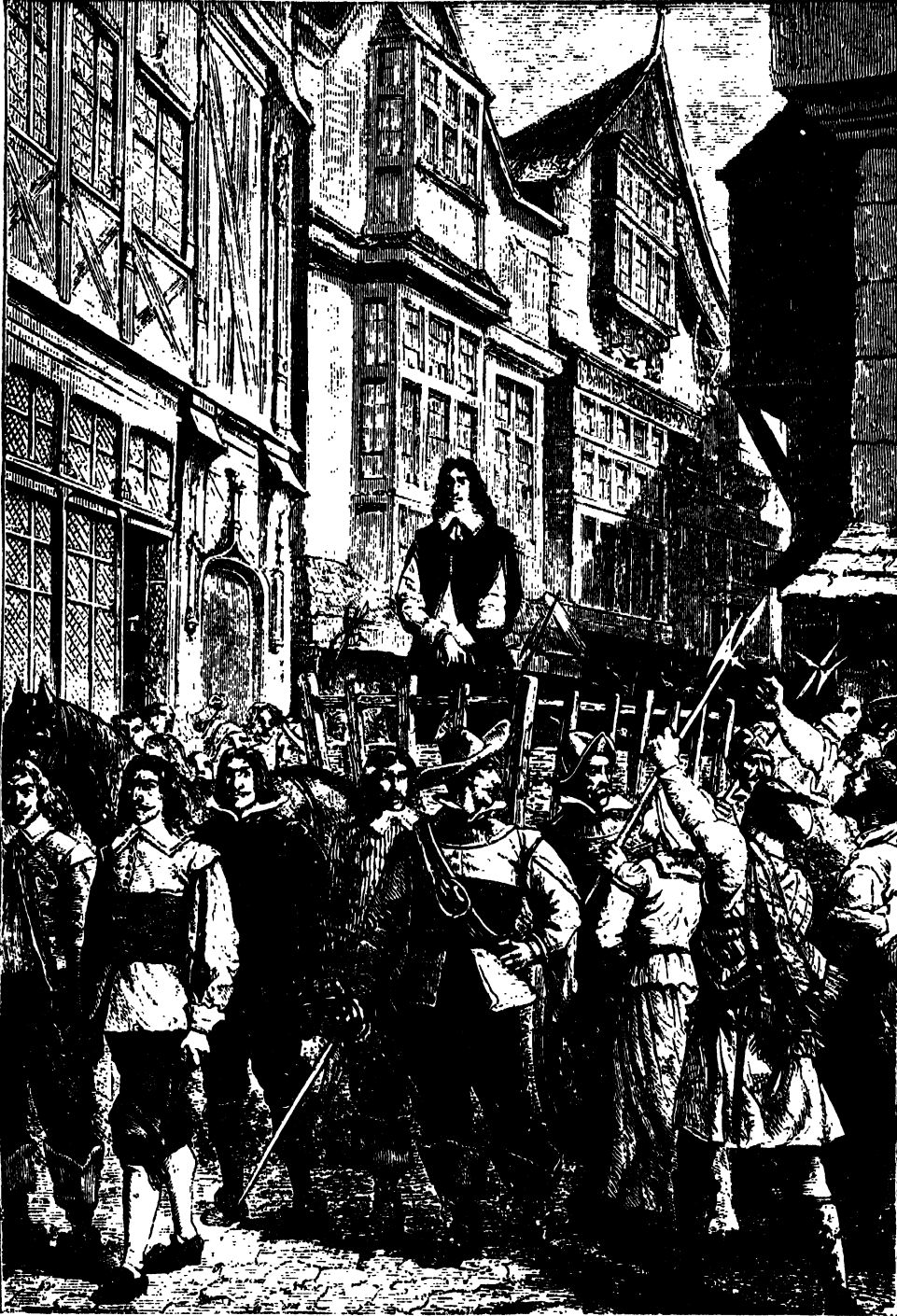
As every one knows who has read history, Charles the Second was what we now sometimes call a "wild and giddy youth;" he was, in fact, a very persistent sower of "wild oats;" but in order to retain the good graces of his people, who were sadly impressed with the solemn Puritanical influences of the times, he was under the necessity of issuing frequent proclamations condemn-

ing the very excesses that he was specially addicted to. It may be reasonably inferred that his proclamation against "vicious, debauched, and

themselves in "painting the town red," in their own peculiar and special manner. Charles was doubtless suffering from a severe headache when

he wrote his proclamation:

"A sort of men," he remorsefully writes "of whom we have heard much and are sufficiently ashamed; who spend their time in taverns, tipling-houses and debauches; giving no other evidence of their affection to us but in drinking our health, and inveighing against all others who are not of their own dissolute temper; and who, in truth, have more discredited our cause, by the licence of their manners and lives, than they could ever advance it by their affection or courage. We hope all persons of honour, or in place and authority, will so far assist us in discountenancing such men, that their discretion and shame will persuade them to reform what their



STREETS OF LONDON AND PUBLIC EXECUTION DURING THE REIGN OF CHARLES II.

profligate us' is sent forth some morning conscience would not; and that the displeasure of good men towards them may supply

what the laws have not, and, it may be, cannot well provide against; there being by the licence and corruption of the times, and the depraved nature of man, many enormities, scandals, and impieties in practice and manners, which laws cannot well describe, and consequently not enough provide against, which may, by the example and severity of virtuous men, be easily discountenanced, and by degrees suppressed."

How many young men there are in our own times, sad though it be, who, after a night's debauch, and while nursing their aching temples, would consider it a joyful relief to their pent-up feelings to be able to express their sentiments in the earnest language of the "most Christian" King Charles!

Charles also issued proclamations "to repress the excess of gilding of coaches and chariots," to restrain the waste of gold, which, as he supposed, by the excessive use of gilding, had grown scarce. Against "the exportation and the buying and selling of gold and silver at higher rates than in our mint." Against the excess of building in and about London and Westminster in 1661: "The inconveniences daily growing by increase of new buildings are, that the people increasing in such great numbers, are not well to be governed by the wonted officers; the prices of victuals are enhanced; the health of the subject inhabiting the cities much endangered, and many good towns and boroughs unpeopled, and in their trades much decayed—frequent fires occasioned by timber-buildings." He orders to build with brick and stone, which would beautify, and make an uniformity in the buildings; and which are not only more durable and safe against fire, but by experience are found to be of *little more if not less charge than the building with timber.*" We must infer that by the general use of timber, it had considerably risen in price, while brick and stone, not then being generally used, became as cheap as wood!

A most excellent idea do these old kingly

proclamations afford us of what was really going on in the world in those ancient times!

HISTORY OF THE ICONOCLASTS.

SOME reference having been made in the previous article to the destruction of pictures,



(GREEK PAINTING REPRESENTING A HOME SCENE.

etc., by the "picture destroyers," in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, it will be interesting to read a history of this remarkable feature of religious frenzy. Opposition, to the veneration of images was first manifested in the eighth and ninth centuries; the use of images, however, which led to the Iconoclastic troubles, dates from the very commencement of the spread of Christianity among

heathen nations. It is a matter of dispute when images were first introduced as symbols in the into the temple at the end of the third century, and that their public use became general toward



KNIGHTS THE GOLDEN FLEECE ATTACKING THE RIOTERS.

the close of the fourth. The visible representation of the cross found its way earlier both into ecclesiastical and domestic life.

The Greeks and Romans favored the fine arts, but there always existed among Christians an aversion toward everything which had any resemblance to the old pagan union of art and religion. They were opposed to representing God and the angels in pictures and by statues. The first note of iconoclastic warfare came from Marseilles, where the bishop, Serenus, caused all images to be demolished and cast out of the churches. For this he was twice censured by Pope Gregory the Great, who, while blaming the superstitious use of images, advised their employment as a means of instruction for the un-

public worship of the Christians, but the prevailing opinion is that they passed from the family lettered, who could not read the Scriptures. Soon after the Emperor Constantine embraced

the Christian belief, he began to embellish the public monuments and churches with representations of religious objects taken from the Old and New Testaments. Very soon this custom became interwoven with the whole domestic and public life of the Greek and Asiatic Christians. Books and furniture, as well as churches, vestibules, private houses and public edifices, household utensils and wearing apparel, were profusely ornamented with images of Christ, the martyrs, and Biblical personages. Reports of miracles said to have been wrought by some of these images attracted crowds of pilgrims. In the course of the sixth century it became a custom in the Greek Church to make prostrations before images as a token of reverence to the persons whom they represented. In the following century the Mohammedans wherever they prevailed, forbade the worship of images. In 726 the Byzantine emperor Leo issued a proclamation directed not against the images themselves, but against such signs

of an idolatrous homage as prostrations and kneeling down before them. This measure met with resistance from the mass of the people, who held these images in great reverence. Besides serious disturbances in many places, the inhabitants of the Cyclades rebelled against the emperor and equipped a fleet. This was destroyed by means of Greek fire, and the emperor issued a new edict forbidding the use of images for religious purposes. He caused the statues in the churches to be burned, and the paintings on the walls to be effaced, which resulted in fearful riots and mas-

sacres. After the death of Leo, the work which he had commenced was taken up no less zealously by his son Constantine, who, in 754, assembled a council of 338 bishops, who, after a deliberation of six months, pronounced all visible symbols of Christ, except in the eucharist, to be either blasphemous or heretical, and the use of images in the churches to be a revival of paganism. The emperor, determined to carry out his purpose, compelled every inhabitant of his capital to take an oath never again to worship an image. In 787



THE GREAT ORGAN AT ANTWERP.—(Copy of Ancient Engraving.)

the second œcumenical council of Nice decreed that "bowing to an image, which is simply the token of love and reverence, ought by no means to be confounded with the adoration which is due to God alone." The same was declared true also of the cross, the books of the evangelists, and other sacred objects.

During the reign of Philip II. in the Netherlands, the Protestants tumultuously assembled and destroyed the images in many of the Catholic churches. These tumults began August 14th, 1566, at St. Omer, in Flanders, where several

churches were desecrated, the images overturned and broken, and the pictures ruined. They next attacked the cathedral at Ypres, which they also stripped. The excitement rapidly spread all over the country, and many of the cities and towns were sacked. At Antwerp a mob ravaged the cathedral, destroyed the statues, cut into pieces the paintings, which were the pride of Flemish art; demolished the great organ, the most perfect in the world; overthrew the seventy altars, and carried off the vestments and sacred vessels. These scenes continued at Antwerp for three days, when they were stopped by a few knights of the golden fleece, who, with their retainers, attacked and dispersed the rioters. Prescott states that the amount of injury inflicted during this dismal period it is not possible to estimate. Four hundred churches were sacked by the insurgents in Flanders alone. The damage to the cathedral at Antwerp was said to amount to not less than 400,000 ducats. But who can estimate the irreparable loss occasioned by the destruction of manuscripts, statues, and paintings? The frenzy of the people was aroused purely from religious motives. In Flanders a company of rioters hanged one of their own number for stealing an article to the value of five shillings. In other places the Iconoclasts were offered large sums of money if they would refrain from the destruction of churches, but they rejected these proposals with disdain.

The destruction of books deemed heretical was for many centuries a favorite method of disposing of objectionable authors, and in this manner many of the most valuable works of the ancients have been lost forever, as well as some of the best thoughts of later writers.

CURIOUS HISTORICAL FACTS ABOUT THE BIBLE.

DURING the Reformation in England, there arose a great demand for Bibles among the people, to whom it had previously been a sealed book. The rapid increase of sects, and the spiritual interpretations of texts to suit their views, also led to the most extravagant corruptions of the Bible, which soon swarmed with innumerable errata.

These errata unquestionably were in great part voluntary omissions, passages interpolated, and

meanings forged for certain purposes; sometimes to sanction the new creed of a half-hatched sect, and sometimes with an intention to destroy all scriptural authority by a confusion, or an omission of texts—the whole was left open to the option or the malignity of the editors, who, probably, like certain ingenious wine-merchants, contrived to accommodate “the waters of life” to their customers’ peculiar taste. They had also a project of printing Bibles as cheaply and in form as contracted as they possibly could for the common people; and they proceeded till it nearly ended with having no Bible at all: and, as Fuller, in his “Mist Contemplations on Better Times,” alluding to this circumstance, with one of his lucky quibbles, observes, “The *small price* of the Bible hath caused the *small prizing* of the Bible.”

The English and Scotch presses were not only kept busily employed, but the demand was so great that Bibles were also imported from the Protestant countries of the Netherlands, and they were not any more accurate than those which were printed at home.

These errata were not always made by the printers, as might at first be supposed; but, in the vigorous language of a writer of the times, they were the “egregious blasphemies and damnable errors” of some sectarian, who had a purpose in making them.

The printing of Bibles was at length conceded as a privilege to William Bently; but he was opposed by two other printers named Hills and Field. A paper war arose in consequence, in which they mutually recriminated each other, and with equal truth.

In 1653 Field printed what is known as “the Pearl Bible,” probably from the smallness of the type used. There are many errors in this edition, of which the following are notable examples:

Rom. vi. 13: Neither yield ye your members as instruments of *righteousness* unto sin—for *un-righteousness*.

1 Cor. vi. 9: Know ye not the *unrighteous shall inherit* the kingdom of God—for *shall not inherit*.

This last error served as the formation of a dangerous doctrine, and was doubtless intended for that purpose. Many libertines urged this text in justification of their evil practices.

Field was a great forger. It is asserted that he



BURNING HERETICAL BOOKS DURING THE MIDDLE AGES.

received a present of £1500 from the Independents to corrupt a text in Acts vi. 3, to sanction the right of the people to appoint their own pastors. This corruption was made by substituting *ye* for *we*.

Other Bibles published by Field and Hills con-

the first attempts to alter the meaning of the Bible, for on the assembling of the Council of Trent, in 1546, a commission appointed by that body reported that the text of the translation then in use had been so corrupted by careless copyists, indiscreet revisers, ambitious critics,

and reckless theologians, that only the Pope could restore it.

But these incorrect translations served the purposes of those who used them, so that when our present authentic translation was made by order of King James the First, it was suffered to lie neglected for many years. Copies of the original manuscripts were in the possession of two of the king's printers, who, from cowardice, consent, and connivance, suppressed their publication; considering that a Bible full of errors, and accommodated to the notions of certain sectarists, was more valuable than an authentic edition. The King James translation was completed about 1611, but according to good authorities it was not printed until about 1660.

In the earlier centuries the four gospels of the New Testament were generally written in one collection, and the epistles of Paul in one. The gospels were usually given in the order in which we have them now, though in some copies they were transposed. The place of the Apocalypse was fixed where it now stands, by Athanasius, in the fourth century. For the convenience of

public readings, breaks in the lines, and simple points, were introduced about the same time. The gospels were divided into chapters from a very early period, but not in the same order in which we now have them; the present arrangement did not originate until the 13th century. The division of the New Testament into verses was made by



A BIBLE SCRIBE OF THE REFORMATION PERIOD.

tained so many errata and intentional changes that they reduced the text to nonsense or blasphemy, making the Scriptures contemptible to the multitude, who came to pray and not to scorn. It is affirmed that one of these Bibles swarmed with six thousand errors, another three thousand six hundred, etc. But these were not

Robert Stephens, in 1551, while performing a journey on horseback from Paris to London. Two years later he completed the versification of the Old Testament. Before this was accomplished, it is difficult to conceive how references were made to particular passages. Stephens was a printer, and he used his new arrangement as a recommendation of the Bibles published by himself, with good results financially.

The proverbial expression of "chapter and verse" is peculiar to English-speaking people, and doubtless originated in the Puritanic period, probably just before the civil wars under Charles the First, from the frequent custom of appealing to the Bible on the most frivolous occasions. Those who engaged in this practice were derisively designated by their opponents as "those mighty men at chapter and verse." With a sort of religious coquetry, they were vain of perpetually opening their gilt pocket Bibles in proof of their peculiar or special tenets. The learned Selden found considerable amusement in attending their "assembly of divines," and puzzling or confounding them with their own pedantic pretences. A ludicrous anecdote is related in this connection. One of their assemblies was discussing the distance between Jerusalem and Jericho, with a perfect ignorance of sacred or ancient geography; one said it was twenty miles, another ten, and at last it was concluded to be only seven, for the singular reason that fish were brought from Jericho to the Jerusalem market. Selden silenced their disputations by observing that perhaps the fish were salted!

RELIGIOUS INSANITY OF THE 16th AND 17th CENTURIES.

It appears from the public as well as private records of those times that religion and fanaticism were almost synonymous terms. The Creator was regarded, not as a Father of mercy, but as a God of vengeance, seeking whom He might destroy; and they spent their lives, figuratively speaking, in sackcloth and ashes, sorrowfully awaiting the day of destruction which they felt sure was rapidly approaching. Such a belief led naturally to all sorts of fanatical excesses and ridiculous customs. It was also the parent of the intolerance and oppression which eventually drove the Puritans to seek a home in the wilds of

America; where they soon proved themselves to be equally as intolerant as their enemies from whom they had fled. Each particular sect imagined that its interpretation of the Bible was the only true one, that all who differed from them were on the sure road to damnation, and that it was a religious duty to save their souls, even at the expense of the destruction of their bodies. These fanatical ideas led to the fearful religious persecutions that blacken the history of the Middle Ages, and which, in some countries, extended on down even to the 18th and the commencement of the 19th century. As late as November 26, 1815, a Mexican Presbyterian named Jose Maria Morelos, was executed in the City of Mexico as a heretic—the last of which there is any official record. Fray Vetancurt, a Mexican writer, without intending to be at all facetious, in describing some of the ancient beauties of the city of the Montezumas, says: "The view is beautified by the Plaza of San Hippolito—and by the burning-place of the Holy-Office!" The peculiar "beauties" of this place were enhanced by the erection of a "square platform, with a wall and terrace arranged for the stakes to which the condemned, living or dead, were fastened to be burned. Being raised on a large open space, the spectacle could be witnessed by the entire population of the city. When the ceremony was ended, the ashes of the burned were thrown into the marsh that there was in the rear of the church of San Diego." Here, according to the records, "twenty-one pestilential Lutherans" suffered death in a single day, their sufferings and contortions no doubt adding greatly to the "beauties" of the scene and the edification of the populace. It was the merciful custom to hang the victims first, and burn their bodies afterward, but in special cases they were burned alive. And all this in the name of religion!

But enough of this! The world has grown better, and wiser, and kinder; the "good old times" of burnings and torturings for opinion's sake have passed away forever, and we doubt the propriety of recalling them to the minds of our modern generations, except as object-lessons in proof of the grand progress of mankind.

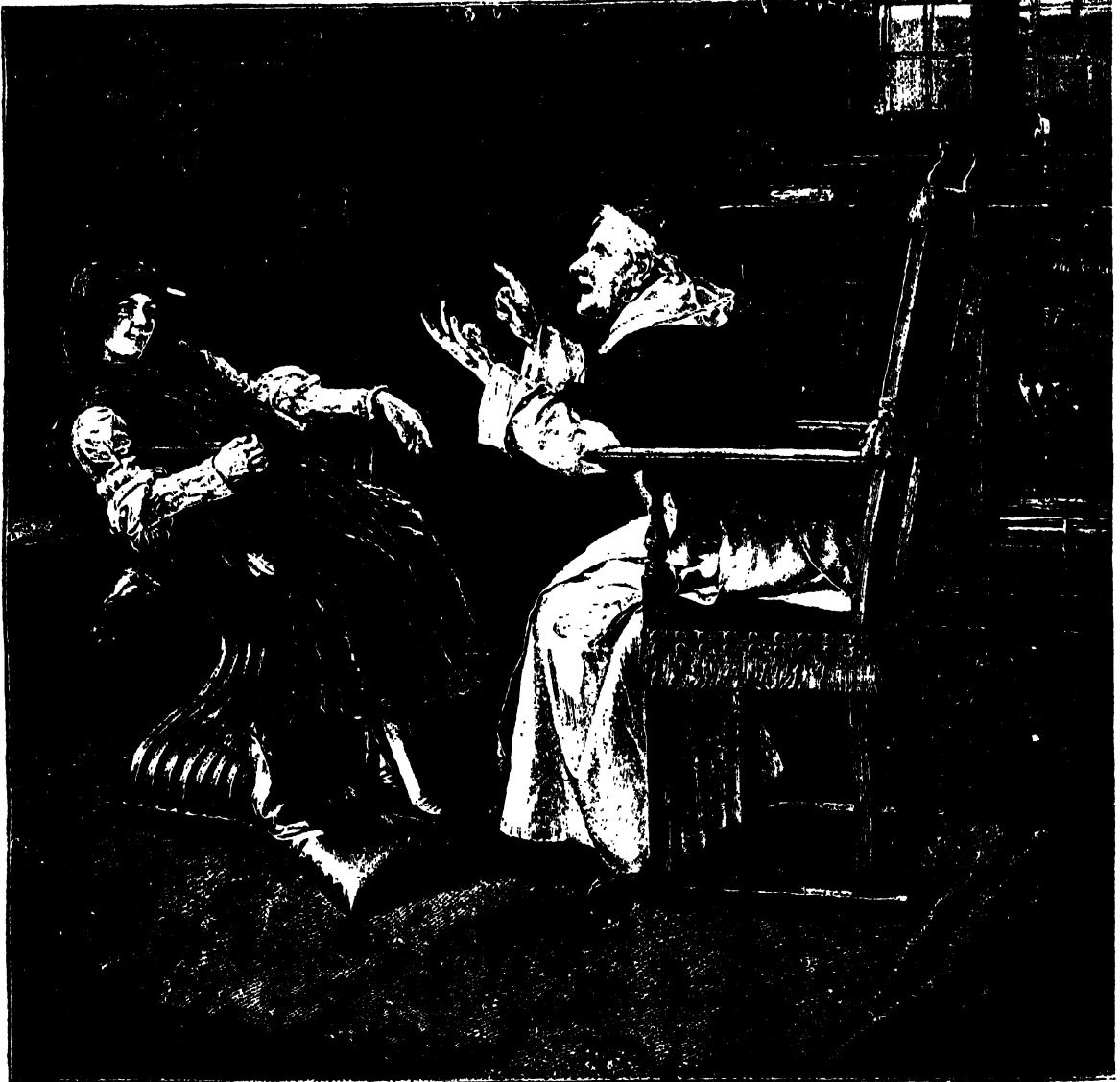
We will now consider an instance of humorous folly, practised in all earnestness by a very learned and devout man in the first quarter of the 17th century. We copy his own account of the man-

ner in which he amused himself, as recorded in his diary :

"I spent this day chiefly in private fasting, prayer, and other religious exercises. This was the first time that I ever practised this study, having always before declined it, by reason of the Papists' superstitious abuses of it. I had par-

after entered upon framing an evidence of marks and signs for my assurance of a better life.

"I found much benefit of my secret fasting, from a learned discourse on fasting by Mr Henry Mason, and observed his rule, that Christians ought to sit sometimes apart for their ordinary humiliation and fasting, and so intend to continue



RELIGIOUS INSANITY OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

taken formerly of public fasts, but never knew the use and benefit of the same duty performed alone in secret, or with others of mine own family in private. In these particulars, I had my knowledge much enlarged by the religious converse I enjoyed at Albury-Lodge, for there also I shortly

the same course as long as my health will permit me. Yet did I vary the times and duration of my fasting. At first, before I had finished the marks and signs of my assurance of a better life, which scrutiny and search cost me some three-score days of fasting, I performed it sometimes twice in the

space of five weeks, then once each month, or a little sooner or later, and then also I sometimes ended the duties of the day, and took some little

food about three of the clock in the afternoon. But for divers years last past, I constantly abstained from all food the whole day. I fasted till supper-time, about six in the evening, and spent ordinarily about eight or nine hours in the performance of religious duties; one part of which was a prayer and confession of sins, to which end I wrote down a catalogue of all my known sins, orderly. These were all sins of infirmity; for through God's grace, I was so far from allowing myself in the practice and commission of any actual sins, as I durst not take upon me any controversial sins, as usury, carding, dicing, mixt dancing, and the like, because I

was in mine own judgment persuaded they were unlawful. Till I had finished my assurance first in English and afterwards in Latin, with a large and elaborate

preface in Latin also to it; I spent a great part of the day in that work," &c.

"Saturday, December 1, 1627, I devoted to my



PEOPLE OF THE CITY OF MEXICO WITNESSING AN EXECUTION BY BURNING AT THE STAKE.

usual course of secret fasting, and drew divers signs of my assurance of a better life, from the grace of repentance, having before gone through

the graces of knowledge, faith, hope, love, zeal, patience, humility, and joy; and drawing several marks from them on like days of humiliation for the greater part. My dear wife beginning also to draw most certain signs of her own future happiness after death from several graces."

"January 19, 1628.—Saturday I spent in secret humiliation and fastings, and finished my whole assurance to a better life, consisting of three-score and four signs, or marks drawn from several graces. I made some small alterations in those signs afterwards; and when I turned them into the Latin tongue, I enriched the margent with further proofs and authorities. I found much comfort and reposedness of spirit from them, which shows the devilish sophisms of the Papists, Anabaptists, and pseudo-Lutherans, and profane atheistical men, who say that assurance brings forth presumption, and a careless wicked life. True when men pretend to the end, and not use the means."

"My wife joined with me in a private day of fasting and drew several signs and marks by my help and assistance, for her assurance to a better life."

If a learned man, able to intelligently express his thoughts in two or more languages, could devote his life, every day, to such absurd follies as are above described, what must have been the condition of the ignorant and unlettered! Observe, too, the secret hate that apparently rankled in his breast against all who were opposed to him in religious belief, as shown by the entries in his diary under the date of January 19th.

This was an era of religious diaries, particularly among the non-conformists; but they were, as we see, used by others. Of the Countess of Warwick, who died in 1678, we are told, that "She kept a diary and took counsels with two persons, whom she called her soul's friends." She called prayers "heart's ease," for such she found them. "Her own lord, knowing her hours of prayers, once conveyed a goodly minister into a secret place within hearing, who, being a man very able to judge, much admired her humble fervency; for in praying she prayed; but when she did not with an audible voice, her sighs and groans might be heard at a good distance from the closet." We are not surprised to discover this practice of religious diaries among the more puritanic sort; what they were we may discover

from this description of one. Mr. John Janeway "kept a diary, in which he wrote down every evening what the frame of his spirit had been all that day; he took notice what incomes he had, what profit he received in his spiritual traffic, what returns came from that far country; what answers of prayer, what deadness and flatness of spirit," etc. And so we find of Mr. John Carter that "He kept a day-book and cast up his accounts with God every day."

We should like to know if the good man found his accounts all right when he cast them up in the other world. These follies are amusing now, but they were exceedingly earnest in those ancient times.

Such was the domestic state of many well meaning families, that they were rejecting with the utmost abhorrence every resemblance to what they called the idolatry of Rome, while, in fact, the gloom of the monastic cell was settling over the houses of these melancholy Puritans. Private fasts were more than ever practised; and a lady said to be eminent for her genius and learning, who outlived this era, declared that she had nearly lost her life through a prevalent notion that no fat person could get to heaven; and thus spoiled and wasted her body through excessive fastings. A Quaker, to prove the text that "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by the word of God," persisted in refusing his meals. The literal text proved for him a dead letter, and this practical commentator died by a metaphor. This Quaker, however, was not the only victim to the letter of the text; for the famous Origen, by interpreting in too literal a way the twelfth verse of the nineteenth chapter of St. Matthew, which alludes to those persons who become eunuchs for the kingdom of heaven, with his own hands armed himself against himself, as is sufficiently known. The parliament afterwards had both periodical and occasional fasts; and Charles the First opposed "the hypocritical fast of every Wednesday in the month by appointing one for the second Friday;" thus the two unhappy parties, who were hungering and thirsting for each other's blood, fasted to spite one another!

The two great giants in this theological war were the famous Richard Baxter and Dr. Owen. Each of these good men wrote a library of books. The controversy growing out of the extraordinary and incomprehensible subject as to whether the

death of Christ was *solutio ejusdem*, or only *tantumdem*; that is, whether it was a payment of the very thing, which by law we ought to have paid, or something held by God to be equivalent.

Happily, however, this absurd controversy did not lead to such sanguinary results as the one in Russia, out of which there came a long and bloody war, over the question as to whether it was proper for the Metropolitan, in blessing the people, to hold up the two fingers of his right hand, or merely the thumb! The thumb, we believe, eventually gained the day, after many

ran riot. There were the "Brownists" from Robert Brown; the "Vaneists" from Sir Henry Vane, besides the humbler followers of Mr. Frank, Mr. Wilkinson, Mr. Robinson, and many others; also the Grindletonian family, who preferred "motions to motives," and conveniently assumed that "their spirit should not be tried by the Scriptures, but the Scriptures by their spirit." A learned antiquarian collected a list of over *two hundred* of these peculiar sects, which arose and flourished during the revolutionary period in England.

Intelligent, well-meaning persons were affected



RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSY DURING THE REFORMATION.

thousands of poor Russians had been slaughtered and crippled in a senseless and bloody war.

In England these metaphysical controversies ran to words rather than blows, and printers' ink was shed more abundantly than human gore. Every one became his own Bible-maker and his own prophet, and even the meanest aspired to give his name to some sect. One saint, becoming afflicted with St. Vitus's dance, supposed he had caught a peculiar sort of religion, and succeeded in establishing a sect!

Every enthusiast had his own particular sect and his own manner of worshipping. Religion

by this religious insanity, as well as the ignorant and emotional. One case may stand for many. A Mr. Griswold, of Warwickshire, whom a "Brownist" had by degrees enticed from his parish church, was afterward persuaded to return to it, but he came back with a troubled mind, and lost in the prevalent theological fogs. A horror of his future existence shut him out, as it were, from his present one, so that, entering into his own house with his children, he ceased to communicate with the living world. He had his food put in at the window, and when his children lay sick, he would suffer no one to come to their relief.

The house was at length forced open, by some of his neighbors who were governed more by feelings of humanity than respect for absurd religious notions. They found two children dead and the father confined to his bed. He had mangled his Bible, cutting out the titles, contents, and everything except the very text itself; for he seemed to think that everything human was sinful, and that the titles of the books and the contents of the chapters should be destroyed because they were the work of men. He wanted nothing but the pure word of God; and yet it did not teach him humanity to his own children.

Many other absurd, wicked, and foolish things were done. In 1640 a pamphlet was printed bearing this remarkable title: "News from Powles; or, the New Reformation of the Army, with a True Relation of a Colt that was Foaled in the Cathedral Church of St. Paul in London, and how it was Publicly Baptized, and the Name (because a Bald Colt) was called Baal-Rex." These were the men who baptized horses and pigs in the name of the Trinity, and sang psalms when they marched or went into battle!

Society itself seemed dissolved; for every tie of private affection and public duty was unloosened. Even nature was strangely violated. After the first departure from decorous ceremonies in religious services, it was easy to reach the next stage of ridicule and absurdity. They began by calling the surplice a linen rag on the back; baptism a Christ-cross on a baby's face; while the organ was likened to the bellow, the grunt, and the barking of the respective animals. Horses were actually baptized at the fonts in churches; and the jest of that day was that the reformation was now a thorough one in England, since the horses went to church. St. Paul's Cathedral was turned into a market, and the aisles, the altar, and the communion table served for the most inappropriate purposes. The most horrible blasphemies were perpetrated. A glazier was declared to be a prophet, and it was claimed that his wife was soon to become the mother of the Messiah. A man married his father's wife. A woman crucified her own mother; another, in imitation of Abraham, sacrificed her own child. In some of these particulars history has repeated itself. Only a few years ago a man and woman in one of our Eastern States were arrested for

having murdered a dearly loved child after the manner of Abraham's sacrifice of Isaac; and at this moment there is a lunatic in Illinois (or more likely a licentious reprobate) claiming to be Jesus Christ—and, strange as it may seem, he has found people silly enough to believe his claim. But in matters of religion it seems that there is nothing too silly or too absurd to find believers among the ignorant and credulous. In those mad times of religious insanity, one madman of the many drank a health "to the devil," on his knees, in the midst of a town, so that it should not be said that his family had become extinct without doing some infamous act.

A perfect scene of the effects of this condition of society upon the lower orders, is found in the manuscript life of John Shaw, vicar of Rotherham, in an account of what happened to himself. This honest divine was puritanically inclined, but there can be no exaggeration in these unvarnished facts. He tells a remarkable story of the state of religious knowledge in Lancashire, at a place called Cartmel: some of the people appeared desirous of religious instruction, declaring that they were without any minister, and had entirely neglected every religious rite, and therefore pressed him to quit his situation at Lymm for a short period. He may now tell his own story:

"I found a very large spacious church, scarce any seats in it; a people very ignorant, and yet willing to learn; so I had frequently some thousands of hearers. I catechised in season and out of season. The churches were so thronged at nine in the morning, that I had much ado to get to the pulpit. One day an old man about sixty, sensible enough in other things, and living in the parish of Cartmel, coming to me on some business, I told him that he belonged to my care and charge, and I desired to be informed in his knowledge of religion: I asked him how many Gods there were? He said he knew not. I informed him, asked again how he thought to be saved? He answered he could not tell. Yet thought that was a harder question than the other. I told him that the way to salvation was by Jesus Christ, God-man, who as he was man shed his blood for us on the cross, &c. Oh, sir, said he, I think I heard of that man you speak of once in a play at Kendall, called Corpus-Christ's play, where there was a man on a tree and blood run down, &c.

A RELIGIOUS FANATIC STARVING HIMSELF AND FAMILY.





And afterwards he professed he could not remember that he ever heard of salvation by Jesus, but in that play."

The parliament at length issued one of their ordinances for "punishing blasphemous and execrable opinions" and this was enforced with greater power than the slight proclamations of James and Charles; but the curious wording is a comment on our present subject. The preamble notices that "men and women had lately discovered *monstrous opinions*, even such as tended to the *dissolution of human society, and have abused, and turned into licentiousness, the liberty given in matters of religion.*" It punishes any person, not dis-tempered in his brains, who shall maintain any mere creature to be God; or that all acts of unrighteousness are not forbidden in the Scriptures; or that God approves of them; or that there is no real difference between moral good and evil, &c.

TOUCHING INCIDENTS OF THE PLAGUE IN LONDON.

THE following incidents of the plague in London are recorded in the writings of Daniel Defoe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe."

Much about the same time I walked out into the fields towards Bow, for I had a great mind to see how things were managed in the river, and

sea-wall, as they call it, by himself. I walked a while also about, seeing the houses all shut up; at last I fell into some talk, at a distance, with this poor man. First I asked how people did thereabouts? Alas! sir, says he, almost desolate; all dead or sick: Here are very few families in this part, or in that village, pointing at Poplar, where half of them are not dead already, and the



THE DEAD MOTHER.

among the ships; and as I had some concern in shipping, I had a notion that it had been one of the best ways of securing one's self from the infection, to have retired into a ship; and musing how to satisfy my curiosity in that point, I turned away over the fields, from Bow to Bromley, and down to Blackwall, to the stairs that are there for landing or taking water.

Here I saw a poor man walking on the bank or

rest sick. Then he, pointing to one house, There they are all dead, said he, and the house stands open; nobody dares go into it. A poor thief, says he, ventured in to steal something, but he paid dear for his theft, for he was carried to the churchyard too, last night. Then he pointed to several other houses. There, says he, they are all dead, the man and his wife and five children. There, says he, they are shut up; you see a

watchman at the door ; and so of other houses. Why, says I, what do you here all alone ? Why, says he, I am a poor desolate man ; it hath pleased God I am not yet visited, though my family is, and one of my children dead. How do you mean then, said I, that you are not visited ? Why, says he, that is my house, pointing to a very little low boarded house, and there my poor wife and two children live, said he, if they may be said to live ; for my wife and one of the children are visited,

honest man, that is a great mercy, as things go now with the poor. But how do you live then, and how are you kept from the dreadful calamity that is now upon us all ? Why, sir, says he, I am a waterman, and there is my boat, says he, and the boat serves me for a house ; I work in it in the day, and I sleep in it in the night, and what I get I lay it down upon that stone, says he, showing me a broad stone on the other side of the street, a good way from his house ; and then, says



SHIPS ANCHORED IN THE THAMES DURING THE LONDON PLAGUE.

but I do not come at them. And with that word I saw the tears run very plentifully down his face ; and so they did down mine too, I assure you.

But, said I, why do you not come at them ? How can you abandon your own flesh and blood ? Oh, sir, says he, the Lord forbid : I do not abandon them : I work for them as much as I am able ; and, blessed be the Lord, I keep them from want. And with that I observed he lifted up his eyes to heaven with a countenance that presently told me I had happened on a man that was no hypocrite, but a serious, religious, good man ; and his ejaculation was an expression of thankfulness, that, in such a condition as he was in, he should be able to say his family did not want. Well, says I,

he, I halloo and call to them till I make them hear, and they come and fetch it.

Well, friend, says I, but how can you get money as a waterman ? Does anybody go by water these times ? Yes, sir, says he, in the way I am employed there does. Do you see there, says he, five ships lie at anchor ? pointing down the river a good way below the town ; and do you see, says he, eight or ten ships lie at the chain there, and at anchor yonder ? pointing above the town. All those ships have families on board, of their merchants and owners, and such like, who have locked themselves up, and live on board, close shut in, for fear of the infection ; and I tend on them to fetch things for them, carry letters,



LE FOL IN THE STOCKS.

and do what is absolutely necessary, that they may not be obliged to come on shore; and every night I fasten my boat on board one of the ship's boats and there I sleep by myself; and blessed be God, I am preserved hitherto.

Well, said I, friend, but will they let you come on board after you have been on shore here, when this has been such a terrible place, and so infected as it is.

Why, as to that, said he, I very seldom go up the ship-side, but deliver what I bring to their boat, or lie by the side, and they hoist it on board; if I did I think they are in no danger from me, for I never go into any house on shore, or touch anybody, no, not of my own family; but I fetch provisions for them.

Nay, says I, but that may be worse, for you must have those provisions of somebody or other; and since all this part of the town is so infected, it is dangerous so much as to speak with anybody; for the village said I, is, as it were, the beginning of London, though it be at some distance from it.

That is true, added he, but you do not understand me right. I do not buy provisions for them here; I row up to Greenwich, and buy fresh meat there, and sometimes I row down the river to Woolwich, and buy there; then I go to single farm-houses on the Kentish side, where I am known, and buy fowls, and eggs, and butter, and bring to the ships, as they direct me, sometimes one, sometimes the other. I seldom come on shore here; and I came only now to call my wife, and hear how my little family do, and give them a little money which I received last night.

Poor man! said I, and how much hast thou gotten for them?

I have gotten four shillings, said he, which is a good sum, as things go now with poor men; but they have given me a bag of bread too, and a salt fish, and some flesh; so all helps out.

Well, said I, and have you given it them yet?

No, said he, but I have called, and my wife has answered that she cannot come out yet; but in half an hour she hopes to come, and I am waiting for her. Poor woman! says he, she is brought sadly down; she has had a swelling, and it is broke, and I hope she will recover, but I fear the child will die; but it is the Lord! Here he stopt, and wept very much.

Well, honest friend, said I, thou hast a sure comforter, if thou hast brought thyself to be resigned to the will of God; he is dealing with us all in judgment.

Oh, sir, says he, it is infinite mercy if any of us are spared; and who am I to repine!

Say'st thou so, said I; and how much less is my faith than thine! And here my heart smote me, suggesting how much better this poor man's foundation was, on which he staid in the danger, than mine; that he had nowhere to fly; that he had a family to bind him to attendance, which I had not; and mine was mere presumption, his a true dependence and a courage resting on God; and yet, that he used all possible caution for his safety.

I turned a little way from the man while these thoughts engaged me; for, indeed, I could no more refrain from tears than he.

At length, after some farther talk, the poor woman opened the door, and called Robert, Robert; he answered, and bid her stay a few moments and he would come; so he ran down the common stairs to his boat, and fetched up a sack in which was the provisions he had brought from the ships; and when he returned, he halloed again; then he went to the great stone which he showed me, and emptied the sack, and laid all out, everything by themselves, and then retired; and his wife came with a little boy to fetch them away; and he called, and said, such a captain had sent such a thing, and such a captain, such a thing; and at the end adds, God has sent it all, give thanks to him. When the poor woman had taken up all, she was so weak, she could not carry it at once in, though the weight was not much neither, so she left the biscuit, which was in a little bag, and left a little boy to watch it till she came again.

Well, but, says I to him, did you leave her the four shillings, too, which you said was your week's pay?

Yes, yes, says he, you shall hear her own it. So he calls again, Rachel, which, it seems, was her name, did you take up the money? Yes, said she. How much was it? said he. Four shillings and a groat, said she. Well, well, says he, the Lord keep you all; and so he turned to go away.

As I could not refrain contributing tears to this man's story, so neither could I refrain my charity

for his assistance; so I called him. Hark, thee, friend, said I, come hither, for I believe thou art in health, that I may venture thee; so I pulled out my hand, which was in my pocket before. Here, says I, go and call thy Rachel once more, and give her a little more comfort from me; God will never forsake a family that trust in him as thou dost: so I gave him four other shillings, and bid him go lay them on the stone, and call his wife.

I have not words to express the poor man's thankfulness, neither could he express it himself, but by tears running down his face. He called his wife, and told her that God had moved the heart of a stranger, upon hearing their condition, to give them all that money; and a great deal more such as that he said to her. The woman, too, made signs of the like thankfulness, as well to Heaven as to me, and joyfully picked it up; and I parted with no money all that year that I thought better bestowed.

VULGAR HOSPITALITY.

THOSE inferior duties of life which the French call *les petites morales*, or the smaller morals, are with us distinguished by the name of good manners or breeding. This I look upon, in the general notion of it, to be a sort of artificial good sense, adapted to the meanest capacities, and introduced to make mankind easy in their commerce with each other. Low and little understandings, without some rules of this kind, would be perpetually wandering into a thousand indecencies and irregularities in behaviour; and in their ordinary conversation, fall into the same boisterous familiarities that one observeth amongst them when a debauch hath quite taken away the use of their reason. In other instances, it is odd to consider, that for want of common discretion, the very end of good breeding is wholly perverted; and civility, intended to make us easy, is employed in laying chains and fetters upon us, in debarring us of our wishes, and in crossing our most reasonable desires and inclinations. This abuse reigneth chiefly in the country, as I found to my vexation, when I was last there, in a visit I made to a neighbour about two miles from my cousin. As soon as I entered the parlour, they put me into the great chair that stood close by a huge fire, and kept me there by force until I was almost stifled. Then a boy came in great hurry

to pull off my boots, which I in vain opposed, urging that I must return soon after dinner. In the meantime, the good lady whispered her eldest daughter, and slipped a key into her hand. The girl returned instantly with a beer-glass half full of *aqua mirabilis* and syrup of gilly-flowers. I took as much as I had a mind for; but madam vowed I should drink it off (for she was sure it would do me good, after coming out of the cold air), and I was forced to obey; which absolutely took away my stomach. When dinner came in, I had a mind to sit at a distance from the fire; but they told me it was as much as my life was worth, and set me with my back just against it. Although my appetite were quite gone, I resolved to force down as much as I could; and desired the leg of a pullet. Indeed, Mr. Bickerstaff, says the lady, you must eat a wing, to oblige me; and so put a couple upon my plate. I was persecuted at this rate during the whole meal. As often as I called for small beer, the master tipped the wink, and the servant brought me a brimmer of October. Some time after dinner, I ordered my cousin's man, who came with me, to get ready the horses, but it was resolved I should not stir that night; and when I seemed pretty much bent upon going, they ordered the stable door to be locked; and the children hid my cloak and boots. The next question was, what I would have for supper? I said I never eat anything at night; but was at last, in my own defence, obliged to name the first thing that came into my head. After three hours spent chiefly in apologies for my entertainment, insinuating to me, "That this was the worst time of the year for provisions; that they were at a great distance from any market; that they were afraid I should be starved; and that they knew they kept me to my loss," the lady went and left me to her husband (for they took special care I should never be alone). As soon as her back was turned, the little misses ran backwards and forwards every moment; and constantly, as they came in or went out, made a curtsy directly at me, which in good manners I was forced to return with a bow, and, "Your humble servant, pretty Miss." Exactly at eight the mother came up, and discovered by the redness of her face that supper was not far off. It was twice as large as the dinner, and my persecution doubled in proportion. I desired at my usual hour to go to my repose, and was conducted

to my chamber by the gentleman, his lady, and the whole train of children. They importuned me to drink something before I went to bed; and upon my refusing, at last left a bottle of *stingo*, as they called it, for fear I should wake and be thirsty in the night. I was forced in the morning to rise and dress myself in the dark, because they would not suffer my kinsman's servant to disturb me at the hour I desired to be called. I was now resolved to break through all measures to get away; and after sitting down to a mon-

the absurdities I met with in this visit proceeded from an ill intention, but from a wrong judgment of complaisance, and a misapplication in the rules of it. —*Jonathan Swift.*

SINGULAR EXPERIENCE OF AN AMERICAN PRISONER OF WAR DURING THE REVOLUTION.

FLATBUSH was the place assigned for the officers of our regiment, as well as those of Magaw's. Here also, were stationed Colonels Miles,



VULGAR HOSPITALITY.

strous breakfast of cold beef, mutton, neats'-tongues, venison-pasty, and stale beer, took leave of the family. But the gentleman would needs see me part of my way, and carry me a short cut through his own grounds, which he told me would save half a mile's riding. This last piece of civility had liked to have cost me dear, being once or twice in danger of my neck, by leaping over his ditches, and at last forced to alight in the dirt; when my horse, having slipped his bridle, ran away, and took us up more than an hour to recover him again. It is evident, that none of

Atlee Rawlings, and Major Williams; the indulgence of arranging ourselves agreeably to our respective circles of acquaintance having been granted by Mr. Loring, of whom, for my own part, I have nothing hard to say. Mr. Forrest and myself were billeted on a Mr. Jacob Suydam. His house was pretty large, consisting of buildings which appeared to have been erected at different times, the front and better part of which was in the occupation of Mr. Theophylact Bache and his family, from New York. Though we were in general civilly enough received, it cannot be supposed

that we were very welcome to our Low Dutch hosts, whose habits of living were extremely parsimonious, and whose winter provision was barely sufficient for themselves. Had they been sure of receiving the two dollars a-week, it might have

would in both cases induce a stoppage of payment. They were, however, a people who seemed thoroughly disposed to submit to any power which might be set over them; and whatever might have been their propensities or demonstrations at



EARLY DUTCH INHABITANTS OF NEW YORK.

reconciled them to the measure; but payment appeared to them to depend on the success of our cause (Congress, or ourselves, being looked upon as the paymasters), and its failure, in their eyes,

an earlier stage of the contest, they were now the dutiful and loyal subjects of His Majesty George the Third; and entirely obedient to the behests of their military masters in New York. As it

was at the instance of these that we were saddled upon them, they received us with the best grace they could put on. Their houses and beds were found clean, but their living extremely poor, and well calculated to teach the luxurious, how infinitely less than their pampered appetites require, is essential to the sustenance of life.

A sorry wash, made up of a sprinkling of bohea, and the darkest sugar on the verge of fluidity, with half-baked bread, fuel being among the scarcest articles at Flatbush, and a little stale butter, constituted our breakfast. At our first coming, a small piece of pickled beef was occasionally boiled for dinner, but, to the beef which was soon consumed, succeeded *dippers* or clams, and our unvaried supper was *supon* or mush, sometimes with skimmed milk, but more generally with buttermilk, blended with molasses, which was kept for weeks in a churn, as swill is saved for hogs. I found it, however, after a little use, very eatable; and supper soon became my best meal. The table company consisted of the master of the house, Mr. Jacob Suydam, an old bachelor, a young man, a shoemaker of the name of Rem Hagerman, married to Jacob's niece, who, with a mewling infant in her arms, never failed to appear. A black boy, too, was generally in the room, not as a waiter, but as a kind of *enfant de maison*, who walked about or took post in the chimney corner with his hat on, and occasionally joined in the conversation. It is probable, that but for us, he would have been placed at the table; and that it had been the custom before we came. Certain it is, that the idea of equality was more fully and fairly acted upon in this house of a British subject, than ever I have seen it practised by the most vehement declaimers for the rights of man among ourselves. It is but fair, however, to mention, that I have never been among our transcendent republicans of Virginia, and her dependencies. But notwithstanding some unpleasant circumstances in our establishment, every member of the family, the black fellow, to whom we had been the cause of some privations, excepted, was exceedingly courteous and accommodating. Rem Hagerman, and Yonichy, his wife, gave themselves no airs; nor was our harmony with Uncle Jacob ever interrupted, but on a single occasion, when, soured a little by I know not what provocation, he made a show of knocking down Forrest with a pair of yarn stockings

he had just drawn from his legs, as he sat in the chimney-corner one evening preparing for bed. It was, indeed, but an offer, though it might, for aught I know, have amounted to an assault in law, as Jacob was not so far from the person menaced, but that the feet of the stockings, if held by the other extremity, and projected from an extended arm, might possibly have reached him; and a pair of long-worn yarn stockings, might, from daily alluvion, have acquired somewhat of the properties of a cudgel. But moments of peevishness were allowable to our host; since, though we had for some time been consuming his provisions, he had never seen a penny of our money, and it was somewhat doubtful, to say the truth, whether he ever would; for, considering the contractors for our boarding liable for it, we never thought of paying it ourselves. As the Low Dutch are a people little known in Pennsylvania, and more especially, as it is my avowed intention to advert to the character of the time, this sketch of their domestic economy and manners may not be thought impertinent. In a word, from what I saw of them on Long Island, I was led to consider them as people, quiet and inoffensive beyond any I had seen; such, from whom no enthusiastic efforts, either of good or evil tendency, were to be looked for; who were neither prolific of Catos nor Catilines; and who, had they been the sole occupants of this great continent of ours, would still have been colonists, and never known what it was to be independent republicans. Their religions, like their other habits, were unostentatious and plain; and a silent grace before meat, prevailed at the table of Jacob Suydam. When we were all seated, he suddenly clasped his hands together, threw his head on one side, closed his eyes, and remained mute and motionless for a minute. His niece and nephew followed his example; but with such an eager solicitude that the copied attitude should be prompt and simultaneous, as to give an air of absurdity to what might otherwise have been very decent. Although little of the vernacular accent remained on the tongue of these people, they had some peculiarities in other phraseology. Among these, instead of asking you to sit, or sit down to table, they invited you to sit by; and this I even observed in General Schuyler, when I was at Lake George. It might be asked by a stickling New Yorker, if "sit by" is not as proper, and even



RFM HAGERMAN AND HIS FAMILY.

more so, than "sit down," which, in strictness, is a redundancy.

**GEN. WASHINGTON AND AN AFRICAN
POETESS.**

IN 1761 there was landed from a slave ship, in Boston, a delicate, intelligent-looking African girl, apparently about seven years of age. Shortly afterward she was sold in the slave market at that city, and was purchased by the wife of Mr. John Wheatley, who was attracted to her by her slender form and delicate appearance. She became a great favorite in the family, and grew up as a pet of the household.

One of Mrs. Wheatley's daughters taught her to read and write, and it is said that in sixteen months from the time of her arrival she had acquired the English language, to which she was previously an utter stranger, to such an extent that she could read the most difficult portions of the Bible with a fluency that astonished all who heard her. She commenced writing verses at the age of fourteen, and at nineteen visited England, where she attracted much attention, and was received by many distinguished people. A volume of her poems was published in London in 1773, with a dedication to the Right Honorable the Countess of Huntingdon, bearing the following title: "Poems on Various Subjects, Religious and Moral. By Phillis Wheatley, Negro Servant to Mr. John Wheatley, of Boston, in New England." Several other editions of her poems and letters were subsequently published at different dates in Boston.

In 1775 she wrote a poem on Gen. Washington, and sent him a copy, accompanied by the following letter:

SIR:—I have taken the freedom to address your Excellency in the enclosed Poem, and entreat your acceptance, though I am not insensible of its inaccuracies. Your being appointed by the Grand Continental Congress to be Generalissimo of the armies of North America, together with the fame of your virtues, excite sensations not easy to suppress. Your generosity, therefore, I presume, will pardon the attempt. Wishing your Excellency all possible success in the great cause you are so generously engaged in, I am

Your Excellency's most obedient
humble servant,

PHILLIS WHEATLEY.

Providence, Oct. 26, 1775.

THE POEM.

CELESTIAL, choir! enthron'd in realms of light,
Columbia's scenes of glorious toils I write,
While freedom's cause her anxious breast alarms,
She flashes dreadful in refulgent arms.
See mother earth her offspring's fate bemoan,
And nations gaze at scenes before unknown!
See the bright beams of heaven's revolving light
Involved in sorrows and the veil of night!

The goddess comes, she moves divinely fair,
Olive and laurel binds her golden hair:
Wherever shines this native of the skies,
Unnumber'd charms and recent graces rise.

Muse! bow propitious while my pen relates
How pour her armies through a thousand gates,
As when Eolus heaven's fair face deforms,
Enwapp'd in tempest and a night of storms;
Astonish'd ocean feels the wild uproar,
The reflux surges beat the sounding shore;
Or thick as leaves in Autumn's golden reign,
Such, and so many, moves the warrior's train.
In bright array they seek the work of war,
Where high unfurl'd the ensign waves in air.
Shall I to Washington their praise recite?
Enough thou know'st them in the fields of fight.
Thee, first in place and honours,—we demand
The grace and glory of thy martial band.
Fam'd for thy valour, for thy virtues more,
Hear every tongue thy guardian aid implore!

One century scarce perform'd its destined round
When Gallic powers Columbia's fury found:
And so may you, whoever dares disgrace
The land of freedom's heaven-defended race!
Fix'd are the eyes of nations on the scales,
For in their hopes Columbia's arm prevails.
Anon Britannia droops the pensive head,
While round increase the rising hills of dead.
Ah! cruel blindness to Columbia's state!
Lament thy thirst of boundless power too late.

Proceed, great chief, with virtue on thy side,
Thy ev'ry action let the goddess guide.
A crown, a mansion, and a throne that shine,
With gold unfading, Washington! be thine.

Washington replied in the following letter:

CAMBRIDGE, February 2d, 1776.

MISS PHILLIS:

Your favor of the 26th October did not reach my hands till the middle of December. Time enough, you will say, to have given an answer ere this. Granted. But a variety of important occurrences continually interposing to distract the mind and withdraw the attention, I hope will apologize for the delay, and plead my excuse for the seeming and not real neglect. I thank you most sincerely for your polite notice of me, in the elegant lines you enclosed; and however undeserving I may be of such encomium and panegyric,

the style and manner exhibit a striking proof of your poetical talents ; in honour of which, and as a tribute justly due to you, I would have published the poem had I not been apprehensive that, while I only meant to give the world this new instance of your genius, I might have incurred the imputation of vanity. This, and nothing else, determined me not to give it place in the public prints. If you should ever come to Cambridge, or near headquarters, I shall be happy to see a person so favoured by the muses, and to whom Nature has been so liberal and beneficent in her dispensations. I am, with great respect, your obedient humble servant.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

On her return from England, after the publication of her poems, the Wheatley family was broken up by death, and Phillis married a colored man, who seems to have been a showy fellow, passing, according to one account, as a lawyer, another as a grocer, and a third a barber. He fell into poverty during the Revolution, and his wife suffered with him till she died in Boston, Dec. 5, 1784. It was one thing dreaming with Ovid, and another living with "Doctor Peters."

The only recollection which she retained of her life in Africa was a poetical reminiscence of her mother pouring out water before the sun at his rising—a trait of natural devotion in a heathen land. When she was sixteen, in 1770, Phillis became a member of Dr. Sewall's congregation in the Old South Meeting House.

PUTNAM'S ADVENTURE WITH THE WOLF.

IN our school days the history that we studied gave a short sketch of the life of the famous old hero, Israel Putnam ; but it dismissed his adventure with the wolf by the simple statement that the story was familiar to every school-boy, and it was therefore unnecessary to repeat it. This was a sad disappointment, for, boy-like, we felt that the adventure with the wolf must necessarily be the most interesting event in the old hero's life. It was years afterward, when we had grown to manhood, before we found a book containing the wolf story, and then we read it with true boyish eagerness. We now give it as it was originally written by David Humphreys, the poet, and biographer of Gen. Putnam, and hope it will be as interesting to other boys as it was to the compiler of this volume :

In the year 1739, he removed from Salem to Pomfret, an inland fertile town in Connecticut, forty miles east of Hartford. Having here purchased a considerable tract of land, he applied himself successfully to agriculture.

The first years on a new farm are not, however, exempt from disasters and disappointments, which can only be remedied by stubborn and patient industry. Our farmer, sufficiently occupied in building an house and barn, felling woods, making fences, sowing grain, planting orchards, and taking care of his stock, had to encounter, in turn, the calamities occasioned by drought in summer, blast in harvest, loss of cattle in winter, and the desolation of his sheep-fold by wolves. In one night he had seventy fine sheep and goats killed, besides many lambs and kids wounded. This havock was committed by a she-wolf, which, with her annual whelps, had for several years infested the vicinity. The young were commonly destroyed by the vigilance of the hunters, but the old one was too sagacious to come within reach of gun-shot : upon being closely pursued, she would generally fly to the western woods, and return the next winter with another litter of whelps.

This wolf at length became such an intolerable nuisance that Mr. Putnam entered into a combination with five of his neighbors to hunt alternately until they could destroy her. Two, by rotation, were to be constantly in pursuit. It was known that, having lost the toes from one foot by a steel-trap, she made one track shorter than the other. By this vestige the pursuers recognized, in a light snow, the route of this pernicious animal. Having followed her to Connecticut river, and found she had turned back in a direct course towards Pomfret, they immediately returned, and by ten o'clock the next morning the blood-hounds had driven her into a den, about three miles distant from the house of Mr. Putnam. The people soon collected with dogs, guns, straw, fire, and sulphur, to attack the common enemy. With this apparatus, several unsuccessful efforts were made to force her from the den. The hounds came back badly wounded, and refused to return. The smoke of blazing straw had no effect. Nor did the fumes of burnt brimstone, with which the cavern was filled, compel her to quit the retirement. Wearied with such fruitless attempts (which had brought the time to ten o'clock at night), Mr. Putnam tried once more to make his dog enter, but in

vain. He proposed to his negro man to go down into the cavern and shoot the wolf: the negro declined the hazardous service. Then it was that the master, angry at the disappointment, and declaring that he was ashamed to have a coward in his family, resolved himself to destroy the ferocious beast, lest she should escape through some unknown fissure of the rock. His neighbors strongly remonstrated against the perilous enterprise; but he, knowing that wild animals were intimidated by fire, and having provided several strips of birch-bark, the only combustible material which he could obtain that would afford light in this deep and darksome cave, prepared for his descent. Having, accordingly, divested himself of his coat and waistcoat, and having a long rope fastened round his legs, by which he might be pulled back, at a concerted signal, he entered head-foremost, with the blazing torch in his hand.

The aperture of the den, on the east side of a very high ledge of rocks, is about two feet square; from thence it descends obliquely fifteen feet, then running horizontally about ten more, it ascends gradually sixteen feet towards its termination. The sides of this subterraneous cavity are composed of smooth and solid rocks, which seem to have been divided from each other by some former earthquake. The top and bottom are also of stone, and the entrance, in winter, being covered with ice, is exceedingly slippery. It is in no place high enough for a man to raise himself upright, nor in any part more than three feet in width.

Having groped his passage to the horizontal part of the den, the most terrifying darkness appeared in front of the dim circle of light afforded by his torch. It was silent as the house of death. None but monsters of the desert had ever before explored this solitary mansion of horror. He, cautiously proceeding onward, came to the ascent, which he slowly mounted on his hands and knees, until he discovered the glaring eye-balls of the

wolf, who was sitting at the extremity of the cavern. Startled at the sight of fire, she gnashed her teeth, and gave a sullen growl. As soon as he had made the necessary discovery, he kicked the rope as a signal for pulling him out. The people at the mouth of the den, who had listened with painful anxiety, hearing the growling of the wolf, and supposing their friend to be in the most imminent danger, drew him forth with such celerity that his shirt was stripped over his head, and his skin severely lacerated. After he had adjusted his clothes and loaded his gun with nine buck-shot, holding a torch in one hand and the musket in the other, he descended the second time. When he drew nearer than before, the



THE OLD WOLF AND HER YOUNG ONES.

wolf, assuming a still more fierce and terrible appearance, howling, rolling her eyes, snapping her teeth, and dropping her head between her legs, was evidently in the attitude and on the point of springing at him. At the critical instant he levelled and fired at her head. Stunned with the shock, and suffocated with the smoke, he immediately found himself drawn out of the cave. But having refreshed himself, and permitted the smoke to dissipate, he went down the third time. Once more he came within sight of the wolf, who appearing very passive, he applied the torch to her nose, and perceiving her dead, he took hold of her ears, and then kicking the rope (still tied round his legs) the people above, with no small exultation, dragged them both out together.

I have offered these facts in greater detail, be-

cause they contain a display of character; and because they have been erroneously related in several European publications, and very much mutilated in the history of Connecticut—a work as replete with falsehood as destitute of genius—lately printed in London.

PUTNAM'S RIDE.

GENERAL ISRAEL PUTNAM was the ideal hero of the Revolutionary war. No adventure was too desperate for him to undertake. His instant readiness on all occasions, the purity of his motives, and the sincerity of his patriotism won the admiration and hearty friendship of all his associates, and left him a name that will stand forever as one of the brightest on the pages of American history. His nature was rugged and honest. He hated a mean action, and deceit was a thing that he could not endure. He was an unpolished diamond of the first water.

His letter to Sir Henry Clinton, on a certain historical occasion, indicates the character of the man. A Tory spy had been arrested within his lines, and, after a fair trial by court-martial, was condemned to suffer the usual penalty for such offences. General Clinton claimed that the man was a British officer, and demanded that he should be treated as a prisoner of war. To this demand "Old Put" made the following characteristic reply, which, for brevity and decision, has not been surpassed in military annals:

"Edmund Palmer, an officer in the enemy's service, was taken as a spy lurking within our lines; he has been tried as a spy, condemned as a spy, and shall be executed as a spy, and the flag is ordered to depart immediately.

"ISRAEL PUTNAM.

"P. S.—He has been accordingly executed."

The grim humor of the production is embraced in the postscript.

His famous ride occurred in March, 1779; but the bright colors in which it was first painted by the early historians have been somewhat dimmed by time and the researches of later writers. Enough remains, however, to make it a celebrated and daring event, fully in keeping with the old hero's reckless disregard of all personal danger. The following is said to be a truthful account of the adventure:

Gov. Tyron, who gained for himself an unenvi-

able reputation for infamy, and who was also the last of the royal governors of New York, marched into Connecticut at the head of fifteen hundred British regulars and Hessians, for the purpose of destroying some salt works belonging to the Americans at Horse-neck, and committing such other exasperating meanness as might come in their way. Putnam was stationed there at the time, having under his command 150 raw and ragged Connecticut militia and two small pieces of ancient cannon, capable of doing about as much havoc at their breeches as at their muzzles. But being totally devoid of the sense of fear, as well as impervious to all ideas of the ludicrous, he drew up his "army" in all the panoply and dread aspect of fearful war, and coolly awaited the result. It came a little sooner and with more vigor than the old hero had counted upon. When the British commander saw the force that was opposed to him, he smiled grimly and ordered a company of dragoons to charge General Putnam and his army and "wipe the earth up with them." The dragoons immediately proceeded to carry out the order, and came down like a whirlwind with drawn sabres in their hands. "Old Put" managed to unload his wheezy cannons, and a few of the militiamen also discharged their flint-lock fowling-pieces, before the earthquake reached them; then ordering his men to take refuge in a swamp that lay near them, he put spurs to his horse, and darting down a steep and rocky hill-side made his escape. The dragoons, on approaching the brow of the hill, did not have the courage to follow, but contented themselves by firing their carbines over Putnam's head.

The earlier accounts of this adventure declare that the General rode down a steep flight of steps which had been cut in the rocks in the side of a hill, to accommodate the people who worshipped in a country church near by; but this statement has been corrected by later writers. Mr. Lossing says: "That he fled down a steep hill near a flight of steps that had been formed for the accommodation of the neighboring inhabitants in taking a direct way to a church on the eminence, there can be no doubt; but, that he went all the way down the steps, is a pure fiction."

But the fact remains undisputed that he did ride, at full speed, down a place so steep and dangerous that none of the British soldiers dared to follow, although they were close upon him



and the glory of the achievement is therefore not in the least diminished.

MORAL EFFECTS OF THE BLACK PLAGUE UPON EUROPEAN CIVILIZATION.

IN another portion of this volume we have given a history of the Black Plague which devastated Europe and Asia in the fourteenth century, and destroyed a larger number of human beings than any other single cause since the creation of the world; together with an account of the remarkable and terrific convulsions of the earth which preceded and ushered in this destructive pestilence. We will now consider its moral effects, and the permanent influences which it exerted upon European civilization.

The mental shock sustained by all nations during the prevalence of the Black Death, as it was called, is without parallel and indescribable. The pious closed their accounts with the world, and prepared themselves for what they confidently believed would be a blissful future. Death was inevitable, and religion disarmed it of its sting. All minds were directed to the contemplation of futurity; and even children were frequently seen, while suffering the agonies of the plague, to breathe out their spirits with prayer and songs of thanksgiving. Parents warned their children, and instructed them how to pray; neighbors mutually admonished each other, while none could reckon on a single hour's respite.

An awful sense of contrition seized Christians of every communion; they resolved to forsake their vices, to make restitution for past offences, and to avert by self-chastisement, the punishment which they imagined was due to their past wickedness.

The Flagellants.

While all the countries were filled with lamentations and woe, there first arose in Hungary, and afterward in Germany, the brotherhood of the Flagellants, called also the Brethren of the Cross, or Crossbearers, who took upon themselves the repentance of the people, for the sins they had committed, and offered prayers and supplications for the averting of the plague. At first this order consisted chiefly of the lower classes, who were either actuated by sincere contrition, or who joyfully availed themselves of this pretext for idleness, and were hurried along by the tide of distracting frenzy. But as they gained in repute,

and were welcomed by the people with veneration, many nobles and ecclesiastics ranged themselves under their standard; and their bands were not infrequently augmented by children, honorable women, and nuns, so powerfully were minds of the most opposite temperaments enslaved by the strange infatuation. They marched through the cities in well organized processions, with leaders and singers; their heads covered as far as their eyes; their gaze fixed upon the ground, and accompanied by every token of the deepest contrition and mourning. They wore a sombre gar-



PARENTS INSTRUCTING THEIR CHILDREN TO PRAY.

ment, with red crosses on the breast, back, and cap; and bore triple scourges, tied in three or four knots, in which points of iron were fixed to render them the more severe. Wherever they made their appearance they were welcomed with the ringing of bells, and the people flocked from all quarters to listen to their hymns and witness their penances, with devotions and tears.

At the city of Spire, in Germany, two hundred boys, of twelve years of age and under, organized themselves into a Brotherhood of the Cross, in imitation of those children, who, about one hundred years before, at the instigation of some fanatic monks, had bound themselves together for the purpose of recovering the Holy Sepulchre. All the inhabi-

tants were carried away by the illusion; they conducted the children to their houses, with songs of thanksgiving, to regale them for the night. The women embroidered banners for them; and at every succeeding pilgrimage their influence and reputation increased.

In 1260 the Flagellants appeared in Italy as *Devoti*. "With the land polluted by vices and crimes," says a writer of that period, "an unexampled spirit of remorse seized the minds of the people. The fear of Christ fell upon all—noble and ignoble, old and young, and even children of five years of age, marched through the streets with no covering but a scarf around the waist. Each carried a scourge of leather thongs, with which they lashed their naked limbs, amid sighs and tears, until the blood flowed from their wounds. Not only during the day, but even by night, and in the severest winter, they traversed the cities with banners and burning torches, headed by their priests, and prostrated themselves before the altars. Enemies were reconciled; men and women vied with each other in splendid works of charity, as if they would propitiate the Divine wrath which threatened them with annihilation. The impression which this singular fanaticism made upon the minds of the people was astonishing. In 1446 a citizen of Nordhausen, testified that his wife, in the belief of performing a Christian act, insisted upon scourging her infant children as soon as they were baptized.

Pilgrimages of the Flagellants extended through all the countries of Europe. The mania seemed to arise in many places at the same time, for the terror of death, which prevailed over all nations, apparently conjured up a universal fanaticism of exaggerated repentance. It did not cease for several centuries; in the 15th century the Flagellants were so numerous in several parts of Germany that it was deemed necessary to extirpate them with fire and sword; and as late as 1710 their processions were seen in Italy, and even at a later date in Mexico and portions of Spain.

Each applicant for membership in the Brotherhood was required to obligate himself to remain with it not less than thirty-four days, and to come supplied with an average of four-pence per day, so that he might not be a burden to any one; if married, he was obliged to have the sanction of his wife, and give assurance that he was reconciled to all men. They were not permitted to seek for

free lodgings, or even to enter a house, without having been invited; they were forbidden to converse with women; and if they transgressed any of these rules, they were obliged to confess to the Superior, who sentenced them to a certain number of lashes, according to the degree of the offence.

Penances were performed twice a day, in the morning and evening. They went in pairs, singing psalms, amid the ringing of bells; and on arriving at the place of flagellation, they stripped the upper part of their bodies and put off their shoes, retaining only a linen covering, reaching from the waist to the ankles. They then lay down in a circle, in positions varying according to the nature of their offences; the adulterer with his face to the ground, the perjurer on his side, holding up three fingers, &c., and they were then castigated, some more, some less, by the master, after which he bade them rise in the prescribed form:

"Stant auf durch der reinen Martel ere;
Und lute dich vor der Sunden mere."

Then they scourged themselves, amid the singing of psalms and loud supplications for the averting of the plague, at the same time constantly asserting that the blood of their wounds was mingled with that of the Saviour. In conclusion, one of them stood up and read a letter, which it was pretended an angel had brought from Heaven, to St. Peter's Church, at Jerusalem, stating that Christ, who was sore displeased at the sins of man, had granted, on the intercession of the Virgin and all the angels, that all who should wander about and scourge themselves for thirty-four days should be partakers of the divine grace. If any were so bold as to question the authority of this letter, they were quickly silenced by the assertion that it came from the same person who had sealed the Gospel, a quality of evidence equally as convincing as that upon which many other religious dogmas have been founded.

The Flagellants occasionally attempted to work miracles, a common practice among all religionists in those times of dense ignorance and superstition. The miracle, instead of being regarded in its true light as a deception and a fraud, was the universally accepted evidence of divine origin. In Strasburg they even went so far as to attempt to resurrect a dead child; but failing, their unskilfulness did them much harm. They

preserved their reputation, however, and sustained the public confidence in their holy calling, by pretending to cast out devils. This has always been the last refuge of the miracle-worker in all nations and all ages—when he fails in everything else, he is sure of being able to frighten the devil, and thus restore confidence in his miraculous powers.

But the Flagellants finally ceased to excite astonishment. They were no longer welcomed by the ringing of bells, and were not received with veneration, as before. In October, 1349, Pope Clement issued a bull against them, and they gradually disappeared, as human inventions are wont to do. At Breslau one of their masters was condemned and publicly burnt as a heretic. In Westphalia, where so shortly before they had venerated the Brothers of the Cross, they now persecuted them with relentless severity; and in many other countries they were pursued as if they had been the authors of every misfortune. A belief began to prevail, with a good degree of plausibility, that they promoted the spread of the plague, by means of their numerous pilgrimages; and this was no doubt the true cause of the persecutions that arose against them.

Barbarous Cruelties Practised against the Jews.

The horrors of the persecutions of the Jews, which followed the advent of the Black Death, and resulted in a great measure from it, exceeded anything ever known in the history of the world. The exasperation of the people against them was greater even than in the 12th century, during the first Crusades.

In every destructive pestilence of ancient times, the common people at first attributed the mortality to poison. No explanation or instruction could avail to change their opinion; the supposed testimony of their eyesight was to them a sufficient proof, and they demanded the victims of their rage. The Jews were everywhere accused of poisoning the wells or infecting the air. They

alone were supposed to be responsible for the fearful mortality among the Christians; and strangely enough, they did not suffer so severely from the effects of the pestilence as their Christian neighbors. They were in consequence pursued with merciless cruelty, and either indiscriminately given up to the fury of the populace, or sentenced to sanguinary tribunals, which, with all the forms of law, sentenced them to be burnt alive.

The persecutions of the Jews commenced in September and October, 1348, at Chillon, on Lake Geneva, where the first criminal proceedings were instituted against them, after they had long before been accused by the people of poisoning the wells. Similar scenes soon followed in many other places.



PERSECUTIONS OF THE JEWS.

Under the influence of excruciating suffering, the tortured Jews in many instances confessed themselves guilty of the crimes imputed to them; and it being affirmed that poison had in fact been discovered in a well at Zoffinger, this was deemed sufficient proof of their guilt in general.

A fearful panic immediately seized all nations; and in Germany especially the springs and wells were built over, that no one might drink of them, or use the water for culinary purposes, and for a long time the inhabitants of numerous towns and villages used only river and rain water. If medicine or any other article which might be supposed to be poisonous, was found in the possession of a

stranger, which might very naturally occur in the most innocent manner, owing to the prevailing sickness which caused nearly every person to go prepared with the necessary remedies, they were forced to swallow a portion of it. All classes of the inhabitants bound themselves by oaths to extirpate the Jews by fire and sword, and they were accordingly hunted like wild beasts and slaughtered in the most cruel manner. In the town of

Wherever the Jews were not burned, they were at least banished; and being thus compelled to wander about, they fell into the merciless hands of the country people, who slew them without remorse or pity, their fury being increased by the dread of these detested strangers spreading the pestilence among them. The Jewish inhabitants of Spire, driven to despair, assembled in their own houses, which they set on fire, and thus consumed themselves with their families. The few who remained were forced to submit to baptism; while the dead bodies of many who had been murdered, and lay about the streets, were put into empty wine-casks and rolled into the Rhine, lest they should infect the air. At Strasburg two thousand Jews were burned alive in their own burying ground, on a scaffold erected for that purpose; a few who promised to embrace Christianity, were spared, and their children taken from the burning pile. The youth and beauty of several girls also excited commiseration, and they were rescued against their will; but many who forcibly made their escape from the flames were murdered in the streets.

The Jews of that age were the bankers and money-lenders for all the nations where they lived, and a large majority of the people were in debt to them. The magistrates took advantage of this condition of affairs to declare all

pledges and bonds forfeited, and directed that the money should be divided among the work-people. Many wealthy Jews, on their way to the stake, were stripped of their clothes by the avaricious and barbarous mob, for the sake of the jewels and gold that were frequently found sewed in the linings.

Much of this wealth, obtained by murder and robbery, was presented to the monasteries and



A JEWESS BEING LED TO THE STAKE

Basle the populace forced their magistrates to bind themselves by an oath to burn the Jews, and to forbid persons of that race to enter their city for the space of two hundred years. Upon this all the Jews in Basle were driven into a wooden building prepared for that purpose, and burnt with it. Soon afterward a like horrible deed was perpetrated at Freyburg; and similar scenes were enacted at Strasburg and other places.

churches, the superstitious devotees imagining that these goods, reeking with the blood of innocent and helpless victims, would be an acceptable offering to Heaven, and serve as an atonement for the blackest of crimes. They even took the bricks from the destroyed dwellings of the Jews, and the tombstones from their graves, and with them built churches and erected altars.

In Mayence, Germany, more than 12,000 Jews were burned at the stake or murdered in the streets. The Flagellants had entered the place, stirred up the worst prejudices of the people, and aroused them to a frenzy of superstitious zeal. They rushed at once to the quarters occupied by the Jews and began an indiscriminate slaughter; but in this instance the victims resisted, and several Christians (so-called by way of distinction) were killed. This increased their frenzy until it passed beyond the limits of control, and the Jews, finding themselves no longer able to resist, set their dwellings on fire and voluntarily made a holocaust of themselves and their families. A free rein was given to the spirit of proselytism, under the influence of the Flagellants, and in consequence a counter-spirit of fanatical zeal arose among the Jews to perish as martyrs to their ancient religion. Seeing that death by torture was inevitable, they made no effort to evade it, but rather courted it as a sure means of immediate admission into the heaven of their fathers. Their repugnance to Christianity was naturally increased by the outrage-

ous violation of all its precepts on the part of those professing to be its followers. At Islingen the whole Jewish population gathered in their synagogue and burned themselves amid songs and shouts of religious exaltation. At other



DESTRUCTION OF THE JEWS.

places mothers were often seen throwing their children on the burning pile to prevent them from receiving Christian baptism, and then precipitating themselves into the flames. The few who saved their lives by renouncing their faith and receiving baptism, were afterward nearly

all burnt at different times. Christians also, who, through compassion or offers of gain, had endeavored to protect them, were put to the rack and executed with those whom they had tried to save.

But in the midst of this wild and reckless slaughter of a helpless and unoffending people, let it be said to the honor of Pope Clement VI., that he did all that lay within his power to curb the passions of the fanatical populace, and restrain their bloody propensities. He not only protected the Jews who dwelt at Avignon, at that time the capital of the popes, but he also issued two general bulls in which he declared them innocent, and admonished Christians everywhere to cease their groundless and cruel persecutions. But his advice was unheeded. Duke Albert of Austria went further than the Pope, for, after having warned his people against their persecutions of the Jews, he burned and pillaged those cities which did not heed the warning; but he was unable, in his own fortress or Kyberg, to protect some hundreds of Jews, whom he had received there, from being barbarously burnt by his own people. Several other princes and lords, among whom was Rupert von der Pfalz, took the Jews under their protection, on payment of large sums of money, in consequence of which the opprobrious epithet of "Jews-Masters" was bestowed upon them, and it required the utmost efforts of themselves and their faithful adherents to protect them against the fury of the populace.

The general discord and frenzy were greatly fomented by reports circulated through all Europe, that the Jews were working in concert with secret superiors in Toledo, to whose decrees they were subject, and from whom they had received commands to coin base money, poison the wells and springs, and destroy the children of Christian parents. These reports stated that they received the poison by sea, from distant places, and also prepared it themselves from spiders and venomous reptiles; but, in order that their secret might not be discovered, it was known only to their rabbis and principal men. It is no wonder that such statements aroused the worst passions of an ignorant and superstitious populace, accustomed to believe in the marvellous and being then only in the transition state from barbarism to semi-civilization. Some of

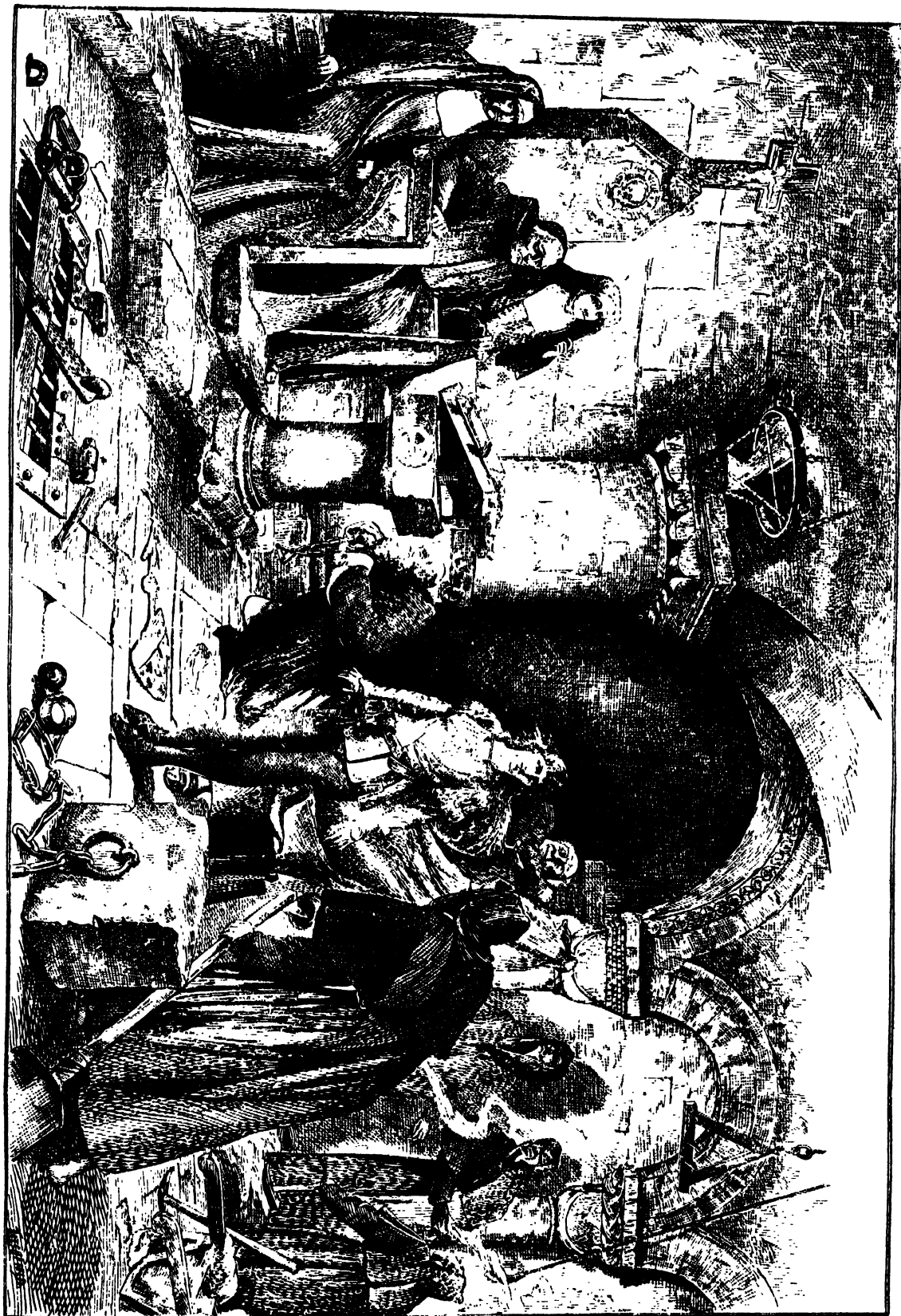
the Jews, having been put to the rack, and in order to escape its tortures, confessed to having received poisonous powders in bags, with secret injunctions from Toledo concerning their use. Such bags were occasionally actually found in wells, though subsequent investigations proved that they had, in many instances, been thrown there by the persons who had taken a prominent part in the persecutions of the Jews, doubtless with the double purpose of sustaining their reputation for veracity and to give occasion for murder and pillage; similar instances of which may be found in the subsequent persecutions of witches, recorded elsewhere in this volume.

Many Christians were actually punished with the Jews for the supposed crime of poisoning the wells and springs. In this connection we quote a portion of the evidence given before an Inquisition held in the city of Chillon in 1348.

"I must add that all the Jews of Neustadt were burnt according to the just sentence of the law. At Augst, I was present when three Christians were flayed on account of being accessory to the plot of poisoning. Very many Christians were arrested for this crime in various places in this country, especially at Eviand, Gebenne, Krusilien and Hochstett, who, at last, and in their dying moments, were brought to confess and acknowledge that they had received the poison from the Jews. Of these Christians some have been quartered; others flayed and afterwards hanged. Certain commissioners have been appointed by the magistrates to enforce judgment against all Jews; and I believe that none will escape."

The cool and matter-of-course way in which this witness relates these barbarities shows very clearly that they were common practices of those times, and were not regarded as being in the least reprehensible. It was, in short, an every-day affair to skin or quarter a live man for some trivial offence, and hang him afterward.

The condition of society at that time is fearful to contemplate. The ravages of the pestilence had destroyed all the ties of friendship and consanguinity, and the naturally vicious dispositions of the people were greatly intensified by exaggerated stories and marvellous rumors, as well as by the horrors which death everywhere spread before them. A careful observer of those times has left a curious record in the following language:



A TRIAL BY THE INQUISITION.

"The hearts of all the inhabitants were closed to feelings of humanity. They fled from the sick and all that belonged to them, hoping thereby to save themselves. Others shut themselves up in their houses, with their wives, their children, and their goods, living on the most costly food, but carefully avoiding all excess. None were allowed access to them; no intelligence of sickness or death was permitted to reach their ears; and they spent their time in singing and music, and other

Others, in their mode of living, chose a middle course; they ate and drank what they pleased, and walked abroad, carrying odoriferous flowers, herbs, or spices, inhaling their perfumes from time to time, in order to invigorate the brain, and to avert the baneful influence of the air, infected by the sick and the innumerable corpses of those who had died of the plague.

Others, unnerved and crazed with fear, fled from the infected districts, parents deserting their



DESTRUCTION OF THE JEWS.—(Copy of an ancient engraving.)

pastimes. Others, on the contrary, considered eating and drinking to excess, amusements of all descriptions, the indulgence of every gratification, and an indifference to what was passing around them, as the best medicine, and acted accordingly. They wandered, day and night, from one tavern to another, and feasted without moderation or bounds. In this way they endeavored to avoid all contact with the sick, and abandoned their houses and property to chance, like men whose death-knell had already tolled."

children, and children their parents, to die at last in some lonely place, unattended and helpless; for the pestilence followed them wherever they went.

Propriety and decorum were extinguished among the sick. Women of rank and refinement forgot their native modesty, and committed the care of their persons, indiscriminately, to men and women of the lowest orders, for these, through greed, were the only ones who could be hired to nurse the sick, and they fre-



HORRORS OF THE RELIGIOUS WARS IN EUROPE

quently increased their emoluments by robbing the dead.

Frivolity, indifference and mirth took the place of sorrow, this course being considered, especially by the women, as conducive to health. Survivors, to preserve themselves from infection, generally had the bodies taken out of the house as soon as the breath had departed, and laid before the doors, where the morning found them in heaps, exposed to the affrighted view of passers by. Many died in the streets; while the stench of putrefying corpses was often the first intimation to the neighbors that an entire family had been stricken in their home.

Quarantine laws of the most exacting and barbarous character were enacted in many places. One of these, which is a fair sample of the rest, required that "every plague patient shall be taken out of the city into the fields, there to die or to recover. Those who attend upon a plague-patient shall remain apart for ten days, before they again associate with anybody. The priests shall examine the diseased, and point them out to special commissioners, under penalty of a confiscation of their goods and of being burned alive. Whoever shall import the plague into a community not previously infected, shall have all his goods confiscated; and none shall attend upon plague-patients except those appointed for that purpose, on pain of death and confiscation."

Virtue seemed to be driven from the earth by the horrors of the scene, and wickedness, cruelty and rapacity everywhere reared their hideous heads, infecting the morals of succeeding generations, and driving the Christian world into that state of religious insanity and intolerance which prevailed for nearly three centuries.

Remarkable Document Issued by the College of Physicians of Paris, during the Prevalence of the Black Death.

The medical faculty of Paris, the most celebrated of the fourteenth century, were commissioned to deliver their opinion on the causes of the pestilence, together with some appropriate regulations as to the proper mode of living during its prevalence.

We quote this document entire, both on account of its singularity, and to show the condition of medical science at that time:

"We, the members of the College of Physicians, of Paris, have, after mature consideration

and consultation on the present mortality, collected the advice of our old masters in the art, and intend to make known the causes of this pestilence, more clearly than could be done according to the rules and principles of astrology and natural science; we, therefore, declare as follows:—

"It is known that in India and the vicinity of the Great Sea, the constellations which combated the rays of the sun, and the warmth of the heavenly fire, exerted their power especially against that sea, and struggled violently with its waters. Hence, vapors often originate which envelop the sun, and convert his light into darkness. These vapors alternately rose and fell for twenty-eight days; but at last, sun and fire acted so powerfully upon the sea, that they attracted a great portion of it to themselves, and the waters of the ocean arose in the form of vapor; thereby the waters were in some parts so corrupted that the fish which they contained, died. These corrupted waters, however, the heat of the sun could not consume, neither could other wholesome water, hail or snow, and dew, originate therefrom. On the contrary, this vapor spread itself through the air in many places on the earth, and enveloped them in fog.

"Such was the case all over Arabia, in a part of India, in Crete, in the plains and valleys of Macedonia, in Hungary, Albania and Sicily. Should the same thing occur in Sardinia, not a man will be left alive; and the like will continue so long as the sun remains in the sign of Leo, on all the islands and adjoining countries to which this corrupted sea-wind extends, or has already extended from India. If the inhabitants of those parts do not employ and adhere to the following, or similar, means and precepts, we announce to them inevitable death—except the grace of Christ preserve their lives.

"We are of opinion, that the constellations, with the aid of nature, strive, by virtue of their divine might, to protect and heal the human race, and to this end, in union with the rays of the sun, acting through the power of fire, endeavor to break through the mist. Accordingly, within the next ten days, and until the 17th of the ensuing month of July, this mist will be converted into a stinking, deleterious rain, whereby the air will be much purified. Now, as soon as this rain announces itself, every one of you should protect

himself from the air; and, as well before as after the rain, kindle a large fire of vine-wood, green laurel, or other green wood; wormwood and camomile should also be burnt in great quantity in the market-places, in other densely inhabited localities, and in the houses. Until the earth is again completely dry, and for three days afterwards, no one ought to go abroad in the fields. During this time the diet should be simple, and people should be cautious in avoiding exposure in the cool of the evening, at night, and in the morning. Poultry and water-fowl, young pork, old beef, and fat meat, in general should not be eaten; but on the contrary, meat of a proper age, of a warm and dry nature, by no means, however, heating and exciting. Broth should be taken, seasoned with ground pepper, ginger and cloves, especially by those who are accustomed to live temperately, and are yet choice in their diet. Sleep in the daytime is detrimental; it should be taken at night until sunrise, or somewhat longer. At breakfast, one should drink little; supper should be taken an hour before sunset, when more may be drunk than in the morning. Clear light wine, mixed with a fifth or sixth part of water, should be used as a beverage. Dried or fresh fruits with wine are not injurious; but highly so without it. Beet-root and other vegetables, whether eaten pickled or fresh, are hurtful: on the contrary, spicy pot-herbs, as sage or rosemary, are wholesome. Cold, moist, watery food is, in general, prejudicial. Going out at night, and even until three o'clock in the morning, is dangerous, on account of the dew. Only small river fish should be used. Too much exercise is hurtful. The body should be kept warmer than usual, and thus protected from moisture and cold. Rain-water must not be employed in cooking, and every one should guard against exposure to wet weather. If it rain, a little fine treacle should be taken after dinner. Fat people should not sit in the sunshine. Good clear wine should be selected and drunk often, but in small quantities, by day. Olive oil, as an article of food, is fatal. Equally injurious are fasting or excessive abstemiousness, anxiety of mind, anger and excessive drinking. Young people, in autumn especially, must abstain from all these things, if they do not wish to run a risk of dying of dysentery. In order to keep the body properly open, an enema, or some other

simple means, should be employed when necessary. Bathing is injurious. Men must preserve chastity as they value their lives. Every one should impress this on his recollection, but especially those who reside on the coast, or upon an island into which the noxious wind has penetrated."

There are many passages in this learned document which are calculated to excite a smile; such, for instance, as the one advising fat men not to sit in the sun! In these modern times it would be a singular sort of a fat man who would voluntarily sit in the sun when he could sit in the shade just as well; but perhaps the fat men of the fourteenth century were different from those who are "now on the earth." There is also an element of humor in the advice about the deadly qualities of olive oil, and the injurious effects of bathing. The latter injunction, if we are correctly informed about the habits of most of the people of the middle ages, was hardly necessary, for some one has remarked that the only bath they were accustomed to was the one they received at baptism.

WAS IT THE HAND OF GOD?

THE following remarkable statements were furnished by a correspondent at Birmingham, Ala., in October, 1860:

A few days ago a man was found dead here in the gutter. Even in death there was a mute look of terror in the bloodshot eyes, and the bloated face had grown pale and haggard at the coming of the grim destroyer. "Drink!" said the Coroner's jury, but an old man who came and looked for a long time on the pale, dead face, said, with a shudder, as he turned away, "It was the hand of God." This man who died in the gutter was the last of a fated thirteen, and in the death of each and all of them, the Christian will read the vengeance of an insulted Deity.

At the leading hotel in a Southern city, in the summer of 1865, thirteen men, wearing the uniform of Confederate officers, sat down to a dinner. Every man in the party belonged to a grand old Southern family, and many of the names are illustrious in the history of the country. Every man was a cavalier. They were flowers of the Old South, representatives of the chivalry of the sunny land, then enveloped in the gloom of de-

ieat and despair. Every man there had been a gallant soldier in the Confederate army. They had returned from the field of defeat to find their homes destroyed, their slaves free, their wealth gone, and many of their nearest and dearest relatives and friends dead. The meeting at this hotel was a chance one, but talking over the situation in which they found themselves, they resolved to forget the horror of it for a while and drown their sorrows in drink. They sat down to dinner, and round after round of drinks were ordered. Soon the bloody scenes of war, the visions of ruined homes, were all forgotten. First they became merry, then reckless.

"Let us call this the last supper," suddenly exclaimed one of the party, and the suggestion met with instant approval. They might never meet again, so "the last supper" would be a fitting name for the feast where reason had fled. More drinks were ordered, every man filled his glass, the lights were turned low and the thirteen men declared themselves Christ and his twelve apostles. A young man who had commanded a regiment acted the role of Christ, and for the occasion, each man assumed the name of one of the apostles. There was a wrangle as to who should impersonate Judas, but more drinks were ordered, and then a young Lieutenant agreed to act the character of the betrayer of his Saviour.

"It was midnight, but peals of drunken laughter awoke the echoes in every nook and corner of the old house. Again and again the decanters were passed around, and the blasphemous mockery of the last supper went on. A Bible was called for, and the young officer who was impersonating the Saviour turned to the New Testament and read aloud the solemn words of Christ. The reading was interrupted now and then by some coarse jest or ribald laughter, while expressions like, "Judas, pass the bottle," would excite the mirth of the drunken men to a point that completely drowned the voice of the reader. At the proper point in the reading bread was passed around, and the wine was represented by glasses filled to the brim with brandy.

"He that drinketh from the bottle with me shall betray me!" exclaimed the mock Christ, in a tragic manner, and placing a decanter to his lips he swallowed a quantity of brandy, then passed it to Judas across the table. This was greeted

with peals of laughter, and again the other mock apostles yelled, "Judas, pass the bottle!"

All night long this mockery went on, and when morning came the thirteen men were in a drunken stupor. It was several days before they all recovered from the effects of that night's debauchery. Then they separated. That supper had indeed been their last; they never met again.

From that night the vengeance of God followed those thirteen men. Everything they undertook failed. Apples of gold turned to Dead Sea fruit in their hands. One by one they went to the dogs, and every man of them met a horrible and disgraceful death. Repeated failures in business drove some of them to desperation and crime. One of them was lynched in Texas for murder. The young man who had impersonated Christ, was drowned in the Brazos River while fleeing from a vigilance committee on a stolen horse, and his body was never recovered. Another, while in a drunken stupor, was caught in a burning building and perished in the flames. One was stabbed to the heart by a woman he had betrayed, and still another was murdered in a low brothel in a Western city. So far as can be learned, not one of them ever received Christian burial, and their graves are unmarked and unknown. The man who died in the gutter and was buried in the potter's field was the last of the thirteen.

PROGRESS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE AS EXEMPLIFIED IN THE LORD'S PRAYER.

THE world's history does not record a stranger phenomenon than the present state of the English language. It is unique in that, while all other languages have a unity of origin, English alone has derived its words from every source; no language on the globe but has contributed more or less to its vocabulary. So wonderful is its adaptability, that materials from any source are easily adjusted to the use of its people; so great is its flexibility, that any material, however unpromising, may be brought into service to enrich its capacity for the expression of thought. It is practically a perfect language, from the fact that it may be, and is, changed from day to day to meet the changing requirements of any age. It can borrow from any direction and incorporate the borrowed material into its own substance, and such is the wealth of the language, owing to this



peculiarity, that no tongue has more synonyms, or words having almost, if not exactly, the same meaning.

But the present perfection of the English tongue was reached by a slow growth—a welding together of some of the best parts of several languages. It is a curious feature of English that its growth may be distinctly traced from a time when its forms of expression can hardly be recognized by the reader of to-day, through century after century, until the language assumes a shape in which we recognize it, not as colloquial English,

mountains. The Romans came next and conquered the country, establishing everywhere fortified camps, and Winchester, Dorchester, and a hundred other cesters, cesters, and cesters, attest the military character of the Roman occupation.

Saxon Elements in English.

Next came the Saxons, who in England followed out the national custom of their native land, and settled over the country in small villages, many of them imperfectly fortified with stockades, the fields of the inhabitants surrounding these little groups of houses. These were the *hams* or *tons*; either word meaning, sometimes, a group of houses, sometimes a single dwelling, and occasionally a farm with its buildings. Thus came such names or places as Cobham, Knightham, Compton; occasionally a combination resulting in such a word as Northampton, variety being secured by such expressions as Tunbridge, originally only the town bridge, and Hampden, which—der-



COMBAT BETWEEN ROMAN AND SAXON SOLDIERS.

but as the English of the best-known publication in the language, the English of the Bible. The principal elements which enter into the English language, are the Celtic, the Saxon, or, as it is sometimes called, the Anglo-Saxon, the Norman-French and the Latin. In the native home of the English language, it is still possible to trace in proper names, the evidence of the successive waves of population which have passed over the country, each leaving its trace on the nomenclature. So far as known, the Celts were the aborigines, and the traces of their occupation may be seen in the names still given to English rivers and

being a low place—meant the town or hamlet in the marsh. After the Saxons came the Norman-French, who conquered England in the eleventh century, and perpetuated their government by building castles or chateaux in favorable situations all over the country, whence come the French names of many of the old ruins to be found at every turn. During all this time—that is, from the beginning of the Christian era to the end of the twelfth century—the Latin was the language of the learned, the language of the law, to some extent of the courts, and hence Latin words and expressions were kept in use from age

to age, often without their significance being clearly understood.

In this connection, it is curious to trace in many words of common usage evidences of national movements which took place when our great language was still in process of formation. The proper names of features of English scenery have already been mentioned, but in addition to this we have basket, pall, mattock, and several other Celtic words of similar character, names of objects, the use of which the Celts may have taught their conquerors. Most, however, of the common words of our language, the names of objects, such as day, sun, moon; the names of actions, such as stand, fall; terms of relationship, such as father, mother, and the like, are from the Saxon. A singular illustration of the Norman supremacy is found in the fact that while many names of domestic animals, while living, are Saxon, the names of the flesh are Norman. Thus, ox, sheep, pig, are Saxon, while beef, mutton, pork, are Norman. The Saxons tended the animals, but were not allowed to share the flesh. The names of necessary articles of clothing, such as shirt, breeches, shoes, and hat, are Saxon, while the names of garments and articles of apparel, the form of which was likely to change in fashion, were Norman, as

coat, mantle, bonnet. But besides these elements of the English language, the Latin, as already seen, contributed largely; the Danish, mostly in names of places along the coast of England frequented by these bold pirates; the Greek, as seen in scientific terms and other languages, words from which crept in through commercial intercourse.

The First English.

This linguistic broth bubbled for a long time ere it produced literary work which can be recog-

nized as English, and, although so familiar a bit of composition as the Lord's Prayer is preserved in Celtic, Saxon, Norman-French, Latin, and Danish, in none of these languages can it, by the ordinary reader, be recognized as bearing any resemblance whatever to the English which we are accustomed to use. The Lord's Prayer in Anglo-Saxon, would be as unfamiliar to the Eng-



A SAXON RING.

lish eye as the same composition in Low Dutch. For purposes of comparison, however, this familiar prayer, whose brief and comprehensive terms are known to every child, is singularly appropriate, and the more so that the first important book printed in English was the translation of the Bible, and so numerous were the translators that at every stage in the history of the language a new translation appears illustrating the gradual growth, and the slow processes by

which our language has arrived at its present perfection.

Specimens of the early English, which prevailed before the year 1300, are numerous, but the language as then spoken and written was the language of the rhyming chroniclers, a language which, though more closely resembling German, still can be recognized as possessing a few of the characteristic features of our own tongue. The following version of the Lord's Prayer is from a

done much to polish the English language, and so it is not surprising to find that Wycliffe's translation, made from the Vulgate of Jerome, is a little more like the English of the present day. The spelling is not so crude as in the former example, and altogether the version of 1356, by the great reformer, is a considerable improvement on that of the Oxford manuscript.

Fader oure in hevene. Halewd be thi name. Come thi kingdom. Thi wille be don as in heven



INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY INTO ENGLAND.

manuscript paraphrase of the Scriptures in the library of Oxford, and dated A. D. 1290 :

Fader ure in heune, halewede beoth thi neune, cumen thi kuneriche, thi wote beoth idon in heune and in erthe. Ure euerych dawe breid git vus thilk, dawe. And vorzef ure deltes, as vi vorzef ure bettours, and lede vus nouzt into temptation, bote deliueri vus of uvel. Amen.

Sixty-five years later Wycliffe and his followers finished the first complete English translation of the Bible and gave it to the world at a time of considerable literary activity. It was the age of Gower and of Chaucer. The courtly poet had

and in erthe. Oure eche dayes bred geve us to-day. And forgeve us our *deltes*, as we forgeven our *deltours*. And lede us not into temptatioun. Bote *delyvere* us of yvel. Amen.

But changes were going on rapidly, and only a few years later a marked difference was observable in the forms of speech. The Wycliffe Bibles have several dates, and from time to time were revised, apparently at the pleasure of the printer. From a copy of the Scriptures, presumably a version by Wycliffe, dated in 1380, comes the following, which shows marked improvement over the former :

Oure fadir that art in heunes halowid by thi name, thi kingdom come to, be thi wille don in erthe as in heune, give to us this day our breed, ouir other substance, forgeue to vs our dettis, as we forgeuen to our dettours, lede us not into temptacioun, but delyuer us from yuel. Amen.

From that time printed copies became common, through the labors of Caxton and others, and hardly any two agree. The differences were not of great importance, but still a considerable change from its predecessors, both in spelling and in phraseology, may be noticed in the following version, from a Bible printed in 1483, a hundred years later than the one last mentioned :

Father our that art in heavens, hallowed be thy name : thy kingdom come to us ; thy wille be done in earth as is in heaven ; oure every days bred giue us to-day ; and forgive us oure trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us ; and lead us not into temptacioun, but deliver us from all evil sin, amen.

Tyndale's Translation.

The rise and progress of Puritanism in England gave a mighty impetus to the study of the Scriptures, and the work of translation was taken up by Wm. Tyndale and other learned and able men. The translation given by Tyndale brings the prayer into a form quite familiar. His Testament was printed in 1425, and the following version is from a copy dated 1534 :

O oure father which art in heven, hallowed be thy name. Let thy kingdome come. Thy wille be fulfilled as well in erth as yt in heven. Geve vs this daye oure dayly breede. And forgeve vs our trespasses, even as we forgeve our trespassers. And leade vs not into temptacion : but delyver vs from evell. For thine is the kyngedome and the power and the glorie for ever. Amen.

This century was the age of Raleigh and Spenser, Hooker and Sidney. Clever prose writers and able conversationalists appeared, and the language became that of polite literature and refined thought. The English Catholics, seeing the importance of the Scriptures, insisted on a version of their own, and, in compliance with this demand, the English College at Rheims prepared a translation from the Vulgate, gave it to the English-speaking people, and from it comes the following :

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come, Thy will be

done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our supersubstantial bread, And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors ; And lead us not into temptation ; But deliver us from evil. Amen.

The marked difference between this and the previous versions is found in the use of the word "supersubstantial." The commentator on the Douay Bible, as the Rheims and Douay version is commonly called, is careful to explain that, in their prayer, Luke says "daily," but Matthew refers to the "supersubstantial," contained in the wafer of the mass.

The Breeches Bible.

From Tyndale's time, his translation served as the basis of all others, and Cranmer's, or the Great Bible, Matthew's, the Bishop's Bible, and a score of others appeared, all modifications of the one by Tyndale. Minor, yet sometimes curious, differences are observable. The Breeches Bible of 1608, so-called from a verse in Genesis, "They sewed figge leaves together and made themselves breeches," has its own rendering.

Our Father which art in heaven halowed be Thy name : Thy kingdom come : Let thy will be euen in earth as it is in heaven : Our Dayly Bread Giue us for the day ; And forgive us our sinnes : for even wee forgive euery mann that is indebted to us : And lead us not into tentation : But deliner us from evill. Amen.

The latter part of the sixteenth and the early years of the seventeenth centuries were among the most glorious periods of our language and literature ; the days of Bacon and Massinger and Jonson, of Shakspeare and Milton and Taylor. The language then assumed the form it still retains, save in minor particulars. The multiplicity of copies, and consequent variety of readings, induced James I. to direct the preparation of a new version, to be based on Tyndale, as had all the others since the time of the great scholar. This revision has since been styled the Authorized Version, The King James Bible gives the prayer in its present form :

Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the king-

dom and the power and the glory forever. Amen.

It is a curious fact, however, that in repeating the prayer most persons substitute "forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us," for the words as given above, which are not found either in Matthew or Luke, but which are found in the version of 1483. The change was probably in the interest of euphony.

The revisers of 1881 made no changes of consequence, save to alter the concluding words in Matthew to "And bring us not into temptation, but deliver us from the evil one," while in Luke the prayer is cut short with the words, "And bring us not into temptation." This brief petition, therefore, presents us a complete history of the changes which have taken place in written and spoken English for a period of over 600 years.

ANECDOTE OF CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL.

A COURTEOUS and intelligent English traveller in the United States, the Hon. Charles Augustus Murray, has given us a pleasing picture of Marshall, as he appeared at Richmond in 1835, a few months before his death:—"A tall, venerable man; his hair tied in a cue, according to olden custom, and with a countenance indicating that simplicity of mind and benignity which so eminently distinguished his character. I had the pleasure of several long conversations with him, and was struck with admiration at the extraordinary union of modesty and power, gentleness and force which his mind displays. His house is small, and more humble in appearance than those of the average of successful lawyers or merchants. I called three times upon him; there is no bell to the door; once I turned the handle of it, and walked in unannounced; on the other two occasions he had seen me coming, and lifted the latch and received me at the door, although he was at the time suffering from some very severe contusions received in the stage while travelling on the road from Fredericksburg to Richmond."

Anecdotes of the simplicity of Marshall are numerous. On one occasion, as the story has been related to us, at the old market at Richmond, meeting a would-be exquisite, and hearing him call for some one to take a turkey which he had purchased, looking for him, he humorously offered himself. He was in his usual plain dress, and the gentleman, taking him for a countryman, accepted

his services. The judge carried the turkey home, and actually received a shilling for his services, which proved a very costly retainer to the young man, in the amount of chagrin he endured, when he found that his porter was the Chief-Justice of the United States.

His favorite haunt at Richmond was Buchanan's Spring, just on the edge of town, where he used to go with the club of which he was a member, pitch quoits, drink juleps, and dispute about the technicalities of the game with the zest of a boy. The club still survives, rich in these traditions.

AGREEABLE COMPANIONS AND FLATTERERS.

AN old acquaintance who met me this morning seemed overjoyed to see me, and told me I looked as well as he had known me do these forty years; but, continued he, not quite the man you were when we visited together at Lady Brightly's. Oh! Isaac, those days are over. Do you think there are any such fine creatures now living as we then conversed with? He went on with a thousand incoherent circumstances, which, in his imagination, must needs please me; but they had the quite contrary effect. The flattery with which he began, in telling me how well I wore, was not disagreeable; but his indiscreet mention of a set of acquaintance we had outlived, recalled ten thousand things to my memory, which made me reflect upon my present condition with regret. Had he indeed been so kind as, after a long absence, to felicitate me upon an indolent and easy old age, and mentioned how much he and I had to thank for, who at our time of day could walk firmly, eat heartily, and converse cheerfully, he had kept up my pleasure in myself. But of all mankind, there are none so shocking as these injudicious civil people. They ordinarily begin upon something that they know must be a satisfaction; but then, for fear of the imputation of flattery, they follow it with the last thing in the world of which you would be reminded. It is this that perplexes civil persons. The reason that there is such a general outcry among us against flatterers, is, that there are so very few good ones. It is the nicest art in this life, and is a part of eloquence which does not want the preparation that is necessary to all other parts of it, that your audience should be your well-wishers; for praise from an enemy is the most pleasing of all commendations.

SERGEANT CHAMPE'S ATTEMPT TO ARREST ARNOLD.

The following account of the romantic adventures of Sergeant Champe, in his effort to capture the traitor Arnold, is copied from the writings of "Light Horse Harry Lee," of Virginia, at whose request Champe was induced to enter upon the desperate undertaking:

Giving to the sergeant three guineas, and presenting his best wishes, Lee recommended him to start without delay, and enjoined him to communicate his arrival in New York as soon thereafter as might be practicable. Champe, pulling out his watch, compared it with the major's, reminding the latter of the importance of holding back pursuit, which he was convinced would take place in the course of the night, and which might be fatal, as he knew that he should be obliged to zigzag in order to avoid the patrols, which would consume time. It was now nearly eleven. The sergeant returned to camp, and taking his cloak, valise and orderly book, he drew his horse from the picket, and mounting him put himself upon fortune. Lee, charmed with his expeditious consummation of the first part of the enterprise, retired to rest. Useless attempt! the past scene could not be obliterated; and, indeed, had that been practicable, the interruption which ensued would have stopped repose.

Within half an hour Captain Carnes, officer of the day, waited upon the major, and with considerable emotion told him that one of the patrol had fallen in with a dragoon, who, being challenged, put spurs to his horse and escaped, though instantly pursued. Lee, complaining of the interruption, and pretending to be extremely fatigued by his ride to and from headquarters, answered as if he did not understand what had been said, which compelled the captain to repeat it. Who

can the fellow that was pursued be? inquired the major; adding, a countryman, probably. No, replied the captain, the patrol sufficiently distinguished him as to know that he was a dragoon; probably one from the army, if not certainly one of our own. This idea was ridiculed from its improbability, as during the whole war but a single dragoon had deserted from the legion. This did not convince Carnes, so much stress was now the fashion to lay on the desertion of Arnold, and the probable effect of his example. The captain withdrew to examine the squadron of horse, whom he had ordered to assemble in pursuance of estab-



SERGEANT CHAMPE'S DEPARTURE.

lished usage on similar occasions. Very quickly he returned, stating that the scoundrel was known, and was no less a person than the sergeant-major, who had gone off with his horse, baggage, arms and orderly book—so presumed, as neither the one nor the other could be found. Sensibly affected at the supposed baseness of a soldier extremely respected, the captain added that he had ordered a party to make ready for pursuit, and begged the major's written orders.

Occasionally this discourse was interrupted, and every idea suggested which the excellent character of the sergeant warranted, to induce the suspicion that he had not deserted, but had taken

the liberty to leave camp with a view to personal pleasure ; an example, said Lee, too often set by the officers themselves, destructive as it was of discipline, opposed as it was to orders, and disastrous as it might prove to the corps in the course of service.

Some little delay was thus interposed ; but it being now announced that the pursuing party was ready, major Lee directed a change in the officer, saying that he had a particular service in view, which he had determined to entrust to the lieutenant ready for duty, and which probably must be performed in the morning. He therefore directed him to summon Cornet Middleton for the present command. Lee was induced thus to act, first to add to the delay, and next from his knowledge of the tenderness of Middleton's disposition, which he hoped would lead to the protection of Champe should he be taken. Within ten minutes Middleton appeared to receive his orders, which were delivered to him made out in the customary form, and signed by the major. "Pursue so far as you can with safety Sergeant Champe, who is suspected of deserting to the enemy, and has taken the road leading to Paulus Hook. Bring him alive, that he may suffer in the presence of the army ; but kill him if he resists, or escapes after being taken."

Detaining the cornet a few minutes longer in advising him what course to pursue,—urging him to take care of the horse and accoutrements, if recovered,—and enjoining him to be on his guard, lest he might, by his eager pursuit, improvidently fall into the hands of the enemy,—the major dismissed Middleton, wishing him success. A shower of rain fell soon after Champe's departure, which enabled the pursuing dragoons to take the trail of his horse ; knowing, as officer and troopers did, the make of their shoes, whose impression was an unerring guide.*

When Middleton departed, it was a few minutes past twelve ; so that Champe had only the start of rather more than an hour,—by no means so long as was desired. Lee became very unhappy, not only because the estimable and gallant Champe might be injured, but lest the enterprise might be

* The horses being all shod by our own farriers, the shoes were made in the same form, which, with a private mark annexed to the fore shoes, and known to the troopers, pointed out the trail of our dragoons to each other, which was often very useful.

delayed : and he spent a sleepless night. The pursuing party during the night, were, on their part, delayed by the necessary halts to examine occasionally the road, as the impression of the horse's shoes directed their course ; this was unfortunately too evident, no other horse having passed along the road since the shower. When the day broke, Middleton was no longer forced to halt, and he pressed on with rapidity. Ascending an eminence before he reached the Three Pidgeons, some miles on the north of the village of Bergen, as the pursuing party reached its summit, Champe was descried not more than half a mile in front. Resembling an Indian in his vigilance, the sergeant at the same moment discovered the party (whose object he was no stranger to), and giving spur to his horse, he determined to outstrip his pursuers. Middleton at the same instant put his horses to the top of their speed ; and being (as the legion all were) well acquainted with the country, he recollected a short route through the woods to the bridge below Bergen, which diverged from the great road just after you gain the Three Pidgeons. Reaching the point of separation, he halted : and dividing the party, directed a sergeant with a few dragoons to take the near cut, and possess with all possible despatch the bridge, while he with the residue followed Champe ; not doubting but that Champe must deliver himself up, as he would be closed between himself and his sergeant. Champe did not forget the short cut, and would have taken it himself, but he knew it was the usual route of our parties when returning in the day from the neighborhood of the enemy, properly preferring the woods to the road. He consequently avoided it ; and persuaded that Middleton would avail himself of it, wisely resolved to relinquish his intention of getting to Paulus Hook, and to seek refuge from two British galleys, lying a few miles to the west of Bergen.

This was a station always occupied by one or two galleys, and which it was known now lay there. Entering the village of Bergen, Champe turned to his right, and disguising his change of course as much as he could by taking the beaten streets, turning as they turned, he passed through the village and took the road towards Elizabeth-town Point. Middleton's sergeant gained the bridge, where he concealed himself, ready to pounce upon Champe when he came up ; and Middleton, pursuing his course through Bergen,

soon got also to the bridge, when, to his extreme mortification, he found that the sergeant had slipped through his fingers. Returning up the road, he inquired of the villagers of Bergen, whether a dragoon had been seen that morning preceding his party. He was answered in the affirmative, but could learn nothing satisfactorily as to the route he took. While engaged in inquiries himself, he spread his party through the village to strike the trail of Champe's horse, a resort always recurred to. Some of his dragoons hit it just as the sergeant, leaving the village, got in the road to the Point. Pursuit was renewed with vigor, and again Champe was des-cried. He, apprehending the event, had prepared himself for it, by lashing his valise (containing his clothes and orderly book) on his shoulders, and holding his drawn sword in his hand, having thrown away its scabbard. This he did to save what was indispensable to him, and to prevent any interruption to his swimming by the scabbard, should Middleton as he presumed, when disappointed at the bridge take the measures adopted by him. The pursuit was rapid and close, as the stop occasioned by the sergeant's preparations for swimming had brought Middleton

within two or three hundred yards. As soon as Champe got abreast of the galleys, he dis-mounted, and running through the marsh to the river, plunged into it, calling upon the galleys for help. This was readily given; they fired upon our horse, and sent a boat to meet Champe, who was taken in and carried on board, and conveyed to New York with a letter from the captain of the galley, stating the past scene, all of which he had observed.

The horse with his equipments, the sergeant's cloak and sword scabbard, were recovered; the sword itself, being held by Champe until he plunged into the river, was lost, as Middleton found it necessary to retire without searching for it.

About three o'clock in the evening our party returned, and the soldiers, seeing the horse (well known to them) in our possession, made the air



BRITISH OFFICERS IN NEW YORK.

resound with exclamations that the scoundrel was killed.

Major Lee, called by this heart-rending annunciation from his tent, saw the sergeant's horse led by one of Middleton's dragoons, and began to reproach himself with the blood of the high-prized, faithful and intrepid Champe. Stifling his agony, he advanced to meet Middleton, and became somewhat relieved as soon as he got near enough to discern the countenances of his officer

and party. There was evidence in their looks of disappointment, and he was quickly relieved by Middleton's information that the sergeant had effected his escape with the loss of his horse, and narrated the particulars just recited.

Lee's joy was now as full as, the moment before, his torture had been excruciating. Never was a happier conclusion, the sergeant escaped unhurt, carrying with him to the enemy undeniable testimony of the sincerity of his desertion,—cancelling every apprehension before entertained, lest the enemy might suspect him of being what he really was.

Major Lee imparted to the commander-in-chief the occurrence, who was sensibly affected by the hair-breadth escape of Champe, and anticipated with pleasure the good effect sure to follow the enemy's knowledge of its manner.

On the fourth day after Champe's departure, Lee received a letter from him, written the day before in a disguised hand, without any signature, and stating what had passed after he got on board the galley, where he was kindly received.

He was carried to the commandant of New York as soon as he arrived, and presented the letter addressed to this officer from the captain of the galley. Being asked as to what corps he belonged, and a few other common questions, he was sent under care of an orderly sergeant to the adjutant-general, who, finding that he was sergeant-major of the legion of horse, heretofore remarkable for their fidelity, began to interrogate him. He was told by Champe, that such was the spirit of defection which prevailed among the American troops in consequence of Arnold's example, that he had no doubt, if the temper was properly cherished, Washington's ranks would not only be greatly thinned, but that some of his best corps would leave him. To this conclusion, the sergeant said, he was led by his own observations, and especially by his knowledge of the discontents which agitated the corps to which he had belonged. His size, place of birth, his form, countenance, color of his hair, the corps in which he had served, with other remarks, in conformity to the British usage, were noted in a large folio book. After this was finished, he was sent to the commander-in-chief, in charge of one of the staff, with a letter from the adjutant-general. Sir Henry Clinton treated him very kindly, and detained him more than one hour, asking him many

questions, all leading,—first to know to what extent this spirit of defection might be pushed by proper incitements,—what were the most operating incitements,—whether any general officers were suspected by Washington as concerned in Arnold's conspiracy, or any other officers of note;—who they were, and whether the troops approved or censured Washington's suspicions; whether his popularity in the army was sinking or continued stationary. What was Major André's situation,—whether any change had taken place in the manner of his confinement,—what was the current opinion of his probable fate,—and whether it was thought Washington would treat him as a spy. To these various interrogations, some of which were perplexing, Champe answered warily; exciting, nevertheless, hopes that the adoption of proper measures to encourage desertion (of which he could not pretend to form an opinion) would certainly bring off hundreds of the American soldiers, including some of the best troops, horse as well as foot. Respecting the fate of André, he said he was ignorant, though there appeared to be a general wish in the army that his life should not be taken; and that he believed it would depend more upon the disposition of Congress, than on the will of Washington.

After this long conversation ended, Sir Henry presented Champe with a couple of guineas, and recommended him to wait upon General Arnold, who was engaged in raising an American legion in the service of His Majesty. He directed one of his aids to write to Arnold by Champe, stating who he was, and what he had said about the disposition in the army to follow his example; which being very soon done, it was given to the orderly attending on Champe to be presented with the deserter to General Arnold. Arnold expressed much satisfaction on hearing from Champe the manner of his escape, and the effect of Arnold's example; and concluded his numerous inquiries by assigning quarters to the sergeant,—the same as were occupied by his recruiting sergeant.

He also proposed to Champe to join his legion, telling him he would give him the same station he had held in the rebel service, and promising further advancement when merited. Expressing his wish to retire from war, and his conviction of the certainty of his being hung if ever taken by the rebels, he begged to be excused from enlistment; assuring the general, that should he change

his mind, he would certainly accept his offer. Retiring to the assigned quarter, Champe now turned his attention to the delivery of his letters, which he could not effect until the next night, and then only to one of the two incognita to whom he was recommended. This man received the sergeant with extreme attention, and having read the letter, assured Champe that he might rely on his faithful co-operation in doing everything in his power consistent with his safety, to guard which required the utmost prudence and circumspection. The sole object in which the aid of this individual was required, regarded the general and others of our army, implicated in the information sent to Washington by him. To this object Champe urged his attention; assuring him of the solicitude it had excited, and telling him that its speedy investigation had induced the general to send him into New York; promising to enter upon it with zeal, and engaging to send out Champe's letters to Major Lee, he fixed the time and place for their next meeting, when they separated.

Lee made known to the General what had been transmitted to him by Champe, and received in answer directions to press Champe to the expeditious conclusion of his mission; as the fate of André would be soon decided, when little or no delay could be admitted in executing whatever sentence the court might decree. The same messenger who brought Champe's letter, returned with the ordered communication. Five days had nearly elapsed after reaching New York, before Champe saw the confidant to whom only, the attempt against Arnold was to be entrusted. This person entered with promptitude into the design, promising his cordial assistance. To procure a proper associate to Champe was the first object, and this he promised to do with all possible despatch. Furnishing a conveyance to Lee, he again heard from Champe, who stated what I have related,

with the additional intelligence that he had that morning (the last of September) been appointed one of Arnold's recruiting sergeants, having enlisted the day before with Arnold; and that he was induced to take this afflicting step, for the purpose of securing uninterrupted ingress and egress to the house which the general occupied; it being indispensable to a speedy conclusion of the difficult enterprise which the information he had just received had so forcibly urged. He added, that the difficulties in his way were numerous and stubborn, and that his prospect of success was by no means cheering. With respect to the additional treason, he asserted that he had every



INTERVIEW BETWEEN ARNOLD AND SERGEANT CHAMPE.

reason to believe that it was groundless; that the report took its rise in the enemy's camp, and that he hoped soon to clear up the matter satisfactorily. The pleasure which the last part of this communication afforded, was damped by the tidings it imparted respecting Arnold, as on his speedy delivery depended André's relief. The interposition of Sir Henry Clinton, who was extremely anxious to save his much-loved aid-de-camp, still continued; and it was expected the examination of witnesses and the defence of the prisoner, would protract the decision of the court of inquiry, now assembled, and give sufficient time for the consummation of the project committed to Champe. A complete disappointment

took place from a quarter unforeseen and unexpected. The honorable and accomplished André, knowing his guilt, disdained defence, and prevented the examination of witnesses by confessing the character in which he stood. On the next day (the 2d of October) the court again assembled; when every doubt that could possibly arise in the case having been removed by the previous confession, André was declared to be a spy, and condemned to suffer accordingly.

The sentence was executed on the subsequent day in the usual form, the commander-in-chief deeming it improper to interpose any delay. In this decision he was warranted by the very unpromising intelligence received from Champe,—by the still existing implication of other officers in Arnold's conspiracy,—by a due regard to public opinion,—and by real tenderness to the condemned.

Neither Congress nor the nation could have been with propriety informed of the cause of the delay, and without such information it must have excited in both alarm and suspicion. André himself could not have been entrusted with the secret, and would consequently have attributed the unlooked-for event to the expostulation and exertion of Sir Henry Clinton, which would not fail to produce in his breast expectations of ultimate relief; to excite which would have been cruel, as the realization of such expectations depended upon a possible but improbable contingency. The fate of André, hastened by himself, deprived the enterprise committed to Champe of a feature which had been highly prized by its projector, and which had very much engaged the heart of the individual chosen to execute it.

Washington ordered Major Lee to communicate what had passed to the sergeant, with directions to encourage him to prosecute with unrelaxed vigor the remaining objects of his instructions, but to intermit haste in the execution only so far as was compatible with final success.

This was accordingly done by the first opportunity, in the manner directed. Champe deplored the sad necessity which occurred, and candidly confessed that the hope of enabling Washington to save the life of André (who had been the subject of universal commiseration in the American camp) greatly contributed to remove the serious difficulties which opposed his acceding to the proposition then first propounded. Some

documents accompanied this communication, tending to prove the innocence of the accused general; they were completely satisfactory, and did credit to the discrimination, zeal and diligence of the sergeant. Lee inclosed them immediately to the commander-in-chief, who was pleased to express the satisfaction he derived from the information, and to order the major to wait upon him the next day, when the whole subject was re-examined, and the distrust heretofore entertained of the accused was forever dismissed. Nothing now remained to be done, but the seizure and safe delivery of Arnold. To this object Champe gave his undivided attention: and on the 19th October Major Lee received from him a very particular account of the progress he had made, with the outlines of his plan. This was, without delay, submitted to Washington, with a request for a few additional guineas. The general's letter, written on the same day (20th October), evinces his attention to the minutiae of business, as well as his immutable determination to possess Arnold alive, or not at all. This was his original injunction, which he never omitted to enforce upon every proper occasion.

Major Lee had an opportunity in the course of the week of writing to Champe, when he told him that the rewards which he had promised to his associates would be certainly paid on the delivery of Arnold; and in the mean time, small sums of money would be furnished for casual expenses, it being deemed improper that he should appear with much, lest it might lead to suspicion and detection. That five guineas were now sent, with a promise that more would follow when absolutely necessary.

Ten days elapsed before Champe brought his measures to conclusion, when Lee received from him his final communication, appointing the third subsequent night for a party of dragoons to meet him at Hoboken, when he hoped to deliver Arnold to the officer. Champe had, from his enlistment into the American legion (Arnold's corps), every opportunity he could wish, to attend to the habits of the general. He discovered that it was his custom to return home about twelve every night, and that previous to going to bed he always visited the garden. During this visit the conspirators were to seize him, and being prepared with a gag, intended to have applied the same instantly.

Adjoining the house in which Arnold resided,

and in which it was designed to seize and gag him, Champe had taken off several of the palings and replaced them, so that with care and without noise he could readily open his way to the adjoining alley. Into this alley he meant to have conveyed his prisoner, aided by his companion, one of two associates who had been introduced by the friend to whom Champe had been originally made known by letter from the commander-in-chief, and with whose aid and counsel he had so far conducted the enterprise. His other associate was with the boat prepared at one of the wharves on the Hudson river, to receive the party.

Champe and his friend intended to have placed themselves each under Arnold's shoulder, and to have thus borne him through the most unfrequented alleys and streets to the boat; representing Arnold, in case of being questioned, as a drunken soldier whom they were conveying to the guard-house.

When arrived at the boat the difficulties would be all surmounted, there being no danger nor obstacle in passing to the Jersey shore. These particulars, as soon as known to Lee, were communicated to the commander-in-chief, who was highly gratified with the much desired intelligence. He directed Major Lee to meet Champe, and to take care that Arnold should not be hurt. The day arrived, and Lee with a party of dragoons left camp late in the evening, with three led accoutred horses; one for Arnold, one for the sergeant, and the third for his associate, never doubting the success of the enterprise, from the tenor of the last received communication. The party reached Hoboken about midnight, where they were concealed in the adjoining wood,—Lee with three dragoons stationing himself near the river shore. Hour after hour passed—no boat approached. At length the day broke and the major retired to his party, and with his led horses returned to camp, when he proceeded to headquarters to inform the general of the much lamented disappointment, as mortifying as inexplicable. Washington having perused Champe's plan and communication, had indulged the presumption that at length the object of his keen and constant pursuit was sure of execution, and did not dissemble the joy such conviction produced. He was chagrined at the issue, and apprehended that his faithful sergeant must have been detected in the last scene of his tedious and difficult enterprise.

In a few days, Lee received an anonymous letter from Champe's patron and friend, informing him that on the day preceding the night fixed for the execution of the plot, Arnold had removed his quarters to another part of the town, to superintend the embarkation of troops, preparing (as was rumored) for an expedition to be directed by himself; and that the American legion, consisting chiefly of American deserters, had been transferred from their barracks to one of the transports; it being apprehended that if left on shore until the expedition was ready, many of them might desert. Thus it happened that John Champe, instead of crossing the Hudson that night, was safely deposited on board one of the fleet of transports, from whence he never departed until the troops under Arnold landed in Virginia! Nor was he able to escape from the British army until after the junction of Lord Cornwallis at Petersburg, when he deserted; and proceeding high up into Virginia, he passed into North Carolina near the Saura towns, and keeping in the friendly districts of that state, safely joined the army soon after it had passed the Congaree in pursuit of Lord Rawdon.

His appearance excited extreme surprise among his former comrades, which was not a little increased when they saw the cordial reception he met with from the late major, now Lieutenant-Colonel Lee. His whole story soon became known to the corps, which reproduced the love and respect of officer and soldier (heretofore invariably entertained for the sergeant), heightened by universal admiration of his late daring and arduous attempt.

Champe was introduced to General Greene, who very cheerfully complied with the promises made by the commander-in-chief, so far as in his power; and having provided the sergeant with a good horse and money for his journey, sent him to General Washington, who munificently anticipated every desire of the sergeant, and presented him with his discharge from further service, lest he might, in the vicissitudes of war, fall into the enemy's hands; when, if recognized, he was sure to die on a gibbet.

THE PANTHER.

BY JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

BY this time they gained the summit of the mountain, where they left the highway, and pursued their course under the shade of the stately

trees that crowned the eminence. The day was becoming warm, and the girls plunged more deeply into the forest, as they found its invigorating coolness agreeably contrasted to the excessive heat they had experienced in the ascent. The conversation, as if by mutual consent, was entirely changed to the little incidents and scenes of their walk, and every tall pine, and every shrub or flower, called forth some simple expression of admiration.

In this manner they proceeded along the margin of the precipice, catching occasional glimpses of the placid Otsego, or pausing to listen to the rattling of wheels and the sounds of hammers that rose from the valley, to mingle the signs of men



THE PANTHER.

with the scenes of nature, when Elizabeth suddenly started, and exclaimed—

"Listen! there are the cries of a child on this mountain! Is there a clearing near us? or can some little one have strayed from its parents?"

"Such things frequently happen," returned Louisa. "Let us follow the sounds: it may be a wanderer starving on the hill."

Urged by this consideration, the females pursued the low, mournful sounds that proceeded from the forest, with quick and impatient steps. More than once, the ardent Elizabeth was on the point of announcing that she saw the sufferer, when Louisa caught her by the arm, and pointing behind them—

"Look at the dog!"

Brave had been their companion, from the time the voice of his young mistress lured him from his kennel, to the present moment. His advanced age had long before deprived him of his activity; and when his companions stopped to view the scenery, or to add to their bouquets, the mastiff would lay his huge frame on the ground, and await their movements with his eyes closed, and a listlessness in his air that ill accorded with the character of a protector. But when, aroused by this cry from Louisa, Miss Temple turned, she saw the dog with his eyes keenly set on some distant object, his head bent near the ground, and his hair actually rising on his body, through fright or anger. It was most probably the latter, for he was growling in a low key, and occasionally showing his teeth, in a manner that would have terrified his mistress, had she not so well known his good qualities.

"Brave!" she said, "be quiet, Brave! what do you see, fellow?"

At the sound of her voice, the rage of the mastiff, instead of being at all diminished, was very sensibly increased. He stalked in front of the ladies, and seated himself at the feet of his mistress, growling louder than before, and occasionally giving vent to his ire, by a short, surly barking.

"What does he see?" said Elizabeth; "there must be some animal in sight."

Hearing no answer from her companion, Miss Temple turned her head, and beheld Louisa standing with her face whitened to the color of death, and her finger pointing upwards, with a sort of flickering, convulsed motion. The quick eye of Elizabeth glanced in the direction indicated by her friend, where she saw the fierce front and glaring eyes of a female panther, fixed on them in horrid malignity, and threatening to leap.

"Let us fly," exclaimed Elizabeth, grasping the arm of Louisa, whose form yielded like melting snow.

There was not a single feeling in the temperament of Elizabeth Temple that could prompt her to desert a companion in such an extremity. She fell on her knees, by the side of the inanimate Louisa, tearing from the person of her friend, with

instinctive readiness, such parts of her dress as might obstruct her respiration, and encouraging their only safeguard, the dog, at the same time, by the sound of her voice.

"Courage, Brave!" she cried, her own tones beginning to tremble, "courage, courage, good Brave!"

A quarter-grown cub, that had hitherto been unseen, now appeared, dropping from the branches of a sapling that grew under the shade of the beech which held its dam. This ignorant, but vicious creature, approached the dog, imitating the actions and sounds of its parent, but exhibiting a strange mixture of the playfulness of a kitten with the ferocity of its race. Standing on its hind legs, it would rend the bark of a tree with its fore paws, and play the antics of a cat; and then, by lashing itself with its tail, growling, and scratching the earth, it would attempt the manifestations of anger that rendered its parent so terrific.

All this time Brave stood firm and undaunted, his short tail erect, his body drawn backward on its haunches, and his eyes following the movements of both dam and cub. At every gambol played by the latter, it approached nigher to the dog, the growling of the three becoming more horrid at each movement, until the younger beast overleaping its intended bound, fell directly before the mastiff. There was a moment of fearful cries and struggles, but they ended almost as soon as commenced, by the cub appearing in the air, hurled from the jaws of Brave, with a violence that sent it against a tree so forcibly as to render it completely senseless.

Elizabeth witnessed the short struggle, and her blood was warming with the triumph of the dog, when she saw the form of the old panther in the air, springing twenty feet from the branch of the beech to the back of the mastiff. No words of ours can describe the fury of the conflict that followed. It was a confused struggle on the dry leaves, accompanied by loud and terrific cries. Miss Temple continued on her knees, bending over the form of Louisa, her eyes fixed on the animals, with an interest so horrid, and yet so intense, that she almost forgot her own stake in the result. So rapid and vigorous were the bounds of the inhabitant of the forest, that its active frame seemed constantly in the air, while the dog nobly faced his foe at each successive leap. When the

panther lighted on the shoulders of the mastiff, which was its constant aim, old Brave, though torn with her claws, and stained with his own blood, that already flowed from a dozen wounds, would shake off his furious foe like a feather, and rearing on his hind legs, rush to the fray again, with jaws distended, and a dauntless eye. But age, and his pampered life, greatly disqualified the noble mastiff for such a struggle. In everything but courage, he was only the vestige of what he had once been. A higher bound than ever, raised the wary and furious beast far beyond the reach of the dog, who was making a desperate but fruitless dash at her, from which she alighted in a favorable position on the back of her aged foe. For a single moment only could the panther remain there, the great strength of the dog returning with a convulsive effort. But Elizabeth saw, as Brave fastened his teeth in the side of his enemy, that the collar of brass around his neck, which had been glittering throughout the fray, was of the color of blood, and directly, that his frame was sinking to the earth, where it soon lay prostrate and helpless. Several mighty efforts of the wild-cat to extricate herself from the jaws of the dog followed, but they were fruitless, until the mastiff turned on his back, his lips collapsed, and his teeth loosened, when the short convulsions and stillness that ensued, announced the death of poor Brave.

Elizabeth now lay wholly at the mercy of the beast. There is said to be something in the front of the image of the Maker that daunts the hearts of the inferior beings of his creation; and it would seem that some such power, in the present instance, suspended the threatened blow. The eyes of the monster and the kneeling maiden met for an instant, when the former stooped to examine her fallen foe; next to scent her luckless cub. From the latter examination, it turned, however, with its eyes apparently emitting flashes of fire, its tail lashing its sides furiously, and its claws projecting inches from her broad feet.

Miss Temple did not or could not move. Her hands were clasped in the attitude of prayer, but her eyes were still drawn to her terrible enemy—her cheeks were blanched to the whiteness of marble, and her lips were slightly separated with horror.

The moment seemed now to have arrived for the fatal termination, and the beautiful figure of

Elizabeth was bowing meekly to the stroke, when a rustling of leaves behind seemed rather to mock the organs than to meet her ears.

"Hist! hist!" said a low voice, "stoop lower, gal; your bonnet hides the creator's head."

It was rather the yielding of nature than a compliance with this unexpected order, that caused



A MOMENT OF TERROR.

the head of our heroine to sink on her bosom; when she heard the report of the rifle; the whizzing of the bullet, and the enraged cries of the beast, who was rolling over on the earth biting its own flesh, and tearing the twigs and branches within its reach. At the next instant the form of the Leather-stocking rushed by her, and he called aloud—

"Come in, Hector, come in, old fool 'tis hard-lived animal, and may jump agin."

Natty fearlessly maintained his position in front of the females, notwithstanding the violent bounds and threatening aspect of the wounded panther, which gave several indications of returning strength and ferocity, until his rifle was again loaded, when he stepped up to the enraged animal, and placing the muzzle close to its head, every spark of life was extinguished by the discharge.

THE WHITE STONE CANOE.—AN INDIAN LEGEND.

BY HENRY ROWE SCHOOLCRAFT.

THERE was once a very beautiful young girl, who died suddenly on the day she was to have been married to a handsome young man. He was also brave, but his heart was not proof against this loss. From the hour she was buried, there was no more joy or peace for him. He went often to visit the spot where the women had buried her, and sat musing there, when, it was thought, by some of his friends, he would have done better to try to amuse himself in the chase, or by diverting his thoughts in the war-path. But war and hunting had both lost their charms for him. His heart was already dead within him. He pushed aside both his war-club and his bow and arrows.

He had heard the old people say, that there was a path that led to the land of souls, and he determined to follow it. He accordingly set out, one morning, after having completed his preparations for the journey. At first he hardly knew which way to go. He was only guided by the tradition that he must go south. For a while, he could see no change in the face of the country. Forests, and hills, and valleys, and streams had the same looks, which they wore in his native place. There was snow on the ground, when he set out, and it was sometimes seen to be piled and matted on the thick trees and bushes. At length, it began to diminish, and finally disappeared. The forest assumed a more cheerful appearance, the leaves put forth their buds, and before he was aware of the completeness of his change, he found



himself surrounded by spring. He had left behind him the land of snow and ice. The air became mild, the dark clouds of winter had rolled away from the sky ; a pure field of blue was above him, and as he went he saw flowers beside his path, and heard the songs of birds. By these signs he knew that he was going the right way, for they agreed with the traditions of his tribe. At length he spied a path. It led him through a grove, then up a long and elevated ridge, on the very top of which he came to a lodge. At the door stood an old man, with white hair, whose eyes, though deeply sunk, had a fiery brilliancy. He had a long robe of skins thrown loosely around his shoulders, and a staff in his hands.

The young Chippewayan began to tell his story ; but the venerable chief arrested him, before he had proceeded to speak ten words. "I have expected you," he replied, "and had just risen to bid you welcome to my abode. She, whom you seek, passed here but a few days since, and being fatigued with her journey, rested herself here. Enter my lodge and be seated, and I will then satisfy your enquiries, and give you directions for your journey from this point." Having done this, they both issued forth to the lodge door. "You see yonder gulf," said he, "and the wide stretching blue plains beyond. It is the land of souls. You stand upon its borders, and my lodge is the gate of entrance. But you cannot take your body along. Leave it here with your bow and arrows, your bundle and your dog. You will find them safe on your return." So saying, he re-entered the lodge, and the freed traveller bounded forward, as if his feet had suddenly been endowed with the power of wings. But all things retained their natural colors and shapes. The woods and leaves, and streams and lakes, were only more bright and comely than he had ever witnessed. Animals bounded across his path, with a freedom and a confidence which seemed to tell him, there was no bloodshed here. Birds of beautiful plumage inhabited the groves, and sported in the waters. There was but one thing, in which he saw a very unusual effect. He noticed that his passage was not stopped by trees or other objects. He appeared to walk directly through them. They were, in fact, but the souls or shadows of material trees. He became sensible that he was in a land of shadows. When he had travelled half a day's journey, through a country

which was continually becoming more attractive, he came to the banks of a broad lake, in the centre of which was a large and beautiful island. He found a canoe of shining white stone, tied to the shore. He was now sure that he had come the right path, for the aged man had told him of this. There were also shining paddles. He immediately entered the canoe, and took the paddles in his hands, when to his joy and surprise, on turning round, he beheld the object of his search in another canoe, exactly its counterpart in everything. She had exactly imitated his motions, and they were side by side. They at once pushed out from shore and began to cross the lake. Its waves seemed to be rising, and at a distance looked ready to swallow them up ; but just as they entered the whitened edge of them they seemed to melt away, as if they were but the images of waves. But no sooner was one wreath of foam passed, than another, more threatening still, rose up. Thus they were in perpetual fear ; and what added to it, was the clearness of the water, through which they could see heaps of beings who had perished before, and whose bones lay strewed on the bottom of the lake. The Master of Life had, however, decreed to let them pass, for the actions of neither of them had been bad. But they saw many others struggling and sinking in the waves. Old men and young men, males and females of all ages and ranks were there ; some passed, and some sank. *It was only the little children whose canoes met no waves.*" At length every difficulty was gone, as in a moment and they both leapt out on the happy island. They felt that the very air was food. It strengthened and nourished them. They wandered together over the blissful fields, where everything was formed to please the eye and the ear. There were no tempests—there was no ice, no chilly winds—no one shivered for the want of warm clothes : no one suffered for hunger—no one mourned for the dead. They saw no grave. They heard of no wars. There was no hunting of animals ; for the air itself was their food. Gladly would the young warrior have remained there for ever, but he was obliged to go back for his body. He did not see the Master of Life, but he heard his voice in a soft breeze : "Go back," said this voice, "to the land from whence you came. Your time has not yet come. The duties for which I made you, and which you are to per-

form, are not yet finished. Return to your people, and accomplish the duties of a good man.

my messenger, who keeps the gate. When he surrenders back your body, he will tell you what



You will be the ruler of your tribe for many days. The rules you must observe, will be told you by

to do. Listen to him, and you shall afterwards rejoin the spirit, which you must now leave be-

hind. She is accepted and will be ever here, as young and as happy as she was when I first called her from the land of snows." When this voice ceased, the narrator awoke. It was the fancy work of a dream, and he was still in the bitter land of snows, and hunger, and tears.

DEERSLAYER AT THE DEATH OF HIS SAV- AGE FOE.

BY JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

BY this time the piece was reloaded, and Deerslayer, after tossing the tomahawk into the canoe, advanced to his victim, and stood over him, leaning on his rifle, in melancholy attention. It was the first instance in which he had seen a man fall in battle. It was the first fellow-creature against whom he had ever seriously raised his own hand. The sensations were novel; and regret, with the freshness of our better feelings, mingled with his triumph. The Indian was not dead, though shot directly through the body. He lay on his back motionless, but his eyes, now full of consciousness, watched each action of his victor—as the fallen bird regards the fowler—jealous of every movement. The man probably expected the fatal blow which was to precede the loss of his scalp; or perhaps he anticipated his death. Deerslayer read his thoughts; and he found a melancholy satisfaction in relieving the apprehensions of the helpless savage.

"No, no, red-skin," he said; "you've nothing more to fear from me. I am of a Christian stock and scalping is not of my gifts. I'll just make sar-tain of your rifle, and then come back and do you what service I can. Though here I can't stay much longer, as the crack of three rifles will be apt to bring some of your devils upon me."

The close of this was said in a sort of soliloquy, as the young man went in quest of the fallen rifle. The piece was found where its owner had dropped it, and was immediately put into the canoe. Laying his own rifle at his side, Deerslayer then returned and stood over the Indian again.

"All inimy atween you and me's at an ind, red-skin," he said; "and you may set your heart at rest on the score of the scalp, or any further injury. My gifts are white, as I've told you; and I hope my conduct will be white also!"

Could looks have conveyed all they meant, it is probable Deerslayer's innocent vanity on

the subject of color would have been rebuked a little: but he comprehended the gratitude that was expressed in the eyes of the dying savage, without in the least detecting the bitter sarcasm that struggled with the better feeling.

"Water!" ejaculated the thirsty and unfortunate creature; "give poor Injin water."

"Aye, water you shall have, if you drink the lake dry. I'll just carry you down to it, that you may take your fill. This is the way, they tell me, with all wounded people—water is their greatest comfort and delight."

So saying, Deerslayer raised the Indian in his arms, and carried him to the lake. Here he first helped him to take an attitude in which he could appease his burning thirst; after which he seated himself on a stone, and took the head of his wounded adversary in his own lap, and endeavored to soothe his anguish in the best manner he could.

"It would be sinful in me to tell you your time hadn't come, warrior," he commenced, and therefore I'll not say it. You've passed the middle age already, and, considerin' the sort of lives ye lead, your days have been pretty well filled. The principal thing now, is to look forward to what comes next. Neither red-skin nor pale-face, on the whole, calculates much on sleepin' for ever; but both expect to live in another world. Each has his gifts, and will be judged by 'em, and I suppose, you've thought these matters over enough not to stand in need of sarmons when the trial comes. You'll find your happy hunting-ground, if you've been a just Injin; if an unjust, you'll meet your desarts in another way. I've my own idees about these things; but you're too old and experienced to need any explanations from one as young as I."

"Good!" ejaculated the Indian, whose voice retained its depth even as life ebbed away; "young head—ole wisdom!"

"It's sometimes a consolation, when the ind comes, to know that them we've harmed or *tried* to harm, forgive us. I suppose natur' seeks this relief, by way of getting a pardon on 'arth; as we never can know whether He pardons, who is all in all, till judgment itself comes. It's soothing to know that *any* pardon at such times; and that, I conclude, is the secret. Now, as for myself, I overlook altogether your designs ag'in my life: first because no harm came of 'em; next, because

It's your gifts, and natur', and trainin', and I ought not to have trusted you at all ; and, finally and chiefly, because I can bear no ill-will to a dying man, whether heathen or Christian. So put your heart at ease, so far as I'm concerned ; you know best what other matters ought to trouble you, or what ought to give you satisfaction in so trying a moment."

It is probable that the Indian had some of the fearful glimpses of the unknown state of being which God in mercy seems at times to afford to all the human race ; but they were necessarily in conformity with his habits and prejudices. Like most of his people, and like too many of our own, he thought more of dying in a way to gain applause among those he left than to secure a better state of existence hereafter. While Deerslayer was speaking his mind was a little bewildered, though he felt that the intention was good ; and when he had done, a regret passed over his spirit that none of his own tribe were present to witness his stoicism, under extreme bodily suffering, and the firmness with which he met his end. With the high innate courtesy that so often distinguishes the Indian warrior before he becomes corrupted by too much intercourse with the worst class of the white men, he endeavored to express his thankfulness for the other's good intentions, and to let him understand that they were appreciated.

"Good !" he repeated for this was an English word much used by the savages—"good—your young head ; your heart, too. Old heart tough ; no shed tear. Hear Indian when he die, and no want to lie—what he call him ?"

"Deerslayer is the name I bear now, though the Delawares have said that when I get back from this war-path, I shall have a more manly title, provided I can 'arn one."

"That good name for boy—poor name for warrior. He get better quick. No fear *there*"—the savage had strength sufficient, under the strong excitement he felt, to raise a hand and tap the young man on his breast—"eye sartain—finger lightning—aim, death—great warrior soon. No Deerslayer — Hawkeye — Hawkeye — Hawkeye. Shake hand."

Deerslayer—or Hawkeye, as the youth was then first named, for in after years he bore the appellation throughout all that region—Deerslayer took the hand of the savage, whose last breath was drawn in that attitude, gazing in admiration

at the countenance of a stranger who had shown so much readiness, skill, and firmness, in a scene that was equally trying and novel. When the reader remembers it is the highest gratification an Indian can receive to see his enemy betray weakness, he will be better able to appreciate the conduct which had extorted so great a concession at such a moment.

"His spirit has fled !" said Deerslayer, in a suppressed, melancholy voice. "Ah's me ! Well, to this we must all come, sooner or later ; and he is happiest, let his skin be of what color it may, who is best fitted to meet it. Here lies the body of no doubt a brave warrior, and the soul is already flying towards its heaven or hell, whether that be a happy hunting-ground, a place scant of game ; regions of glory, according to Moravian doctrine, or flames of fire ! So it happens, too, as regards other matters ! Here have old Hutter and Hurry Harry got themselves into difficulty, if they haven't got themselves into torment and death, and all for a bounty that luck offers to me in what many would think a lawful and suitable manner. But not a farthing of such money shall cross my hand. White I was born, and white will I die, clinging to color to the last, even though the King's Majesty, his governors, and all his councils, both at home and in the Colonies, forget from what they come, and where they hope to go, and all for a little advantage in warfare. No, no—warrior, hand of mine shall never molest your scalp, and so your soul may rest in peace on the point of making a decent appearance, when the body comes to join it, in your own land of spirits."

Deerslayer arose as soon as he had spoken. Then he placed the body of the dead man in a sitting posture, with its back against the little rock, taking the necessary care to prevent it from falling or in any way settling into an attitude that might be thought unseemly by the sensitive, though wild notions of a savage. When this duty was performed, the young man stood gazing at the grim countenance of his fallen foe, in a sort of melancholy abstraction.

DESTRUCTION OF CHRISTIANS BY WILD BEASTS IN THE ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE.

IN 1838, Rev. William Ware, of Brookline, Mass., published in the "Knickerbocker Magazine," a series of letters purporting to have been written



A ROMAN EMPEROR.

by a young Roman Christian from the Imperial city during the period of the persecution of Christians which preceded the accession of Constantine. They are among the most successful efforts to restore to the modern reader the every-day life of the Roman Empire, and are exceedingly graphic in their portrayal of the sanguinary scenes enacted at that time. They are based upon historical representations, and, though wholly imaginary, are supposed to accurately describe what really took place:

The long peal of trumpets, and the shouts of the people without gave note of the approach and entrance of the Emperor. In a moment more, with his swift step, he entered the amphitheatre, and strode to the place set apart for him, the whole multitude rising and saluting him with a burst of welcome that might have been heard beyond the walls of Rome. The Emperor acknowledged the salutation by rising from his seat and lifting the crown from his head. He was instantly seated again, and at a sign from him the herald made proclamation of the entertainments which were to follow. He who was named as the first to suffer was Probus.

When I heard his name pronounced, with the punishment which awaited him, my resolution to remain forsook me, and I turned to rush from the theatre. But my recollection of Probus's earnest entreaties that I would be there, restrained me, and I returned to my seat. I considered, that as I would attend the dying bed of a friend, so I was clearly bound to remain where I was, and wait for the last moments of this my more than Christian friend; and the circumstance that his death was to be shocking and harrowing to the friendly heart, was not enough to absolve me from the heavy obligation. I therefore kept my place, and awaited with patience the event.

I had waited not long when, from beneath that extremity of the theatre where I was sitting, Probus was led forth and conducted to the centre of the arena, where was a short pillar to which it was customary to bind the sufferers. Probus, as he entered, seemed rather like one who came to witness what was there, than to be himself a victim, so free was his step, so erect his form. In his face there might indeed be seen an expression, that could only dwell on the countenance of one whose spirit was already gone beyond the earth, and holding converse with things unseen. There

was always much of this in the serene, uplifted face of this remarkable man; but it was now there written in lines so bold and deep, that there could have been few in that vast assembly but must have been impressed by it as never before by aught human. It must have been this which brought so deep a silence upon that great multitude—not the mere fact that an individual was about to be torn by lions—that is an almost daily pastime. For it was so, that when he first made his appearance, and, as he moved toward the centre, turned and looked round upon the crowded seats rising to the heavens, the people neither moved nor spoke, but kept their eyes fastened upon him as by some spell which they could not break.

When he had reached the pillar, and he who had conducted him was about to bind him to it, it was plain, by what at that distance we could observe, that Probus was entreating him to desist and leave him at liberty; in which he at length succeeded, for that person returned, leaving him alone and unbound. O sight of misery! he who for the humblest there present would have performed any office of love, by which the least good should redound to him, left alone and defenceless, they looking on and scarcely pitying his cruel fate!

When now he had stood there not many minutes, one of the doors of the vivaria was suddenly thrown back, and bounding forth with a roar that seemed to shake the walls of the theatre, a lion of huge dimensions leaped upon the arena. Majesty and power were inscribed upon his lordly limbs; and as he stood there where he had first sprung, and looked round upon the multitude, how did his gentle eye and noble carriage, with which no one for a moment could associate meanness, or cruelty, or revenge, cast shame upon the human monsters assembled to behold a solitary, unarmed man torn limb from limb! When he had in this way looked upon that cloud of faces, he then turned and moved round the arena through its whole circumference, still looking upwards upon those who filled the seats—not till he had come again to the point from which he started, so much as noticing who stood, his victim, in the midst. Then, as if apparently for the first time becoming conscious of his presence, he caught the form of Probus; and moving slowly towards him, looked steadfastly upon him, receiving in return the settled gaze of the

Christian. Standing there still awhile—each looking upon the other—he then walked round him, then approached nearer, making suddenly and for a moment those motions which indicate the roused appetite; but as it were in the spirit of self-rebuke, he immediately retreated a few paces and lay down in the sand, stretching out his head towards Probus, and closing his eyes as if for sleep.

The people, who had watched in silence, and with the interest of those who wait for their entertainment, were both amazed and vexed at what now appeared to be the dulness and stupidity of the beast. When, however, he moved not from his place, but seemed as if he were indeed about to fall into a quiet sleep, those who occupied the lower seats began both to cry out to him and shake at him their caps, and toss about their arms in the hope to rouse him. But it was all in vain; and at the command of the Emperor he was driven back to his den.

Again a door of the vivaria was thrown open, and another of equal size, but of a more alert and rapid step, broke forth, and, as if delighted with his sudden liberty and the ample range, coursed round and round the arena, wholly regardless both of the people and of Probus, intent only as it seemed upon his own amusement. And when at length he discovered Probus standing at his place, it was but to bound towards him as in frolic, and then wheel away in pursuit of a pleasure he esteemed more highly than the satisfying of his hunger.

At this, the people were not a little astonished, and many who were near me hesitated not to say, "that there might be some design of the gods, in this." Others said plainly, but not with raised voices, "An omen! an omen!" At the same time Isaac turned and looked at me with an expression of countenance which I could not interpret. Aurelian meanwhile exhibited many signs of impatience; and when it was evident the animal could not be wrought up, either by the cries of the people, or of the keepers, to any act of violence, he too was taken away. But when a third had been let loose, and with no better effect, nay, with less—for he, when he had at length approached Probus, fawned upon him, and laid himself at his feet—the people, superstitious as you know beyond any others, now cried out aloud,

"An omen! an omen!" and made the sign that Probus should be spared and removed.

Aurelian himself seemed almost of the same mind, and I can hardly doubt would have ordered him to be released, but that Fronto at that moment approached him, and by a few of those words, which, coming from him, are received by Aurelian as messages from Heaven, put within him a new and different mind; for rising quickly from his seat he ordered the keeper of the vivaria to be brought before him. When he appeared below upon the sands, Aurelian cried out to him,

"Why, knave, dost thou weary out our patience thus—letting forth beasts already over-fed? Do thus again, and thou thyself shall be thrown to them. Art thou too a Christian?"

"Great Emperor," replied the keeper, "than those I have now let loose there are not larger nor fiercer in the imperial dens, and since the sixth hour of yesterday they have tasted nor food nor drink. Why they have thus put off their nature 'tis hard to guess, unless the general cry be taken for the truth, 'that the gods have touched them.'"

Aurelian was again seen to waver, when a voice from the benches cried out,

"It is, O Emperor, but another Christian device! Forget not the voice from the temple! The Christians, who claim powers over demons, bidding them go and come at pleasure, may well be thought capable to change, by the magic imputed to them, the nature of a beast."

"I doubt not," said the Emperor, "but it is so. Slave! throw open now the doors of all thy vaults, and let us see whether both lions and tigers be not too much for this new necromancy. If it be the gods who interpose, they can shut the mouths of thousands as of one."

At those cruel words, the doors of the vivaria were at once flung open, and an hundred of their fierce tenants, maddened both by hunger and the goads that had been applied, rushed forth, and in the fury with which in a single mass they fell upon Probus—then kneeling upon the sands—and burying him beneath them, no one could behold his fate, nor, when that dark troop separated and ran howling about the arena in search of other victims, could the eye discover the least vestige of that holy man. I then fled from the theatre as one who flies from that which is worse than death.

Felix was next offered up, as I have learned, and after him more than fourscore of the Christians of Rome.

A SOUTH CAROLINA CORN-SHUCKING IN THE OLDEN TIME.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

BUT you must hear of the corn-shucking. The one at which I was present was given on purpose that I might witness the humors of the Carolina negroes. A huge fire of *light-wood* was made near the corn-house. Light-wood is the wood of the long-leaved pine, and is so called, not because it is light, for it is almost the heaviest wood in the world, but because it gives more light than any other fuel. In clearing land, the pines are girdled and suffered to stand: the outer portion of the wood decays and falls off; the inner part, which is saturated with turpentine, remains upright for years, and constitutes the planter's provision of fuel. When a supply is wanted, one of these dead trunks is felled by the axe. The abundance of light-wood is one of the boasts of South Carolina. Wherever you are, if you happen to be chilly, you may have a fire extempore; a bit of light-wood and a coal give you a bright blaze and a strong heat in an instant. The negroes make fires of it in the fields where they work; and, when the mornings are wet and chilly, in the pens where they are milking the cows. At a plantation, where I passed a frosty night, I saw fires in a small inclosure, and was told by the lady of the house that she had ordered them to be made to warm the cattle.

The light-wood fire was made, and the negroes dropped in from the neighboring plantations, singing as they came. The driver of the plantation, a colored man, brought out baskets of corn in the husk, and piled it in a heap; and the negroes began to strip the husks from the ears, singing with great glee as they worked, keeping time to the music, and now and then throwing in a joke and an extravagant burst of laughter. The songs were generally of a comic character; but one of them was set to a singularly wild and plaintive air, which some of our musicians would do well to reduce to notation. These are the words:

Johnny come down de hollow.
Oh hollow!
Johnny come down de hollow.
Oh hollow!

De nigger-trader got me.
Oh hollow!
De speculator bought me.
Oh hollow!
I'm sold for silver dollars.
Oh hollow!
Boys, go catch the pony.
Oh hollow!
Bring him round the corner.
Oh hollow!
I'm goin' away to Georgia.
Oh hollow!
Boys, good-by forever!
Oh hollow!

The song of "Jenny gone away," was also given, and another, called the monkey-song, probably of African origin, in which the principal singer personated a monkey, with all sorts of odd gesticulations, and the other negroes bore part in the chorus, "Dan, dan, who's the dandy?" One of the songs, commonly sung on these occasions, represents the various animals of the woods as belonging to some profession or trade. For example:

De cooter is de boatman.

The cooter is the terrapin, and a very expert boatman he is.

De cooter is de boatman.
John John Crow.

De red-bird de soger.
John John Crow.

De mocking-bird de lawyer.
John John Crow.

De alligator sawyer
John John Crow.

The alligator's back is furnished with a toothed ridge, like the edge of a saw, which explains the last line.

When the work of the evening was over, the negroes adjourned to a spacious kitchen. One of them took his place as musician, whistling, and beating time with two sticks upon the floor. Several of the men came forward and executed various dances, capering, prancing, and drumming with heel and toe upon the floor, with astonishing agility and perseverance, though all of them had performed their daily tasks and had worked all the evening, and some had walked from four to seven miles to attend the corn-shucking. From the dances a transition was made to a mock mili-

tary parade, a sort of burlesque of our militia trainings, in which the words of command and the evolutions were extremely ludicrous. It became necessary for the commander to make a speech, and confessing his incapacity for public speaking, he called upon a huge black man named Toby to address the company in his stead. Toby, a man of powerful frame, six feet high, his face ornamented with a beard of fashionable cut, had hitherto stood leaning against the wall, looking upon the frolic with an air of superiority. He consented, came forward, demanded a bit of paper to hold in his hand, and harangued the soldiery. It was evident that Toby had listened to stump-speeches in his day. He spoke of "de majority of Sous Carolina," "de interests of de state," "de honor of ole Ba'nwell district," and these phrases he connected by various expletives, and sounds of which we could make nothing. At length he began to falter, when the captain, with admirable presence of mind, came to his relief, and interrupted and closed the harangue with an hurrah from the company. Toby was allowed by all the spectators, black and white, to have made an excellent speech.

**JOHN HOWARD PAYNE. — A HISTORY OF
"HOME, SWEET HOME."**

THE author of the song that has touched more hearts than any other single composition in the languages of men, was born in the city of New York, June 9, 1792, and died in Tunis, Algiers, April 10, 1852. Such is the simple record of the birth and death of the man of whom it has been truthfully said that he never had a home of his own, and yet who has expressed, better than any one else, that sentiment of sacredness which clusters around the old "roof tree" of every human being.

Soon after Payne's birth his father removed to Boston, where his boyhood days were spent. Early in life he manifested a marked talent for elocution, and this fact coming to the notice of an actor of considerable reputation in Boston at that time, he urged his father to allow him to prepare the youth for the stage. But the elder Payne had other views for the future of his son, and declined the offer, much to the chagrin of the lad, whose mind, even at this early period, was earnestly fixed upon the drama.

About this time his elder brother, a partner in the mercantile house of Forbes & Payne, of New York, died, and, with a view of weaning him from the stage, his father sent him to New York to take the place of his deceased brother. He was then only thirteen years of age, but he had no sooner become installed in his new position than he commenced the publication of a little periodical called "The Thespian Mirror," which soon attracted more attention than the youthful editor had expected. Some person, writing over the *nom de plume* of "Criticus," sent an article to to the "Evening Post," severely criticising certain statements which had appeared in the "Mirror," and the announcement by the editor that the article would appear in the next number of his paper, brought an earnest appeal from his youthful contemporary not to reveal his incognito, on the ground that his relatives were ignorant of his literary venture, and he dreaded their anger if it should become known to them. The ingenuity and earnestness of the letter attracted the attention of Mr. Coleman, the editor of the "Post," who invited Payne to call upon him. He was highly pleased with the interview, and stated afterward that the youth's conduct and answers were such as to dispel all doubts as to any imposition, and he found that it required an effort on his part to keep up the conversation in as choice a style as his own. He made the incident public, in spite of Payne's earnest objections, for the purpose of calling attention to his remarkable merits, and to create an interest in his career.

He succeeded in enlisting the co-operation of Mr. John E. Seaman, a benevolent gentleman, who offered to defray the youth's expenses at Union College. The offer was gladly accepted, and Payne took his departure for Albany in one of the sailing vessels that then carried passengers between New York and that city. During his progress up the Hudson he wrote the following verses, which indicate a remarkable genius in a boy of thirteen :

On the deck of the slow sailing vessel, alone,
As I silently sat, all was mute as the grave ;
It was night — and the moon mildly beautiful shone,
Lighting up with her soft smile, the quivering wave.

So bewitchingly gentle and pure was its beam,
In tenderness watching o'er nature's repose,
'That I likened its ray to Christianity's gleam,
When it mellows and soothes without chasing our woes.

And I felt such an exquisite mildness of sorrow,
While entranced by the tremulous glow of the deep,
That I longed to prevent the intrusion of morrow,
And to stay there forever to wonder and weep.

There is something in this production, which strangely reminds one of his later famous poem of "Home, Sweet Home." The latter is in fact a sweet and mournful echo of this first effort.

At college he started a periodical called "The Pastime," and wrote a Fourth of July ode that was sung by the students in one of the churches.

of his remarks that he had been his own severest critic.

Soon after his establishment at college, he lost his mother. The effect of this calamity on his father, already much broken by disease, was such as to incapacitate him for attention to his affairs, which had become involved, and his bankruptcy speedily followed. In this juncture, the son insisted upon trying the stage as a means of support, and obtaining the consent of his father and his patron, made his first appearance at the Park Theatre



"THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME."

Both were sufficiently meritorious to arouse the venom of the critics, who attacked the author in the public prints. Payne, in a spirit of fun, wrote an article himself, and published it in the Albany papers, berating his production even more severely than his critics had done. It produced a sensation among his associates, all of whom were warmly attached to him. The affair reached its climax at a supper party, where one of the students offered as a satirical toast "The Critics of Albany." To the astonishment of all, Payne rose and returned thanks, admitting in the course

as Young Norval on the evening of February 24, 1809, in his sixteenth year. The performance, like those of the entire engagement, was highly successful. A writer, who had seen Garrick and all the great actors since his day, said, "I have seen Master Payne in Douglas, Zaphna, Selim, and Octavian, and may truly say, I think him superior to Betty in all. There was one scene of his Zaphna, which exhibited more taste and sensibility than I have witnessed since the days of Garrick. He has astonished everybody."

From New York Payne went to Philadelphia,

and afterwards to Boston, performing with great success in both cities. He also appeared at Baltimore, Richmond, and Charleston, where Henry Placide, afterwards the celebrated comedian of the Park Theatre, gained his first success by a capital imitation of his style of acting.

On his return to New York, after these engagements, Payne yielded to the wishes of his family by retiring from the stage, and started a circulating library and reading-room, the Athenæum, which he designed to expand into a great public institution. Soon after this, George Frederick Cooke arrived in America. Payne, of course, became acquainted with him, and was very kindly treated by the great tragedian, who urged him to try his fortune on the London stage. They appeared once at the Park Theatre together, Payne playing Edgar to Cooke's Lear. Other joint performances were planned, but evaded by Cooke, whose pride was hurt at "having a boy called in to support him." The Athenæum speculation proving unprofitable, he returned to the stage. While playing an engagement at Boston, his father died. He afterwards played in Philadelphia and Baltimore. During his stay in the latter city, the printing-office of his friend Hanson, an editor, was attacked by a mob during the absence of its proprietor. He offered his services, and rendered essential aid to the paper at the crisis, and Mr. Hanson not only publicly acknowledged his services, but exerted himself in aiding his young friend to obtain the means to visit Europe. By the liberality of a few gentlemen of Baltimore, this was effected, and Payne sailed from New York on the seventeenth of January, 1813, intending to be absent but one year.

The war between England and the United States was then in progress, and Payne's first experiences were of a very unpleasant character. The Mayor of Liverpool, where he landed, having determined to act with vigor respecting aliens, had him arrested and thrown into prison, where he remained until some of his friends, learning the fact, interceded in his behalf and obtained his release.

On arriving in London, he spent several weeks in sight-seeing before applying to the managers. By the influence of powerful persons to whom he brought letters, he obtained a hearing from Mr. Whitbread of Drury Lane, and appeared at that theatre as Douglas in the performance being an-

nounced on the bills as by a young gentleman, "his first appearance," it being deemed advisable to get an unbiased verdict from the audience. The debut was successful, and he was announced in the bills of his next night as "Mr. Payne, from the theatres of New York and Philadelphia."

After playing a triumphant engagement, he made a circuit of the provinces, and, upon his return to London, visited Paris, principally for the purpose of seeing Talma, by whom he was most cordially received. Napoleon returned from Elba soon after his arrival, and he consequently remained in Paris during the Hundred Days.

Payne continued in London and Paris for about twenty years, engaged in his profession as actor, manager and playwright, but meeting with indifferent success on account of the jealousies and unfaithfulness of those with whom he was associated. During this time he wrote several plays that were received with great favor; one of these, the drama of "Brutus," is still a standard production of the stage.

But his enduring fame rests upon the plaintive song of "Home, Sweet Home," which was first sung as a part of his opera "Clari," produced about 1818. This piece was purchased from Payne by Charles Kemble the actor, and at that time manager of Covent Garden Theatre, where it was first produced, for thirty pounds (about \$150). The song immediately captured the sympathies of the public, and the theatre was filled from the pit to the galleries every night, with wildly enthusiastic audiences. The piece made a fortune for everybody who was prominently connected with its production—except the author, who never realized any more than the original price of \$150. Miss M. Free, the elder sister of Mrs. Charles Kean, had the part in which the song of "Home, Sweet Home" occurred, and it not only made her a comfortable fortune, but also gained for her a wealthy husband, whose affections were won by the charming manner in which she sang the song.

Upwards of one hundred thousand copies of the song were estimated in 1832 to have been sold by the original publishers, whose profits, within two years after it was issued, are said to have amounted to \$10,000. It is known all over the world, and doubtless years after its composition, saluted its author's ears in far-off Tunis. He not only lost the twenty-five pounds which were to

have been paid for the copyright on the twentieth night of performance, but was not even complimented with a copy of his own song by the publisher. He soon after made a great hit in *Charles*

Payne returned to the United States in 1832, and engaged in various literary pursuits, with indifferent success, until 1838, when he received the appointment of American consul at Tunis. He



"MID PLEASURES AND PALACES THO' WE MAY ROAM."

the Second. It became one of Kemble's most favorite parts. The author sold the copyright for fifty pounds, one-quarter of the average price paid for a piece of its length.

remained there for several years, and then came home for the purpose of soliciting a diplomatic appointment more agreeable to his tastes; but failing in this, he accepted a re-appointment to

Tunis, and died there in 1852, soon after his return. Here at last he found a home, far from his native land and among strangers and barbarians.

It is not known at what time Payne wrote the following verses, but they sound like a premonition of his own sad fate :

THE TOMB OF GENIUS.

Where the chilling north wind howls,
Where the weeds so wildly wave,
Mourned by the weeping willow,
Washed by the beating billow,
Lies the youthful Poet's grave.

Beneath yon little eminence,
Marked by the grass-green turf,
The winding-sheet his form encloses,
On the cold rock his head reposes -
Near him foams the troubled surf!

"Roars around" his tomb "the ocean,"
Pensive sleeps the moonbeam there!
Naiads love to wreath his urn—
Dryads thither hie to mourn—
Fairy music melts in air!

O'er his tomb the village virgins
Love to drop the tribute tear;
Stealing from the groves around,
Soft they tread the hallowed ground,
And scatter wild flowers o'er his bier.

By the cold earth mantled—

All alone—
Pale and lifeless lies his form;
Batters on his grave the storm:
Silent now his tuneful numbers,
Here the son of Genius slumbers;
Stranger! mark his burial-stone!

AN INCIDENT OF THE SINGING OF "HOME,
SWEET HOME," AT SEA.

THEN it was the remembrance of the past crowded up like odors from a bed of flowers, lulling the feelings to that delicious calmness which pleasant memories always inspire, and which none feel more sensibly than the tempest-tossed mariner. The father dwelt in tenderness on his distant family; the brother recalled the unbidden assiduities of a sister's love; and the son, as he leaned against the mast, his features set in the sedateness of sober reflection, felt his heart softened by the recollection of a mother's care. But few remarks were made. All felt that the silence which reigned above, beneath, and around should not be disturbed. Each one had retired to the recess of his own heart—a sanctuary too sacred to be violated.

Such was the state of feeling, when a clear, melodious voice slowly poured forth the first line of that exquisite song—"Home, Sweet Home!" As the words, "Mid pleasures and palaces," swelled upon the air, a single exclamation of pleasure escaped the hearers, and they again relapsed into silence. We had often heard the song, but never had it come so thrillingly as then. Had it been sung by even an ordinary performer, its effect would have been great; but breathed, as it was, with a fervor and feeling I have never known excelled, in a voice full, manly, and touching, it could but produce a powerful impression. As the singer proceeded, the circle was augmented. The sturdy seaman seated himself with calm gravity, and, by the side of the youthful midshipman, listened with enthralled attention. The man whose locks were whitened, equally with the boy whose features were unmasked by the furrows of time and care, seemed to drink in the beautiful words as a healing draught.

Oh, how magical is music at such an hour!

It comes to the heart like a flood of sunshine, dispelling its gathering mists, and causing high aspirations to spring into strength and beauty. The soul is elevated above the narrowness of earth, and seeks in thought to commune with the intelligence of a higher world, and with that Being

Who plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Thus were the feelings of the listening group when the performer, at the close of the first verse, eloquently burst forth with the words, "There's no place like home!" An emotion was visible in all. There was a tremor in his voice, showing that he felt the influence of the line; and when he concluded it, his pause was longer than usual, and a deep sigh escaped him.

When he recommenced—"An exile from home,"—the agitation in those around was merged in attention to the song, but his increased. His face was slightly averted, and the rays of the moon, as they fell upon it, and glistened in the tear that rested on his cheek, gave additional effect to the expression almost of agony stamped upon his features. He was, indeed, as I know, "an exile from home," though from what cause I never could discover,—and the smothered grief of years was now loosed, and flowed in unrestrained power over him.



THE SAILOR'S RETURN HOME.

He continued. As the song drew to a close his emotion increased, with that of every one who listened. At length, as the line, "There's no place like home," rose on the stillness of the hour the last time, a rush of feeling was evident, and in many showed itself in tears! The man, who from childhood had "braved the foaming brine," and had stood without fear on the brink of eternity; and he, who, an outcast from the society of the virtuous and the good, knew no home, alike with the being of turbid passions and unhallowed deeds, gave a tribute to him who had so well-timed and so feelingly executed one of the most grateful songs that ever greets the seaman's ear. Oh! it was good to look on men I had considered in iniquity, thus throwing open the flood-gates of long-pent affections, that they might once more gladden and purify the soul! I could not think such men entirely lost; I could but look on human nature in a fairer and more pleasing aspect.

No one spoke; and after a few moments, in which all else was banished by the one dear thought of the distant home we had exchanged for our "home upon the deep," each one sought his pillow, I do not doubt, a purer and a better man.

PROPHETS AND PROPHECIES OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

IN the early years of Christianity that eager desire to look into the future, to turn over the leaves of the dread Book of Fate, which is so characteristic of human nature that it has been found to exist in every race, was satisfied to some extent by the so-called Oracles of the Sibyl. For several centuries these were modified as circumstances required, and made to suit the changing conditions of the times; but, after the collapse of the Roman empire, they fell into gradual disrepute, and their place in popular estimation was taken by the prophecies of Merlin. A cloud of fable envelops this mysterious personage, so that it is hard to determine how far he is a reality or a myth. According to one of the numerous traditions of which he is the hero, he was the magician and counselor of Uther Pendragon, King of the Britons, and by Queen Ingoma, became the father of our legendary hero, Arthur. According to another, he was ensnared by the charms of the

wily enchantress, Vivien, and died, spell-bound, in a hawthorn bush. Picturesque use of this fable has been made by Spenser and Tennyson.

It seems probable that there really was a British bard of the seventh century of this name, who gained so vast a renown by his Tyrtean strains that the other lights of the old Celtic poetry faded before his greater splendor, and eventually the various fragments of verse surviving in the national memory were all attributed to him. Even as late as the fifteenth century his wild guesses at the future—so vague in meaning and obscure in expression that they lent themselves readily to different interpretations—were accepted throughout the West of Europe as utterances of infallible import. But their greatest vogue was in the twelfth century, when scarcely a single event took place which the credulity of the monastic chroniclers did not represent to have been foretold by the omniscient Merlin.

It is a wise maxim, never to prophesy unless you know; a maxim that nearly all prophets have faithfully observed; and probably the Merlinesque prophecies were all concocted "after the event." Sometimes, however, the same oracle received the most opposite interpretations. Thus, when King William the Lion, of Scotland, was captured by an English army, and imprisoned in Richmond Castle, Matthew Paris, the historian, informs us that the event was looked upon as fulfilling one of Merlin's prophetic deliverances—"A bit shall be thrust in his teeth, forged on the shores of the Armorican Gulf"—the Armorican Gulf being understood as referring to the channel hereditarily owned by the Lords of Armorica or Brittany—then a province of the English throne. But some months afterward the same prophecy was applied to Henry II., who, on the revolt of his sons, John and Richard, had been closely pressed by their allies, the Bretons.

The deposition of Richard II. and the usurpation of Henry IV. are among the events which Merlin was said to have foretold, the truth being that, in these troublesome times, people invented prophecies according as they found them convenient. The curious circumstances attending the death of Henry IV., of which Shakespeare has made good use, were first related by the London historian, Robert Fabian, in his "Concordance of Stories." Having fallen ill while saying his prayers at St. Edward's shrine in Westminster

Abbey, at the beginning of 1413, the King was carried into the Abbot's residence close at hand. On coming to himself, he inquired what place it was, and his attendants answered that he was lying in the Jerusalem Chamber. Then said the King: "Loving be the Father of heaven, for now I know I shall die in this chamber, according to the prophecy of one before said that I should die in Jerusalem." This prophecy he had previously interpreted to mean he should die in the Holy City.

In like manner Pope Sylvester II., having made a brazen head—like Roger Bacon's—obtained from it the information that he would not die before he had chanted mass in Jerusalem. One day, while celebrating mass in a church at Rome, he was overtaken by a serious illness, and, on making inquiry, found that the church was named Jerusalem. Of course, the oracle of the brazen head was duly fulfilled.

Of this juggling kind of prophecy there are other instances. One of the Earls of Pembroke, having been told he would die at Warwick, obtained the Governorship of Berwick-upon-Tweed, which certainly lay at a considerable distance from the old midland city. But when he was killed in a fight with the Scots it was discovered that Barwick, as it was then pronounced, was obviously the place intended by the prophet. Cardinal Wolsey had been warned to beware of Kingston, and was especially careful never to enter the town so named; but this did not prevent him, when his fall occurred, from being arrested by Sir Walter Kingston. Margery Jourdain, or Jourdenemyne, the witch of Ely, is said

to have informed Edward, Duke of Somerset, that he would be defeated and slain at a castle:

Let him shun castles;
Safer shall he be on the sandy plain
Than where castles mounted stand.



CAPTURE OF WILLIAM, THE LION, OF SCOTLAND

He fell in the first battle of St. Alban's, and his dead body was found—

'Underneath an ale-house' paltry sign—
"The Castle."

Lastly. William de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk (temp. Henry VI.), was warned by a wizard to

beware of water, and avoid the Tower. So that when his enemies prevailed against him he hastened from London and its Tower, with the view of escaping to France. On his passage across the Channel he was captured by the King's ship Nicholas of the Tower, commanded by a man named Walter Whitmore. The dramatist makes the unfortunate Duke exclaim :



WIZARD WARNING WILLIAM, DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me that by water I should die ;
Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded,
Thy name is Cuahtier, being rightly sounded.

However, Suffolk was straightway beheaded, and the quibbling prediction fulfilled.

In the sixteenth century, to Merlin's place succeeded Michael Nostradamus, a Provençal physician, who died in 1566. He seems to have been a man of considerable scholarship, and he at-

tained a wide reputation for medical skill. Having settled in the town of Salon, he studied astrology in order to extend his powers in curing man's diseases, and was thus led to practise the seer's craft, beginning in the modest character of an almanac maker. His earliest "guesses" were published in 1555—written in mystical and exceedingly figurative quatrains—and at once be-

came so popular that King Henry II., (of France) summoned him to Paris, and consulted him about his children's future. Charles IX. and his mother, the infamous Catharine de Medici, also consulted him and rewarded him each with a handsome sum in gold crowns, while the king appointed him his physician. He died at Salon, aged 63. "I am," he says, in the introduction to his prophecies, in which, it appears, he himself implicitly believed, "but a mortal man, and the greatest sinner in the world ; but being surprised occasionally by a prophetic mood, and long calculations, pleasing myself in my study, I have made several books of predictions, each one containing a hundred astronomical stanzas."

A man who delivers himself of some hundreds of prophecies, is almost sure to make one or two lucky hits ; that is, by the law of coincidences, certain events may be expected to occur, which will bear a re-

semblance, more or less vague, to his guesses or inventions. Thus the credulous may easily trace a forecast of the fire of London preceded by the execution of Charles I., in the following shadowy verse :

Le sang de juste a Londres sera faite
Brulez par feu, de vingt et trois, les six.
La dame antique cherra de place haute
De meme sorte plusieurs seront occis.

The blood of the just shall be wanting in London, burnt by fire of three-and-twenty, the six—

which is near enough, we suppose, for 1666;—the ancient dame—Monarchy—shall fall from her high place, of the same sect many shall be killed. In another quotation we meet with the line, *Le Sanat de Londres metteront a mort le Roy*, which certainly does appear a pretty good guess at Charles I.'s execution; and the victories of Cromwell's Ironsides at Dunkirk may be assumed as foreshadowed in the line, *Le Oliver se plantera on terra firma*. But our sporting prophets in the columns of the daily and weekly press are quite as often successful as was this Provençal seer; and on the whole he fairly merited the punning epitaph of the poet Jodelle: "We give our own things when we give false things, for it is our habit to deceive; and when we give false things we are giving only our own."*

The son of Nostradamus also tried his

hand at soothsaying, but with unpleasant consequences. When the Catholic army, in 1574, was be-



CROMWELL'S IRONSIDES AT DUNKIRK.

**Nostra damus cum falsa damus, nam fallere nostrum est, Et cum falsa damus, nil nisi Nostra damus.*

sieging the town of Pouzin, in Languedoc, Saint Luc, its commander, inquired of young Nostrada-

mus what would be the result. After reflecting, the prophet replied that the town would perish by fire; and to prove the truth of his prediction, was found, when the town was taken and plundered, setting fire to it in several places. Next day, when Saint Luc met him, he said: "Come, now, Master Prophet, can you tell if any accident will befall you to-day?" And on Nostradamus confidently replying "None," he struck him in the

to him about King John by the spirit of prophecy, he affirmed, and publicly declared before all who were willing to listen, that he would not be King of England after next Ascension Day; but on that day the crown would be transferred to another. The King, informed of this highly treasonable "guess," sent for its author.

"Shall I die, then, on the day you name? Or by what other means shall I lose my crown?"

The hermit said: "Know for certain that on the day I have said you will no longer be King; and if I am convicted of lying, do with me what you will."

"I take you at your word," said John; and he placed him in the custody of William of Harcourt, who shut him up in Corfe Castle.

Close guarded and loaded with irons, the hermit awaited the issue. His prophecy had spread on the wings of rumor all over the country, and was everywhere accepted as if it had been a voice from heaven. Ascension Day came, Ascension Day went, and John was still King of England. Then he caused the unfortunate hermit to be tied to the tail of a horse and dragged through the streets of Wareham, after which he was hung, together with his sons, with every circumstance of ignominy.

Some of the most curious of the mediæval predictions are those which dealt with the destinies of certain states; and of these the most interesting relate to the history of Constantinople. They show at how early a period the Greeks were apprehensive of the coming downfall of their empire, pressed as it was on every side by Arabs, Bulgarians, Russians, and finally by the Turks.

Ralph de Diceto, one of our early Anglo-Nor-



KING JOHN ORDERS THE YORKSHIRE HERMIT TO BE IMPRISONED.

stomach with his stick, and so startled the horse which Nostradamus was riding that he reared, threw his rider and dealt him a mortal blow with his hoof.

When King John Lackland, of England, was at war with his barons, there was a Yorkshire hermit, named Peter, who enjoyed a great reputation for wisdom, because he had several times foretold "coming events." Among other things revealed

man chroniclers, whose history does not extend beyond 1199, asserts that on the famous Golden Gate of Constantinople, through which victorious generals led their triumphal processions, was inscribed the following prediction:

When the Fair King shall come from the West, I shall open of my own will.

It was not through this gate, however, that the Crusaders entered in 1204, for in order to baffle the prophecies concerning it, the Byzantine princes had ordered it to be walled up. It is a remarkable fact that even to this day the Turks accept the tradition which so alarmed the Greeks; they firmly believe that the Golden gate will, at some future time, open to admit the Christians, who, they are persuaded, will ultimately reconquer the beautiful City of the Bosphorus.

Here is another fanciful story:

On the forum of Taurus, or the Bull, stood a colossal equestrian statue, a masterpiece of art, which passed in the vulgar opinion for Joshua, with hand extended, staying the course of the descending sun; but by classic scholars was de-

clared to be Bellerophon and his winged horse, Pegasus; and the free attitude of the latter seemed to mark that he trod on air rather than



LANDING OF THE CRUSADERS AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

on earth. Nicetas, a cotemporary historian, asserts that, according to an old tradition, under the left fore foot of the horse was hidden the figure of a man, representing a Venetian, a Bulgarian, or some other Western enemy of the Roman name. So much pains, however, had

been taken to render this foot firm and solid, that it was impossible to put the truth of this tradition to the test. But when, after the capture of Constantinople, the horse and its rider were broken in pieces, and sent to be melted down, the figure was discovered the Latins, however, caring nothing for the traditions attached to it, cast it into the flames with the rest.

It is said that the Emperor Michael Paleologus, tormented by his conscience for the crimes he had

Finally, a remarkable prophecy concerning the Imperial City of the East is recorded by a Georgian writer—probably of the eighteenth century—whose political sagacity made a bold leap into the future. He pretends that on the tomb of Constantine the Great were engraved the words: "Many nations shall unite upon the Black Sea and the continent; the Ishmaelites shall be conquered and the power of their nation extinguished. The combined peoples of Russia



LEGENDARY VISION OF CONSTANTINE.

committed, in order to gratify his ambition, and fearing the imperial crown would not descend to his family, consulted his soothsayers whether his son would enjoy it after his death. The oracle replied, "Manciami," which seemed incomprehensible. But the soothsayers explained it to mean that the empire would be possessed by as many of his descendants as there were letters in this barbarous word, and by no more. The course of events proved the truth of their explanation.

and the adjacent territories shall take possession of the Seven Hills and the country round about."

We have neither the space nor the inclination to enumerate all the predictions which the perverted ingenuity of fanatics has wrested out of the Apocalyptic visions, nor to repeat the names of all the personages to whom they have been applied. How many times has the number of the Beast—666—been differently rendered? Among others, it has been identified with Trajan, Diocletian, Mohammed, Julian the Apostate, with

more than one of the Popes, Luther, Calvin, and, more recently, Napoleon Bonaparte. We remember to have seen it fixed, in an advertisement in a London paper, upon Napoleon III.

The futility of political prophecies has been demonstrated in our own time; and we shall pass on, therefore, to some illustrations of the guesses at the approaching end of the world which formerly terrified mankind. They began, indeed, in the earliest years of Christianity, through a misinterpretation of the words of its founder; but as generation succeeded generation, and yet the dreaded cataclysm did not take place, men's minds recovered their tranquillity. After the irruptions of the Barbarians, however, when the mighty fabric of the Roman Empire fell with a crash that resounded throughout Christendom, their fears revived; and every tempest, every earthquake, every unusual celestial appearance, was regarded as a portent of the day of judgment. In the fourth century, Hesychius, Bishop of Sadona, wrote to St. Augustine to inquire if it were true that the end of the world was at hand? "No," said the great Bishop of Hippo, "that cannot be, for it is written that the Gospel shall be preached everywhere before that event arrives."

Year after year the catastrophe was postponed, until, in the latter part of the ninth century, men once more fell into mortal terror, the year 1000 being definitely assigned as the utmost limit of the world's existence.

"It was a time," says Canon Robertson, "of gloomy apprehensions. The approach of the thousandth year from the Saviour's birth had raised a general belief that the second advent was at hand; and, in truth, there was much which might easily be construed as fulfilling the predicted signs of the end—wars and rumors of wars, famines and pestilences, fearful appearances in the heavens, faith passing from the earth and love waning cold. The preamble, 'Whereas the end of the world draweth near,' which had been common in donations to churches or monasteries, now assumed a new and more urgent significance; and the belief that the long expectation was at length to be accomplished, did much to revive the power and wealth of the clergy. The minds of men were called away from the ordinary cares and employments of life; even our knowledge of history has suffered in consequence, since there

was little inclination to bestow labor in recording of events, when no posterity was expected to read the records. Some plunged into desperate recklessness of living; an eclipse of the sun or moon was the signal for multitudes to seek a hiding place in dens and caves of the earth; and crowds of pilgrims flocked to Palestine, where the Saviour was expected to appear for judgment."

But the year 1000 passed away without any catastrophe, and the world again breathed freely. Thenceforward a belief in the Second Advent re-appeared only at rare intervals and among a limited number of persons.

Astrologers, however, have more than once struck a panic to the hearts of men by their frightful predictions. In 1521 a general alarm prevailed, owing to a prediction of Johann Stöffler, a celebrated German magician, who had announced a great deluge for the month of February in that year. The alarm spread from Germany into France, and from France into Italy, and over the rest of Europe. The distinguished Italian philosopher, Augustine Niso, endeavored, but in vain, to allay it by his book, "*De Falsa Diluvii Prognosticatione*" (On the False Prophecy of a Deluge).

The legendary prediction concerning Easter, that

When my lord falls in my lady's lap,
Let England beware of some mishap;

that is, when the Easter festival falls near to Lady Day, has given rise to some strange coincidences. In 1818 Easter Day happened on the 22d of March, and in the following November died Queen Charlotte; in 1826 it fell on the 26th, and the year was saddened by wide-spread and alarming commercial disaster.

The credulity of the human mind was vividly illustrated by the world of fashion in 1750. A smart shock of earthquake had startled all England in February, and was succeeded by a more violent one in the following March. The consternation was general, and bishops and clergymen made the event the subject of numerous sermons, homilies, and exhortations; while it is on record that a country quack reaped a golden harvest by selling earthquake pills. Then arose a crazy-minded life-guardsmen, solemnly predicting that a third and special fatal shock would occur on April 5. The polite world, as it is

called, took fright; and on the evening preceding the fatal day the roads out of London, which the earthquake was to tumble into ruins, were thronged with vehicles, though the newspapers threatened to publish "an exact list of all the nobility and gentry who have left, or shall leave, this place through fear of another earthquake." The ladies wrapped themselves in "earthquake

in the morning, and then come back, I suppose, to look for the bones of their husbands and families under the rubbish?"

Some predictions, by the mental anxiety they occasion, work out their own fulfilments. When Peter and John de Carvajal had been found guilty of murder, on most inadequate evidence, and sentenced to be thrown from the summit of a rock,

Ferdinand IV., who was then King of Spain (1362), could not be induced to pardon them. As they were led to execution they called upon God to witness their innocence, and appealed to his tribunal, before which they summoned the King to appear in thirty days' time. Ferdinand laughed at the summons; but some days afterward fell sick, and retired to his country place to recover his health and divert his mind, hoping to shake off the remembrance of the summons, which troubled him in spite of his laughter. On the thirtieth day he seemed better, and was very merry and cheerful, ridiculing the uneasiness he had experienced; he retired to rest as usual, but was found dead in his bed the next morning.

Similar incidents have occurred in history, and dramatist and poet have made effective use of them.

The alleged prophecy of George Wishart, the Scottish martyr, respecting the death



THE THREE CONSPIRATORS DECIDING TO ASSASSINATE CARDINAL BEATON.

gowns"—warm gowns intended to be worn while sitting out of doors all night. Not a few persons spent the night in Hyde Park, sitting in their coaches, and playing cards by the light of wax candles. "What will you think," writes Horace Walpole "of Lady Catharine Pelham, Lady Frances Arundell and Lord and Lady Galway, who go this evening to an inn ten miles out of town, where they are to play brag till four o'clock

of Cardinal Beaton, may be classed among these remarkable coincidences. Through the unrelenting severity of the Cardinal, Wishart was condemned to be burnt as a heretic, in front of the castle of St. Andrew's, on the 1st of March, 1546. As he proceeded to the place of execution he saw his persecutor sitting in a balcony, to watch the sufferings of his victim, and, as if suddenly inspired, called upon him to appear before the divine

tribunal within sixty days. It so happened that on the 29th of May following the great churchman was assassinated by John Lister, James Melville and Carmichael. "Repent thee," cried Melville, "of thy former wicked life, but especially of the shedding of the blood of that instrument of God, Mr. George Wishart, which, albeit the flames of fire consumed before noon, yet cries it with a vengeance upon thee; and we from God are sent to

by one foot, for all the people to gaze at. But it is right to say that some doubt attaches to the authenticity of this story.

I HATE THE DRUM'S DISCORDANT SOUND.

I HATE the drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round :
To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,
And lures from cities and from fields,



I HATE THE DRUM'S DISCORDANT SOUND."

revenge it. I protest that neither the hatred of thy person, the love of thy riches, or the fear of any trouble thou couldst have done to me in particular, moved or move me to strike thee, but only because thou hast been, and remainest, an obstinate enemy to Christ and his holy Evangel." And so he struck him twice or thrice through with a sword, and he fell, shrieking miserably : "I am a priest ! I am a priest ! Fie ! Fie ! All is gone !" As soon as he was dead his murderers took his body and hung it over the castle wall by one arm and

To sell their liberty for charms
Of tawdry lace, and glittering arms,
And when Ambition's voice commands,
To march, and fight, and fall in foreign lands.

I hate the drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round :
To me it talks of ravaged plains,
And burning towns, and ruined swains,
And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
And widows' tears, and orphans' moans
And all that misery's hand bestows
To fill the catalogue of human woes.

A HISTORY OF MARRIAGE.

THE legal definition of marriage, in all Christian countries, is the conjugal union of one man with one woman. In Catholic countries the ceremony is regarded as a sacrament of the church; but in Protestant nations, so far as the mere law is concerned, it stands in the relation of a civil contract only, though custom, and the romance necessarily connected with it, give it a character of sacredness far above a common agreement. In the United States, magistrates, equally with clergymen, have a right to solemnize the marriage ceremony; but a mere legal wedding is regarded with disfavor by nearly all classes of the people, and it is, therefore, the usual custom to have the ceremony performed by a clergyman, which is in just conformity with the sentiment of sacredness inseparably united with it.

There is one singular fact connected with the laws of marriage which is not generally known, namely, that no person can enter into a binding agreement *not to marry*. Contracts in restraint of marriage, in any and every form, are wholly void, by the universal policy of the law, and no action can be maintained under any such promise or obligation. Marriage having been instituted by the Creator, and enforced and perpetuated by the requirements of nature, is considered as being above all the restraints of human contracts and enactments.

In Germany there is a law which permits a man to marry without bestowing upon his wife his civil or political rank, and in such cases, while the woman is his real wife in every respect, she is designated legally as a "half-wife," (*Halbwife*). This sort of union was discountenanced by the church, but when contracted seriously it was held to be indissoluble. We believe there is also a similar custom in the same country relative to the marriage of women of rank with men of a lower station, whereby the man assumes the name of the woman, and becomes a half-husband, though he is in fact, as well as law, a real husband.

In the early history of the Catholic Church priests were not forbidden to marry, but were simply admonished, by the advice of St. Paul, to remain single, as it was thought they were better qualified, in that state, to administer the duties of their sacred office. Consequently most of the priests married and had families, and this custom prevailed until about the 12th century.

In England priestly celibacy was not fully accomplished until during the reign of Henry I., though many previous efforts had been made to bring it about.

In 1077, during the reign of William the Conqueror, Pope Gregory VII. attempted to enforce celibacy among the English clergy, but he encountered the opposition of William, who had determined to resist the encroachments of the Roman Pontiffs upon his kingly prerogatives. Gregory affected an anxious care for the purity of manners; and he declared that even the chaste pleasures of the marriage relation were inconsistent with the sanctity of the sacerdotal office. He accordingly issued a decree prohibiting the marriage of priests, excommunicating all clergymen who should refuse to abandon their wives, and rendering it criminal in the people to attend services conducted by such profane priests. This decree was a blow at the very root and foundation of society; it meant the destruction of family ties, the separation of thousands of husbands from their wives, and the abandonment of helpless and innocent children. It was a measure that cost the Church more pains than the propagation of any other doctrine it had ever previously attempted. Many synods were summoned in different parts of Europe before it was finally settled, for it affected those interests and sentiments which all men hold dearer than life, and nothing but the blind obedience of the age could ever have driven the clergy to the acceptance of such a decree. It was observed that the younger priests offered less opposition to the Pope's requirements than those who were more advanced in years, and whose family connections and habits of life were consequently more firmly fixed. A temporary compromise was finally effected, by which it was enacted that none except those who belonged to collegiate and cathedral churches should be required to separate from their wives. But the controversy continued through the remainder of William's reign, as well as that of William Rufus his successor, the Church gradually and steadily advancing in its purpose, until in 1116, during the reign of Henry I., at a synod called by the legate of London, a vote was passed enacting severe penalties on the marriages of priests; but even then the measure was not rigidly enforced until some years later, owing to an indiscretion of the presiding bishop, in seeking the company of a woman of



A MARRIAGE CEREMONY IN ITALY DURING THE MIDDLE AGES.

pleasure the night following his most earnest contempt, but the authorities at Rome persisted harangue in favor of the sanctity of the priestly in their determination and eventually accomplished their purpose.



SEIZURE OF THE SABINE WOMEN

Marriage, like nearly everything else, has developed, through the natural laws of evolution, from a barbarous union of the sexes, to its present position as the most tender, sacred and important relation in human affairs. There is a vast difference between the rude and forcible seizure of a wife, according to the custom of barbarous ages, and the pomp and circumstance of the English Episcopal or Catholic service and ceremony, where officiate a bishop, a deacon, an archdeacon, the scholarly head of a great seat of learning, together with the clergy of the richest religious foundations in the kingdom, all clad in the splendid sacerdotal vestments and robes of a powerful Church, while around, met to witness the mar-

riage. This incident caused the measure to be regarded, for the time being, with derision and

contempt, but the authorities at Rome persisted in their determination and eventually accomplished their purpose.



A STUDY OF LOVE.

trious statesmen, artists, men of letters, of science—accompanied by the fairest women in the realm; while in the midst of this dazzling scene, in front of the steps of the altar, are the groom and his bride, the latter resplendent in pearls and diamonds.

In contrast with this splendid and beautiful scene, students of history will recall the seizure of the Sabine women by the early Romans. This is an example of the uncivilized marriage by capture. As men gather into society and build cities and form states, the institution of property modifies the marriage by capture into marriage by purchase, as exemplified in the annual marriage market of the Babylonians. Wicked old Babylon did not mean to have any old maids on her hands, and so she declared that every marriageable girl should be put up and sold once a year at public auction. But as only the pretty girls found husbands by this device, the price for the pretty ones was turned into the public coffers as dowries for their homely sisters. In this way that terrible old sinner found husbands for all her girls. Those men whom she could not catch with beauty she snared with money.

We learn from history that the girls themselves were not averse to this arrangement, and that on the days of their public sales they decked themselves out in their prettiest and most bewitching attire, and sat babbling as only young girls can on the elevated platform where they were exposed to the view of their future husbands—or, most likely, masters. It was for those poor, ignorant creatures a delightful holiday, and the delicious realization of their maidenly dreams, particularly when they were so fortunate as to become the property of rich, handsome or influential youths.

The old Roman marriage custom was more humane and romantic, and nearer in accord with the modern style. When the hearts of a Roman man and woman beat as one, and they were ready to make public announcement of this interesting fact, the woman placed herself in the arms of the man in the presence of ten witnesses, then the twain ate together an unleavened farina cake previously blessed by the priest. This was the betrothal. On the day when the separate legal existence of the two ended, and the union of their lives began, the woman was conducted to the house of her betrothed, with a veil over her face and a distaff in her hand. Upon stepping

over the threshold of her new home, between two youths, and lighted with the torch of a third, she placed herself upon a sheepskin rug spread just within the door, and called to her beloved, who incontinently answered the soft coo of his mate, and delivered to her the key of the love cote. When together they touched fire and water, in token of purity and fidelity, whereupon they were declared man and wife by the sanction of the gods and the legal authorities. This was an exceedingly beautiful as well as romantic marriage custom, and could be introduced with excellent effect into our modern ceremonies.

The Indian wedding ceremony is illustrated by the marriage of Pocahontas and John Rolfe. It was short and simple, but doubtless answered all practical purposes. The bride and groom, joining hands, jumped together over a broomstick, after which they turned and blew at one another through their lips from the reservoir of wind stored in their puffed out cheeks. Such a ceremony no doubt appeared very curious, if not ridiculous, to those who witnessed it, but if history is to be relied upon, Pocahontas made a most excellent and loving little wife, and many proud families and distinguished men and women of the Old Dominion have congratulated themselves upon having the blood of this Indian princess in their veins—among others, no less a personage than the celebrated John Randolph, of Roanoke.

In Japan a wedding is a very close and exclusive affair. Usually no one but a blood relation is admitted as a spectator. Rarely, therefore, has a foreigner ever seen a Japanese nuptial celebration. Their marriage custom is very curious. The only dowry which a bride takes to her husband is her trousseau, which is extensive enough to satisfy all her feminine passion for dress. The husband's expectation is realized if the wife possesses amiability and housewifely ability—the very best dowry which any woman can convey to the man whom she marries.

At "sweet 16" the betrothed maiden becomes a wife, and the man a husband at 20. The nuptials are at night. On the morning of the wedding day the bridal trousseau is taken to the house of the bridegroom, and if she has any pieces of furniture, these also are carried to her future home. The household goods of both families, in their counterfeit presentments, are assembled before an altar, decked with flowers and covered with



THE LOVE LETTER.

offerings. Near by stands a lacquer table with a dwarf cedar, holding also the figures of the Japanese Adam and Eve and the mystic turtle and stork.

Toward high noon of the happy day the wedding company, splendid in variegated costume, proceeds to the fete. Then the bride in spotless white, with a veil over her face, goes out between two friends, and is followed by a procession of relatives no less splendid than the one approaching to meet them. The two friends are called the male and female butterflies. In their dress they imitate the brilliant coloring on the wings of this insect, which in Japan is the symbol of conjugal felicity.

The most solemn form of the ceremony is the scene of the two-month vase, ornamented with bands of dainty colored paper. At a given signal one of the butterflies fills the vase, the other offers it to the lips of the kneeling couple, the husband drinking first, the wife afterward. It is their first draught of mortal bliss, the pledge and promise that henceforth they are to partake equally of the bitter sweet of coming years.

The Russian marriage feast is a rude and boisterous affair, in keeping with the character of that people. After the ceremony in the chapel, according to the rites of the Greek Church, the happy couple repair to the home of the bride, where the feast is served. Here are gathered huge, rough looking men and women in caps and furs, who indulge in boisterous laughter and coarse jests that bring the blood of shame to the cheeks of the shrinking bride. In no other country would such things be tolerated, not even among the lower grades of society; but unfortunately Russia is still the only nation, pretending to civilization, which remains under the heel of a despotic ruler, and the people are consequently no further advanced than the Middle-Age state of refinement.

A Dutch peasant wedding represents a scene of love and hilarious enjoyment, untainted by the coarseness of the Russian ceremony. The wedding guests dance in all the stages of rustic agility and glorious fun, to the music of the hurdy-gurdy, while the happy pair, seated or standing, the man awkwardly embracing his wife, whispers in her ear the honeyed gibberish of his rustic affections, to which she listens in a constrained, passive, foolishly-copy sort of way.

The ancient Hebrew ceremony was an elaborate and brilliant affair.

On the morning of the wedding day a splendid canopy of scarlet silk or velvet was erected out of doors; four poles supported the canopy and four men supported the poles. The groom was then led under the canopy by one of his male friends, to the strains of instrumental music. As he passed under the pavilion the spectators burst into the joyous salutation: "Blessed is he who is now come." After him came the bride, led by a female friend under the nuptial canopy and three times around the groom. Then the bridegroom took her once around, receiving as they went the congratulations of those present. He then placed her at his right, and so together they stood with their faces to the north, and their backs to the south. Thereupon the Rabbi covered the pair with the marriage wrapper of the bridegroom, joined their hands and said a blessing over a cup of wine, which they touched with their lips.

After this the groom slipped a plain gold ring on the finger of his sponse. Then, following the reading of the marriage settlement by the officiating rabbi, the ceremony of the cup of wine was repeated, varied this time by a rabbinical reading of the "seven benedictions," and the dramatic breaking of the cup by the bridegroom, in token that the marriage just consummated could never be broken. At the sound of shivering glass, "May you be happy!" pealed from the throats of the festive company, and the two were no more twain, but one flesh, for thus saith the Lord.

The union of the sexes must ever continue to be associated with sentiments of tenderness and romance, and the eternal fitness of things requires that it should be so. The little "god of love," that beautiful creation of the ancient poets, will never cease to be an object of tender interest, if not of worship, on the part of those who possess young hearts and warm affections. In the blooming months of spring the maiden's mind runs unconsciously upon thoughts of love, and in every budding flower and blushing rose she expects to find a Cupid, with roguish lips and bent bow, ready to pierce her heart with the divine passion.

THE WAR OF THE ROSES.

THE civil war in England known as '*The War of the Roses*,' was a contest for the throne between the houses of York and Lancaster. It



CUPID AND THE MAIDEN.

began with the battle of St. Albans, May 22, 1455, and continued, with occasional intermissions, for a period of more than twenty years. During its progress upwards of sixty princes of the blood perished, fully one-half of the nobility were exterminated, and it is estimated that more than one hundred thousand soldiers fell in the various battles that were fought. All England was a scene of carnage, and every house became a fortress, merely to decide, quaintly remarks a well-known historian, "whether the son of a fifth son by male descent, and of a third son by the female line, or the son of a fourth son, had a better claim to the crown of England."

The Duke of York was a title formerly conferred upon the younger sons of the kings of England, the first to bear it being Edward Plantagenet, fifth son of Edward III. and Queen Philippa, whose romantic love-story is told in the history of Queen Isabella, of England, in another part of this volume. Edward was created Duke of York on the 6th of August, 1385.

Twenty-three years previously on the 13th of November, 1362, his elder brother, John of Gaunt, the fourth son of Edward and Philippa, had been created Duke of Lancaster; and these two brothers became the founders of the rival houses which, nearly a century later, deluged England with the fratricidal blood of a civil war. At the commencement of the war the house of York adopted a white rose as its emblem, and the house of Lancaster a red rose; hence the designation of "The War of the Roses."

A better understanding of the dispute can be reached by tracing the descent of the house of York: The first Duke was succeeded by his son Edward, who was killed at the battle of Agincourt, in 1415, and was succeeded by his nephew Richard, son of Anne Mortimer, who was great-granddaughter of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, the third son of Edward III. and Philippa. It was by virtue of this descent from the Duke of Clarence that the house alleged its superior right over that of Lancaster, which was descended from a fourth son. The title of Duke of York was subsequently borne by Edward Plantagenet, known in history as Edward IV.; Richard Plantagenet, supposed to have been murdered in the Tower by his uncle Richard III., in 1483; Henry Tudor, the sanguinary Henry VII. of history; Charles Stuart, known as Charles I., who was beheaded through

the influence of Cromwell; and James Stuart, who became James II., of England. The title was afterward conferred by the pretender James III., on his second son, Henry Benedict, who is known in history as Cardinal York, the last of the royal family of Stuarts.

The War of the Roses began during the reign of Henry VI., the third and last monarch of the Lancastrian dynasty. He was born in Windsor, December 6, 1421, and crowned on the 1st of the following September, the day after the death of his father, Henry V., when only nine months old. Parliament declared him king of France and England and Lord of Ireland, and made his uncle, the Duke of Bedford, protector, defender and chief counsellor of the kingdom and church, with the provision that his younger brother, the Duke of Gloucester, should act in his stead during his absence. A month later, in October, 1422; Charles VI., of France, died, and the infant Henry was proclaimed king of France in all those parts of that country which were in the possession of the English, while the French placed their crown upon the head of Charles VII., afterward called the Victorious, fifth son of their deceased monarch. A long struggle followed between the supporters of Henry and those of Charles, in which the English were generally victorious, until Joan of Arc, the famous Maid of Orléans, appeared upon the scene and by her heroic valor and enthusiasm turned the scale in favor of the French.

Henry was a weak prince, of an amiable disposition, but subject to fits of insanity, which recurred at intervals during his entire life. His wife, the beautiful Margaret of Anjou, on the contrary, was a woman of superior intellect, indomitable will, and heroic courage. During their joint reign she was the real ruler.

Margaret was the daughter of the Duke of Lorraine and Count of Provence, who was also titular king of Sicily and Jerusalem. She was born on the 23d of March, 1429, and died on the 25th of August, 1481, having compressed into the short period of her life about as many startling events as any other celebrated woman the world has produced. Reports of her wonderful beauty having reached Henry, he requested that her portrait should be obtained for his inspection. This portrait showed her to be even more beautiful than she had been represented, and Henry was instantly

captivated. The marriage was favored by Charles VII., of France, hoping that it would prove the basis of a peace between the two countries. Henry's devotion was so blind and overpowering that he rushed into the alliance against the will of the powerful leaders by whom he was surrounded, and this indiscretion in the matter of his marriage was probably the real cause of his future political troubles. For the purpose of hastening matters he sent the Duke of Suffolk to Nancy, in France, where Margaret and her parents were at that time residing, and the marriage ceremony was performed with Suffolk as Henry's proxy. Margaret did not reach England until the following April, when the marriage was proclaimed at Titchfield Abbey on the 22d of that month. Her strong will dominated over the weak disposition of her husband, and she became unpopular with the ruling classes of her adopted country. This ill feeling was aggravated by the disasters to the English arms in France, the war with that country having meanwhile been resumed. Popular attention began to be directed toward Richard, Duke of York, as the rightful heir to the throne. As previously stated, he was descended from the third son of Edward III., while Edward himself was descended from the fourth son, and this fact, added to Henry's weakness and Margaret's unpopularity, encouraged the Duke of York, who was much loved because of his bravery, mildness, and good conduct in public and private life. It was believed, however, that so long as no offspring followed from the marriage of Henry and Margaret, York would peaceably succeed to the throne on the king's death, and this opinion prevented any overt acts. But on the 13th of October, 1453, Margaret's only child, Edward, was born.

Henry was at that time suffering from one of his periodical fits of imbecility, and the enemies of Margaret claimed that her son was either the offspring of adultery or a supposititious child. The Duke of York was made protector, but on the restoration of the king's health he was dismissed, whereupon he appealed to arms, and the first shock of battle took place at St. Albans, May 22, 1455, resulting in a complete victory for the Yorkists, or party of the White Rose. This was the actual commencement of the war of the roses. The administration passed temporarily into the hands of the Duke of York, but the following year Henry's authority was restored, although

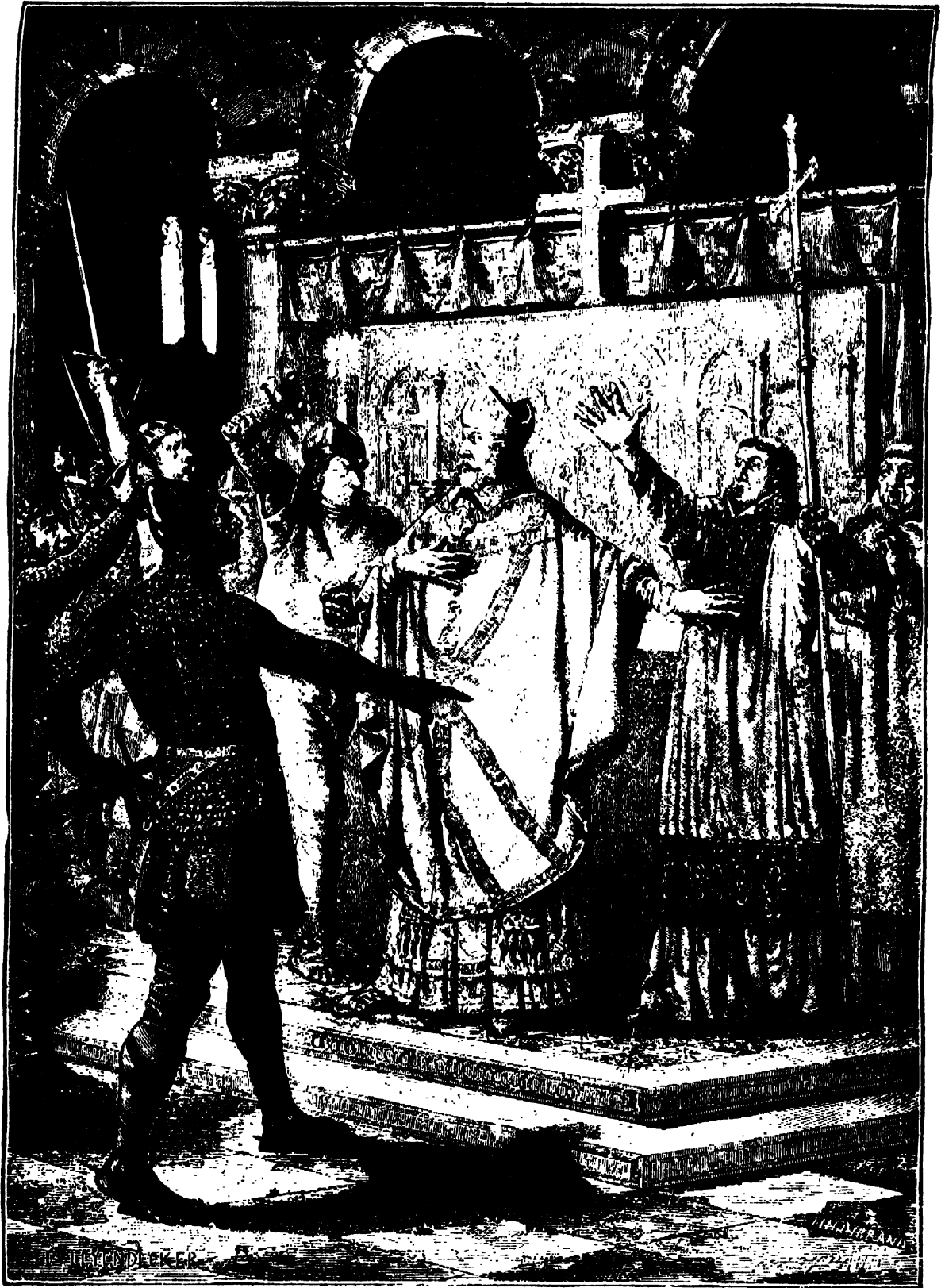
the control of the government was virtually in Margaret's hands. A bitter personal feeling had long existed between the queen and the Earl of Warwick, who was the most powerful of the Yorkist leaders, and this personal enmity caused a renewal of the war. The first battles were favorable to the Lancastrian party, but in 1460, at the decisive action of Northampton, they were defeated by Warwick, and the king was captured. York now demanded the throne, and parliament decided that he should succeed to it on Henry's death, the duke in the meantime to administer the government.

In this crisis Margaret rose above the difficulties by which she was surrounded, and exhibited the remarkable courage and determination of her character. She gathered about her the leaders of the red rose party, and assembling a small army, she impetuously attacked the superior forces of the white roses, at Wakefield, on the 30th of December, 1460, and her troops being animated by her own courage and enthusiasm, won a complete victory, the Duke of York being slain in the battle. Two months later, on the 17th of February, 1461, she fought the second battle of St. Albans, and won another brilliant victory, by which her husband, who had meanwhile been held as a prisoner, was once more restored to his friends.

But other events were occurring which were to result in the complete overthrow of the party of the red rose. Immediately after the death of the Duke of York, his eldest son, Edward, then only nineteen years of age, put himself at the head of an army of Welsh mountaineers, and defeated a formidable force under the Earls of Pembroke and Ormond, near Hereford. After the defeat of Warwick at the second battle of St. Albans, Edward



RICHARD, DUKE OF YORK.



marched directly to London, which he entered without opposition. Here his youth, boldness, and manly beauty rendered him a universal favorite, and on the 4th of March, 1461, he was proclaimed king by the parliament.

Margaret, finding the gates of London closed against her, and vigorous preparations being made for an attack upon her forces, retreated toward the

north, and was pursued by young Edward at the head of an army about equal to her own in numbers. They met upon the marshy plain near Towton, and here was fought, on the 29th of March, 1461, the bloodiest battle in the whole history of England. The two armies were nearly equal, numbering about 50,000 on each side, and within their ranks were concentrated the accumulated hatreds of years of civil strife. Each party proclaimed that no quarter should be given, and the riot of murder had full sway.

The battle began early in the morning, and continued until the following day, resulting in the complete overthrow of the Lancasterian party. More than 30,000 men were slain on this bloody field. Margaret, with her husband and son, fled into Scotland, and sailed from thence to France, where she sought an alliance with Louis XI. She succeeded only to a limited extent, returning to Scotland four years later at the

head of five hundred French troops. This insignificant force was joined by a small band of Scotch, and in pure desperation the intrepid queen gave battle to the English army under Lord Montacute, near Hexham, resulting, as might have been anticipated, in a complete rout of her little army. The old king, her husband, made his escape in one direction, and Margaret and her son



BATTLE OF WAKEFIELD AND DEATH OF YORK.

in another. The former fled into Lancashire, where he remained concealed for more than a year, but was finally captured and conveyed to London. Here he was subjected to the most cruel indignities. The Earl of Warwick ordered that his feet should be tied in his stirrups, after the manner of a common criminal, and that he should be paraded around the pillory, where he was greeted by the base insults and derisive shouts of a

vicious mob. He was then conducted to the Tower, and cast into a dungeon, from which, four years later, he was rescued and once more proclaimed king of England for a brief term.

The unfortunate Margaret and the young Prince of Wales sought safety in a dense forest, where they were attacked by a robber; but she met him with such queenly dignity and grace that he was completely subdued, and became their staunch and faithful friend, guiding them in

Elizabeth, the widow of Sir John Grey and daughter of Richard Woodville, Baron Rivers, whom he had met at her father's house, while hunting in the forests of Grafton. She was soon afterwards proclaimed queen, and her father was made an earl. This union greatly displeased the haughty Earl of Warwick, who had been negotiating for an influential foreign matrimonial alliance with the king. He was therefore deeply incensed because his efforts were so little regarded,

and other influential members of the court joined him in openly expressing their dissatisfaction over the elevation of a low-born woman like Elizabeth to the proud position of queen of England. Among the other malcontents was no less a personage than the Duke of Clarence, a brother of the king. The dissatisfaction blazed out into open revolt in 1469, and quickly spread to all parts of the island. An army of 60,000 men was collected in Yorkshire, under a hero of the troopers, named Robin Redsdale; while the Earl of Warwick, who had been absent in France, had won the friendship of Louis XI. and become reconciled to his old enemy Margaret, landed at Dartmouth with a small body of troops, which in a few days increased to an army equal to the one in Yorkshire. Edward, wholly engrossed with his pleasures and the punishment of his enemies, paid no attention to the gathering storm until it was almost ready to burst upon his devoted head. Then



THE BATTLE OF TOWTON.

safety to the coast, where they embarked for France.

King Edward, feeling that he was now firmly seated upon the throne, engaged in a life of pleasure, and also manifested great cruelty toward the wearers of the red rose. Every Lancasterian of prominence who could be found was executed, according to the sanguinary customs of the times; the gaps thus made in the English nobility being filled as rapidly as they occurred by the substitution of staunch friends of the king.

About this time Edward privately married

he began his operations with spirit and energy, but it was too late. As the Earl of Warwick marched northward, the enthusiasm of his soldiers and their rapidly increasing numbers shook the fidelity of the royal troops, and Edward soon found himself without a sufficient army to depend upon. Becoming alarmed for his personal safety, he fled to Holland, and Warwick entered London with flying colors and amidst the plaudits of the fickle populace. Poor old King Henry was brought forth from his gloomy cell in the Tower, and once more proclaimed the royal head of

England. A new parliament was summoned, which, obedient to the commands of its masters, pronounced Edward a usurper, attainted his adherents of treason, and declared all acts passed by his authority repealed.

But meanwhile he was not idle. With commendable spirit he collected within a few months a body of Flemish and Dutch free lances, with whom he landed at Ravenspur, and immediately began his march towards the interior. At first he pretended that he was only trying to recover his ancient patrimony as Duke of York, and by his instructions the battle-cry of his followers was, "Long live King Henry," until his force had increased to such an extent that he felt safe in offering battle to the king's army,



WARWICK'S ENTRY INTO LONDON.

commanded by Warwick. The battle took place at Barnet, April 14, 1471, where the Lancastrians were beaten and Warwick himself slain. Once more Edward became master of London and the person of the old king, who was again remanded to the Tower, where he was murdered a month later by the Duke of Gloucester, better known as the infamous hunchback, Richard III.



BATTLE OF TEWKESBURY.

During the progress of these events the courageous Margaret had collected a small force of French troops and accompanied by her son, then eighteen years of age, landed at their head, at Weymouth, on the very day of the disaster at Barnet. On receiving this startling information she took sanctuary in Beaulieu Abbey, where she was waited upon by some of the Lancasterian leaders, who, having a strong force, prevailed upon her to join them; but while seeking to effect

a junction with their friends in Wales, Edward assaulted them at Tewkesbury, May 4, 1471, with a largely superior force, and totally defeated them. Margaret and her son fled to a neighboring fortress, where they were soon afterward attacked by Edward's entire army, and when the commandant proposed a surrender, she with her own hands lashed the standard to the pole and declared that

she would rather die than submit. But resistance against such overwhelming numbers was madness, and they were soon compelled to yield.

After so many years of heroic effort the unfortunate queen and the young prince were helpless captives in the hands of their enemies. When the prince was brought before King Edward the latter asked him what business he had in England, to which he replied that he had come to recover his father's kingdom, whereupon Edward struck him in the face with his mailed hand and knocked him down. At this, the Dukes of Gloucester and Clarence, who were standing by, taking the hint from the king, drew their swords and stabbed the youth to death on the spot.

Queen Margaret was imprisoned in the Tower, and was there at the time of the murder of her husband. She was subsequently removed to Windsor, and from thence to

Wallingford, remaining a prisoner until November 3, 1475, when she was ransomed by Louis XI., who paid 50,000 crowns for her liberty, her father having ceded Provence to him as security for that purpose. On being released she formally renounced all the rights her marriage with King Henry had given her, and retired to deep seclusion at Reculée, near Angers, one of the possessions of her father. On the death of the latter she became a member of the



HEROISM OF QUEEN MARGARET.

family of the Lord of Dampierre, and resided in his chateau during the remainder of her life. She is said to have retained her vivacity and much of her remarkable beauty, through all the trials and vicissitudes of her eventful career.

THOMAS CHATTERTON, THE MAD POET.

THOMAS CHATTERTON was born at Bristol, November 20, 1752. His father, who had taught the Free School there, died before his birth, and he was educated at a charity school, where nothing but English, writing, and accounts were taught. His first lessons were said to have been from a black-letter Bible, which may have had some effect on his youthful imagination. At the age of fourteen he was put apprentice to an attorney, where his situation was irksome and uncomfortable, but left him ample time to prosecute his private studies. He was passionately devoted to poetry, antiquities and heraldry, and ambitious of distinction. His ruling passion, he says, was "unconquerable pride." He now set himself to accomplish his various impositions by pretended discoveries of old manuscripts. In October, 1768, the new bridge at Bristol was finished; and Chatterton sent to a newspaper in the town a pretended account of the ceremonies on opening the old bridge, introduced by a letter to the printer, intimating that "the description of the friars first passing over the old bridge was taken from an ancient manuscript." To one man, fond of heraldic honors, he gave a pedigree reaching up to the time of William the Conqueror; to another he presents an ancient poem, the "Romance of the Cnyghte," written by one of his ancestors 450 years before; to a religious citizen of Bristol he gives an ancient fragment of a sermon on the Divinity of the Holy Spirit, as *wroten* by Thomas Rowley, a monk of the fifteenth century; to another, solicitous of obtaining information about Bristol, he makes the valuable present of an account of all the churches of the city, as they appeared three hundred years before, and accompanies it with drawings and descriptions of the castle, the whole pretended to be drawn from writings of the "gode prieste Thomas Rowley."

Horace Walpole was engaged in writing the History of British Painters, and Chatterton sent him an account of eminent "Carvellers and Peynters," who once flourished in Bristol. These, with various impositions of a similar nature, duped the

citizens of Bristol. Chatterton had no confidant in his labors; he toiled in secret, gratified only by "the stoical pride of talent." He frequently wrote by moonlight, conceiving that the immediate presence of that luminary added to the inspiration. His Sundays were commonly spent in walking alone into the country about Bristol, and drawing sketches of churches and other objects which had impressed his romantic imagination. He would also lie down on the meadows in view of St. Mary's Church, Bristol, fix his eyes upon the ancient edifice, and seem as if he were in a kind of trance. He thus nursed the enthusiasm which destroyed him. Though correct and orderly in his conduct, Chatterton, before he was sixteen, imbibed principles of infidelity, and the idea of suicide was familiar to his mind. It was, however, overruled for a time by his passion for literary fame and distinction. It was a favorite maxim with him, that man is equal to anything, and that everything might be achieved by diligence and abstinence. His alleged discoveries having attracted great attention, the youth stated that he found the manuscripts in his mother's house. "In the muniment room of St. Mary Redcliffe Church of Bristol, several chests had been anciently deposited, among which was one called the 'Coffre' of Mr. Canynge, an eminent merchant of Bristol, who had rebuilt the church in the reign of Edward IV. About the year 1727 those chests had been broken open by an order from proper authority: some ancient deeds had been taken out, and the remaining manuscripts left exposed as of no value. Chatterton's father, whose uncle was sexton of the church, had carried off great numbers of the parchments, and had used them as covers for books in his school. Amidst the residue of his father's ravages, Chatterton gave out that he had found many writings of Mr. Canynge, and of Thomas Rowley (the friend of Canynge), a priest of the fifteenth century." These fictitious poems were published in the "Town and County Magazine," to which Chatterton had become a contributor, and occasioned a warm controversy among literary antiquaries. Some of them he had submitted to Horace Walpole, who showed them to Gray and Mason; but these competent judges pronounced them to be forgeries.

After three years spent in the attorney's office, Chatterton obtained his release from his appren-

ticeship, and went to London, where he engaged in various tasks for the booksellers, and wrote for the magazines and newspapers. He obtained an introduction to Beckford, the patriotic and popular lord-mayor, and his own inclinations led him to espouse the opposition party. "But no money," he says, "is to be got on that side of the question; interest is on the other side. But he is a poor author who cannot write on both sides." He boasted that his company was courted everywhere,

composition. His spirits had always been unequal, alternately gloomy and elevated—both in extremes; he had cast off the restraints of religion and had no steady principle to guide him, unless it was a strong affection for his mother and sister, to whom he sent remittances of money, while his means lasted. Habits of intemperance, succeeded by fits of remorse, exasperated his constitutional melancholy; and after being reduced to actual want (though with characteristic pride he rejected



NAPOLEON AT THE BOMBARDMENT OF MADRID.

and "that he would settle the nation before he had done." The splendid visions of promotion and consequence, however, soon vanished, and even his labours for the periodical press failed to afford him the means of comfortable subsistence. He applied for the appointment of a surgeon's mate to Africa, but was refused the necessary recommendation. This seems to have been his last hope, and he made no farther effort at literary

a dinner offered him by his landlady the day before his death), he tore all his papers, and destroyed himself by taking arsenic, August 25, 1770. At the time of his death he was aged seventeen years nine months and a few days. "No English poet," says Campbell, "ever equalled him at the same age." The remains of the unhappy youth were interred in a shell in the burying-ground of Shoe-Lane workhouse. His un-

finished papers he had destroyed before his death, and his room, when broken open, was found covered with scraps of paper.

THE SLEEP OF GREAT MEN.

NAPOLÉON slept, an average of about five or six hours out of the twenty-four. His physical constitution was such that he could do with less sleep than almost any other celebrated person of whom history furnishes any record. When actively engaged in his campaigns he frequently did not sleep more than two or three hours at a time; and Victor Hugo asserts that the night before the battle of Waterloo he did not lie down or close his eyes. It is also stated that his anxiety during the siege of Madrid, in December, 1803, added to his irritation over the bad generalship of the French commanders during the previous Spanish campaigns, rendered him more sleepless than usual, and that he frequently did not rest more than two or three hours during the twenty-four.

Washington was a regular and sound sleeper. When at home at Mount Vernon he usually retired between nine and ten o'clock, and arose the next morning about five. During his military campaigns his anxiety frequently kept him awake, and made him restless and irritable. He had not slept for two days previous to the disastrous battle of Long Island, and his bad generalship and consequent defeat on that occasion have been attributed by some writers to this fact.

Cæsar, like Napoleon, was a light sleeper. As a rule he averaged five to six hours out of the twenty-four, and during his active campaigns much less.

Authors, teachers, and other mental workers require more sleep than those who labor physically. Dickens slept an average of about seven hours, but if he overslept himself he found it difficult to express his thoughts in his usual happy and fluent style. In working up the climaxes of his stories he frequently became excessively nervous, and sleep fled entirely away from him. He states himself that after he had finished the description of the death of little Paul Dombey, he was in such an excited mental condition that he spent the whole night nervously walking the streets of Paris, where he was at that time sojourning.

Sir Walter Scott has stated that he required seven

hours of total unconsciousness to fit him for the duties of the day. He was one of the most voluminous writers of any age, and his composition has a more even and regular flow than that of almost any other celebrated author. Most of his later books were dictated to amanuenses, as he found the excessive labor of constant writing more than he could endure. The larger number of his books, as well as his greatest works, were produced after he was fifty years of age, and the "Tales of a Grandfather" and others of his most popular writings were composed after he had reached his sixtieth year. At the age of fifty-five the failure of his publishers left him with an enormous personal debt of over \$750,000. He immediately set to work to pay this off, and six years later, when his failing powers compelled him to cease writing, he had disposed of over \$500,000 of it. The remainder was discharged in full, so that his creditors did not lose a shilling. In those days it was quite an unusual thing for an author to be largely remunerated for his work; indeed, many of them received only a miserable pittance as a reward of their labors. In later times large fortunes have been amassed by authors.

Sir Edward Coke, the famous English jurist, claimed that he required only six hours' sleep, and he expressed his rules for the division of his time in the following couplet:

"Six hours in sleep, in law's grave study six,
Four spend in prayer—the rest on nature fix."

Sir William Jones, another celebrated Englishman, amended these rules as follows:

"Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,
Ten to the world allot, and *all* to Heaven."

Sir William Jones' rules are free from that innate suspicion of insincerity which clusters around those of Sir Edward Coke. A lawyer who claims to spend four hours a day in prayer will bear watching.

THE TRANSMIGRATION OF SOULS.

DEAR Tom, this brown jug that now foams with mild ale

(In which I will drink to sweet Nan of the vale),
Was once Toby Fillpot, a thirsty old soul,
As e'er drank a bottle, or fathomed a bowl;
In brousing about 'twas his praise to excel,
And among jolly toppers he bore off the bell.

It chanced as in dog-days he sat at his ease,
In his flower-woven arbor, as gay as you please,
With a friend and a pipe puffing sorrows away,
And with honest old stingo was soaking his clay,

His breath-doors of life on a sudden were shut,
And he died full as big as a Dorchester butt.

His body when long in the ground it had lain,
And time into clay had resolved it again,
A potter found out in its covert so snug,
And with part of fat Toby he formed this brown jug;
Now sacred to friendship, and mirth, and mild ale,
So here's to my lovely sweet Nan of the vale!

ON parent knees, a naked new-born child,
Weeping thou satst while all around thee smiled;
So live, that sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou mayst smile, while all around thee weep.

—From the Persian.

THE STORY OF LA ROCHE.—A PERSONAL PICTURE OF DAVID HUME.

BY HENRY MCKENZIE.

THE character of La Roche, in this exquisite story, is intended for Hume, the historian; and it is said to be a perfect picture of this amiable author. We copy the story, both on account of its great interest and its historical value:

More than forty years ago, an English philosopher, whose works have since been read and admired by all Europe, resided at a little town in France. Some disappointments in his native country had first driven him abroad, and he was afterwards induced to remain there, from having found, in this retreat, where the connections even of nation and language were avoided, a perfect seclusion and retirement highly favorable to the development of abstract subjects, in which he excelled all the writers of his time.

Perhaps in the structure of such a mind as Mr —'s, the finer and more delicate sensibilities are seldom known to have place; or if originally implanted there, are in a great measure extinguished by the exertions of intense study and profound investigation. Hence the idea of philosophy and unfeelingness being united has become proverbial, and in common language the former word is often used to express the latter. Our philosopher has been censured by some as deficient in warmth and feeling; but the mildness of his manners has been allowed by all; and it is certain that, if he was not easily melted into compassion, it was at least not difficult to awaken his benevolence.

One morning, while he sat busied in those speculations which afterwards astonished the world, an old female domestic, who served him for a

housekeeper, brought him word that an elderly gentleman and his daughter had arrived in the village the preceding evening on their way to some distant country, and that the father had been suddenly seized in the night with a dangerous disorder, which the people of the inn where they lodged feared would prove mortal; that she had been sent for as having some knowledge in medicine, the village surgeon being then absent; and that it was truly piteous to see the good old man, who seemed not so much afflicted by his own distress as by that which it caused to his daughter. Her master laid aside the volume in his hand, and broke off the chain of ideas it had inspired. His night-gown was exchanged for a coat, and he followed his *gouvernante* to the sick man's apartment.

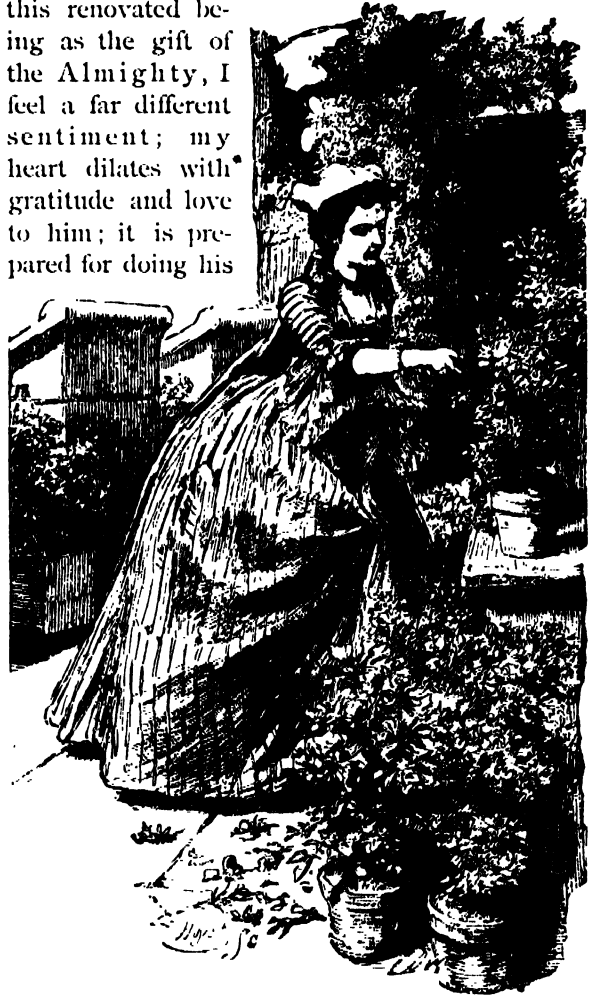
'Twas the best in the little inn where they lay, but a paltry one notwithstanding. Mr — was obliged to stoop as he entered it. It was floored with earth, and above were the joists, not plastered, and hung with cobwebs. On a flock-bed, at one end, lay the old man he came to visit; at the foot of it sat his daughter. She was dressed in a clean white bed-gown; her dark locks hung loosely over it as she bent forward, watching the languid looks of her father. Mr — and his housekeeper had stood some moments in the room without the young lady's being sensible of their entering it. "Mademoiselle!" said the old woman at last, in a soft tone. She turned, and showed one of the finest faces in the world. It was touched, not spoiled with sorrow; and when she perceived a stranger, whom the old woman now introduced to her, a blush at first, and then the gentle ceremonial of native politeness which the affliction of the time tempered, but did not extinguish, crossed it for a moment, and changed its expression. 'Twas sweetness all, however, and our philosopher felt it strongly. It was not a time for words; he offered his services in a few sincere ones. "Monsieur lies miserably ill here," said the *gouvernante*; "if he could possibly be moved anywhere." "If he could be moved to our house," said her master. He had a spare bed for a friend, and there was a garret room unoccupied, next to the *gouvernante's*. It was contrived accordingly. The scruples of the stranger, who could look scruples though he could not speak them, were overcome, and the bashful reluctance of his daughter gave way to her belief of its use to her

father. The sick man was wrapt in blankets and carried across the street to the English gentleman's. The old woman helped his daughter to nurse him there. The surgeon, who arrived soon after, prescribed a little, and nature did much for him; in a week he was able to thank his benefactor.

By this time his host had learned the name and character of his guest. He was a Protestant clergyman of Switzerland, called La Roche, a widower, who had lately buried his wife after a long and lingering illness, for which travelling had been prescribed, and he was now returning home, after an ineffectual and melancholy journey, with his only child, the daughter we have mentioned.

He was a devout man, as became his profession. He possessed devotion in all its warmth, but with none of its asperity; I mean that asperity which men, called devout, sometimes indulge in. Mr. —, though he felt no devotion, never quarrelled with it in others. His *gouvernante* joined the old man and his daughter in the prayers and thanksgivings which they put up on his recovery; for she, too, was a heretic in the phrase of the village. The philosopher walked out, with his long staff and his dog, and left them to their prayers and thanksgivings. "My master," said the old woman, "alas! he is not a Christian!" but he is the best of unbelievers." "Not a Christian!" exclaimed Mademoiselle La Roche; "yet he saved my father! Heaven bless him for't; I would he were a Christian!" "There is a pride in human knowledge, my child," said her father, "which often blinds men to the sublime truths of revelation; hence opposers of Christianity are found among men of virtuous lives, as well as among those of dissipated and licentious characters. Nay, sometimes I have known the latter more easily converted to the true faith than the former, because the fume of passion is more easily dissipated than the mist of false theory and delusive speculation." "But Mr. —," said his daughter; "alas! my father, he shall be a Christian before he dies." She was interrupted by the arrival of their landlord. He took her hand with an air of kindness; she drew it away from him silence, threw down her eyes to the ground, and left the room. "I have been thanking God," said the good La Roche, "for my recovery." "That is right," replied his landlord.

"I would not wish," continued the old man hesitatingly, "to think otherwise; did I not look up with gratitude to that Being, I should barely be satisfied with my recovery as a continuation of life, which, it may be, is not a real good. Alas! I may live to wish I had died, that you had left me to die, sir, instead of kindly relieving me (he clasped Mr. —'s hand); but when I look on this renovated being as the gift of the Almighty, I feel a far different sentiment; my heart dilates with gratitude and love to him; it is prepared for doing his



THE CLERGYMAN'S DAUGHTER.

will, not as a duty, but as a pleasure; and regards every breach of it, not with disapprobation, but with horror." "You say right, my dear sir," replied the philosopher; "but you are not yet re-established enough to talk much; you must take care of your health, and neither study nor preach for some time. I have been thinking over a scheme that struck me to-day when you mentioned your intended departure. I never was in Switzerland; I have a great mind to accom-

pany your daughter and you into that country. I will help to take care of you by the road; for, as I was your first physician, I hold myself responsible for your cure." La Roche's eyes glistened at the proposal; his daughter was called in and told of it. She was equally pleased with her father; for they really loved their landlord—not perhaps the less for his infidelity; at least that circumstance mixed a sort of pity with their regard for him; their souls were not of a mould for harsher feelings; hatred never dwelt in them.

They travelled by short stages; for the philosopher was as good as his word, in taking care that the old man should not be fatigued. The party had time to be well acquainted with one another, and their friendship was increased by acquaintance. La Roche found a degree of simplicity and gentleness in his companion which is not always annexed to the character of a learned or a wise man. His daughter, who was prepared to be afraid of him, was equally undeceived. She found in him nothing of that self-importance which superior parts, or great cultivation of them, is apt to confer. He talked of everything but philosophy and religion; he seemed to enjoy every pleasure and amusement of ordinary life, and to be interested in the most common topics of discourse; when his knowledge or learning at any time appeared, it was delivered with the utmost plainness, and without the least shadow of dogmatism. On his part he was charmed with the society of the good clergyman and his lovely daughter. He found in them the guileless manner of the earliest times, the culture and accomplishment of the most refined ones. Every better feeling warm and vivid; every ungente one repressed or overcome. He was not addicted to love; but he felt himself happy in being the friend of Mademoiselle La Roche, and sometimes envied her father the possession of such a child.

After a journey of eleven days, they arrived at the dwelling of La Roche. It was situated in one of those valleys of the canton of Berne, where nature seems to repose, as it were, in quiet, and has enclosed her retreat with mountains inaccessible. A stream, that spent its fury in the hills above, ran in front of the house, and a broken waterfall was seen through the wood that covered its sides; below, it circled round a tufted plain, and formed a little lake in front of a village, at the end of which appeared the spire of La Roche's church,

rising above a clump of beeches. Mr. ——— enjoyed the beauty of the scene; but to his companions it recalled the memory of a wife and parent they had lost. The old man's sorrow was silent—his daughter sobbed and wept. Her father took her hand, kissed it twice, pressed it to his bosom, threw up his eyes to heaven, and having wiped off a tear that was just about to drop from each, began to point out to his guest some of the most striking objects which the prospect afforded. The philosopher interpreted all this; and he could but slightly censure the creed from which it arose.

They had not been long arrived, when a number of La Roche parishioners, who had heard of his return, came to the house to see and welcome him. The honest folks were awkward but sincere in their professions of regard. They made some attempts at condolence; it was too delicate for their handling, but La Roche took it in good part. "It has pleased God," said he; and they saw he had settled the matter with himself. Philosophy could not have done so much with a thousand words.

It was now evening, and the good peasants were about to depart, when a clock was heard to strike seven, and the hour was followed by a particular chime. The country folks who had come to welcome their pastor, turned their looks toward him at the sound; he explained their meaning to his guest. "That is a signal," said he, "for our evening exercise; this is one of the nights of the week in which some of my parishioners are wont to join in it; a little rustic saloon serves for the chapel of our family, and such of the good people as are with us. If you choose rather to walk out, I will furnish you with an attendant; or here are a few old books that may afford you some entertainment within." "By no means," answered the philosopher, "I will attend Mademoiselle at her devotions." "She is our organist," said La Roche; "our neighborhood is the country of musical mechanism, and I have a small organ fitted up for the purpose of assisting our singing." "'Tis an additional inducement," replied the other, and they walked into the room together. At the end stood the organ mentioned by La Roche; before it was a curtain, which his daughter drew aside, and placing herself on a seat within, and drawing the curtain close, so as to save her the awkwardness of an exhibition, began

THE SWISS AT HOME.



a voluntary, solemn and beautiful in the highest degree. Mr. — was no musician, but he was not altogether insensible to music; this fastened on his mind more strongly, from its beauty being unexpected. The solemn prelude introduced a hymn, in which such of the audience as could sing immediately joined; the words were mostly taken from holy writ; it spoke the praises of God, and his care of good men. Something was said of the death of the just, of such as die in the Lord. The organ was touched with a hand less firm; it paused, it ceased, and the sobbing of Mademoiselle La Roche was heard instead. Her father gave a sign for stopping the psalmody, and rose to pray. He was discomposed at first, and his voice faltered as he spoke; but his heart was in his words, and his warmth overcame his embarrassment. He addressed a Being whom he loved, and he spoke for those he loved. His parishioners caught the ardour of the good old man; even the philosopher felt himself moved, and forgot a moment to think why he should not. La Roche's religion was that of sentiment, not theory, and his guest was averse from disputation; their discourse, therefore, did not lead to questions concerning the belief of either; yet would the old man sometimes speak of his, from the fulness of a heart impressed with its force, and wishing to spread the pleasure he enjoyed in it. The ideas of his God and his Saviour were so congenial to his mind that every emotion of it naturally awaked them. A philosopher might have called him an enthusiast; but if he possessed the fervour of enthusiasts, he was guiltless of their bigotry. "Our Father which art in heaven!" might the good man say, for he felt it, and all mankind were his brethren.

"You regret, my friend," said he to Mr. —, "when my daughter and I talk of the exquisite pleasure derived from music, you regret your want of musical powers and musical feelings; it is a department of soul, you say, which nature has almost denied you, which from the effects you see it have on others you are sure must be highly delightful. Why should not the same thing be said of religion? Trust me, I feel it in the same way—an energy, an inspiration, which I would not lose for all the blessings of sense, or enjoyments of the world; yet, so far from lessening my relish of the pleasures of life, methinks I feel it heighten them all. The thought of receiving it from God adds the blessing of sentiment to

that of sensation in every good thing I possess; and when calamities overtake me—and I have had my share—it confers a dignity on my affliction, so lifts me above the world. Man, I know, is but a worm, yet methinks I am then allied to God!" It would have been inhuman in our philosopher to have clouded, even with a doubt, the sunshine of this belief.

His discourse, indeed, was very remote from metaphysical disquisition, or religious controversy. Of all men I ever knew, his ordinary conversation was the least tinctured with pedantry, or liable to dissertation. With La Roche and his daughter it was perfectly familiar. The country around them, the manners of the village, the comparison of both with those of England, remarks on the works of favorite authors, on the sentiments they conveyed, and the passions they excited, with many other topics in which there was an equality or alternate advantage among the speakers, were the subjects they talked on. Their hours too of riding and walking were many, in which Mr. —, as a stranger, was shown the remarkable scenes and curiosities of the country. They would sometimes make little expeditions to contemplate, in different attitudes, those astonishing mountains, the cliffs of which, covered with eternal snows, and sometimes shooting into fantastic shapes, form the termination of most of the Swiss prospects. Our philosopher asked many questions as to their natural history and productions. La Roche observed the sublimity of the ideas which the view of their stupendous summits, inaccessible to mortal foot, and visited by no living thing except the wild chamois, was calculated to inspire, which naturally, said he, leads the mind to that Being by whom their foundations were laid. "They are not seen in Flanders," said Mademoiselle with a sigh. "That's an odd remark," said Mr. —, smiling. She blushed, and he inquired no farther.

'Twas with regret he left a society in which he found himself so happy; but he settled with La Roche and his daughter a plan of correspondence; and they took his promise, that if ever he came within fifty leagues of their dwelling, he should travel those fifty leagues to visit them.

About three years after, our philosopher was on a visit at Geneva; the promise he made to La Roche and his daughter on his former visit was recalled to his mind by a view of that range of

mountains, on a part of which they had often looked together. There was a reproach, too, conveyed along with the recollection, for his having failed to write to either for several months past. The truth was, that indolence was the habit most natural to him, from which he was not easily roused by the claims of correspondence either of his friends or of his enemies; when the latter drew their pens in controversy, they were often unanswered as well as the former. While he was hesitating about a visit to La Roche, which he wished to make, but found the effort rather too much for him, he received a letter from the old man, which had been forwarded to him from Paris, where he had then his fixed residence. It contained a gentle complaint of Mr ——'s want of punctuality, but an assurance of continued gratitude for his former good offices; and as a friend whom the writer considered interested in his family, it informed him of

the approaching nuptials of Mademoiselle La Roche with a young man, a relation of her own, and formerly a pupil of her father's, of the most amiable disposition, and respectable character. Attached from their earliest years, they had been separated by his joining one of the subsidiary regiments of the canton, then

in the service of a foreign power. In this situation he had distinguished himself as much for courage and military skill as for the other endowments which he had cultivated at home. The term of his service was now expired, and they expected him to return in a few weeks,



HOME OF THE CHAMOIS HUNTER.

when the old man hoped, as he expressed it in his letter, to join their hands, and see them happy before he died.

Our philosopher felt himself interested in this event; but he was not, perhaps, altogether so happy in the tidings of Mademoiselle La Roche's marriage as her father supposed him. Not that

he was ever a lover of the lady's: but he thought her one of the most amiable women he had seen, and there was something in the idea of her being another's forever, that struck him, he knew not why, like a disappointment. After some little speculation on the matter, however, he could look on it as a thing fitting, if not quite agreeable, and determined on this visit to see his old friend and his daughter happy.

On the last day of his journey, different accidents had retarded his progress: he was benighted before he reached the quarter in which La Roche

dress of an attendant on a funeral, and accompanied by several others, who, like him, seemed to have been employed in the rites of sepulture.

On Mr. —'s making inquiry who was the person they had been burying, one of them, with an accent more mournful than is common to their profession, answered, "Then you knew not Mademoiselle, sir? you never beheld a lovelier." "La Roche!" exclaimed he, in reply. "Alas! it was she indeed!" The appearance of surprise and grief which his countenance assumed attracted the notice of the peasant with whom he



SHE DIED OF A BROKEN HEART.

resided. His guide, however, was well acquainted with the road, and he found himself at last in view of the lake, which I have before described, in the neighborhood of La Roche's dwelling. A light glimmered on the water, that seemed to proceed from the house; it moved slowly along as he proceeded up the side of the lake, and at last he saw it glimmer through the trees, and stop at some distance from the place where he then was. He supposed it some piece of bridal merriment, and pushed on his horse that he might be a spectator of the scene: but he was a good deal shocked, on approaching the spot, to find it proceed from the torch of a person clothed in the

talked. He came up closer to Mr. —. "I perceive, sir, you were acquainted with Mademoiselle La Roche." "Acquainted with her! Good God! when—how—where did she die? Where is her father?" "She died, sir, of heart-break, I believe; the young gentleman to whom she was soon to have been married, was killed in a duel by a French officer, his intimate companion, and to whom, before their quarrel, he had often done the greatest favors. Her worthy father bears her death as he has often told us a Christian should; he is even so composed as to be now in his pulpit, ready to deliver a few exhortations to his parishioners, as is the custom with us on such

occasions: follow me, sir, and you shall hear him." He followed the man without answering.

The church was dimly lighted, except near the pulpit, where the venerable La Roche was seated. His people were now lifting up their voices in a psalm to that Being whom their pastor had taught them ever to bless and to revere. La Roche sat, his figure bending gently forward, his eyes half-closed, lifted up in silent devotion. A lamp placed near him threw its light strong on his head, and marked the shadowy lines of age across the paleness of his brow, thinly covered with gray hairs. The music ceased: La Roche sat for a moment, and nature wrung a few tears from him. His people were loud in their grief. Mr. — was not less affected than they. La Roche arose: "Father of mercies," said he, "forgive these tears; assist thy servant to lift up his soul to thee; to lift to thee the souls of thy people. My friends, it is good so to do, at all seasons it is good; but in the days of our distress, what a privilege it is! Well saith the sacred book, 'Trust in the Lord; at all times trust in the Lord.' When every other support fails us, when the fountains of worldly comfort are dried up, let us then seek those living waters which flow from the throne of God. 'Tis only from the belief of the goodness and wisdom of a Supreme Being that our calamities can be borne in that manner which becomes a man. Human wisdom is here of little use; for, in proportion as it bestows comfort, it represses feeling, without which we may cease to be hurt by calamity, but we shall also cease to enjoy happiness. I will not bid you be insensible, my friends—I cannot, I cannot, if I would (his tears flowed afresh)—I feel too much myself, and I am not ashamed of my feelings; but therefore may I the more willingly be heard; therefore have I prayed God to give me strength to speak to you, to direct you to him, not with empty words, but with these tears; not from speculation, but from experience; that while you see me suffer, you may know also my consolation.

"You behold the mourner of his only child, the last earthly stay and blessing of his declining years! Such a child too! It becomes not me to speak of her virtues; yet it is but gratitude to mention them, because they were exerted towards myself. Not many days ago you saw her young, beautiful, virtuous, and happy: ye who are parents will judge of my felicity then—ye will judge of

my affliction now. But I look towards him who struck me; I see the hand of a father amidst the chastenings of my God. Oh! could I make you feel what it is to pour out the heart when it is pressed down with many sorrows, to pour it out with confidence to him, in whose hands are life and death, on whose power awaits all that the first enjoys, and in contemplation of whom disappears all that the last can inflict. For we are not as those who die without hope; we know that our Redeemer liveth—that we shall live with him, with our friends his servants, in that blessed land where sorrow is unknown, and happiness is endless as it is perfect. Go, then, mourn not for me; I have not lost my child: but a little while and we shall meet again, never to be separated. But ye are also my children: would ye that I should not grieve without comfort? So live as she lived; that when your death cometh, it may be the death of the righteous, and your latter end like his."

Such was the exhortation of La Roche; his audience answered it with their tears. The good old man had dried up his at the altar of the Lord; his countenance had lost its sadness, and assumed the glow of faith and of hope. Mr. — followed him into his house. The inspiration of the pulpit was past; at sight of him the scene they had last met in rushed again on his mind; La Roche threw his arms round his neck, and watered it with his tears. The other was equally affected; they went together in silence into the parlor where the evening service was wont to be performed. The curtains of the organ were open; La Roche started back at the sight. "Oh! my friend," said he, and his tears burst forth again. Mr. — had now recollected himself; he stepped forward and drew the curtains close; the old man wiped off his tears, and taking his friend's hand, "You see my weakness," said he; "'tis the weakness of humanity; but my comfort is not therefore lost." "I heard you," said the other, "in the pulpit; I rejoice that such consolation is yours." "It is, my friend," said he, "and I trust I shall ever hold it fast. If there are any who doubt our faith, let them think of what importance religion is to calamity, and forbear to weaken its force; if they cannot restore our happiness, let them not take away the solace of our affliction."

Mr. —'s heart was smitten; and I have heard him long after confess that there were moments when the remembrance overcame him even to

weakness; when, amidst all the pleasures of philosophical discovery, and the pride of literary fame, he recalled to his mind the venerable figure of the good La Roche, and wished that he had never doubted.

CAPTIVITY VERSUS LIBERTY.

BY LAURENCE STERNE.

AND as for the Bastile, the terror is in the word. Make the most of it you can, said I to myself, the Bastile is but another word for a

cence appears, and he comes out a better and wiser man than he went in.

I had some occasion (I forget what) to step into the court-yard as I settled this account; and remember I walked down stairs in no small triumph with the conceit of my reasoning. Beshrew the sombre pencil! said I vauntingly, for I envy not its powers which paints the evils of life with so hard and deadly a coloring. The mind sits terrified at the objects she has magnified herself and blackened: reduce them to their proper size and

hue, she overlooks them.

'Tis true, said I, correcting the proposition, the Bastile is not an evil to be despised; but strip it of its towers, fill up the fosse, unbarricade the doors, call it simply a confinement, and suppose 'tis some tyrant of a distemper and not of a man which holds you in it, the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint. I was interrupted in the heyday of this soliloquy with a voice which I took to be of a child, which complained "it could not get out." I looked up and down the passage, and seeing neither man, woman, nor child, I went out without further attention. In my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over; and looking up, I saw it was a starling hung in a little cage; "I can't get out, I can't get out," said the starling. I stood looking at the bird; and to every person who came through the passage, it ran fluttering to the side towards which they approached it, with the same

lamentation of its captivity—"I can't get out," said the starling. God help thee! said I, but I'll let thee out, cost what it will; so I turned about the cage to get the door. It was twisted and double twisted so fast with wire there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces. I took both hands to it. The bird flew to the place



PORTION OF THE ANCIENT WALLS OF THE BASTILE.

tower, and a tower is but another word for a house you can't get out of. Mercy on the gouty! for they are in it twice a-year; but with nine livres a day, and pen, and ink, and paper, and patience, albeit a man can't get out, he may do very well within, at least for a month or six weeks; at the end of which, if he is a harmless fellow, his inno-

where I was attempting his deliverance, and thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it as if impatient; I fear, poor creature, said I, I cannot set thee at liberty. "No," said the starling, "I can't get out; I can't get out," said the starling. I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; or do I remember an incident in my life where the dissipated spirits, to which my reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the Bastille; and I heavily walked up stairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still Slavery, said I, still thou art a bitter draught; and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account. 'Tis thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess, addressing myself to Liberty, whom all in public or in private worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till nature herself shall change no tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chemic power turn thy sceptre into iron; with thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled. Gracious heaven! cried I,

kneeling down upon the last step but one in my ascent, grant me but health, thou great bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion, and shower down thy mitres, if it seem good unto thy divine providence, upon those heads which are aching for them.



THE PRISONERS.

The bird in his cage pursued me into my room, I sat down close to my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination. I was going to begin with the millions

of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but slavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me, I took a single captive, and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture. I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish; in thirty years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood; he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time, nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice; his children—but here my heart began to bleed, and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait. He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the furthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed; a little calendar of small sticks lay at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there; he had one of these little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down, shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle. He gave a deep sigh: I saw the iron enter into his soul. I burst into tears; I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.

HARLEY AND THE BEGGAR.

BY HENRY M'KENZIE.

HE had taken leave of his aunt on the eve of his intended departure; but the good lady's affection for her nephew interrupted her sleep, and early as it was, next morning when Harley came down stairs to set out, he found her in the parlor with a tear on her cheek, and her candle-cup in her hand. She knew enough of physic to prescribe against going abroad of a morning with an empty stomach. She gave her blessing with the draught; her instructions she had delivered the night before. They consisted mostly of negatives; for London, in her opinion, was so replete with temptations, that it needed the whole armor of her friendly caution, to repel their attacks.

Peter stood at the door. Harley's father had taken him up an orphan, and saved him from being cast on the parish; and he had ever since remained in the service of him and of his son. Harley shook him by the hand as he passed, smiling, as if he had said, "I will not weep." He sprung hastily into the chaise that waited for him; Peter folded up the step. "My dear master," said he, shaking the solitary lock that hung on either side of his head, "I have been told as how London is a sad place." He was choked with the thought, and his benediction could not be heard. But it shall be heard, honest Peter! where these tears will add to its energy.

In a few hours Harley reached the inn—where he proposed breakfasting; but the fulness of his heart would not suffer him to eat a morsel. He walked out on the road, and gaining a little height, stood gazing on the quarter he had left. He looked for his wonted prospect, his fields, his woods, and his hills; they were lost in the distant clouds! He pencilled them on the clouds, and bade them farewell with a sigh!

He sat down on a large stone to take out a little pebble from his shoe, when he saw, at some distance, a beggar approaching him. He had on a loose sort of a coat, mended with different-colored rags, amongst which the blue and the russet were the predominant. He had a short knotty stick in his hand, and on the top of it was stuck a ram's horn; his knees (though he was no pilgrim) had worn the stuff of his breeches; he wore no shoes, and his stockings had entirely lost that part of them which should have covered his feet and ankles. In his face, however, was the plump appearance of good humor: he walked a good round pace, and a crooked-legged dog trotted at his heels.

"Our delicacies," said Harley to himself, "are fantastic; they are not in nature! that beggar walks over the sharpest stones barefooted, while I have lost the most delightful dream in the world from the smallest of them happening to get into my shoe." The beggar had by this time come up, and, pulling off a piece of hat, asked charity of Harley; the dog began to beg too. It was impossible to resist both; and, in truth, the want of shoes and stockings had made both unnecessary, for Harley had destined sixpence for him before. The beggar, on receiving it, poured forth

blessings without number ; and, with a sort of a smile on his countenance, said to Harley, " that if he wanted his fortune told—" Harley turned his eyes briskly on the beggar : it was an unpromising look for the subject of a prediction, and silenced the prophet immediately. " I would much rather learn," said Harley, " what it is in your power to tell me : your trade must be an entertaining one : sit down on this stone, and let me know something of your profession ; I have often thought of turning fortune-teller for a week or two myself."

" Master," replied the beggar, " I like your frankness much ; God knows I had the humor of plain dealing in me from a child ; but there is no doing with it in this world ; we must live as we can, and lying is, as you call it, my profession : but I was in some sort forced to the trade, for I dealt once in telling truth. I was a laborer, sir, and gained as much as to make me live : I never laid by indeed ; for I was reckoned a piece of a wag, and your wags, I take it, are seldom rich, Mr. Harley." " So," said Harley, " you seem to know me." " Ay, there are few folks in the country that I don't know something of ; how should I tell fortunes else?" " True ; but to go on with your story : you were a laborer, you say, and a wag ; your industry, I suppose, you left with your old trade ; but your humor you preserve to be of use to you in your new."

" What signifies sadness, sir ? a man grows lean on't : but I was brought to my idleness by degrees ; first I could not work, and it went against my stomach to work ever after. I was seized with a jail fever at the time of the assizes being in the country where I lived ; for I was curious to get acquainted with the felons, because they are commonly fellows of much mirth and little thought, qualities I had ever an esteem for. In the height of this fever, Mr. Harley, the house where I lay took fire, and burnt to the ground ; I was carried out in that condition, and lay all the rest of my illness in a barn. I got the better of my disease, however, but I was so weak that I spit blood whenever I attempted to work. I had no relation living that I knew of, and I never kept a friend above a week when I was able to joke ; I seldom remained above six months in a parish, so that I might have died before I had found a settlement in any : thus I was forced to beg my bread, and a sorry trade I found it, Mr. Harley. I told all my

misfortunes, but they were seldom believed ; and the few who gave me a halfpenny as they passed, did it with a shake of the head, and an injunction not to trouble them with a long story. In short, I found that the people do not care to give alms without some security for their money ; a wooden leg, or a withered arm is a sort of a draught upon heaven for those who choose to have their money placed to account there ; so I changed my plan, and, instead of telling my own misfortunes, began to prophesy happiness to others. This I found by much the better way : folks will always listen when the tale is their own ; and of many who say they do not believe in fortune telling, I have known few on whom it had not a very sensible effect. I pick up the names of their acquaintance ; amours and little squabbles are easily gleaned among servants and neighbors ; and indeed people themselves are the best intelligencers in the world for our purpose ; they dare not puzzle us for their own sakes, for every one is anxious to hear what they wish to believe ; and they who repeat it, to laugh at it when they have done, are generally more serious than their hearers."

CHIVALRY OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

BY WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

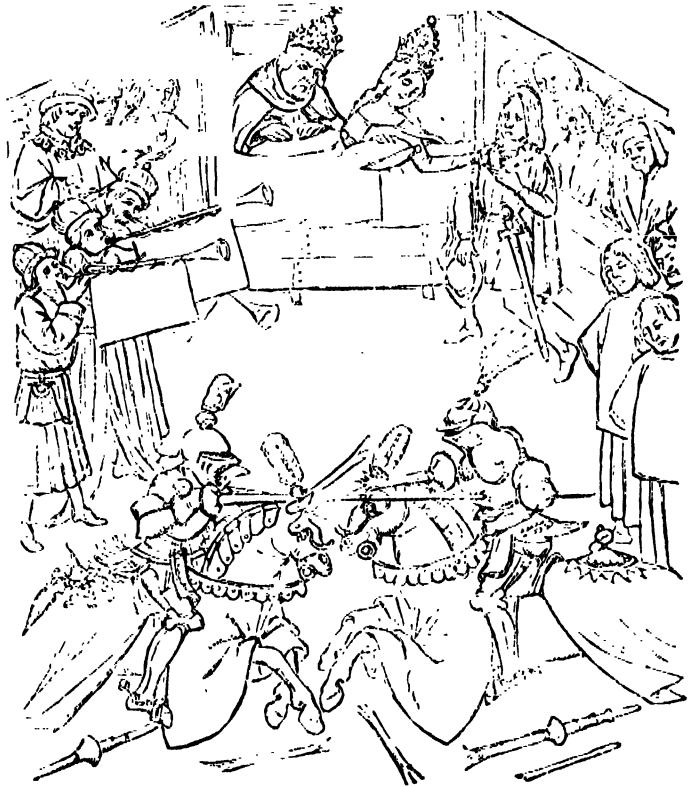
AMONG uncivilized nations, there is but one profession honorable—that of arms. All the ingenuity and vigor of the human mind are exerted in acquiring military skill or address. The functions of peace are few and simple, and require no particular course of education or of study as a preparation for discharging them. This was the state of Europe during several centuries. Every gentleman, born a soldier, scorned any other occupation. He was taught no science but that of war ; even his exercises and pastimes were feats of martial prowess. Nor did the judicial character, which persons of noble birth were alone entitled to assume, demand any degree of knowledge beyond that which such untutored soldiers possessed. To recollect a few traditionary customs which time had confirmed and rendered respectable, to mark out the lists of battle with due formality, to observe the issue of the combat, and to pronounce whether it had been conducted according to the laws of arms, included every thing that a baron, who acted as a judge, found it necessary to understand.



But when the rules of legal proceedings were fixed, when the rules of decision were committed to writing and collected into a body, law became a science, the knowledge of which required a regular course of study, together with long attention to the practice of courts. Martial and illiterate nobles had neither leisure nor inclination to undertake a task so laborious, as well as so foreign from all the occupations which they deemed entertaining or suitable to their rank. They gradually relinquished their places in courts of justice, where their ignorance exposed them to contempt. They became weary of attending to the discussion of cases which grew too intricate for them to comprehend. Not only the judicial determination of points, which were the subject of controversy, but the conduct of all legal business and transactions, was committed to persons trained by previous study and application to the knowledge of law. An order of men, to whom their fellow-citizens had daily recourse for advice, and to whom they looked up for decision in their most important concerns, naturally acquired consideration and influence in society. They were advanced to honors which had been considered hitherto as the peculiar rewards of military virtue. They were intrusted with offices of the highest dignity and most extensive power. Thus, another profession than that of arms came to be introduced among the laity, and was reputed honorable. The functions of civil life were attended to. The talents requisite for discharging them were cultivated. A new road was opened to wealth and eminence. The arts and virtues of peace were placed in their proper rank, and received their due recompense.

While improvements, so important with respect to the state of society and the administration of justice gradually made progress in Europe, sentiments more liberal and generous had begun to animate the nobles. These were inspired by the spirit of chivalry, which, though considered commonly as a wild institution, the effect of caprice, and the source of extravagance, arose naturally from the state of society at that period, and had a very serious influence in refining the manners of the European nations. The feudal state was

a state of almost perpetual war, rapine, and anarchy; during which the weak and unarmed were exposed to insults or injuries. The power of the sovereign was too limited to prevent these wrongs, and the administration of justice too feeble to redress them. The most effectual protection against violence and oppression was often found to be that which the valor and generosity of private persons afforded. The same spirit of enterprise which had prompted so many gentlemen to take arms in defence of the oppressed pilgrims in Palestine, incited others to declare themselves the



A TOURNAMENT OF THE ELEVENTH CENTURY.—(Copy of ancient engraving).

patrons and avengers of injured innocence at home. When the final reduction of the Holy Land, under the dominion of infidels, put an end to these foreign expeditions, the latter was the only employment left for the activity and courage of adventurers. To check the insolence of overgrown oppressors; to rescue the helpless from captivity; to protect or to avenge women, orphans, and ecclesiastics, who could not bear arms in their own defence; to redress wrongs and remove grievances; were deemed acts of highest prowess and merit. Valor, humanity, courtesy,

justice, honor, were the characteristic qualities of chivalry. To these were added religion, which mingled itself with every passion and institution



KNIGHT IN FULL SUIT OF PLATE ARMOR.

during the middle ages, and by infusing a large proportion of enthusiastic zeal, gave them such force as carried them to romantic excess. Men were trained to knighthood by a long previous discipline; they were admitted into the order by solemnities no less devout than pompous; every person of noble birth courted that honor; it was deemed a distinction superior to royalty; and monarchs were proud to receive it from the hands of private gentlemen.

This singular institution, in which valor, gallantry, and religion, were so strangely blended, was wonderfully adapted to the taste and genius of martial nobles; and its effects were soon visible in their manners. War was carried on with less ferocity when humanity came to be deemed the ornament of knighthood no less than courage. More gentle and polished manners were introduced

when courtesy was recommended as the most amiable of knightly virtues. Violence and oppression decreased when it was reckoned meritorious to check and to punish them. A scrupulous adherence to truth, with the most religious attention to fulfil every engagement, became the distinguishing characteristic of a gentleman, because chivalry was regarded as the school of honor, and inculcated the most delicate sensibility with respect to those points. The admiration of these qualities, together with the high distinctions and prerogatives conferred on knighthood in every part of Europe, inspired persons of noble birth on some occasions with a species of military fanaticism, and led them to extravagant enterprises. But they deeply imprinted on their minds the principles of generosity and honor. These were strengthened by everything that can affect the senses or touch the heart. The wild exploits of those romantic knights who sallied forth in quest of adventures are well known, and have been treated with proper ridicule. The political and permanent effects of the spirit of chivalry have been less



CONFERRING KNIGHTHOOD ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.—(Copy of ancient engraving.)

observed. Perhaps the humanity which accompanies all the operations of war, the refinements of gallantry, and the point of honor—the three

chief circumstances which distinguish modern from ancient manners—may be ascribed in a great measure to this institution, which has appeared whimsical to superficial observers, but by its effects has proved of great benefit to mankind. The sentiments which chivalry inspired had a wonderful influence on manners and conduct during the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. They were so deeply rooted, that they continued to operate after the vigor and reputation of the institution itself began to decline.

DESTRUCTION OF THE CARNATIC.

BY EDMUND BURKE.

WHEN at length Hyder Ali found that he had to do with men who either would sign no convention, or whom no treaty and no signature could bind, and who were the determined enemies of human intercourse itself, he decreed to make the country possessed by these incorrigible and predestinated criminals a memorable example to mankind. He resolved in the gloomy recesses of a mind capacious of such things, to leave the whole Carnatic an everlasting monument of vengeance, and to put perpetual desolation as a barrier between him and those against whom the faith which holds the moral elements of the world together was no protection. He became at length so confident of his force, so collected in his might, that he made no secret whatever of his dreadful resolution. Having terminated his disputes with every enemy and every rival, who buried their mutual animosities in their common detestation against the creditors

of the Nabob of Arcot, he drew from every quarter whatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudiments in the arts of destruction; and compounding all the materials of fury, havoc, and desolation, into one black cloud, he hung for a while on the declivities of the mountains.



MAIL-CLAD KNIGHTS OF THE PERIOD OF THE CRUSADES.

Whilst the authors of all these evils were idly and stupidly gazing on the menacing meteor which blackened all their horizon, it suddenly burst and poured down the whole of its contents

upon the plains of the Carnatic. Then ensued a scene of woe, the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived, and which no tongue can adequately tell. All the horrors of war before known or heard of were mercy to that new havoc. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, destroyed every temple. The miserable inhabitants flying from the flaming villages, in part were slaughtered: others, without regard to sex, to age, to the re-

done by charity that private charity could do: but it was a people in beggary; it was a nation that stretched out its hands for food. For months together these creatures of sufferance, whose very excess and luxury in their most plenteous days had fallen short of the allowance of our austerest fasts, silent, patient, resigned, without sedition or disturbance, almost without complaint, perished by a hundred a day in the streets of Madras; every day seventy at least



HORRORS OF THE WAR IN INDIA.

spect of rank, or sacredness of function: fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and amidst the goading spears of drivers, and the trampling of pursuing horses, were swept into captivity, in an unknown and hostile land. Those who were able to evade this tempest fled to the walled cities; but, escaping from fire, sword, and exile, they fell into the jaws of famine.

The alms of the settlement, in this dreadful exigency, were certainly liberal; and all was

laid their bodies in the streets, or on the glacis of Tanjore, and expired of famine in the granary of India. I was going to awake your justice towards this unhappy part of our fellow-citizens, by bringing before you some of the circumstances of this plague of hunger. Of all the calamities which beset and waylay the life of man, this comes the nearest to our heart, and is that wherein the proudest of us all feels himself to be nothing more than he is: but I find myself unable to manage it with decorum; these details

are of a species of horror so nauseous and disgusting ; they are so degrading to the sufferers and to the hearers ; they are so humiliating to human nature itself, that, on better thoughts, I find it more advisable to throw a pall over this hideous object, and to leave it to your general conceptions.

For eighteen months, without intermission, this destruction raged from the gates of Madras to the gates of Tanjore ; and so completely did these masters in their art, Hyder Ali and his more ferocious son, absolve themselves of their impious vow, that when the British armies traversed, as they did, the Carnatic for hundreds of miles in all directions, through the whole line of their march did they not see one man, not one woman, not one child, not one four-footed beast of any description whatever. One dead uniform silence reigned over the whole region. * * * The Carnatic is a country not much inferior in extent to England. Figure to yourself, Mr. Speaker, the land in whose representative chair you sit ; figure to yourself the form and fashion of your sweet and cheerful country from Thames to Trent, north and south, and from the Irish to the German sea, east and west, emptied and embowelled (may God avert the omen of our crimes !) by so accomplished a desolation !

GOOD BREEDING.

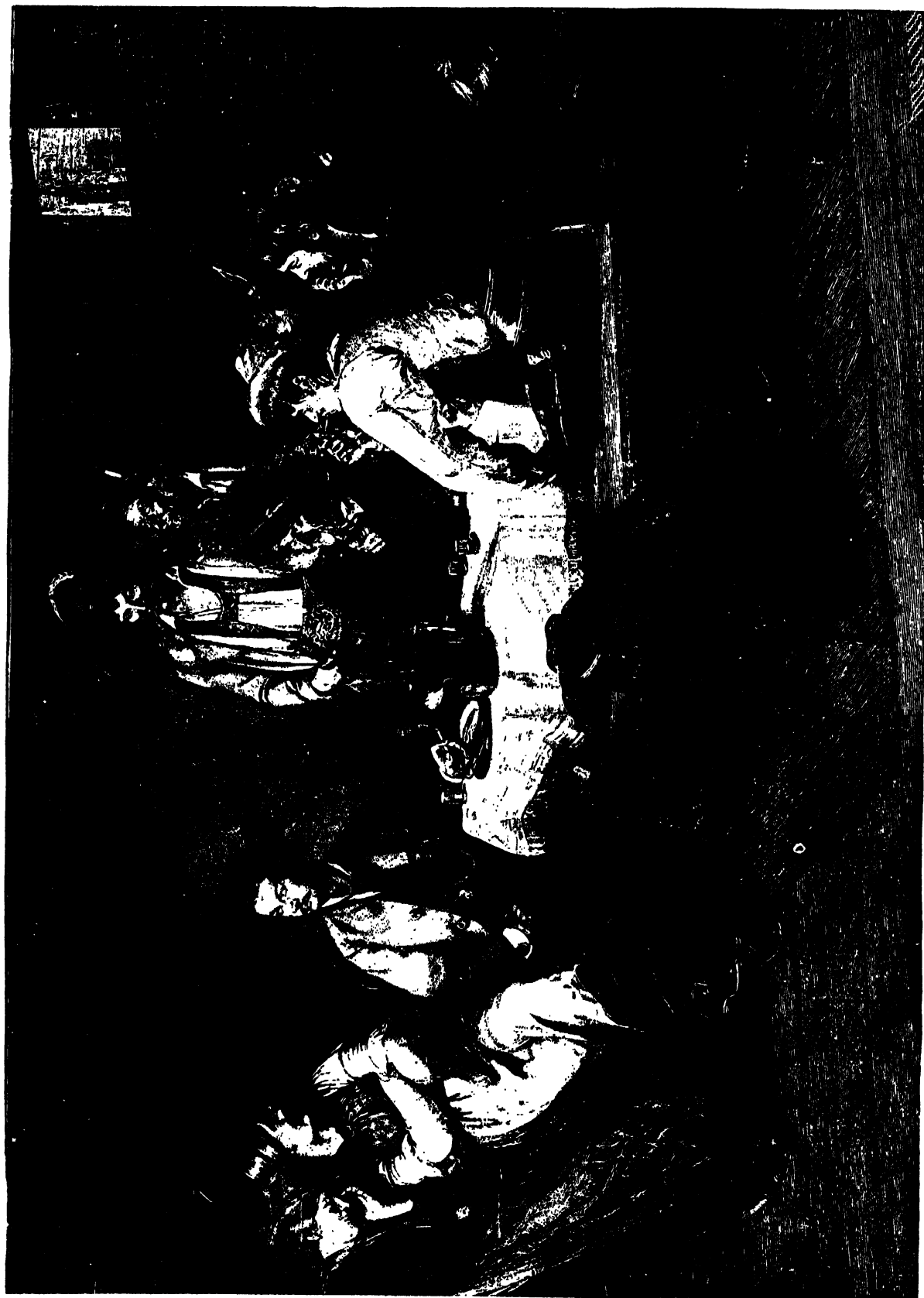
FROM LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS TO HIS SON.

A FRIEND of yours and mine has very justly defined good breeding to be "the result of much good sense, some good nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others, and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them." Taking this for granted (as I think it cannot be disputed), it is astonishing to me that anybody, who has good sense and good nature, can essentially fail in good breeding. As to the modes of it, indeed, they vary according to persons, places, and circumstances, and are only to be acquired by observation and experience ; but the substance of it is everywhere and eternally the same. Good manners are, to particular societies, what good morals are to society in general—their cement and their security. And as laws are enacted to enforce good morals, or at least to prevent the ill effects of bad ones, so there are certain rules of civility, universally implied and received, to en-

force good manners and punish bad ones. And indeed there seems to me to be less difference both between the crimes and punishments, than at first one would imagine. The immoral man, who invades another's property, is justly hanged for it ; and the ill-bred man, who by his ill manners invades and disturbs the quiet and comforts of private life, is by common consent as justly banished society. Mutual complaisances, attentions, and sacrifices of little conveniences, are as natural an implied compact between civilized people, as protection and obedience are between kings and subjects ; whoever, in either case, violates that compact, justly forfeits all advantages arising from it. For my own part, I really think that, next to the consciousness of doing a good action, that of doing a civil one is the most pleasing ; and the epithet which I should covet the most, next to that of Aristides, would be that of well-bred. Thus much for good breeding in general ; I will now consider some of the various modes and degrees of it.

Very few, scarcely any, are wanting in the respect which they should show to those whom they acknowledge to be infinitely their superiors, such as crowned heads, princes, and public persons of distinguished and eminent posts. It is the manner of showing that respect which is different. The man of fashion and of the world expresses it in its fullest extent, but naturally, easily, and without concern ; whereas a man who is not used to keep good company expresses it awkwardly ; one sees that he is not used to it, and that it costs him a great deal ; but I never saw the worst-bred man living guilty of lolling, whistling, scratching his head, and such like indecencies, in company that he respected. In such companies, therefore, the only point to be attended to is, to show that respect which everybody means to show, in an easy, unembarrassed, and graceful manner. This is what observation and experience must teach you.

In mixed companies, whoever is admitted to make part of them is, for the time at least, supposed to be on a footing of equality with the rest ; and, consequently, as there is no one principal object of awe and respect, people are apt to take a greater latitude in their behavior, and to be less upon their guard ; and so they may, provided it be within certain bounds, which are upon no occasion to be transgressed. But upon these oc-



GOOD BREEDING.—A TRAVELER ATTENDED BY SWISS PEASANTS

casions, though no one is entitled to distinguished marks of respect, every one claims, and very justly, every mark of civility and good breeding. Ease is allowed, but carelessness and negligence are strictly forbidden. If a man accosts you, and talks to you ever so dully or frivolously, it is worse than rudeness, it is brutality, to show him, by a manifest inattention to what he says, that you think him a fool or a blockhead, and not worth hearing. It is much more so with regard to women, who, of whatever rank they are, are entitled, in consideration of their sex, not only to an attentive, but an officious good breeding from men. Their little wants, likings, dislikes, preferences, antipathies, and fancies, must be officiously attended to, and, if possible, guessed at and anticipated, by a well-bred man. You must never usurp to yourself those conveniences and gratifications which are of common right, such as the best places, the best dishes, etc.; but on the contrary, always decline them yourself, and offer them to others, who, in their turns, will offer them to you; so that, upon the whole, you will in your turn enjoy your share of the common right. It would be endless for me to enumerate all the particular instances in which a well bred man shows his good breeding in good company; and it would be injurious to you to suppose that your own good sense will not point them out to you; and then your own good nature will recommend, and your self-interest enforce the practice.

There is a third sort of good breeding, in which people are the most apt to fail, from a very mistaken notion that they cannot fail at all. I mean with regard to one's most familiar friends and acquaintances, or those who really are our inferiors; and there, undoubtedly, a greater degree of ease is not only allowed, but proper, and contributes much to the comforts of a private social life. But ease and freedom have their bounds, which must by no means be violated. A certain degree of negligence and carelessness becomes injurious and insulting, from the real or supposed inferiority of the persons, and that delightful liberty of conversation among a few friends is soon destroyed, as liberty often has been, by being carried to licentiousness. But example explains things best, and I will put a pretty strong case: Suppose you and me alone together; I believe you will allow that I have as good a right to unlimited freedom in your company, as either you

or I can possibly have in any other; and I am apt to believe, too, that you would indulge me in that freedom as far as anybody would. But, notwithstanding this, do you imagine that I should think there was no bounds to that freedom? I assure you I should not think so; and I take myself to be as much tied down by a certain degree of good manners to you, as by other degrees of them to other people. The most familiar and intimate habitudes, connections, and friendships, require a degree of good breeding both to preserve and cement them. The best of us have our bad sides, and it is as imprudent as it is ill-bred to exhibit them. I shall not use ceremony with you; it would be misplaced between us; but I shall certainly observe that degree of good breeding with you which is, in the first place decent, and which, I am sure, is absolutely necessary to make us like one another's company long.

DREAM-CHILDREN.

BY CHARLES LAMB.

CHILDREN love to listen to stories about their elders, when they were children; to stretch imagination to the conception of a traditionary great-uncle, or grandame, whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great grandmother Field, who lived in a great house in Norfolk (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa lived), which had been the scene—so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country—of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the Children in the Wood. Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimney-piece of the great hall, the whole story down to the Robin Redbreasts, till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it. Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding. Then I went on to say how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by everybody, though she was not indeed the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it (and yet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress of it too) committed to her by the owner, who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion which

he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining county; but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived, which afterwards came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and car-

indeed." And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry too, of the neighborhood for many miles round, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman; so good,

indeed, that she knew all the Psalter by heart, ay, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread her hands. Then I told what a tall, upright, graceful person their great-grandmother Field once was; and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer. Here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till, upon my looking grave, it desisted—the best dancer, I was saying, in the county, till a cruel disease, called a cancer, came, and bowed her down with pain; but it could never bend her spir-



DREAM-CHILDREN.

ned away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if some one were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the abbey, and stick them up in Lady C.'s tawdry drawing-room. Here John smiled, as much as to say, "that would be foolish

its, or make them stoop, but they were still upright, because she was so good and religious. Then I told how she was used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house; and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight

gliding up and down the great staircase near where she slept; but she said "those innocents would do her no harm;" and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she— and yet I never saw the infants. Here John expanded all his eyebrows, and tried to look courageous. Then I told how good she was to all her grandchildren, having us to the great house in the holidays, where I, in particular, used to spend many hours by myself in gazing upon the old busts of the twelve Cæsars that had been emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I to be turned into marble with them; how I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken pannels, with the gilding almost rubbed out— sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless, when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me—and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls, without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then, and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries and the fir apples, which were good for nothing but to look at; or in lying about upon the fresh grass, with all the fine garden smells around me; or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening, too, along with the oranges and the limes in that grateful warmth; or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fish-pond at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings. I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions than in all the sweet flavors of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such like common baits of children. Here John slyly deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant. Then, in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grandchildren, yet in an especial manner she might be said to love their uncle, John I,—, because he

was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us; and, instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him half over the county in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out; and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries; and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of everybody, but of their great-grandmother Field most especially; and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy—for he was a good bit older than me—many a mile when I could not walk for pain; and how, in after life, he became lame-footed too, and I did not always, I fear, make allowances enough for him when he was impatient and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed; and how, when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death; and how I bore his death, as I thought, pretty well at first, but afterwards it haunted and haunted me; and though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again, to be quarrelling with him (for we quarrelled sometimes), rather than not have him again; and was as uneasy without him, as he, their poor uncle, must have been when the doctor took off his limb. Here the children fell a-crying, and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for Uncle John; and they looked up, and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother. Then I told how, for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W—n; and, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial meant in maidens; when suddenly turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of re-presentment, that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was; and while I

stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding, till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech: "We are not of Alice, nor of thee; nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing, less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of a before we have existence and a name;" and immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor arm-chair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side.

THE RETURN OF COLUMBUS AFTER HIS FIRST VOYAGE.

BY WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

IN the spring of 1493, while the court was still at Barcelona, letters were received from Christopher Columbus, announcing his return to Spain and the successful achievement of his great enterprise, by the discovery of land beyond the western ocean. The delight and astonishment, raised by this intelligence, were proportioned to the skepticism with which his project had been originally viewed. The sovereigns were now filled with a natural impatience to ascertain the extent and other particulars of the important discovery: and they transmitted instant instructions to the admiral to repair to Barcelona, as soon as he should have made the preliminary arrangements for the further prosecution of his enterprise.

The great navigator had succeeded, as is well known, after a voyage the natural difficulties of which had been much augmented by the distrust and mutinous spirit of his followers, in desceyng land on Friday, the 12th of October, 1492. After some months spent in exploring the delightful regions, now for the first time thrown open to the eyes of a European, he embarked in the month of January, 1493, for Spain. One of his vessels had previously foundered, and another had deserted him: so that he was left alone to retrace his course across the Atlantic. After a most tempestuous voyage, he was compelled to take shelter in the Tagus, sorely against his inclination. He experienced, however, the most honorable reception from the Portuguese monarch, John the

Second, who did ample justice to the great qualities of Columbus, although he had failed to profit by them. After a brief delay, the admiral resumed his voyage, and crossing the bar of Saltes entered the harbor of Palos about noon, on the 15th of March, 1493, being exactly seven months and eleven days since his departure from that port.

Great was the agitation in the little community of Palos, as they beheld the well-known vessel of the admiral re-entering their harbor. Their desponding imaginations had long since consigned him to a watery grave; for, in addition to the preternatural horrors which hung over the voyage, they had experienced the most stormy and disastrous winter within the recollection of the oldest mariners. Most of them had relatives or friends on board. They thronged immediately to the shore, to assure themselves with their own eyes of the truth of their return. When they beheld their faces once more, and saw them accompanied by the numerous evidences which they brought back of the success of the expedition, they burst forth in acclamations of joy and gratulation. They awaited the landing of Columbus, when the whole population of the place accompanied him and his crew to the principal church, where solemn thanksgivings were offered up for their return; while every bell in the village sent forth a joyous peal in honor of the glorious event. The admiral was too desirous of presenting himself before the sovereigns, to protract his stay long at Palos. He took with him on his journey specimens of the multifarious products of the newly discovered regions. He was accompanied by several of the native islanders, arrayed in their simple barbaric costume, and decorated, as he passed through the principal cities, with collars, bracelets and other ornaments of gold, rudely fashioned; he exhibited also considerable quantities of the same metal in dust, or in crude masses, numerous vegetable exotics, possessed of aromatic or medicinal virtue, and several kinds of quadrupeds unknown in Europe, and birds, whose variety of gaudy plumage gave a brilliant effect to the pageant. The admiral's progress through the country was every where impeded by the multitudes thronging forth to gaze at the extraordinary spectacle, and the more extraordinary man, who, in the emphatic language of that time, which has now lost its force from its familiarity,



COLUMBUS EXPLAINING HIS DISCOVERY TO FERDINAND.

first revealed the existence of a "New World." As he passed through the busy, populous city of Seville, every window, balcony, and housetop which could afford a glimpse of him, is described to have been crowded with spectators. It was the middle of April before Columbus reached Barcelona. The nobility and cavaliers in attendance on the court, together with the authorities of the city, came to the gates to receive him and escorted him to the royal presence. Ferdinand and Isabella were seated, with their son, Prince John, under a superb canopy of state, awaiting his arrival. On his approach, they rose from their seats, and extending their hands to him to salute, caused him to be seated before them. These were unprecedented marks of condescension to a person of Columbus's rank, in the haughty and ceremonious court of Castile. It was, indeed, the proudest moment in the life of Columbus. He had fully established the truth of his long-contested theory, in the face of argument, sophistry, sneer, skepticism, and contempt. He had achieved this, not by chance, but by calculation, supported through the most adverse circumstances by consummate conduct. The honors paid him, which had hitherto been reserved only for rank, or fortune, or military success, purchased by the blood and tears of thousands, were, in his case, a homage to intellectual power, successfully exerted in behalf of the noblest interests of humanity.

After a brief interval, the sovereigns requested from Columbus a recital of his adventures. His manner was sedate and dignified, but warmed by the glow of natural enthusiasm. He enumerated the several islands which he had visited, expatiated on the temperate character of the climate, and the capacity of the soil for every variety of agricultural production, appealing to the samples imported by him, as evidence of their natural fruitfulness. He dwelt more at large on the precious metals to be found in these islands, which he inferred, less from the specimens actually obtained, than from the uniform testimony of the natives to their abundance in the unexplored regions of the interior. Lastly, he pointed out the wide scope afforded to Christian zeal, in the illumination of a race of men, whose minds, far from being wedded to any system of idolatry, were prepared by their extreme simplicity for the reception of pure and uncorrupted doctrine. The

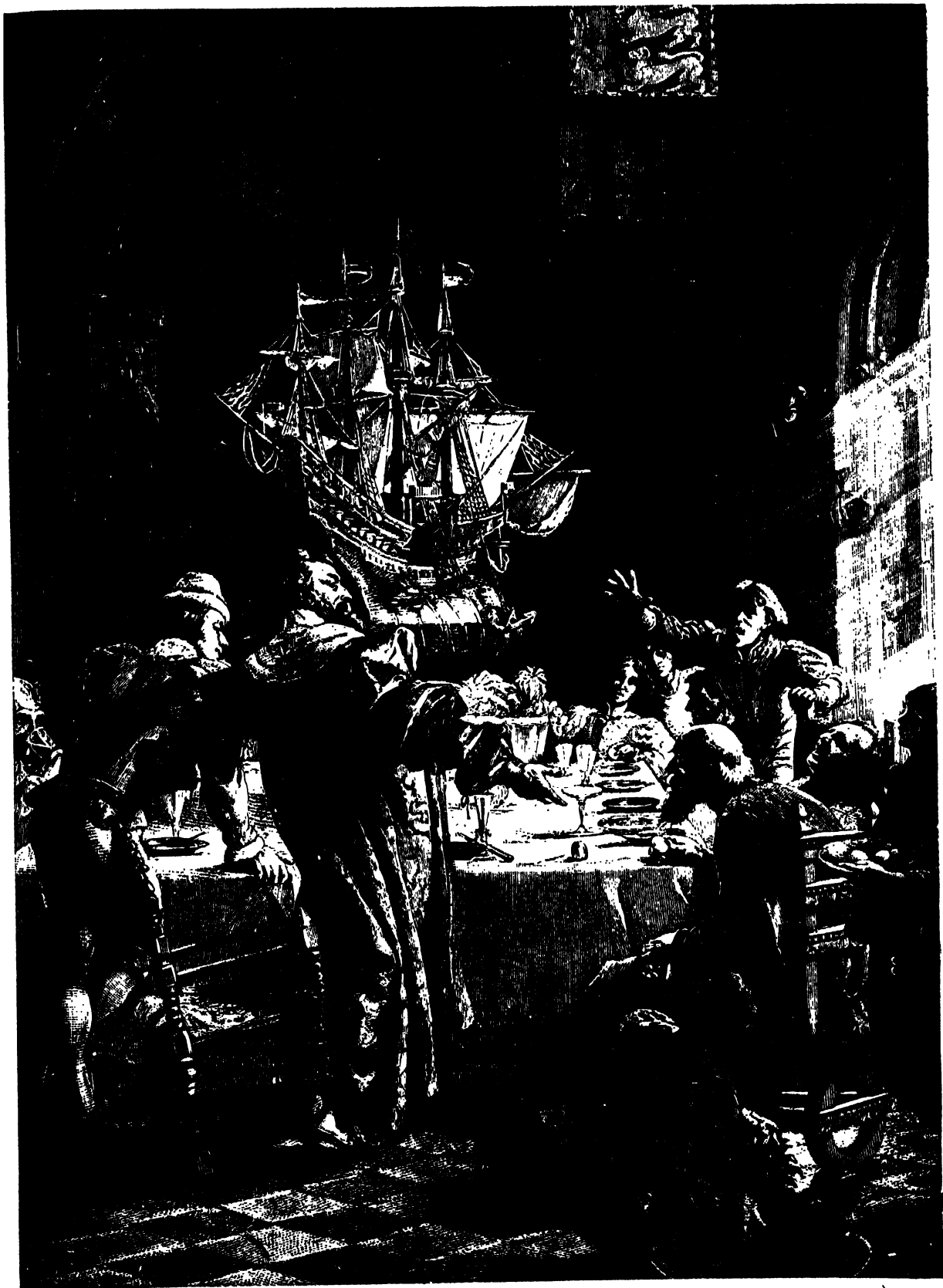
last consideration touched Isabella's heart most sensibly; and the whole audience, kindled with various emotions by the speaker's eloquence, filled up the perspective with the gorgeous coloring of their own fancies, as ambition or avarice, or devotional feeling predominated in their bosoms. When Columbus ceased, the king and queen, together with all present, prostrated themselves on their knees in grateful thanksgivings, while the solemn strains of the *Te Deum* were poured forth by the choir of the royal chapel, as in commemoration of some glorious victory.

AN HEROIC PHYSICIAN.

WHEN the plague raged violently at Marseilles, every link of affection was broken; the father turned from the child—the child from the father; cowardice and ingratitude no longer excited indignation. Misery is at its height when it thus destroys every generous feeling—thus dissolves every tie of humanity! The city became a desert; the grass grew in the streets; a funeral met you at every step!

The physicians assembled in a body at the Hotel de Ville, to hold a consultation on the fearful disease, for which no remedy had yet been discovered. After a long consultation, they decided unanimously, that the malady had a peculiar and mysterious character, which opening a corpse might develop—an operation which it was impossible to attempt, since the operator must infallibly become a victim, in a few hours, beyond the power of human art to save him, as the violence of the attack would preclude their administering the customary remedies. A dead pause succeeded this fatal declaration. Suddenly, a surgeon by the name of Guyon, in the prime of life, of great celebrity in his profession, rose, and said firmly, "Be it so; I devote myself for the safety of the country. Before this numerous assembly, I promise in the name of humanity and religion, that tomorrow, at the break of day, I will dissect a corpse, and write down, as I proceed, what I observe."

He left the assembly instantly. They admired him, lamented his fate, and doubted whether he would persist in his design. The intrepid and pious Guyon, animated by all the sublime energy that religion or patriotism can inspire, acted up to his word. He had married, and was rich; and

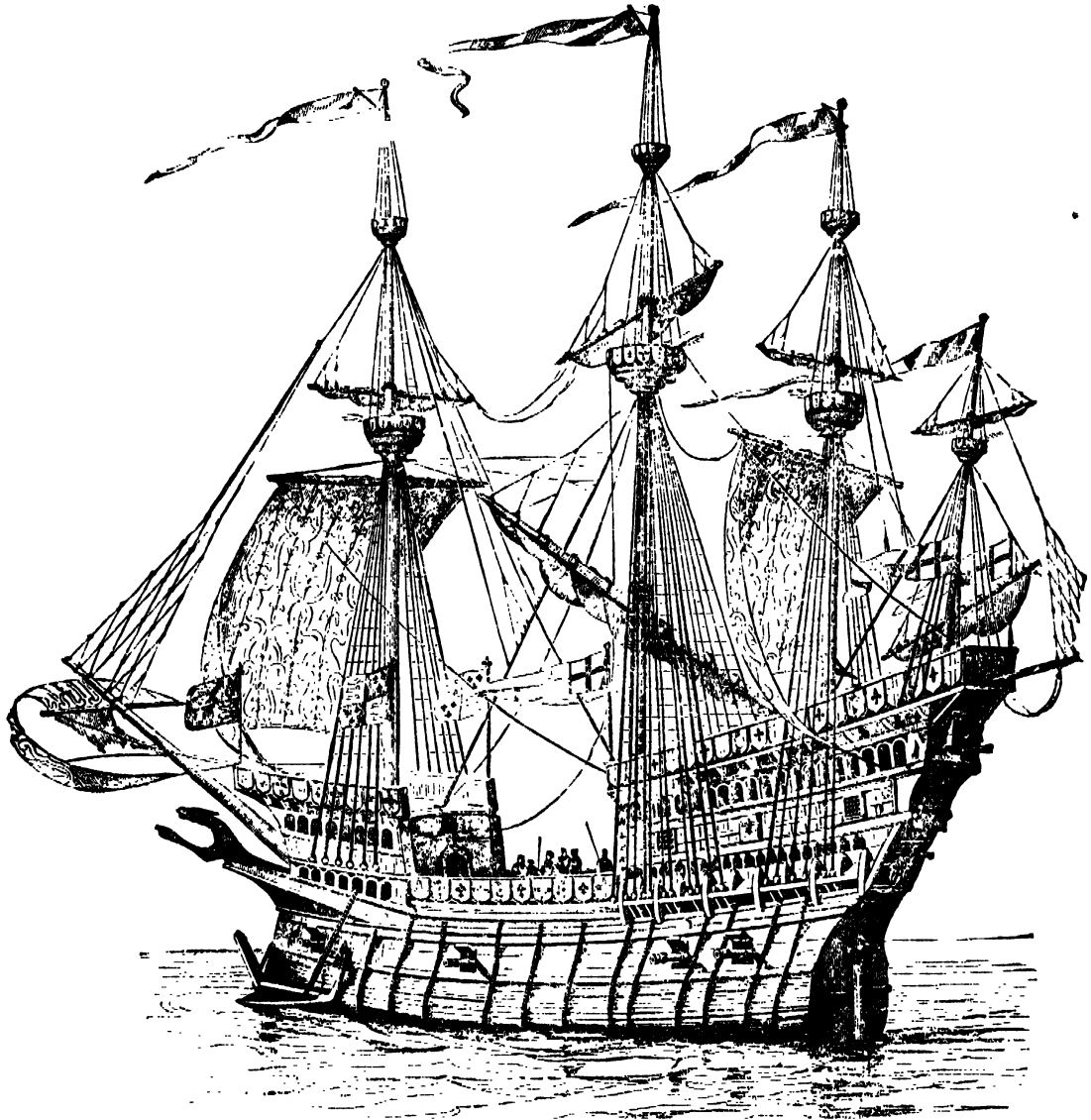


he immediately made his will, dictated by justice and piety.

A man had died in his house within four-and-twenty hours. Guyon, at daybreak, shut himself up in the same room; he took with him ink, paper, and a little crucifix. Full of enthusiasm,

my native city, thou wilt enable me to point out some salutary remedy; thou wilt render my sacrifice useful. O God!" continued he, "thou wilt bless the action thou hast thyself inspired."

He began—he finished the dreadful operation, and recorded in detail his surgical observations.



A VENETIAN SHIP OF WAR.

never had he felt more firm or collected. Kneeling beside the corpse, he wrote—"Mouldering, 'nement of an immortal soul—not only can I gaze on thee without terror but even with joy and gratitude. Thou wilt open to me the gates of a glorious eternity. In discovering to me the secret cause of the terrible plague which destroys

He then left the room, threw the papers into a vase of vinegar, and immediately sought the Lazaretto, where he died in twelve hours—a death ten times more glorious than the warrior who to save his country, rushes on the enemy's ranks, since he advances with hope, at least, and sustained, admired, and seconded by a whole army.

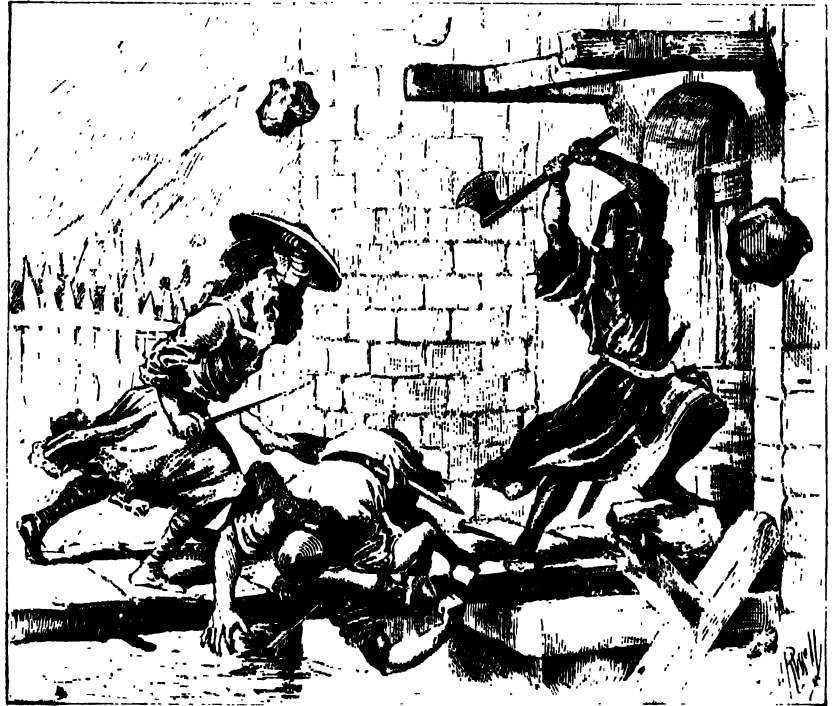
Physicians who remain firm in the discharge of their duties, while the fears of their fellow-citizens are prompting them to fly from contagion, display that moral courage which is as far superior to the physical energy which sustains the soldier in battle, as the mind is superior to matter

MOHAMMED AND THE CANNON-FOUNDER.

ONE Orban, an Hungarian metal-founder, having passed over from the emperor's into the sultan's service, received so many gifts and such a liberal appointment from his new master, that had he been offered but a fourth part as much by the Greek ministry, he would never have dreamed of quitting the imperial city. Mohammed inquired of him whether he could cast a cannon capable of crumbling the walls of Constantinople? "It is in my power," replied the Hungarian, "to cast a cannon of any calibre that is desired, and grind the walls of Constantinople and Babylon into powder; I will answer for my science extending thus far, but I cannot pronounce to what extent the shot will range." The sultan gave him directions to proceed with the casting, but not to trouble himself about the range of the shot, which should be subsequently determined. As a specimen of his skill, Orban cast a cannon for the great tower on the Bosphorean Channel, and a trial of its range was made upon the first vessel which sailed past without hauling in her sails. A Venetian ship, commanded by one Rici, was made use of as a target, and afforded satisfactory evidence of the perfectness of the casting, as well as the range of the shot. It was struck, severed asunder, and sunk. The captain and thirty of his crew escaped the dangers of the turbulent current in a boat, but, on reaching the shore, fell into the hands of the Turkish garrison. They were loaded with fetters, and brought before the sultan at Didymotichon; by his orders the sailors

were beheaded, the captain impaled, and their dead bodies exposed to rot in the open air. This barbarous scene was witnessed by Ducas, the historian, who was a resident at Didymotichon at that period.

Mohammed was so perfectly satisfied with the founder's skill, and the result of the trial, that he directed the construction of a prodigious battering piece, twice as large as the first; in fact, the largest which is recorded in the annals of the "tormentorum bellicorum." It vomited stone balls twelve spans in circumference and twelve



ASSAULT ON THE WALLS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

hundred pounds in weight; was moved with great difficulty by fifty pair of oxen, and was committed to the manipulation of seven hundred men.

When the casting was completed, the piece was transported to the gate of the palace Dechthanuma (or the spectacle of the world), a lofty pile which had just been finished at Adrianople; and on this spot it was, for the first time, loaded with infinite trouble.

Notice was then given to the inhabitants, that it would be discharged the next morning; it was feared that without such a warning, the terror occasioned by its report might have been attended

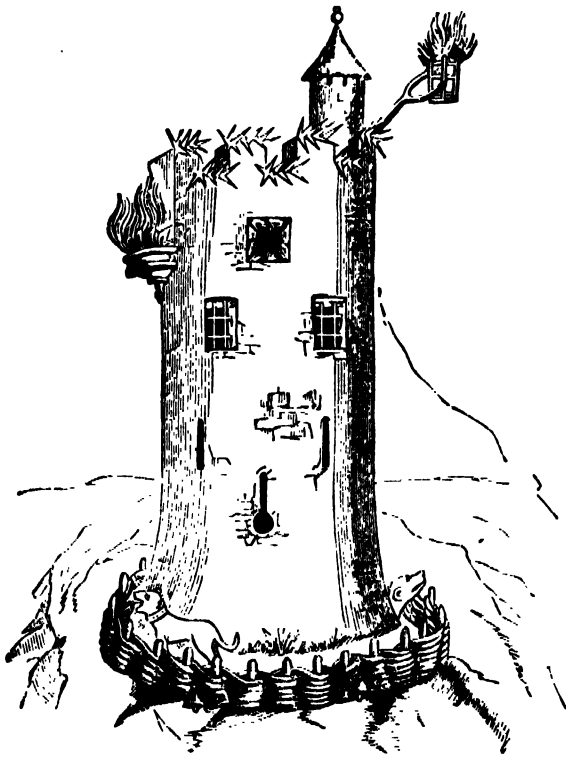
with the most disastrous consequences. The morning dawned, the piece was fired off, an immense cloud of smoke enveloped the whole city, its thunders were heard for several miles in the distance, and the shot buried itself a fathom deep in the ground, at a distance of a mile from the spot whence it was discharged. By the trepidation which it spread far and wide, this enormous masterpiece of pyrotechny at least bespoke the gigantic schemes of conquest on which the grasping mind of its owner was intent.

This cannon, together with two smaller pieces, which discharged balls of 160 pounds weight,

without producing the effects which had been anticipated from it.—*Von Hammer's History of the Turks.*

ANCIENT STORM SIGNALS.

IT is most curious to find, that a contrivance similar to the lightning-rod, which so many men of genius, learning, and ingenuity have been at the pains to complete, was known and employed by a people of no more refined cultivation than the wild peasantry of Lombardy. The Abbé Berthollet, in his work on the Electricity of Meteors, describes a practice used in one of the bastions of the Castle of Duino, on the shores of the Adriatic, which has existed from time immemorial, and which is literally neither more nor less than the process that enabled Franklin to bring down lightning from the clouds. An iron staff, it seems, was erected on the bastion of this castle during the summer, and it was part of the duty of the sentinel, whenever a storm threatened, to raise an iron-pointed halberd towards this staff. If, upon the approach of the halberd, sparks were emitted, (which, to the scientific mind, would show that the staff was charged with electricity from a thunder-cloud,) then the sentinel made sure that a storm impended, and he tolled a bell which sent forth the tidings of danger to the surrounding country. Nothing can be more delightfully amiable than the paternal care of its subjects which this interesting provision of the local government exemplified. The admonishing sound of the bell was obeyed like a preternatural signal from the depths of the firmament; shepherds were seen hurrying over the valleys, urging their flocks from the exposed fields to places of shelter. The fishing-boats, with which the coast of the Adriatic was generally studded, forthwith began to crowd sail and make for the nearest port, while many a supplication was put up from many a gentle and devout heart on shore, before some hallowed shrine, for the safety of the little fleet.



ANCIENT SIGNAL STATION.—(Copy of an engraving of the fifteenth century.)

was subsequently employed at the siege of Constantinople, where it was stationed opposite the gate of St. Roman's, which was afterwards denominated the "Cannongate," a name it has retained to the present day. It consumed two hours in loading, and, on the first day, was discharged seven times, the eighth firing was on the second day, when it gave the signal for an attack. Though afterwards burst, and destroyed its foundation, it was speedily repaired and continued to be used seven times a day, but

PRESIDENT JACKSON'S VISIT TO NEW YORK.

SOON after President Jackson's election to his second term, he made a visit to New York, where he was received with enthusiastic demonstrations of popular favor. An accomplished English gentleman, who was in New York at the time, wrote a graphic description of the scenes that he witnessed, to a friend at home, and as many of

the incidents possess a large degree of historical interest, we copy the article in full :

At present the city is all in commotion. It is quite an era, and a very interesting one, in the history of the town, from the fact, that the venerable President of the Republic is now, for the first time in many years, a visitor. He is a man of extraordinary character, and, from his earliest boyhood, has continually grown in popularity. You have heard me before speak of General Jackson, the famous hero of New Orleans—a military chieftain—a soldier of courage and genius, and unrivalled firmness and decision—a statesman, prompt, fearless, and energetic. His coming to New York has been for some time a topic of newspaper comment and congratulation, and of drawing-room as well as tavern discussion. There is not, probably, living, a man so popular as this aged chief; his name is in everybody's mouth; his pictures, busts, etc., have, for many years, crowded the streets and print shops, windows, parlors, libraries, barber-shops, taverns, etc., etc., and, on certain public occasions, he has been from time immemorial, to the rising generation, represented in the evening on an illuminated transparency, with one warlike hand resting on his unsheathed blade—a tremendous affair, by the way, which might have tested the strength of Sir William Wallace—and the other leaning on the flowing mane of a steed of superb outlines and dimensions, and so mettlesome, that we fancy the youthful Alexander would not have been as ready to back him as he was to mount Bucephalus.

I do not mean to say that the President has been universally popular—no, no; that would be a sad deviation from the custom of republics. There has been against him, as against all others, a party, whose opposition has probably rendered the acclamations of his adherents more loud and apparent. Their watchword is, "Hurrah for Jackson!" There is not a little curly-pated imp of three years old, but will fling up his tattered hat and cry out, "Hurrah for Jackson!" For years and years this has been the state of the city in reference to their present President; and many measures of his administration have tended to overflow the cup of his popularity, already full. The fact that, under his direction, a dangerous question, which threatened a dissolution of the Union, has been amicably settled, has elevated the general enthusiasm and curiosity beyond all

bounds. Besides this, a recent personal insult, offered him by a crazy naval officer, has shocked the whole country, and all, friends and foes, appear anxious to make every possible reparation to him, whose gray hairs might have still protected him from actual assault, if no respect was felt for the dignity of the office and the services of the man. Hence you may judge, that on the day of his expected arrival, the streets presented a curious spectacle. There are more than two hundred thousand inhabitants in New York, and, I do believe, the greater part of them thronged toward the place where the celebrated soldier and venerable statesman was expected to land. The scene was imposing, grand, and sublime. It will probably live on the page of history, as one of the most impressive and romantic events of the times.

Fancy, my dear B., a proud, great city—lofty houses—trees—fences—all swarming with multitudes, all anxious to get a glimpse of the hero as he passed from the superb shore. On landing, he was received by Major General Morton, at the head of his column, a gentleman of the old school, to whom I had letters from you, and with whose acquaintance I am greatly pleased. He addressed the President in an appropriate, concise, and pointed speech, and the line of march was taken up through the city. The distinguished visitor rode through the most magnificent street on this continent to his hotel.

The Battery, a large area, was a living mass of human beings; troops, horse and foot, and thousands and thousands of citizens; the bay covered with steamboats and other vessels; flags floating; cannon roaring; music swelling on the winds; bursts from the trumpet that made the pulses wild, and, over the whole, the cheers and loud acclamations of the crowd. I was well accommodated with a seat at the hotel, which is situated (or, as the Americans say, "located") in the widest part of the street, and where the throng, carriages, carts, stages, gigs, horses, and foot-passengers amounted to suffocation, and furnished, certainly, one of the most impressive sights that I ever beheld. The wide street through which, for hours, the tide of human beings had been rushing steadily with the heavy sound and motion of a strong current, was at length filled and dammed up completely, as far as the eye could reach. Windows, up to the fourth story; nay, the

very house-tops, and the roofs of the churches and all public buildings were crowded. They were well-behaved folks, and waited patiently till a troop of horse rode through the vast, dense assembly, in order to make way for the principal object of interest, whose arrival had already been announced by the cannon. The trumpeter blew his blast, long and loud; the hoofs of the horses rattled over the stones; a passage was at length cleared, only wide enough for two or three horsemen abreast. The President had been much abused; his face, form, and health had been caricatured and misrepresented. He had been termed a feeble, sickly, dying old man, and by some an "old woman," suffering under the weakness of age and imbecility, and incapable of acting for himself. The excitement at this moment was really intense, and it was not allayed by a rumor which flew from lip to lip, that, in crossing from a fort a little out in the bay to the main land, the bridge had given way, and also a covered arch, bearing scores of people, a single moment after the President had passed from beneath it. All the great men in company with him had been precipitated, with numbers of others, into the water—and in the confusion of the moment, it was said that many were dangerously wounded, that some were killed, and that the escape of the President was miraculous. Presently my ears were stunned with the burst of voices which announced that the crowd had caught sight of him. The waving of hats and handkerchiefs grew nearer, till amid the thousands beneath me that rocked and heaved like a tumultuous sea, I saw a group of officers richly dressed, and among them, and distinguished by the simplicity of his attire—by his tall commanding form and dignified demeanor—his bare venerable head and calm expression of face, I saw the President himself mounted—reining his horse with the air of an accomplished rider, and waving his hat continually, and bowing to the thousands and thousands who, above, below, and all around, were greeting his course with thundering cheers. Do you not remember a passage in Shakespeare exactly applicable to this?

Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,
With slow but stately pace kept on his course;
You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greetly looks of young and old
Through casements dar'd their desiring eyes
Upon his visage; and that all the walls,

With painted imagery, had said at once,
"Jesu preserve thee! Welcome, Bolingbroke!"
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bareheaded, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespoke them thus:—"I thank you, countrymen;"
And thus, still doing, thus he pass'd along.

There was, really, in this sight a good deal of the moral sublime. Cincinnatus from his plough would scarcely appear more unassuming than this great man in his plain black dress.

The city is all in excitement on this, as well as on one or two other subjects. A balloon has gone up—and an Indian chief with his son, and a prophet of the tribe which have been recently conquered by the government, are also in town. The vice-president, Mr. Van Buren, is also a sojourner—and some of the secretaries of the departments—and yesterday I ran against a gentleman, whom, upon a nearer view, I recognized as Washington Irving—and the dense knows what else there is to ferment the population. What did old mother Trollope mean by saying that the Americans had no enthusiasm? Why, they are tinder. They burn spontaneously. Eight or ten thousand of them assembled yesterday on the Battery to see a balloon ascend. I am a great friend to balloons; they are so elegant, and airy, and careless, like a fine gentleman, or a poet, or a belle, or a butterfly. They tell odd things of those inflated machines, too. You have heard of the aeronaut who ascended with his dog. The parachute was overturned at an indefinite height, and both were precipitated (that is scarcely the word—overset) into the air. The man fell, was whirled about for a long time by the conflicting currents of wind, and after having been abandoned to his fate for three or four hours, he heard his little dog somewhere near him barking in the air! If I had not seen this story actually printed, I should scarcely believe it. The New York man is a bold fellow; he goes up really in magnificent style. The inflation takes place in a fort (now converted into a public ice-cream garden), on the shore of the bay. The place itself is generally filled, and also the surrounding stream, walks, streets, etc., with boats, pedestrians, carriages, and all the et ceteras. Imagine a delicious, sunshiny afternoon; a soft Italian air; a heaven with scarcely a cloud, all blue and transparent; the thronging thousands waiting around. At length a little balloon—a pioneer—ascends, and is borne off rapidly by the light breeze, till it is lost in the

sky. Presently the huge globe of brown silk looms up above the edges of the wall with a beautiful motion; swinging, floating, and displaying all the aspiring impulses of an eagle eager for the flight, and scarcely retainable on earth.

The arrangements within are at length completed. The huge mass rises slowly, clear and free into the air. The car, with its adventurous pilot, is greeted with multitudinous cheers, and off they float upward and away upon the gale—flags waving, huzzas mingling, cannon firing, horses prancing, and the lonely vessel smoothly gliding into the blue and high distance till it fades to a speck. Among the spectators of this scene were Black Hawk and his party. These Indians are great curiosities to me. Nothing makes me more strikingly realize that I am in America—that a broad ocean rolls between you and me. The savages who infest the frontiers of the republic have no idea that the whites comprise more than a handful of men, and fancy they may be conquered by perseverance. Several of them were conducted on a tour through the country some years since, and of course were astonished. On going back to their people, they detailed the wonders they had seen; but such monstrous stories gained no credit; they were for some time the objects of ridicule and persecution, till at length, in self-defence, they recanted. It is the desire of the government that the present chief may see and judge for himself of the extent of the people with whom they presume to war.

The president was also on the ground at the hour for the ascension of the balloon. He was, as before, ever greeted with acclamations, and continues to be the victim of reports. One paper says, "A story has become very current, that President Jackson intends uniting himself to a very amiable and accomplished lady in Connecticut, and that the nuptials are to be celebrated during his present visit. We presume the story, like many similar reports, is without the least foundation in truth." Another announces, that "among other tokens of respect which will be shown to the president and vice-president, about five thousand of the fairest of the fair, unmarried, and young, elegantly dressed in white, will join in a procession to meet and greet them on their arrival in Lowell, in the state of Massachusetts."

Here is a specimen of the enthusiasm with

which his words are observed and reported, from one of the newspapers.

"When the president appeared on the balcony of the City Hall, and witnessed the countless multitudes of well-dressed, orderly citizens, who had assembled to do honor to the first magistrate of the republic, and to testify the reverence and affection so well due to the public services and individual character of the incumbent—when he heard the long rolling thunders of their enthusiastic cheering, he felt that it was to their noble and happy institutions that this people were doing honor, and were thus giving the most sincere of all pledges of their endearing attachment to, and worthiness of, such high advantages. His forgetfulness of self, and his singleness of devotion to the common weal, were never more strikingly displayed than in the half unconscious remark which fell from his lips, as the magnificent scene presented itself before him. Turning to Governor Marey, with a quivering lip, but a brightening eye, he said, 'Nullification will never take root here!' Even at that moment, the proudest and dearest to himself in all his lifetime, he could think only of his country and its welfare."

As for myself, I have witnessed the entrance into cities of victorious generals and the coronations of kings, but I never saw a sight presenting such a striking example of the moral sublime, as the entrance into New York of that tall old man, in simple attire, with his gray, uncovered head, bending to the salutations of his countrymen.

NAPOLEON'S PERSONAL PECULIARITIES.

THE person of Napoleon has served as a model for the most skillful painters and sculptors; many able French artists have successfully delineated his features, and yet it may be said, that no perfectly faithful portrait of him exists. His finely shaped head, his superb forehead, his pale countenance, and his usual meditative look, have been transferred to the canvas; but the versatility of his expression was beyond the reach of imitation. All the various workings of his mind were instantaneously depicted in his countenance; and his glance changed from mild to severe, and from anger to good humor, almost with the rapidity of lightning. It may truly be said, that he had a particular look for every thought that arose in his mind. Bonaparte had beautiful

hands, and he was very proud of them; while conversing he would often look at them with an air of self-complacency. He also fancied he had fine teeth, but his pretension to that advantage

and crossing his hands behind his back. He frequently gave an involuntary shrug of his right shoulder, which was accompanied by a movement of his mouth from left to right. This habit



THE EMPRESS CATHARINE.

was not so well founded as his vanity on the score of his hands. When walking, either alone or in company with any one, in his apartments or in his gardens, he had the habit of stooping a little,

was always most remarkable when his mind was absorbed in the consideration of any profound subject. It was often while walking that he dictated to me his most important notes. He could

endure great fatigue, not only on horseback, but on foot : he would sometimes walk for five or six hours in succession, without being aware of it. When walking with any person whom he treated with familiarity, he would link his arm into that

of his companion, and lean on it. When excited, all his actions were nervous and decisive. The incident of the Empress Catharine's broken set of porcelain affords a familiar illustration. In October, 1797, at the close of his brilliant campaign in Italy, Napoleon was anxious for peace ; but the Austrian commissioner, Cobentzel, hesitated. There were certain conditions which he wanted ratified, and others that Napoleon had demanded he thought his government would not accede to, especially the release of Lafayette, who was then a prisoner in a damp and foul dungeon in

the citadel of Olmutz, where he had suffered from disease and close confinement until his hair had fallen out. Napoleon listened to the drivel of the Austrian commissioner with increasing restless-

ness, until finally his impatience overcame him ; when, rising suddenly, and without speaking, he lifted from a table standing near, a set of porcelain that the Empress Catharine had formerly given to Cobentzel. Raising it in his nervous grasp, he



NAPOLEON AND THE SET OF PORCELAIN.

exclaimed in a voice of thunder, "The truce is then broken, and war declared ; but remember that before the end of autumn I shall have crushed your monarchy like this porcelain," whereupon

he dashed the precious set upon the floor, breaking it into a thousand fragments, and strode angrily from the room. A few minutes later he had mounted his horse and ridden rapidly to his headquarters, where he immediately issued orders for the renewal of hostilities.

The incident was too much for the resolution of Cobentzel; he was seized with fear and gave way; and the next day Napoleon's ultimatum was accepted and the treaty of peace signed.—*Bourrienne's Memoirs.*

ORIGIN OF THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

MILLS, in his work upon chivalry, mentions, that the beautiful little flower called "Forget me not" was known in England as early as the time of Edward IV; and, in a note, he gives the following pretty incident in explanation of the name: "Two lovers were loitering on the margin of a lake, on a fine summer's evening, when the lady discovered some flowers of the *Myosotis* growing on the water, close to the bank of an island, at some distance from the shore. She expressed a desire to possess them, when her knight, in the true spirit of chivalry, plunged into the water, and swimming to the spot, cropped the wished-for plant; but his strength was unable to fulfil the object of his achievement, and feeling that he could not regain the shore, although very near it, he threw the flowers upon the bank, and casting a last affectionate look upon his lady-love, he said, 'Forget me not,' and was buried in the water."

FULTON AND THE FIRST STEAMBOAT.

"**W**HEN," said Mr. Fulton, "I was building my first steamboat at New York, the project was viewed by the public either with indifference or contempt, as a visionary scheme. My friends, indeed, were civil, but they were shy. They listened with patience to my explanations, but with a settled cast of incredulity on their countenances. I felt the full force of the lamentation of the poet,

'Tut! 's would you teach, to save a sinking land,
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.'

As I had occasion to pass daily to and from the building yard, while my boat was in progress, I have often met unknown near the idle groups of strangers, gathering in little circles, and heard various inquiries as to the object of this new vehi-

cle. The language was uniformly that of scorn, or sneer, or ridicule. The loud laugh often rose at my expense; the dry jest; the wise calculation of the Fulton folly. Never did a single encouraging remark, a bright hope, or a warm wish cross my path. Silence itself was but politeness veiling its doubts, or hiding its reproaches. At length the day arrived when the experiment was to be put into operation. To me it was a most trying and interesting occasion. I invited many friends to go on board to witness the first successful trip. Many of them did me the favor to attend, as a matter of personal respect; but it was manifest that they did it with reluctance, fearing to be the partners of my mortification, and not of my triumph. I was well aware, that in my case there were many reasons to doubt of my own success. The machinery was new and ill-made; many parts of it were constructed by mechanics unaccustomed to such work; and unexpected difficulties might reasonably be presumed to present themselves from other causes. The moment arrived in which the word was to be given for the vessel to move. My friends were in groups on the deck. There was anxiety, mixed with fear, among them. They were silent, and sad, and weary. I read in their looks nothing but disaster, and almost repented of my efforts. The signal was given, the boat moved a small distance and stopped, and became immovable. To the silence of the preceding moment, now succeeded murmurs of discontent, and agitations, and whispers, and shrugs. I could hear distinctly repeated, 'I told you it would be so—it is a foolish scheme. I wish we were well out of it.' I elevated myself upon a platform, and addressed the assembly. I stated that I knew not what was the matter; but if they would be quiet, and indulge me for half an hour, I would either go on, or abandon the voyage for that time. This short respite was conceded without objection. I went below, examined the machinery, and discovered that the cause was a slight misadjustment of some of the work. In a short period it was obviated. The boat was put again in motion. She continued to move on. All were still incredulous. None seemed willing to trust the evidence of their own senses. We left the fair city of New York; we passed through the romantic and ever-varying scenery of the Highlands; we descried the clustering houses of Albany, we reached its

shores; and then, even then, when all seemed achieved, I was the victim of disappointment. Imagination superseded the influence of fact. It was then doubted if it could be done again, it was doubted if it could be made of any great value."

Such was the history of the first experiment, as it fell, not in the very language which I have used, but in its substance, from the lips of the inventor. He did not live, indeed, to enjoy the full glory of his invention. It is mournful to say that attempts were made to rob him in the first place of the merits of his invention, and next of its fruits. He fell a victim to his efforts to sustain his title to both. When already his invention had covered the waters of the Hudson, he seemed little satisfied with the results, and looked forward to far more extensive operations. "My ultimate triumph," he used to say, "will be on the Mississippi. I know indeed that even now it is deemed impossible, by many, that the difficulties of its navigation can be overcome. But I am confident of success. I may not live to see it; but the Mississippi will yet be covered by steamboats; and thus an entire change be wrought in the course of the internal navigation and commerce of the country.

THE DYING HINDOO.

THERE are few things more shocking to European eyes than the publicity of death-bed scenes in India, and the apathetical indifference displayed by the Hindoos while attending the expiring moments of their nearest relatives or friends. Frequently only a few yards from a crowded ghaut thronged by the inhabitants of the neighboring village, who are laughing, singing and following their ordinary occupations with the utmost gayety, a dying person may be seen stretched upon a *charpoy* (bedstead) close to the river's brink, surrounded by a group of three or four individuals, who look upon the sufferer without the slightest appearance of interest. As soon as the breath has left the body, the corpse is thrown into the river, death being often precipitated by stuffing the mouth and nose with mud. Strangers, attracted by some superb lotus floating down the stream, are disgusted by the sight of a dead body rapidly descending with the tide, the ghastly head appearing above the surface of the water. Every Hindoo is anxious to draw his last sigh on the banks of the Ganges, or some equally

sacred stream flowing into its holy waters; the relatives therefore of expiring persons fulfil the last offices of humanity in the manner most desirable to them by bringing a dying friend to the edge of the river, and consigning the body, when the vital spark has fled, to the hallowed stream. The corpse of a rich Hindoo is burned upon a funeral pile; but as wood is dear, the poorer classes either dispense with it entirely, or merely scorch the flesh previously to launching it into the river. —*Miss Robert's Oriental Sketches.*

QUEEN ISABELLA OF SPAIN.

BY WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

HER person was of the middle height, and well proportioned. She had a clear, fresh complexion, with light blue eyes and auburn hair — a style of beauty exceedingly rare in Spain. Her features were regular, and universally allowed to be uncommonly handsome. The illusion which attaches to rank, more especially when united with engaging manners, might lead us to suspect some exaggeration in the encomiums so liberally lavished on her. But they would seem to be in a great measure justified by the portraits that remain of her, which combine a faultless symmetry of features with singular sweetness and intelligence of expression.

Her manners were most gracious and pleasing. They were marked by natural dignity and modest reserve, tempered by an affability which flowed from the kindness of her disposition. She was the last person to be approached with undue familiarity; yet the respect which she imposed was mingled with the strongest feelings of devotion and love. She showed great tact in accommodating herself to the peculiar situation and character of those around her. She appeared in arms at the head of her troops, and shrunk from none of the hardships of war. During the reforms introduced into the religious houses, she visited the nunneries in person, taking her needle-work with her, and passing the day in the society of the inmates. When travelling in Galicia, she attired herself in the costume of the country, borrowing for that purpose the jewels and other ornaments of the ladies there, and returning them with liberal additions. By this condescending and captivating deportment, as well as by her higher qualities, she gained an ascendancy over

her turbulent subjects, which no king of Spain could ever boast.

She spoke the Castilian with much elegance and correctness. She had an easy fluency of dis-

proverbs. She was temperate even to abstemiousness in her diet, seldom or never tasting wine; and so frugal in her table, that the daily expenses for herself and family did not exceed the moder-

ate sum of forty ducats. She was equally simple and economical in her apparel. On all public occasions, indeed, she displayed a royal magnificence; but she had no relish for it in private, and she freely gave away her clothes and jewels, as presents to her friends. Naturally of a sedate, though cheerful temper, she had little taste for the frivolous amusements which make up so much of a court life; and, if she encouraged the presence of minstrels and musicians in her palace, it was to wean her young nobility from the coarser and less intellectual pleasures to which they were addicted.

Among her moral qualities, the most conspicuous, perhaps, was her magnanimity. She betrayed nothing little or selfish, in thought or action. Her schemes were vast, and executed in the same noble



QUEEN ISABELLA, OF SPAIN.

course, which, though generally of a serious complexion, was occasionally seasoned with agreeable sallies, some of which have passed into

spirit in which they were conceived. She never employed doubtful agents or sinister measures, but the most direct and open policy.

She scorned to avail herself of advantages offered by the perfidy of others. Where she had once given her confidence, she gave her hearty and steady support; and she was scrupulous to redeem any pledge she had made to those who ventured in her cause, however unpopular. She sustained Ximenes in all his obnoxious, but salutary reforms. She seconded Columbus in the prosecution of his arduous enterprise, and shielded him from the calumny of his enemies. She did the same good service to her favorite, Gonsalvo de Cordova; and the day of her death was felt, and, as it proved, truly felt by both, as the last of their good fortune. Artifice and duplicity were so abhorrent to her character, and so averse from her domestic policy, that when they appear in the foreign relations with Spain, it is certainly not imputable to her. She was incapable of harboring any petty distrust, or latent malice; and, although stern in the execution and exaction of public justice, she made the most generous allowance, and even sometimes advances, to those who had personally injured her.

But the principle, which gave a peculiar coloring to every feature of Isabella's mind, was piety. It shone forth from the very depths of her soul with a heavenly radiance, which illuminated her whole character. Fortunately, her earliest years had been passed in the rugged school of adversity, under the eye of a mother who implanted in her serious mind such strong principles of religion as nothing in after life had power to shake. At an early age, in the flower of youth and beauty, she was introduced to her brother's court; but its blandishments, so dazzling to a young imagination, had no power over hers; for she was surrounded by a moral atmosphere of purity,

Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt.

Such was the decorum of her manners, that, though encompassed by false friends and open enemies, not the slightest reproach was breathed on her fair name in this corrupt and calumnious court.

DEATH OF ARCHIMEDES.

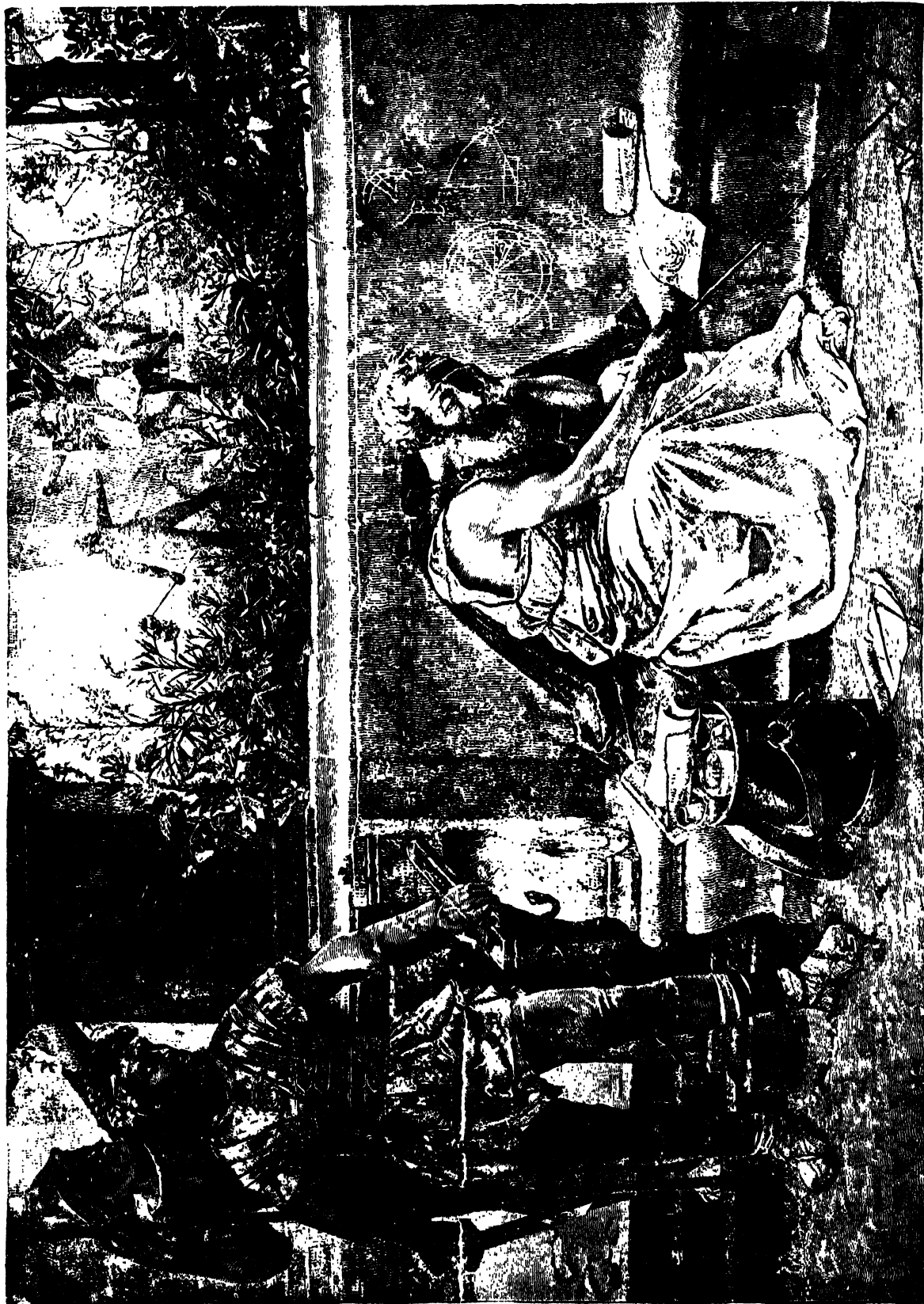
IT is related that when the Roman army took Syracuse, Archimedes, the great geometrician, was occupied with some geometrical demonstration. He heard nothing of the sounds of confusion and strife, and was wholly insensible to all

the scenes of suffering around him; and when the soldier who took his life entered the room where he was sitting, calmly drawing the lines of a diagram, and placed a sword to his throat—"Hold, friend!" said Archimedes: "one moment, and my demonstration will be finished!"

The soldier did not heed the request, but struck him down without mercy, so that the demonstration upon which he was then at work was never finished. The general who commanded the Roman army caused his body to receive a decent burial, and afterward erected a tombstone over his grave. Forty years afterward Cicero visited his grave, and found it overgrown with weeds and thorns.

Archimedes was born in Syracuse, Sicily, about 287 B. C., and was murdered by the Roman soldier, as related above, in 212. King Hiero, of Syracuse, was his personal friend and patron. The king, on a certain occasion, ordered a golden crown from a goldsmith of Syracuse, and upon examining it, after it had been delivered to him, he became suspicious that it was alloyed with silver. He accordingly gave the crown to his friend Archimedes, and desired him to ascertain if his suspicions were correct. The philosopher was at a loss how to proceed with the investigation, but going one day into a public bath, the tub chanced to be full of water, and he instantly discovered that as much water must run over the edge of the tub as would be equal to the bulk of his body. Perceiving that this gave him a mode of determining the bulk and specific gravity of the crown, he sprang out of the tub and ran through the streets, shouting, *Eureka! Eureka!* "I have found it!" "I have found it." His fellow-townsmen, being well acquainted with his peculiarities, did not arrest him as a madman, but permitted him to go unmolested on his way, being assured that he had suddenly made some important and valuable discovery.

This was in fact the origin of the discovery of the important principle that a body plunged in a fluid loses as much of its weight as is equal to the weight of an equal volume of the fluid. It enabled him to determine that the king's suspicions regarding the alloy of the crown were correct, and the dishonest goldsmith was accordingly arrested, and, when confronted by the evidence and demonstrations of Archimedes, confessed his guilt and threw himself upon the mercy of the king.



DEATH OF ARCHIMEDES.

In his old age it is said that Archimedes defended his native city against the Romans by concentrating the rays of the sun, from numerous large mirrors, upon their ships, until they burst into flames and were destroyed. He also invented a powerful derrick, so it is stated, by means of which he could seize a ship and with a single whirling stroke dash it in pieces. Several important principles of mechanism, as now applied, owe their origin to this great Sicilian inventor.

MONTEZUMA, THE EMPEROR OF MEXICO.

BY WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

IT is not easy to depict the portrait of Montezuma in its true colors, since it has been exhibited to us under two aspects, of the most opposite and contradictory character. In the accounts gathered of him by the Spaniards, on coming into the country, he was uniformly represented as bold and warlike, unscrupulous as to the means of gratifying his ambition, hollow and perfidious, the terror of his foes, with a haughty bearing which made him feared even by his own people. They found him, on the contrary, not merely affable and gracious, but disposed to waive all the advantages of his own position, and to place them on a footing with himself; making their wishes his law; gentle even to effeminacy in his deportment, and constant in his friendship, while his whole nation was in arms against them. Yet these traits, so contradictory, were truly enough drawn. They are to be explained by the extraordinary circumstances of his position.

When Montezuma ascended the throne, he was scarcely twenty-three years of age. Young, and ambitious of extending his empire, he was continually engaged in war, and is said to have been present himself in nine pitched battles. He was greatly renowned for his martial prowess, for he belonged to the *Quachitin*, the highest military order of his nation, and one into which but few even of its sovereigns had been admitted. In later life, he preferred intrigue to violence, as more consonant to his character and priestly education. In this he was as great an adept as any prince of his time, and, by arts not very honorable to himself, succeeded in filching away much of the territory of his royal kinsman of Tezcuco. Severe in the administration of justice, he made important reforms in the arrangement of the tribunals. He introduced other innovations in the

royal household, creating new offices, introducing a lavish magnificence and forms of courtly etiquette unknown to his ruder predecessors. He was, in short, most attentive to all that concerned the exterior and pomp of royalty. Stately and decorous, he was careful of his own dignity, and might be said to be as great an "actor of majesty" among the barbarian potentates of the New World, as Louis the Fourteenth was among the polished princes of Europe.

He was deeply tainted, moreover, with that spirit of bigotry, which threw such a shade over the latter days of the French monarch. He received the Spaniards as the beings predicted by his oracles. The anxious dread, with which he had evaded their proffered visit, was founded on the same feelings which led him so blindly to resign himself to them on their approach. He felt himself rebuked by their superior genius. He at once conceded all that they demanded,—his treasures, his power, even his person. For their sake, he forsook his wonted occupation, his pleasures, his most familiar habits. He might be said to forego his nature; and, as his subjects asserted to change his sex and become a woman. If we cannot refuse our contempt for the pusillanimity of the Aztec monarch, it should be mitigated by the consideration, that his pusillanimity sprung from his superstition, and that superstition in the savage is the substitute for religious principle in the civilized man.

It is not easy to contemplate the fate of Montezuma without feelings of the strongest compassion;—to see him thus borne along the tide of events beyond his power to avert or control; to see him, like some stately tree, the pride of his own Indian forests, towering aloft in the pomp and majesty of its branches, by its very eminence a mark for the thunderbolt, the first victim of the tempest which was to sweep over its native hills! When the wise king of Tezcuco addressed his royal relative at his coronation, he exclaimed, "Happy the empire, which is now in the meridian of its prosperity, for the sceptre is given to one whom the Almighty has in his keeping; and the nations shall hold him in reverence!" Alas! the subject of this auspicious invocation lived to see his empire melt away like the winter's wreath; to see a strange race drop, as it were, from the clouds on his land; to find himself a prisoner in the palace of his fathers, the companion of those



Jeanne was the fifth child in this family of French peasants, and as her parents were too poor to give her an education, even if such had been the custom in those times, she was allowed to grow up in ignorance, like other peasant girls, and became accustomed to out of door duties, such as the tending of sheep, riding the horses

legends of Antiquity !

ROMANCE OF THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

ABOUT 1411, in the quaint old town of Domremy, in the province of Lorraine, at that time belonging to France, but now a part of the German Empire, there was born a little girl, who was called by her parents Joan or Jeanne, and who was destined, in her short life of only twenty years, to win a glorious immortality. Her parents were poor and obscure ; in fact they constituted so insignificant

a part of the great mass of humanity that her father's name is not even known with certainty, but it is supposed to have been Darc. The little cottage in which she was born still stands, as shown in the accompanying engraving, and is protected by two stately buildings on either side, erected as a monument to her memory.



JOAN OF ARC.

to and from the watering place, milking the cows, etc.

She was a quiet, demure child, and spent much of her time gazing into the heavens and dreaming unutterable things. In 1421, when she was ten years of age, the great Henry V., of England, the hero of Agincourt, died, and his infant son,

then only nine months old, was declared by Parliament king of France and England and lord of Ireland, under the title of Henry VI. The greater part of France had been subdued by the arms of his heroic father, but Charles VII., afterwards called "the victorious," claimed the throne and was supported in a feeble manner by a minority of the people in the central and southern portions of the kingdom. He was so poor and powerless that his enemies called him "the king

wandered into the future, where she heard the clash of arms and caught the first glimmerings of those military glories in which she was to be the central figure and the moving spirit. In a few years the idea that she was the virgin to whom the prophecy referred, and that she should save her country and crown her king, took full possession of her and controlled all her actions and purposes. But she observed a studious silence, and remained apparently the same dreaming child

she had always been, while her soul expanded with visions of patriotism and renown.

When she was about seventeen years of age her native village was attacked by a roving band of Burgundians, serving in the interest of the English party, who committed such gross outrages upon the people that her visions and dreams became a fixed purpose, and roused her to decisive action. Through the influence of an uncle, who



JOAN OF ARC LEADING HER FORCES AGAINST THE ENGLISH AT ORLÉANS.

of Bourges," as if that city were the whole of his monarchy.

The inhabitants of the neighborhood in which Jeanne's parents lived were intensely patriotic and loyal to the house of Orleans, represented by Charles; they were also ignorant and superstitious, believers in miracles and wonders, and were earnestly expecting the fulfilment of a prophecy to the effect that a virgin should relieve France of her enemies. This prophecy was doubtless nothing more than a pulpit exclamation, uttered by some priest with reference to the saving powers of the Virgin Mary. But it took fast hold upon the lively imaginations of the credulous peasants, and especially did it make a profound impression on the plastic mind of the dreaming maid. She began to hear mysterious voices, and wonderful visions. Her thoughts

seems to have been a person of some standing, she obtained an audience with the governor of Vaucouleurs, to whom she revealed her wishes, and appealed for assistance in the accomplishment of her purpose. But he treated her pretensions with such unconcealed scorn and contempt that she was abashed, and returned to her uncle depressed and in anguish. The voices and visions soon returned, however, with greater power than ever; and she renewed her entreaties to the governor, pressing her claims with such earnestness and enthusiasm that he was at length influenced to some extent by the superstitious reverence which had begun to hedge her about; and he accordingly sent her to Chinon, where Charles was then holding his court, accompanied by a letter explaining the object of her visit. On arriving there and making known her mission,

she declared that she would be able to distinguish the king by inspiration, no matter under what circumstances she might first behold him; and as a test of her powers she was introduced into the audience room, where she immediately singled out the king and fell on her knees before him, although he had purposely removed all marks of royalty from his person. This circumstance is in fact not surprising, when we remember that there is a subtle, undefined something about all distinguished people which separates them from the common herd and marks them as those who have been set apart for a special purpose.

The devotion and enthusiasm of the rustic maiden deeply impressed the king, but before yielding to her entreaties for permission to lead an army against the English, he directed that her claims to supernatural powers should be tested by a rigid examination, to which she cheerfully submitted. But no indications of her alliance with the powers of darkness were discovered, and the fact of her virginity being accepted as a satisfactory assurance that she was not under Satanic influence, a decision favorable to her wishes was reached. A suit of armor was made to fit her person, and at her request a consecrated sword which

she described as buried in the church of St. Catharine, at Fierbois, was discovered and brought to her. Thus equipped she placed herself at the head of an army of 10,000 men, com-

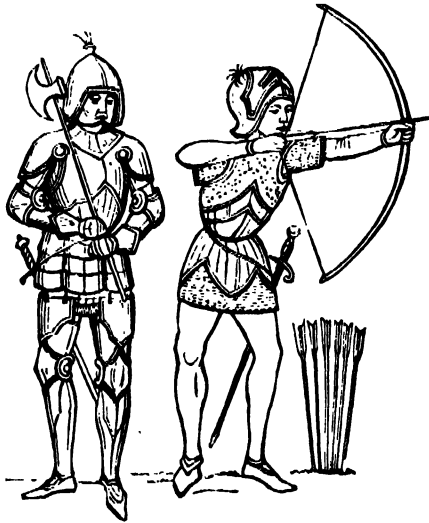


WOUNDING OF JOAN OF ARC.

manded by experienced officers, and animating them with a spirit of religious fervor, as Cromwell did his Ironsides two centuries later, she launched her forces suddenly and with fearful

havoc upon the English who were then besieging Orleans, defeated them in a number of brilliant and dashing engagements, and within a week compelled them to raise the siege. Her genius for war was identical with that which has animated all great military leaders, namely, quick and unexpected movements, bringing overpowering numbers to bear upon strategic points, and thus throwing the enemy into confusion.

Having driven the English from before Orleans, she did not give them time to recover from their confusion, but pressed them so vigorously at all points that within three months the French arms were victorious over the larger part of the kingdom, and Charles was triumphantly crowned at



ENGLISH ARCHERS OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

Rheims, the Maid of Orleans, in full armor, occupying a distinguished place by his side.

Having accomplished the mission for which she believed that she had been divinely inspired, the virgin commander now desired to retire to the seclusion of her rural home, but the king and his principal officers felt that they could not do without her, and prevailed upon her to remain with the army. It was a fatal determination, for the spell of her victorious career was broken, and from that time she experienced nothing but disaster, ending in a frightful and ignominious death. During the early part of the winter of 1429, her army besieged the city of Paris, and during an assault upon the enemy's works, which she led and encouraged by her immediate presence, she was severely wounded in the shoulder

by an arrow. The English archers were then celebrated for their skill in the use of this primitive military weapon. Their aim was unerring, and it is asserted that at short distances they could pierce the stoutest armor. It proved to be only too true in the case of Joan of Arc, and she fell from her horse dangerously wounded.

She did not recover until the following spring, when, placing herself once more at the head of an army, she threw her forces like a thunderbolt upon the English who had surrounded and were besieging Compiègne, breaking through their ranks and carrying her troops triumphantly into the city. Soon afterward, on the 24th of May, 1430, she led a sortie against the besiegers, and was captured and conveyed to Beurevoir, then in possession of the English, where she was confined in a dungeon of the fortress. She attempted to escape by leaping from the walls of the dungeon, but was discovered, recaptured, and conveyed to Rouen for greater security.

The University of Paris now demanded that she should be tried as a sorcerer, for they asserted that no person could entertain such sentiments as hers or perform the deeds that she had accomplished without being in league with the powers of darkness. Such were the superstitions of the times, even among the learned men of the universities! The leading English authorities were unwilling to proceed to extreme measures, but the French party in alliance with them, and opposed to the Orleans family, forced the issue, and the trial began. It lasted for several months, and resulted, as might have been expected, in conviction. The sentence was read to Joan in public by the Bishop of Beauvais, and the alternative offered of recantation and submission to the church, or the stake. Terrified at the prospects of so horrible a death, the young girl recanted, and was taken back to prison. Here her visions returned, and strengthened her determination to remain true to her convictions even at the risk of martyrdom. But the enemies of herself and France had decided that she must be destroyed, and for the purpose of tempting her a suit of male attire was left in her cell, as if by mistake. She innocently fell into the trap, and was detected by the Bishop in the act of donning the clothes, with the evident intention of trying to escape. The Bishop declared that her conduct was sufficient evidence of her relapse into her former

belief and he took immediate steps to hasten the execution of the first sentence. On the morning of the 30th of May, a Dominican brother named Martin Ladvenu was instructed to announce this decision to Joan. At first she gave way to feelings of terror. "Alas!" she cried, "am I to be so horribly and cruelly treated that this my body, full pure and perfect and never defiled, must to-day be consumed and reduced to ashes! Ah! I would seven times rather be beheaded than burned!"

At this moment the bishop of Beauvais came up. "Bishop," said Joan, "you are the cause of my death; if you had put me in the prisons of the Church and in the hands of fit and proper ecclesiastical warders, this had never happened; I appeal from you to the presence of God."

Peter Maurice, one of the doctors who had sat in judgment against her, came to see her, and asked her sympathy and forgiveness. "Master Peter," said she to him, "where shall I be to-night?" "Have you not good hope in God?" replied the doctor. "Oh! yes," she answered; "by the grace of God I shall be in paradise."

On being left alone with the Dominican, she confessed and asked to communicate. The monk thereupon sent to the bishop to inquire what he should do. "Tell Brother Martin," was the answer, "to give her the eucharist and all she asks for."

At nine o'clock, having resumed her woman's dress, Joan was dragged from the prison and driven to the market place. The car was guarded by from seven to eight hundred soldiers, and no one was permitted to approach near it; but one man forced a passage through the soldiers and threw himself at the feet of the trembling victim. It was Nicholas Loiseleur, who, having been placed as a spy over the Maid of Orleans, had abused her confidence, and now, beside himself with despair, wished to ask her pardon. The English soldiers drove him back with violence, applying to him the epithet of traitor, and his life would have been in danger but for the intervention of the Earl of Warwick.

Joan wept and prayed, and the crowd afar off wept and prayed with her. On arriving at the place of execution she listened in silence to a sermon by one of the doctors of the court, who ended by saying, "Joan, go in peace; the Church can no longer defend thee; she gives thee over to the

secular arm." The priest was continuing his exhortations, when the soldiers cried out, "How now! priest, are you going to make us dine here?" "Away with her!" said the baillie to the guards, and then turning to the executioner, he exclaimed, "Do thy duty."

When she came to the stake Joan knelt down and became completely absorbed in prayer. She had begged a priest named Massieu to get her a cross, but he neglected to comply with her request; whereupon an Englishman present made one out of a little stick, and handed it to her. She took it eagerly, kissed it, and laid it on her breast. She then begged another priest to procure the cross in the church of St. Sauveur, the principal door of which opened into the market place, and hold it "upright before her eyes until the coming of death, in order that the cross whereon God hung might as long as she lived continue in her sight." This priest, more kind-hearted and humane than his fellows, complied faithfully with her wishes. She wept for her country and the spectators, as well as for herself. "Rouen! Rouen!" she cried, "is it here that I must die? Shalt thou be my last resting place? I fear greatly thou wilt have to suffer for my death."

At this moment the executioner set fire to the fagots. When Joan perceived the flames rising, she begged her confessor to kneel down in front of her, at the same time asking him to hold the cross up high in front that she might never cease to see it, and thus miserably perished one of the purest souls God ever created. When the life was gone from her body two of her conscience-stricken judges cried out in despair, and one exclaimed, "Would that my soul were where I believe the soul of that woman is!" The English secretary of Henry VI., named Pressart, said sorrowfully on his return from the place of execution, "We are all lost; we have burned a saint."

Her ashes were then gathered up and thrown into the Seine, in order that they might be so scattered as to prevent resurrection on the day of judgment, in accordance with a belief entertained by the church at that time.

The execution of the Maid of Orleans was one of the most cruel and barbarous deeds that blacken the pages of mediæval history, but it has resulted in a glorious immortality of fame for the victim, while the very names of her persecutors are sunk in the oblivion of infamy and universal abhor-



EXECUTION OF JOAN OF ARC.

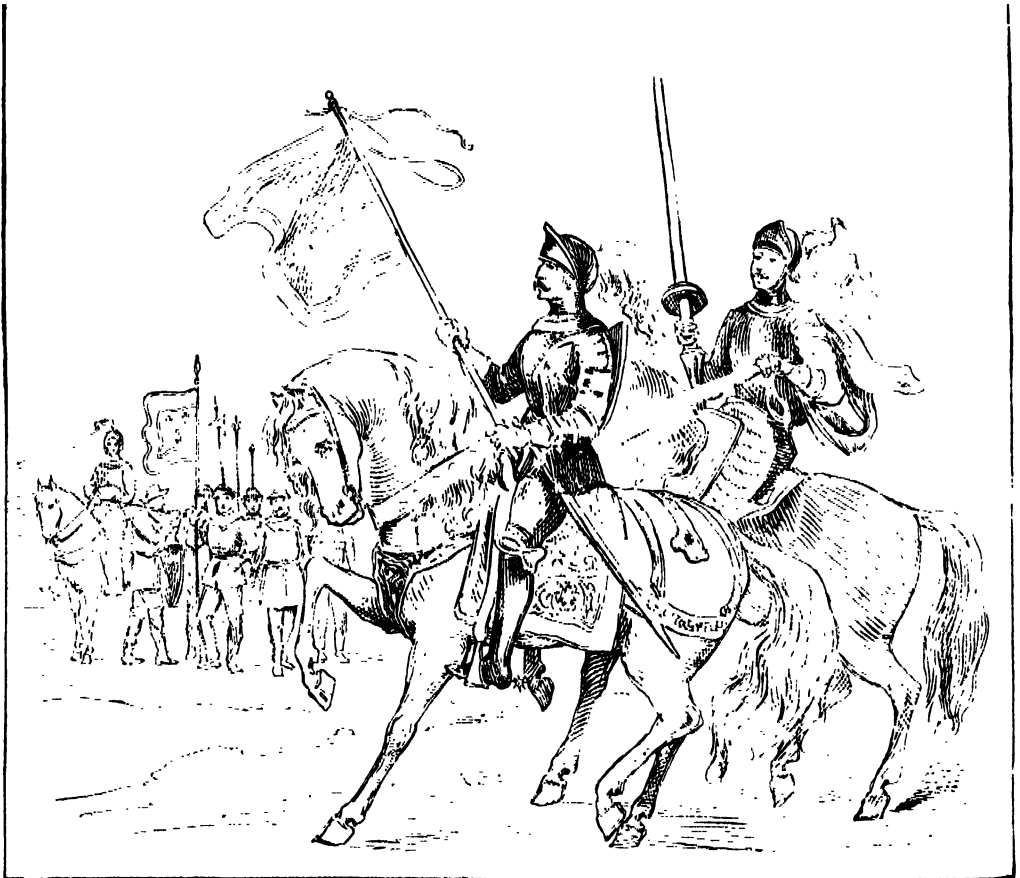
rence. So it is that time makes all things equal ! The king showed a base ingratitude toward his heroic deliverer. He made no effort to prevent the execution of the cruel sentence, or to avenge her death ; and he waited ten long years before taking steps to relieve her memory of the obloquy which naturally attaches to a criminal execution. Then he caused her sentence to be reversed, and pronounced her "a martyr to her religion, her country and her king."

But the death of Charles was little, if any less terrible than that of the innocent and patriotic maid ; and we have in this fact an instance in support of the principle which history plainly teaches, namely, that retribution, even though it may be slow, is nevertheless sure

and terrible. Although the king was victorious in his subsequent wars with the English, and succeeded in releasing the larger part of his country from foreign dominion, yet his later years were embittered by the intrigues and rebellion of his son, the future cruel and crafty Louis XI. Charles' fear of being poisoned by his son was so overwhelming that he finally refused to take anything to eat, and died miserably from starvation.

The Maid of Orleans has been the subject of numerous poems, tragedies, and romances, while the memory of her great deeds is preserved not alone in the pages of history and famous statues and paintings, but in the hearts of the people.

Her character was spotless and free from reproach. She was distinguished for modesty, innocence, and purity. Although she planned and directed a score of battles, and never hesitated to lead her soldiers into the hottest of the fight, yet it is asserted that with her own hands she never shed a drop of human blood. She continued to carry her enchanted sword, but never used it, relying



KNIGHTS DISPLAYING THE ORIFLAMME.

upon her personal magnetism and the inspiration of her consecrated banner for victory. The gentle dignity of her bearing impressed all who came within the circle of its magic influence, and restrained the brutality of her soldiers on the battle-field and in the midst of victory. How glorious does this gentle, earnest, lovable character appear in contrast with the cruelty and baseness of her infamous and detestable persecutors.

The Oriflamme.

The "consecrated banner" so frequently referred to in the history of Joan of Arc, is supposed to have been the famous "Oriflamme," or banner of the Capetian kings. It originally be-

longed to the Abbey of St. Denis, and the monks claimed that they received it from heaven. For many years the banner was used exclusively in religious ceremonies, but it was afterward carried by the counts of Vexin, in their capacity of patrons of the monastery, in the religious wars which they waged for its protection. When Philip I., of France, annexed Vexin to his domin-

devotion of the soldiers. Miracles also were attributed to its sacred influence. The following marvellous incident is related by Sir John Froissart, in connection with his description of the battle of Rosbecque, fought by the French and the Flemings:

"The lord de Clisson, Sir John de Vienne, and Sir William de Langres, having made their re-



THE KING TAKING THE ORIFLAMME INTO BATTLE.—(Copy of engraving of the sixteenth century.)

he adopted the Oriflamme as his royal standard, and it was carried by him and his successors for many centuries. It was composed of flame-colored silk, adorned with green silk tassels, and hanging from a gilded shaft.

The Oriflamme was regarded with superstitious reverence, and when unfurled it never failed to excite the enthusiasm and arouse the patriotic

port to the king, left him and went to their post in the vanguard. Shortly afterwards, the Oriflamme was displayed by Sir Peter de Villiers, who bore it. Some say (as they find it written) that it was never before displayed against Christians, and that it was a matter of great doubt during the march whether it should be displayed or not. However, the matter having been fully

considered, they resolved to display it, because the Flemings followed opinions contrary to those of Pope Clement, and called themselves Urbanists; for which the French said they were rebellious and out of the pale of the Church. This was the principal cause why it had been brought and displayed in Flanders.

"The Oriflamme was a most excellent banner, and had been sent from heaven with great mystery: it is a sort of gonfalon, and is of much comfort in the day of battle to those who see it. Proof was made of its virtues at this time; for all the morning there was so thick a fog, that with difficulty they could see each other, but the moment the knight had displayed it, and raised his lance in the air, this fog instantly dispersed, and the sky was as clear as it had been during the whole year. The lords of France were much rejoiced when they saw this clear day, and the sun shine, so that they could look about them on all sides.

"It was a fine sight to view these banners, helmets, and beautiful emblazoned arms: the army kept a dead silence, not uttering a sound, but eyed a large battalion of Flemings before them, who were marching in a compact body, with their staves advanced in the air, which looked like spears; and, so great were their numbers, they had the appearance of a wood. The Lord d'Estonnenort told me, that he saw (as well as several others) when the Oriflamme was displayed, and the fog had dispersed, a white dove fly many times around the king's battalion. When it had made several circles, and the engagement was about to begin, it perched on one of the king's banners: this was considered as a fortunate omen."

The Oriflamme, being regarded as a sacred banner, was carefully preserved and guarded. It had upon it the name of St. Dionysius, and was never unfurled except upon the most urgent occasions, when the king himself was present, and its use was forbidden except against infidels and heretics.

THE RESCUE.

BY ROBERT M. BIRD.

WITH these words, having first examined his own and Roland's arms, to see that all were in proper battle condition, and then directed little Peter to ensconce in a bush, wherein little Peter straightway bestowed himself, Bloody

Nathan, with an alacrity of motion and ardor of look that indicated anything rather than distaste to the murderous work in hand, led the way along the ridge, until he had reached the place where it dipped down to the valley, covered with the bushes through which he expected to advance to a desirable position undiscovered.

But a better auxiliary even than the bushes was soon discovered by the two friends. A deep gully, washed in the side of the hill by the rains, was here found running obliquely from its top to the bottom, affording a covered way, by which, as they saw at a glance, they could approach within twenty or thirty yards of the foe entirely unseen; and, to add to its advantages, it was the bed of a little water-course, whose murmurs, as it leaped from rock to rock, assured them they could as certainly approach unheard.

"Truly," muttered Nathan, with a grim chuckle, as he looked, first at the friendly ravine, and then at the savages below, "the Philistine rascals is in our hands, and we will smite them hip and thigh!"

With this inspiring assurance he crept into the ravine; and Roland following, they were soon in possession of a post commanding, not only the spot occupied by the enemy, but the whole valley.

Peeping through the fringe of shrubs that rose, a verdant parapet, on the brink of the gully, they looked down upon the savage party, now less than forty paces from the muzzles of their guns, and wholly unaware of the fate preparing for them. The scene of diversion and torment was over: the prisoner, a man of powerful frame but squalid appearance, whose hat,—a thing of shreds and patches,—adorned the shorn pate of one of the Indians, while his coat, equally rusty and tattered, hung from the shoulders of a second, lay bound under a tree, but so high that they could mark the laborious heavings of his chest. Two of the Indians sat near him on the grass, keeping watch, their hatchets in their hands, their guns resting within reach against the trunk of a tree overthrown by some hurricane of former years, and now mouldering away. A third was engaged with his tomahawk, lopping away the few dry boughs that remained on the trunk. Squatting at the fire, which the third was thus laboring to replenish with fuel, were the two remaining savages; who, holding their rifles in their hands,

divided their attention betwixt a shoulder of venison roasting on a stick in the fire, and the captive, whom they seemed to regard as destined to be sooner or later disposed of in a similar manner.

The position of the parties precluded the hope Nathan had ventured to entertain of getting them in a cluster, and so doing double execution with each bullet; but the disappointment neither chilled his ardor nor embarrassed his plans. His scheme of attack had been framed to embrace all contingencies; and he wasted no further time in deliberation. A few whispered words conveyed his last instructions to the soldier; who, reflecting that he was fighting in the cause of humanity, remembering his own heavy wrongs, and marking the fiery eagerness that flamed from Nathan's visage, banished from his mind whatever disinclination he might have felt at beginning the fray in a mode so seemingly treacherous and ignoble. He laid his axe on the brink of the gully at his side, together with his foraging cap; and then, thrusting his rifle through the bushes, took aim at one of the savages at the fire, Nathan directing his piece against the other. Both of them presented the fairest marks, as they sat wholly unconscious of their danger, enjoying in imagination the tortures yet to be inflicted on the prisoner. But a noise in the gully,—the falling of a stone loosened by the soldier's foot, or a louder than usual splash of water—suddenly roused them from their dreams: they started up, and turned their eyes towards the hill.—“Now, friend!” whispered Nathan; “if thee misses, thee loses thee maiden and thee life into the bargain. Is thee ready?”

“Ready,” was the reply.

“Right, then, through the dog's brain,—fire!”

The crash of the pieces, and the fall of the two victims, both marked by a fatal aim, and both pierced through the brain, were the first announcement of peril to their companions; who, springing up, with yells of fear and astonishment and snatching at their arms, looked wildly around them for the unseen foe. The prisoner also, astounded out of his despair, raised his head from the grass, and glared around. The wreaths of smoke curling over the bushes on the hill-side, betrayed the lying-place of the assailants, and savage and prisoner turning together, they all beheld at once the spectacle of two human heads,

—or, to speak more correctly, two human caps, for the heads were far below them,—rising in the smoke, and peering over the bushes, as if to mark the result of the volley. Loud, furious, and exulting were the screams of the Indians, as with the speed of thought, seduced by a stratagem often practised among the wild heroes of the border, they raised and discharged their pieces against the imaginary foes so incautiously exposed to their vengeance. The caps fell, and with them the rifles that had been employed to raise them; and the voice of Nathan thundered through the glen, as he grasped his tomahawk and sprang from the ditch,—“Now, friend! up with thee axe, and do thee duty!”

With these words, the two assailants at once leaped into view, and with a bold hurrah, and bolder hearts, rushed towards the fire, where lay the undischarged rifles of their first victims. The savages yelled also in reply, and two of them bounded forward to dispute the prize. The third, staggered into momentary inaction by the suddenness and amazement of the attack, rushed forward but a step; but a whoop of exultation was on his lips, as he raised the rifle which *he* had not yet discharged, full against the breast of bloody Nathan. But his triumph was short-lived; so fatal as it must have proved to the life of Nathan, it was averted by an unexpected incident. The prisoner, near whom he stood, putting all his vigor into one tremendous effort, burst his bonds, and, with a yell ten times louder and fiercer than had yet been uttered, added himself to the combatants. With a furious cry of encouragement to his rescuers,—“Hurrah for Kentucky!”—give it to 'em good!” he threw himself upon the savage, beat the gun from his hands, and grasping him in his brawny arms, hurled him to the earth, where, rolling over and over in mortal struggle, growling and whooping, and rending one another like wild beasts, the two, still locked in furious embrace, suddenly tumbled down the bank of the brook, there high and steep, and were immediately lost to sight.

Before this catastrophe occurred, the other Indians and the assailants met at the fire; and each singling out his opponent, and thinking no more of the rifles, they met as men whose only business was to kill or to die. With his axe flourished over his head, Nathan rushed against the tallest and foremost enemy, who, as he advanced, swung

BEAUTIFUL IN THE WORLD'S HISTORY.

his tomahawk, in the act of throwing it. Their weapons parted from their hands at the same moment, and with perhaps equal accuracy of aim; but meeting with a crash in the air, they fell together to the earth, doing no harm to either. The Indian stooped to recover his weapon; but it was too late: the hand of Nathan was already upon his shoulder: a single effort of his vast strength sufficed to stretch the savage at his feet, and holding him down with knee and hand, Nathan snatched up the nearest axe, "If the life of thee tribe was in thee bosom," he cried with a look of unrelenting fury, of hatred deep and ineffaceable, "thee should die the dog's death, as thee does!" And with a blow furiously struck, and thrice repeated, he despatched the struggling savage as he lay.

He rose, brandishing the bloody hatchet, and looked for his companion. He found him upon the earth, lying upon the breast of his antagonist whom it had been his good fortune to overmaster. Both had thrown their hatchets, and both without effect, Roland because skill was wanting, and the Shawnee because, in the act of throwing, he had stumbled over the body of one of his comrades so as to disorder his aim, and even to deprive him of his footing. Before he could recover himself, Roland imitated Nathan's example, and threw himself upon the unlucky Indian—a youth, as it appeared, whose strength, perhaps at no moment equal to his own, had been reduced by recent wounds,—and found that he had him entirely at his mercy. This circumstance, and the knowledge that the other Indians were now overpowered, softened the soldier's wrath; and when Nathan, rushing to assist him, cried aloud to him to move aside, that he might "knock the assassin knave's brains out," Roland replied by begging Nathan to spare his life. "I have disarmed him," he cried,—"he resists no more—don't kill him."

"To the last man of his tribe!" cried Nathan with unexampled ferocity; and without another word, drove the hatchet into the wretch's brain.

The victors now leaping to their feet, looked round for the fifth savage and the prisoner; and directed by a horrible din under the bank of the stream, which was resounding with curses, groans, heavy blows, and the plashing of water, ran to the spot, where the last incident of battle was revealed to them in a spectacle as novel as it was shocking. The Indian lay on his back suffocating

in mire and water; while astride his body sat the late prisoner, covered from head to foot with mud and gore, furiously plying his fists, for he had no other weapons, about the head and face of his foe, his blows falling like sledge hammers or battering-rams, with such strength and fury that it seemed impossible any one of them could fail to crush the skull to atoms; and all the while garnishing them with a running accompaniment of oaths and maledictions little less emphatic and overwhelming. "You switches gentlemen, do you, you exflunetified, preditioned rascal? Ar'n't you got it, you niggur-in-law to old Sattan? you 'tarnal half-imp, you? H'yar's for you, you dog, and thar's for you, you dog's dog! H'yar's the way I pay you in a small-change of sogdologers!"

And thus he cried, until Roland and Nathan seizing him by the shoulders, dragged him by main force from the Indian, whom, as was found when they came to examine the body afterwards, he had actually pommelled to death, the skull having been beaten in as with bludgeons. The victor sprang upon his feet, and roared his triumph aloud:—"Ar'n't I licked him handsome! Hurrah for Kentucky and old Salt! Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

And with that, turning to his deliverers, he displayed to their astonished eyes, though disfigured by blood and mire, the never-to-be-forgotten features of the captain of horse-thieves, Roaring Ralph Stackpole.

TWO SWISS HEROES.

WE are indebted to the genius of Schiller for the beautiful and thrilling story of William Tell. Being familiar with certain patriotic legends connected with the struggle for the independence of Switzerland, the German poet wove them in with deeds of real heroes, and created a fabric of fancy which for many years was accepted as an historical reality. It is cruel to demolish so pleasant a faith, but critical investigation has established the fact that no such person as William Tell ever existed; he was merely a creation of fancy and the representative of Swiss heroism and the spirit of freedom. This is the substance of the story as told by Schiller.

William Tell was a mighty hunter, full of the spirit of independence and the love of liberty, who lived in peace and happiness with his wife

and children at Burgelen, in the canton of Uri. This, according to the story, was about 1307. At that time Switzerland was a province of Austria, but the people had already begun their struggle for freedom, and Tell was one of the leaders in the movement. Gessler, the Austrian bailiff at Kussnacht, for the purpose of making a display of his authority, and humiliating the people,

tall," this word in German meaning half-witted. Before the time appointed for the execution, Gessler learned that Tell was a celebrated marksman with the bow and arrow, and sending for him he offered him his life and liberty on condition that he would shoot an apple from the head of his little son. Tell accepted the cruel alternative, but determined that if he failed, or harmed

even so much as one hair of the head of his son, Gessler should pay the penalty with his life.

When the time arrived for the trial of skill upon which so much depended, a bundle of arrows was handed Tell from which to make his selection, and he adroitly concealed an extra one beneath his coat. Then with a fervent prayer to God for strength of nerve and accuracy of aim, he drew the bow-string to his shoulder, and sent the arrow whizzing



WILLIAM TELL SHOOTING THE APPLE FROM THE HEAD OF HIS SON.

placed his cap upon a pole in the market place of Altorf, and ordered that all who passed by should uncover and bow down to it. Tell neglected or refused to comply with the bailiff's order, and was arrested and sentenced to death. During the trial he attempted to excuse his disrespect to the cap on the ground that he was dull of wit, for otherwise, said he, "I should not be called the

through the centre of the apple, without the slightest hurt to his beloved child.

The spectators applauded the extraordinary feat, but Gessler refused to make good his promise, and accused Tell of concealing the extra arrow beneath his coat. "Why didst thou hide the arrow?" he demanded. "To kill thee if I had harmed my son," boldly replied the Swiss patriot.

For this he was again placed in chains, and Gessler, embarking in a boat for Kussnacht, took Tell with him. While they were on the way a storm arose, which threatened to destroy the vessel, and the crew, alarmed for their safety implored the bailiff to release Tell, who was an expert pilot, and let him steer them into a place of safety. He complied, and as they neared a point now known as "Tell's rock," or "Leap," he sprang ashore and escaped. The storm had by this time subsided, and the crew brought the vessel in safety to Brumen; but meanwhile, Tell had gone around by land, and concealing himself in the woods, near a road by which he knew the party would pass, shot and mortally wounded Gessler with an arrow.

The fall of the tyrant was the signal for a general uprising, and the Austrians were driven from the country and their castles destroyed. In all these movements William Tell was a leading spirit, encouraging and animating his people by his own heroic example. In 1354, according to the story, he was drowned in the Saehen, while attempting to save the life of a boy, dying as he had lived, doing good to others.

Such is the story as it has come to us from the writings of Schiller, but late historical investigations have shown that it is almost purely imaginary, embracing, however, what might be termed a crystallization of the spirit of independence as exemplified in the Swiss struggle for liberty.

But the story of Tell is not confined alone to Switzerland, for we find it also in the poetry and romances of such widely separated and distinctive countries as Persia and Denmark. About 1175 the Persian poet Ferid ed-Din Attar, recorded the deeds of a king of his country, who, among other exploits, shot an apple from the head of his favorite son; while in the "Danish Chronicle" of Saxo Grammaticus, written about 1170, we learn of a hero named Toko who shot an apple from the head of his son, by order of King Harold Blutooth. The story has been even traced back to the mythological legends of the Northmen, where it is related that Egil, a celebrated marksman, was compelled by king Nidung to shoot an apple from the head of his son. In each of the last two versions the incident of the concealed arrow is mentioned just as it occurs in the story of William Tell.

The Story of Arnold Winkelried, the Swiss Patriot.

Arnold Struth von Winkelried was a Swiss peasant and patriot, whose heroism and devotion to the cause of his country decided the battle of Sempach, fought on the 6th of July, 1386. This is a true story, and therefore all the more interesting. Leopold, Duke of Austria, undertook to further the interests of the house of Hapsburg by seizing the cantons of Switzerland, but the Swiss being supported by the free cities of Suabia, made a gallant fight for independence, whereupon Leopold determined to enforce his pretensions by an invasion of the country. In conformity with this determination, in 1386 he placed himself at the head of an army of four thousand well armed and drilled knights and soldiers, and marched into the Swiss cantons. The people of the latter country were able to muster a small force of only thirteen hundred men to meet this formidable army, and even these were without experience in war, being farmers, fishermen and herdsmen, and armed with primitive pikes and battle-axes. The two armies met in the pass of Sempach, and as the advantages were all on the side of the Austrians, it appeared inevitable but that victory should perch upon their banners. As the lines of Leopold advanced to the shock of battle, they presented a solid wall of steel-tipped spears, which it seemed impossible for the Swiss to break or disperse. They were in despair. Defeat and slaughter stared them in the face. The glittering spears of the advancing Austrians presented an unbroken and apparently impregnable front.

But in this emergency an unknown hero appeared in the person of Arnold of Winkelried. "Comrades!" he shouted, "remember my wife and children!" and then springing forward with a wild cry of "Make way for liberty!" he gathered within his outstretched arms as many of the Austrian spears as he could reach, and pressed them against his devoted bosom.

Into the small breach thus made the gallant Swiss threw themselves with an energy born of desperation, and hewing to the right and left with their battle axes, they soon made an opening in the Austrian ranks wide enough to admit all of their little army. Stimulated by the spirit of their martyred comrade and the love of liberty, they vigorously pressed their advantage until the Austrians, terrified at the havoc in their ranks,



HEROISM OF ARNOLD OF WINKELRIED.

turned and fled, leaving Leopold and seven hundred of his knights and soldiers dead on the field.

It was a glorious victory, and decided the fate of Switzerland, for never again were the brave mountaineers reduced to such extreme peril.

CHARMED BY A RATTLESNAKE.

BY WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

MISS BESS MATTHEWS, a beautiful young lady, goes into the woods to meet her lover, and becomes the victim of a fearful adventure :

"He is not come," she murmured, half disappointed, as the old grove of oaks with all its religious solemnity of shadow lay before her. She took her seat at the foot of a tree, the growth of a century, whose thick and knotted roots, started from their sheltering earth, shot even above the long grass around them, and ran in irregular sweeps for a considerable distance upon the surface. Here she sat not long, for her mind grew impatient and confused with the various thoughts crowding upon it—sweet thoughts it may be, for she thought of him whom she loved—of him almost only ; and of the long hours of happy enjoyment which the future had in store. Then came the fears, following fast upon the hopes, as the shadows follow the sunlight. The doubts of existence—the brevity and the fluctuations of life ; these are the contemplations even of happy love, and these beset and saddened her ; till, starting up in that dreamy confusion which the scene not less than the subject of her musings had inspired, she glided among the old trees scarce conscious of her movement.

"He does not come—he does not come," she murmured, as she stood contemplating the thick copse spreading before her, and forming the barrier which terminated the beautiful range of oaks which constituted the grove. How beautiful was the green and garniture of that little copse of wood. The leaves were thick, and the grass around lay folded over and over in bunches, with here and there a wild flower, gleaming from its green, and making of it a beautiful carpet of the richest and most various texture. A small tree rose from the centre of a clump around which a wild grape gadded luxuriantly ; and, with an incoherent sense of what she saw, she lingered before the little cluster, seeming to survey that

which, though it seemed to fix her eye, yet failed to fill her thought. Her mind wandered—her soul was far away ; and the objects in her vision were far other than those which occupied her imagination. Things grew indistinct beneath her eye. The eye rather slept than saw. The musing spirit had given holiday to the ordinary senses, and took no heed of the forms that rose, and floated, or glided away, before them. In this way, the leaf detached made no impression upon the sight that was yet bent upon it ; she saw not the bird, though it whirled, untroubled by a fear, in wanton circles around her head—and the black snake, with the rapidity of an arrow, darted over her path without arousing a single terror in the form that otherwise would have shivered at its mere appearance. And yet, though thus indistinct were all things around her to the musing eye of the maiden, her eye was yet singularly fixed—fastened as it were, to a single spot—gathered and controlled by a single object, and glazed, apparently, beneath a curious fascination. Before the maiden rose a little clump of bushes—bright, tangled leaves flaunting wide in glossiest green, with vines trailing over them, thickly decked with blue and crimson flowers. Her eye communed vacantly with these ; fastened by a starlike shining glance—a subtle ray, that shot out from the circle of green leaves—seeming to be their very eye—and sending out a lurid lustre that seemed to stream across the space between, and find its way into her own eyes. Very piercing and beautiful was that subtle brightness, of the sweetest, strangest power. And now the leaves quivered and seemed to float away, only to return, and the vines waved and swung around in fantastic mazes, unfolding ever-changing varieties of form and color to her gaze ; but the star-like eye was ever steadfast, bright and gorgeous gleaming in their midst, and still fastened, with strange fondness, upon her own. How beautiful, with wondrous intensity, did it gleam, and dilate, growing larger and more lustrous with every ray which it sent forth. And her own glance became intense, fixed also ; but with a dreaming sense that conjured up the wildest fancies, terribly beautiful, that took her soul away from her, and wrapt it about as with a spell. She would have fled, she would have cried out ; but she had not power to move. The will was wanting to her flight. She felt that she could have bent forward to pluck the gem-like

thing from the bosom of the leaf in which it seemed to grow, and which it irradiated with its bright white gleam; but ever as she aimed to stretch forth her hand, and bend forward, she heard a rush of wings, and a shrill scream from the tree above her—such a scream as the mocking bird makes, when, angrily, it raises its dusky crest, and flaps its wings furiously against its slender sides. Such a scream seemed like a warning, and though yet unawakened to full consciousness, it startled her and forbade her effort. More than once in her survey of this strange object, had she heard that shrill note, and still had it carried to her ear the same note of warning, and to her mind the same vague consciousness of an evil presence. But the star-like eye was yet upon her own—a small, bright eye, quick like that of a bird, now steady in its place, and observant seemingly only of hers, now darting forward with all the clustering leaves about it, and shooting up towards her, as if wooing her to seize. At another moment, riveted to the vine which lay around it, it would whirl round and round, dazzlingly bright and beautiful, even as a torch, waving hurriedly by night in the hands of some playful boy; but, in all this time, the glance was never taken from her own—there it grew, fixed—a very principle of light—and such a light—a subtle, burning, piercing, fascinating gleam, such as gathers in vapor above the old grave, and binds us as we look—shooting, darting directly into her eye, dazzling her gaze, defeating its sense of discrimination, and confusing strangely that of perception.

She felt dizzy, for as she looked, a cloud of colors, bright, gay, various colors, floated and hung like so much drapery around the single object that had so secured her attention and spell-bound her feet. Her limbs felt momentarily more and more insecure—her blood grew cold, and she seemed to feel the gradual freeze of vein throughout her person. At that moment a rustling was heard in the branches of the tree beside her, and the bird, which had repeatedly uttered a single cry above her, as it were of warning, flew away from his station with a scream more piercing than ever. This movement had the effect, for which it really seemed intended, of bringing back to her a portion of the consciousness she seemed so totally to have been deprived of before. She strove to move as before the beautiful but terri-

ble presence, but for a while she strove in vain. The rich star-like glance still riveted her own, and the subtle fascination kept her bound. The mental energies, however, with the moment of their greatest trial, now gathered suddenly to her aid; and, with a desperate effort, but with a feeling still of most annoying uncertainty and dread, she succeeded partially in the attempt, and threw her arms backwards, her hands grasping the neighboring tree, feeble, tottering, and depending upon it for that support which her limbs almost entirely denied her. With her movement, however, came the full development of the powerful spell and dreadful mystery before her. As her feet receded, though but a single pace, to the tree against which she now rested, the audibly articulated ring, like that of a watch when wound up with the verge broken, announced the nature of that splendid yet dangerous presence, in the form of the monstrous rattlesnake, now but a few feet before her, lying coiled at the bottom of a beautiful shrub, with which, to her dreaming eye, many of its own glorious hues had become associated. She was, at length, conscious enough to perceive and to feel all her danger; but terror had denied her the strength necessary to fly from her dreadful enemy. There still the eye glared beautifully bright and piercing upon her own; and, seemingly in a spirit of sport, the insidious reptile slowly unwound himself from his coil, but only to gather himself up again into his muscular rings, his great flat head rising in the midst, and slowly nodding, as it were, towards her, the eye still peering deeply into her own; the rattle still slightly ringing at intervals, and giving forth that paralyzing sound, which, once heard, is remembered forever. The reptile all this while appeared to be conscious of, and to sport with, while seeking to excite her terrors. Now, with his flat head, distended mouth, and curving neck, would it dart forward its long form towards her—its fatal teeth, unfolding on either side of its upper jaws, seeming to threaten her with instantaneous death, whilst its powerful eye shot forth glances of that fatal power of fascination, malignantly bright, which, by paralyzing, with a novel form of terror and of beauty, may readily account for the spell it possesses of binding the feet of the timid, and denying to fear even the privilege of flight. Could she have fled! She felt the necessity; but the power of her limbs was gone! and there still it lay, coiling and un-

coiling, its arching neck glittering like a ring of brazed copper, bright and lurid ; and the dreadful beauty of its eye still fastened, eagerly contemplating the victim, while the pendulous rattle still rang the death note, as if to prepare the conscious mind for the fate which is momentarily approaching to the blow. Meanwhile the stillness became death-like with all surrounding objects. The bird had gone with its scream and rush. The breeze was silent. The vines ceased to wave. The leaves faintly quivered on their stems. The serpent once more lay still ; but the eye was never once turned away from the victim. Its corded muscles are all in coil. They have but to unclasp suddenly, and the dreadful folds will be upon her, its full length, and the fatal teeth will strike, and the deadly venom which they secrete will mingle with the life-blood in her veins.

The terrified damsel, her full consciousness restored, but not her strength, feels all the danger. She sees that the sport of the terrible reptile is at an end. She cannot now mistake the horrid expression of its eye. She strives to scream, but the voice dies away, a feeble gurgling in her throat. Her tongue is paralyzed ; her lips are sealed—once more she strives for flight, but her limbs refuse their office. She has nothing left of life but its fearful consciousness. It is in her despair, that, a last effort, she succeeds to scream, a single wild cry, forced from her by the accumulated agony ; she sinks down upon the grass before her enemy—her eyes, however, still open, and still looking upon those which he directs for ever upon them. She sees him approach—now advancing, now receding—now swelling in every part with something of anger, while his neck is arched beautifully like that of a wild horse under the curb ; until at length, tired as it were of play, like the cat with its victim, she sees the neck growing larger and becoming completely bronzed as about to strike—the huge jaws unclosing almost directly above her, the long tubulated fang charged with venom, protruding from the cavernous mouth—and she sees no more. Insensibility came to her aid, and she lay almost lifeless under the very folds of the monster.

In that moment the copse parted, and an arrow, piercing the monster through and through the neck, bore his head forward to the ground, alongside the maiden, while his spiral extremities, now unfolding in his own agony, were actually, in

part, writhing upon her person. The arrow came from the fugitive Oconestoga, who had fortunately reached the spot in season, on his way to the Block House. He rushed from the copse as the snake fell, and, with a stick, fearlessly approached him where he lay tossing in agony upon the grass. Seeing him advance, the courageous reptile made an effort to regain his coil, shaking the fearful rattle violently at every evolution which he took for that purpose ; but the arrow, completely passing through his neck, opposed an unyielding obstacle to the endeavor ; and finding it hopeless, and seeing the new enemy about to assault him, with something of the spirit of the white man under like circumstances, he turned desperately round, and striking his charged fangs, so that they were riveted in the wound they made, into a susceptible part of his own body, he threw himself over with a single convulsion, and, a moment after, lay dead beside the utterly unconscious maiden.

A KITCHEN FIRE-SIDE IN THE OLD DOMINION.

BY WILLIAM A. CARRUTHERS.

IMAGINE to yourself, reader, a fire-place large enough to roast an ox whole, and within which a common wage a load of wood might be absorbed in such a speedy manner as to horrify one of our city economical housewives—though now it was late in summer, and of course no such pile of combustibles enlivened the scene—besides, it was night, and the culinary operations of the day were over. A few blazing fagots of rich pine, however, still threw a lurid glare over the murky atmosphere, and here and there sat the several domestics of the establishment ; some nodding until they almost tumbled into the fire, but speedily regaining the perpendicular without ever opening their eyes, or giving any evidence of discomposure, except a loud snort, perhaps, and then dozing away again as comfortably as ever. Others were conversing without exhibiting any symptoms of weariness or drowsiness.

In one corner of the fire-place sat old Sylvia, a Moor, who had accompanied the father of the governor (a British naval officer) all the way from Africa, the birth-place of his excellency. She had straight hair, which was now white as the driven snow, and hung in long matted locks about her shoulders, not unlike a bunch of candles.

She was by the negroes called outlandish, and talked a sort of jargon entirely different from the broken lingo of that race. She was a general scape-goat for the whole plantation, and held in especial dread by the Ethiopian tribe. She was not asleep, nor dozing, but sat rocking her body back and forth, without moving the stool, and humming a most mournful and monotonous ditty, all the while throwing her large stealthy eyes around the room. In the opposite corner sat a regular hanger-on of the establishment, and one of those who kept a greedy eye always directed towards the fleshpots, whenever he kept them open at all. His name was June, and he wore an old cast-off coat of the governor's, the waist-buttons of which just touched his hips, while the skirts hung down to the ground in straight lines, or rather in the rear of the perpendicular, as if afraid of the constant kicking which his heels kept up against them when walking. His legs were banded, and set so much in the middle of the feet as to render it rather a difficult matter to tell which end went foremost. His face was of the true African stamp: large mouth, flat nose, and a brow overhung with long, plaited queues, like so many whip-cords cut off short and even all round, and now quite grey. The expression of his countenance was full of mirthfulness and good humor, mixed with just enough of shrewdness to redeem it from utter vacuity. There was a slight degree of cunning twinkled from his small terrapin-looking eye, but wholly swallowed up by his large mouth, kept constantly on the stretch. He had the run of the kitchen; and, for these perquisites was expected and required to perform no other labor than running and riding errands to and from the capital; and it is because he will sometimes be thus employed that we have been so particular in describing him, and because he was the banjo player to all the small fry at Temple Farm. He had his instrument across his lap on the evening in question, his hands in the very attitude of playing, his eyes closed, and every now and then, as he rose up from a profound inclination to old *Sonnius*, twang, twang, went the strings, accompanied by some negro doggerel just lazily let slip through his lips in half utterance, such as the following:

Massa is a weard man, and all de nebers knows it;
Keeps good liquer in his house, and always says—here
goes it.

The last words were lost in another declination of the head, until catgut and voice became merged in a grunt or snort, when he would start up, perhaps, strain his eyes wide open, and go on again:

Sister Sally's mighty sick, oh what de debil ails her,
She used to eat good beef and beans, but now her stomach
fails her.

The last words spun out again into a drawl to accompany a monotonous symphony, until all were lost together, by his head being brought in wonderful propinquity to his heels in the ashes.

While old June thus kept up a running accompaniment to Sylvia's Moorish monotony, on the opposite side of the fire, the front of the circle was occupied by more important characters.

Old Essex, the *major-domo* of the establishment, sat there in all the panoply of state. He was a tall, dignified old negro, with his hair queued up behind and powdered all over, and not a little of it sprinkled upon the red collar of his otherwise scrupulously clean livery. He wore small-clothes and knee-buckles, and was altogether a fine specimen of the gentlemanly old family servant. He felt himself just as much a part and parcel of the governor's family as if he had been related to it by blood. The manners of Essex were very far above his mental culture; this no one could perceive by a slight and superficial observation, because he had acquired a most admirable tact (like some of his betters) by which he never travelled beyond his depth; added to this, whatever he did say was in the most appropriate manner, narrowly discerning nice shades of character, and suiting his replies to every one who addressed him. For instance, were a gentleman to alight at the hall door and meet old Essex, he would instantly receive the attentions due to a gentleman; whereas, were a gentlemanly dressed man to come, who feared that his whole importance might not be impressed upon this important functionary, Essex would instantly elevate his dignity in exact proportion to the fussiness of his visitor. Alas! the days of Essex's class are fast fading away.

On the present occasion, though presumed to be not upon his dignity, the old major sat with folded arms and a benignant but yet contemptuous smile playing upon his features, illuminated as they were by the lurid fire-light, while Martin the carpenter told one of the most marvellous and wonder-stirring stories of the headless corpse ever

heard within these walls, teeming, as they were, with the marvellous. Essex had often heard stories first told over the gentlemen's wine, and then the kitchen version, and of course knew how to estimate them exactly: now that before-mentioned incredulous smile began to spread until he was forced to laugh outright, as Martin capped the climax of his tale of horror, by some supernatural appearance of blue flames over the grave. Not so the other domestics, male and female, clustering around his chair; they were worked up to the highest pitch of the marvellous. Even old June ceased to twang his banjo, and at length got his eyes wide open as the carpenter came to the sage conclusion, that the place would be haunted.

On this occasion the story-teller had worked his audience up to such a pitch of terror, that not one individual dared to stir for his life, every one seeming to apprehend an instant apparition. The effect on their terrified imaginations was not a little heightened by the storm raging without. The distant thunder had been some time reverberating from the shores of the bay, mingling with the angry roar of the waves as they splashed and foamed against the beach, breaking and then retreating for a fresh onset.

COTTON MATHER AND THE "POSSESSED" MAIDEN.

THE most celebrated person of his age in America was Cotton Mather. He was once revered as a saint, and he is still regarded as a man of great natural abilities, and profound and universal learning. It is true that he had much scholarship; he could read many languages, and his memory was so retentive that he rarely forgot the most trivial circumstance; but he had too little genius to comprehend great truths, and his attainments were for the most part rather curious than valuable. In all his long life he was a model of industry; and, besides his three hundred and eighty-two printed works, he left many manuscripts, of which the largest is called "Illustrations of the Sacred Scriptures," on which he labored daily for more than thirty years. It is a mere compilation of facts and opinions, from multitudinous sources, and embraces nothing that would be valuable to the modern scholar. His minor works are nearly all forgotten, even by the antiquaries. The "*Magnalia Christi Americana*"

is preserved rather as a curiosity than as an authority; for recent investigations have shown that his statements are not to be relied on where he had any interest in misrepresenting facts or characters. His style abounds, more than that of any of his contemporaries, with puerilities, puns, and grotesque conceits. But it is questionable whether his intellectual was not better than his moral character; for though of all men he was the most observant of forms, and "deemed himself starved unless he fasted once a month," and "found astonishing entertainment" in "spending three days together, without food, in knocking at the door of heaven," he was still without humility or charity—ambitious, intriguing and unscrupulous. He believed in witchcraft, a circumstance for which he is not perhaps to be blamed, since no amount of learning or integrity could exempt one from credulity; but after fanning into a flame the terrible superstition on this subject, when the frenzy was over he hypocritically endeavored to persuade the people that instead of encouraging the proceedings, his influence and exertions had been on the side of caution and forbearance. Failing of this, he attempted to justify his conduct by inventing various personal histories, to show that there had been good cause for the atrocious persecutions. The devil certainly had much more power over Mather and the civil judges than over any of the unhappy convicts, the bodies of some of whom were treated even after death with a brutality that might have appalled the "savages" who were spectators of these "civilized" tragedies. Mather at one time kept one of the supposed witches in his house, to observe closely her actions. She was a young girl, who in sport or wantonness attempted to practise upon his credulity. "The manner in which she played with his religious prejudices shows considerable art. A Quaker's book which was then one of the greatest of abominations, was brought to her, and she read whole pages in it, with the exception of the names of the Deity and the Saviour, which she was not able to speak. Such books as she might have read with profit, she was not permitted to open; or, if she was urged to read in her Bible or Catechism, she was immediately taken with contortions. On the contrary, she could read in a jest-book without the least difficulty, and actually seemed to enjoy it. Popish books she was permitted to read at plea-

sure, but a work against the Catholics, she might not touch." One gleam of suspicion seemed to shoot over his mind on one occasion; for he says, "I, considering there might be a snare in it, put a stop to this fanciful business. Only I could not but be amazed at one thing; a certain prayer-book, [the Episcopal doubtless,] being brought her, she not only could read it very well, but also did read a large part of it over, calling it her Bible, and putting more than ordinary respect upon it. If she were going into her tortures, at the tender of this book, she would recover herself to read it. Only when she came to the Lord's prayer, now and then occurring in that book, she would have her eyes put out; so that she must turn over a new leaf, and then she could read again. Whereas also there are scriptures in that book, she could read them there; but if any showed her the same scriptures in the Bible itself, she should sooner die than read them. And she was likewise made unable to read the Psalms in an ancient metre, which this prayer-book had in the same volume with it." It was not very surprising, that she should after a time lose her veneration for him. Accordingly he remarks, that, though her carriage had been dutiful, "it was afterwards with a sauciness, which I was not used to be treated withal." She would knock at his study door, telling him that some one below would be glad to see him; when he had taken the trouble to go down, and scolded her for the falsehood, she would say, "Mrs. Mather is always glad to see you." "She would call out to him with numberless impertinencies." Having determined to give a public account of her case, in a sermon to his congregation, she was troubled at it, thinking it not unlikely that sharper eyes than his might be turned upon her. She made many attempts to prevent it, by threatening him with the vengeance of the spirits, till he was almost out of patience, and exorcized them in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. All these were perfectly intelligible to them; but "the Indian language they did not seem so well to understand." One part of the system of this artful young creature was to persuade him, that he was under the special protection of Heaven, so that spells could have no power over him. When he went to prayer, the "none would throw her on the floor, where she would whistle, and sing, and yell, to drown the voice of prayer; and she would

fetch blows with her fist and kicks with her foot at the man that prayed. But still her fist and foot would recoil, when within an inch or two of him, as if rebounding against a wall." This powerful appeal to his vanity was not lost upon him. It made him more solicitous than ever to patronize the delusion.

ELIOT'S INDIAN BIBLE.

IN 1663 John Eliot, the learned missionary, completed the translation of the Bible into the Indian dialect, and it was published the same year, with this title:

"Mamusse Wunnecupanatamwe Up-Biblum God nanceswe Nukkone-Testament kah wonk Wuxu Testament. Nequoshinnumuk nashpe Wuttinneumak Christ noh asoowesit John Eliot. Nahohtcou onteheto Printewoomuk. Cambridge: Printeooop nashpe Samuel Green."

Several editions of this Bible were printed, but it is believed that at this time there are no complete copies in existence. As a specimen of the translation, a copy of the Lord's prayer will be interesting:

THE LORD'S PRAYER, Matt. vi. 9, &c.

Nooshum kesukqut, qut-tianatamunach koowesu-onk. Peyaumooutch kukketassootamoonk, kukke-niantoomoonk ne n nach ohkeit neane kesukqut. Nummeetsuonqash asekesukokish assamaiinean yedyen kesukod. Kah ah-quontamaiinean hummatheongash, neane matche-nchukquongig nutahquontammounonog. Ahqucsagkompagunaiinean en qutehluaoonganit, webe pohquohwussinean wutch matchitut. Newutche kutahtaani ketassootamoonk, kah menuhkesuonk, kah sohsumoonk micheme. Amen.

Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory for ever. Amen.

GOETHE'S ARREST AS A SORCERER.

TOWARDS the close of the last century, a traveller, modest in his appearance and in his baggage, alighted at the principal tavern of Wurtzburg, a small city of Germany, where his person soon had the privilege of exciting the

curiosity of all the inhabitants of the place. It is true that the stranger owed to the mystery of his conduct this remarkable excitement.

At first there might be discovered, notwithstanding the simplicity of his dress, something that betrayed the man of distinction. Although not a youth, he wore his hair long, like the students of the university, and his pale and melancholy visage wore even while he smiled a sombre cast. The next day after his arrival, instead of asking his hostess, as all other travellers did, either the address of some citizen, to present to him his letters, or where the curiosities and antiquities of the city might be seen, he had gone out without saying a word. He had been walking all day, as his dusty clothes testified, and did not return until supper time. The day following he did the same thing. A shepherd boy said that he saw him walking rapidly along the banks of the Rhine, then stopping suddenly and gesticulating, and throwing his arms about like one possessed; and the young girls passed close to him without his paying any attention to them.

All these things, it must be confessed, were even more than enough to awaken conjectures as to the stranger. All that the hostess could say of him was, that he was a very sober, quiet man, always satisfied with what was set before him. Curiosity, however, continued to increase. It was remarked that the unknown man went immediately to his chamber after supper, but did not go to bed; and some of the family, who happened to be awake in the middle of the night, saw a light in his chamber. One of the youngest servants came running down stairs one evening, terribly frightened, and rushed into the hall, where were her mistress and two or three neighbors. She solemnly protested that the stranger was talking earnestly with some one in his chamber—"although no one but he had entered—by the door at least," added she. This made the auditors tremble. The little hussy was scolded soundly by her mistress for having listened at the lodger's door, and the next evening the good lady herself was at the same place where the servant had been, with her ear applied to the key-hole, where she heard—what she heard we know not. The truth is, she came down stairs with her spirit more troubled than had been observed in her since the death of her husband. She threw on her cloak, and hastened to the burgomaster's.

The following morning, when the stranger was going out, the landlady placed herself before him, made the sign of the cross upon her, and said, "Do you understand me?"

The stranger did not seem to hear her, and passed on, saluting her.

"Ah, it is a hardened sinner," cried she; "and yet the monster! with such a figure—who would have suspected him?"

In the evening, the traveller entered his chamber tranquilly. At each side of the door were two policemen, some of the hardy citizens of Wurtzburg, and on the stairs, in the hall, and in the street were all the women in the city remarkable for their curiosity. The number was very great.

The voice of the stranger rose and fell at intervals, as if he were discoursing with some one. Those who were near the door heard the following strange invocation: "Thou misformed offspring of our uncreated power—thou whom I have so long sought—thou shalt escape me no longer: answer me. Come, my black barbet, change thy costume. How thy black hair rises on end, thy body swells, and thy red eyes sparkle! Now, now thou understandest me—dost increase? increase again—stop, thou already reachest the ceiling—now one more effort, infernal power; if thou indeed hast submitted thyself to me, show thyself, demon, and speak to thy master."

At that call, a sharp, shrill voice, that seemed to come up out of the lower regions, answered, with an ironical humility,—

"Master, what dost thou desire of thy servant?"

At once all the women who heard the awful voice fled with screams of terror. The men burst open the door, although not fastened, and seized the traveller, whom they found seated in an arm-chair, at a little distance from the table. As to the demon, he had disappeared; but a distinct and strong sulphurous smell remained, as many witnesses testified.

The stranger was dragged before a magistrate, and charged with using magic and sorcery, and of holding commerce with the devil. The following was his only response:—

"I had begun a tragedy, but as my friends disturbed me continually in Weimer, where I live, I came to write here. The hero of my tragedy is

a man who invokes the devil, and to whom the devil appears. I confess that I have an unfortunate habit, for which I ask pardon of the citizens of Wurtzburg, of reading aloud what I compose, as fast as I write it. As to my invoking, personally, the devil, I am too good a Christian to do

English school of engraving, which brought the art to its present perfection in that country. When this affecting picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy, Mr. Garrick went one morning early, that he might review the exhibition uninterrupted by the crowd, which constantly at-



DEATH OF WOLFE—(By Benjamin West.)

that, and you, Mr. Burgomaster, too enlightened to believe it."

The sorcerer was named Goethe, the author of "Werther," and of "Goetz von Berlichingen," and was then becoming the author of "Faust."

GARRICK AND THE DEATH OF WOLFE.

MR. WEST'S justly admired picture, the Death of General Wolfe, at once raised the painter to a summit of reputation unattained before, and, by affording an ample subject for the talents of Woollett, laid that foundation of an

tended at the fashionable hours. A considerable party was in the room, drawn there, at that hour, by the same motive. Of this number was a young lady, whose personal beauty appeared not to be her only accomplishment. The remarks she made on many of the pictures showed a delicate taste, and considerable knowledge of the arts. They were attended to with pleasure by her friends; and Mr. Garrick, then unknown to most of the company, paid some handsome compliments to her judgment. The Death of Wolfe drew the highest encomiums from every spec-

tator. The young lady was particular in her commendation, but thought the expression not absolutely perfect; there was a something wanting in the General's countenance, which she could not easily describe; there was in that countenance a languor too happily portrayed. The company were dissatisfied with this opinion, and her friends appeared concerned on her account. Garrick, who had listened attentively and viewed the pic-

ture that transient rapture which history records the dying hero to have felt at the joyful words, "They run!" "Who run?" "The French!" He maintained the representation a sufficient length of time for every one present to compare, and feel, the astonishing effect of his inimitable performance. A burst of applause followed, which, he politely declared was justly due to the discernment of the lady, who had suggested, per-



CROMWELL, DISMISSING THE PARLIAMENT.

ture with acute penetration, begged leave to offer something in support of the lady's opinion, which he hoped to convince the company was not altogether erroneous. The lady, he observed, had remarked that there was something wanting in the General's countenance: of that something he would endeavor to supply an idea. He immediately placed himself in the attitude so judiciously chosen by the painter, supported by two gentlemen of the company; and displayed, in his own face, the exact countenance depicted by the artist. He then assumed a most animated expression of

haps, the only improvement of which that masterly work was susceptible.

CROMWELL AND THE LADY.

CROMWELL, was one day engaged in a warm argument with a lady on the subject of oratory, in which she maintained that eloquence could only be acquired by those who made it their study in early youth, and their practice afterwards. The lord protector, on the contrary, maintained that there was an eloquence which sprang from the heart; since, when that was

deeply interested in the attainment of any object, it never failed to supply a fluency and richness of expression, which would, in comparison, render rapid the studied speeches of the most celebrated orators. It happened, some days after, that this lady was thrown into a state bordering on distraction, by the arrest and imprisonment of her husband, who was conducted to the Tower as a traitor to the government. The agonized wife flew to the lord protector, rushed through his guards, threw herself at his feet, and, with the most pathetic eloquence, pleaded for the life and innocence of her injured husband. His highness maintained a severe brow, till the petitioner, overpowered by the excess of her feelings, and the energy with which she had expressed them, paused; then his stern countenance relaxed into a smile, and, extending to her an order for the immediate liberation of her husband, he said, "I think all who have witnessed this scene will vote on my side of the question, in a dispute between us the other day, that the eloquence of the heart is far above that mechanically acquired by study."

When the occasion demanded it, Cromwell himself possessed that nervous eloquence of word and action which is so effective in swaying the minds of men. "You are no longer a parliament!" he cried, on dismissing the famous "rump." "The Lord is done with you. He has chosen other instruments for carrying on his work." His words and manner had as much to do with subduing the spirit of the members and driving them from the hall as the presence of the soldiers.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF PETER THE HERMIT.

THE appearance of Peter was mean, his stature small, his body meagre, and his countenance shrivelled; but, with these disadvantages, he had a keen and lively eye, and a ready eloquence. Being encouraged by Pope Urban II., he travelled as a missionary through the provinces of Italy and France. He rode on an ass; his head and feet were naked, and he bore a weighty crucifix. He prayed frequently, fed on bread and water, gave away in alms all that he received, and, by his saintly demeanor and fervid address, drew innumerable crowds of all ranks to listen to his preaching. When he painted the indignities

offered to the true believers at the birthplace and sepulchre of the Saviour, every heart was melted to compassion, and animated to revenge. His success was such as might be expected from the rude enthusiasm and martial spirit of the age; and Peter soon collected an army of sixty thousand followers, with which he proceeded towards Jerusalem.

CARACTACUS, THE BRITISH PATRIOT.

HIS army being defeated, Caractacus fled to Caratesmandua, Queen of the Brigantes, who, jealous of the glory he had acquired, treacherously delivered the unfortunate monarch into the hands of the Romans. Claudius, being desirous of beholding a prince of whom such extraordinary exploits had been rumored, ordered him to be conducted into his presence, when, according to Tacitus, he delivered the following memorable oration:—

"If, in my prosperity, the moderation of my conduct had been equal to my birth and fortune, I should have entered this city rather as a friend than a prisoner; nor would you, Cæsar, have disdained the alliance of a prince descended from illustrious ancestors, and ruler over many nations. My present fate is to me dishonorable; to you magnificently glorious. I once had horses, I once had men, I once had arms, I once had riches; can you wonder that I should part from them reluctantly? Though you, as Romans, may aim at universal empire, it does not follow that all mankind must tamely submit to be your vassals. If I had yielded without resistance, neither the perverseness of my fortune, nor the glory of your triumph, would have been famous. Punish me with death, and I shall soon be forgotten; suffer me to live, and I shall remain a perpetual monument of your clemency."

This magnanimous but heart-rending speech affected the whole assembly, and Claudius himself shed tears. The emperor immediately ordered the chains of Caractacus and his family to be taken off, and they were restored to the possession of perfect liberty. Caractacus in viewing the city of Rome, and captivated with the splendor of that imperial city, exclaimed, "How astonishing that the Romans, who have such magnificent palaces of their own, should envy the wretched huts and cabins of the Britons!"

PATRICK HENRY'S DEFENCE OF THE BAPTIST PREACHERS.

IN the Colonial days of Virginia, before Patrick Henry had become famous, the Baptists were the most numerous class of dissenters, and the first to resist the established hierarchy. Their ministers were generally poor men, warm-hearted and affectionate, and spent much time in gratuitous services in promoting the spiritual welfare of their fellow-men. It is not certain that there was ever a law in the colony authorizing the imprisonment of any person for preaching the gospel, but the law for preserving peace and order, and to "preserve the purity of doctrine and unity of the church," was so construed, and whenever preachers were apprehended and imprisoned, it was done by virtue of a peace warrant.

The first conviction and actual imprisonment under this construction of law was in Spotsylvania county, on the 4th of June, 1768, when John Waller, Lewis Craig, James Childs, and others were dragged before the magistrates, and bound over for trial. Three

days after they were put on their trial as "disturbers of the peace."

Some of the scenes of this famous trial were graphically described, by a gentleman who was present, in the following language :



CARACTACUS BEFORE CÆSAR.

The clerk was reading the indictment in a slow and formal manner, and as he pronounced the crime with emphasis, "for preaching the gospel of the Son of God," a plain-dressed man, who

had just ridden up to the court-house, entered and took his seat within the bar. He was known to the court and lawyers, but a stranger to the mass of spectators who had gathered on the occasion. This was Patrick Henry, who, on hearing of this prosecution, had ridden some fifty or sixty miles from his residence in Hanover county, to volunteer his services in their defence. He listened to

the paper I now hold in my hand. If I have rightly understood, the king's attorney of this colony has framed an indictment for the purpose of arraigning and punishing by imprisonment the three inoffensive persons before the bar of this court, for a crime of great magnitude—as disturbers of the peace. May it please the court, what did I hear read? Did I hear it distinctly,



A TRIAL, FOR HERESY IN AN ENGLISH COURT DURING THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

the further reading of the indictment with marked attention, the first sentence of which, that had caught his ear, was, "for preaching the gospel of the Son of God." When it was finished, and the prosecuting attorney had submitted a few remarks, Henry arose, reached out his hand, and received the paper, and addressed the court:

May it please your worships: I think I heard read by the prosecutor, as I entered this house,

or was it a mistake of my own? Did I hear an expression, as if a crime that these men, whom your worships are about to try for a misdemeanor, are charged with—what?" and continuing in a low, solemn, heavy tone, "for preaching the gospel of the Son of God." Pausing amidst the most profound silence and breathless astonishment, he slowly waved the paper three times around his head, when, lifting his hands and eyes to heaven, with peculiar and impressive energy, he exclaimed, "Great God!" The exclamation, the action, the burst of feeling from the audience, were all overpowering. Mr. Henry resumed:

"May it please your worships: In a day like this, when truth is about to burst her fetters; when mankind are about to be aroused to claim their natural and inalienable rights; when the yoke of oppression that has reached the wilderness of America, and the unnatural alliance of ecclesiastical and civil power, are about to be

dissevered,—at such a period, when liberty—liberty of conscience—is about to awake from her slumberings, and inquire into the reason of such charges as I find exhibited here to-day in this indictment!" Another fearful pause, while the speaker alternately cast his sharp, piercing eyes on the court and the prisoners, and resumed: "If I am not deceived, according to the contents of the paper I now hold in my hand, these men are

accused of 'preaching the gospel of the Son of God.'—Great God!" Another long pause, while he again waved the indictment around his head, and a deeper impression was made on the auditory. Resuming his speech: "May it please your worships, there are periods in the history of man, when corruption and depravity have so long debased the human character, that man sinks under the weight of the oppressor's hand, and becomes his servile, his abject slave; he licks the hand that smites him; he bows in passive obedience to the mandates of the despot, and in this state of servility he receives his fetters of perpetual bondage. But, may it please your worships, such a day has passed away! From that period, when our fathers left the land of their nativity for settlement in these American wilds—for liberty—for civil and religious liberty—for liberty of conscience—to worship his Creator according to his conception of Heaven's revealed will; from the moment he placed his foot on the American continent, and in the deeply-imbedded forests sought an asylum from persecution and tyranny—from that moment despotism was crushed; her fetters of darkness were broken, and Heaven decreed that man should be free—free to worship God according to the Bible. Were it not for this, in vain have been the efforts and sacrifices of the colonists; in vain were all their sufferings and bloodshed to subjugate this new world, if we, their offspring, must still be oppressed and persecuted. But, may it please your worships, permit me to inquire once more: For what are these men about to be tried? This paper says, 'for preaching the gospel of the Son of God!' Great God! for preaching the gospel of the Saviour to Adam's fallen race!" And in tones of thunder he exclaimed, "WHAT LAW HAVE THEY VIOLATED?" while the third time, in a slow, dignified manner, he lifted his eyes to heaven, and waved the indictment around his head. The court and audience were now wrought up to the most intense pitch of excitement. The face of the prosecuting attorney was pallid and ghastly, and he appeared unconscious that his whole frame was agitated with alarm; while the judge, in a tremulous voice, put an end to the scene, now becoming excessively painful, by the authoritative declaration, "*Sheriff, discharge those men!*"

The announcement had no sooner been made

than there arose a scene of the wildest excitement and enthusiasm. Strong men wept, others shouted like madmen, while around Patrick Henry there was such an exhibition of hand-shaking and shouting as was perhaps never witnessed outside of an old-fashioned Methodist revival. Henry's fame as an orator was established from that hour.

THE POOR RELATION.

BY CHARLES LAMB.

I DO not know how, upon a subject which I began with treating half seriously, I should have fallen upon a recital so eminently painful; but this theme of poor relationship is replete with so much matter for tragic as well as comic associations, that it is difficult to keep the account distinct without blending. The earliest impressions which I received on this matter are certainly not attended with anything painful, or very humiliating, in the recalling. At my father's table (no very splendid one) was to be found every Saturday the mysterious figure of an aged gentleman, clothed in neat black, of a sad, yet comely appearance. His deportment was of the essence of gravity; his words few or none; and I was not to make a noise in his presence. I had little inclination to have done so—for my cue was to admire in silence. A particular elbow chair was appropriated to him, which was in no case to be violated. A peculiar sort of sweet pudding, which appeared on no other occasion, distinguished the days of his coming. I used to think him a prodigiously rich man. All I could make out of him was, that he and my father had been school fellows a world ago at Lincoln, and that he came from the Mint. The Mint I knew to be a place where all the money was coined, and I thought he was the owner of all the money. Awful ideas of the Tower twined themselves about his presence. He seemed above human infirmities and passions. A sort of melancholy grandeur invested him. From some inexplicable doom I fancied him obliged to go about in an eternal suit of mourning; a captive—a stately being let out of the Tower on Saturdays. Often have I wondered at the temerity of my father, who, in spite of a habitual general respect which we all in common manifested towards him, would venture now and then to stand up against him in some argument touching their youthful days.

The houses of the ancient city of Lincoln are divided (as most of my readers know) between the dwellers on the hill and in the valley. This marked distinction formed an obvious division between the boys who lived above (however brought together in a common school) and the boys whose parental residence was on the plain—a sufficient cause of hostility in the code of these young Grotiuses. My father had been a leading mountaineer; and would still maintain the general superiority, in skill and hardihood, of the above boys (his own faction) over the below boys (so were they called), of which party his contemporary had been a chieftain. Many and hot were the skirmishes on this topic—the only one upon which the old gentleman was ever brought out—and bad blood bred; even sometimes almost to the recommencement (so I expected) of actual hostilities. But my father, who scorned to insist upon advantages, generally contrived to turn the conversation upon some adroit by-commendation of the old minister; in the general preference of which, before all other cathedrals in the island, the dweller on the hill and the plain-born could meet on a conciliating level, and lay down their less important differences. Once only I saw the old gentleman really ruffled, and I remember with anguish the thought that came over me—"Perhaps he will never come here again." He had been pressed to take another plate of the viand which I have already mentioned as the indispensable concomitant of his visits. He had refused, with a resistance amounting to rigor, when my aunt, an old Lincolnian but who had something of this, in common with my cousin Bridget, that she would sometimes press civility out of season, uttered the following memorable application: "Do take another slice, Mr. Billet, for you do not get pudding every day." The old gentleman said nothing at the time—but he took occasion in the course of the evening, when some argument had intervened between them, to utter, with an emphasis which chilled the company, and which chills me now as I write it—"Woman, you are superannuated." John Billet did not survive long after the digesting of this affront; but he survived long enough to assure me that peace was actually restored! and, if I remember aright, another pudding was discreetly substituted in the place of that which had occasioned the offence. He died at the Mint (anno 1781), where he had

long held, what he accounted, a comfortable independence; and with five pounds fourteen shillings and a penny, which were found in his escrutoire after his decease, left the world, blessing God that he had enough to bury him, and that he had never been obliged to any man for a sixpence. This was—a Poor Relation.

HOHENLINDEN.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drums beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce you level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry.

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet;
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

ESCAPE OF A PRISONER CONDEMNED BY THE INQUISITION.

OUR progress to Valladolid was slow and solemn, and occupied a space of no less than four days. On the evening of the fourth day we approached that city. The king and his court came out to meet us; he saluted the inquisitor-general with all the demonstrations of the deepest submission and humility; and then having

yielded him the place of honor, turned round his horse, and accompanied us back to Valladolid. The cavalcade that attended the king broke into two files, and received us in the midst of them. The whole city seemed to empty itself on this memorable occasion, and the multitudes that crowded along the road, and were scattered in the neighboring fields, were innumerable. The day was now closed, and the procession went forward amidst the light of a thousand torches. We, the condemned of the Inquisition, had been conducted from the metropolis upon tumbrils; but as we arrived at the gates of Valladolid, we were commanded, for the greater humiliation, to alight and proceed on foot to the place of our confinement, as many as could not walk without assistance being supported by the attendants. We were neither chained nor bound; the practice of the Inquisition being to deliver the condemned upon such occasions into the hands of two surties each, who placed their charge in the middle between them; and men of the most respectable characters were accustomed, from religious motives, to sue for this melancholy office.

Dejected and despairing, I entered the streets of the city, no object present to the eyes of my mind but that of my approaching execution. The crowd was vast, the confusion inexpressible. As we passed by the end of a narrow lane, the horse of one of the guards, who rode exactly in a line with me, plunged and reared in a violent manner, and at length threw his rider upon the pavement. Others of the horse-guards attempted to catch the bridle of the enraged animal; they rushed against each other; several of the crowd were thrown down, and trampled under the horses' feet. The shrieks of these, and the loud cries and exclama-

tions of the bystanders mingled in confused and discordant chorus; no sound, no object could be distinguished. From the excess of the tumult, a sudden thought darted into my mind, where all, an instant before, had been relaxation and despair. Two or three of the horses pushed forward in a particular direction; a moment after, they re-filed with equal violence, and left a wide



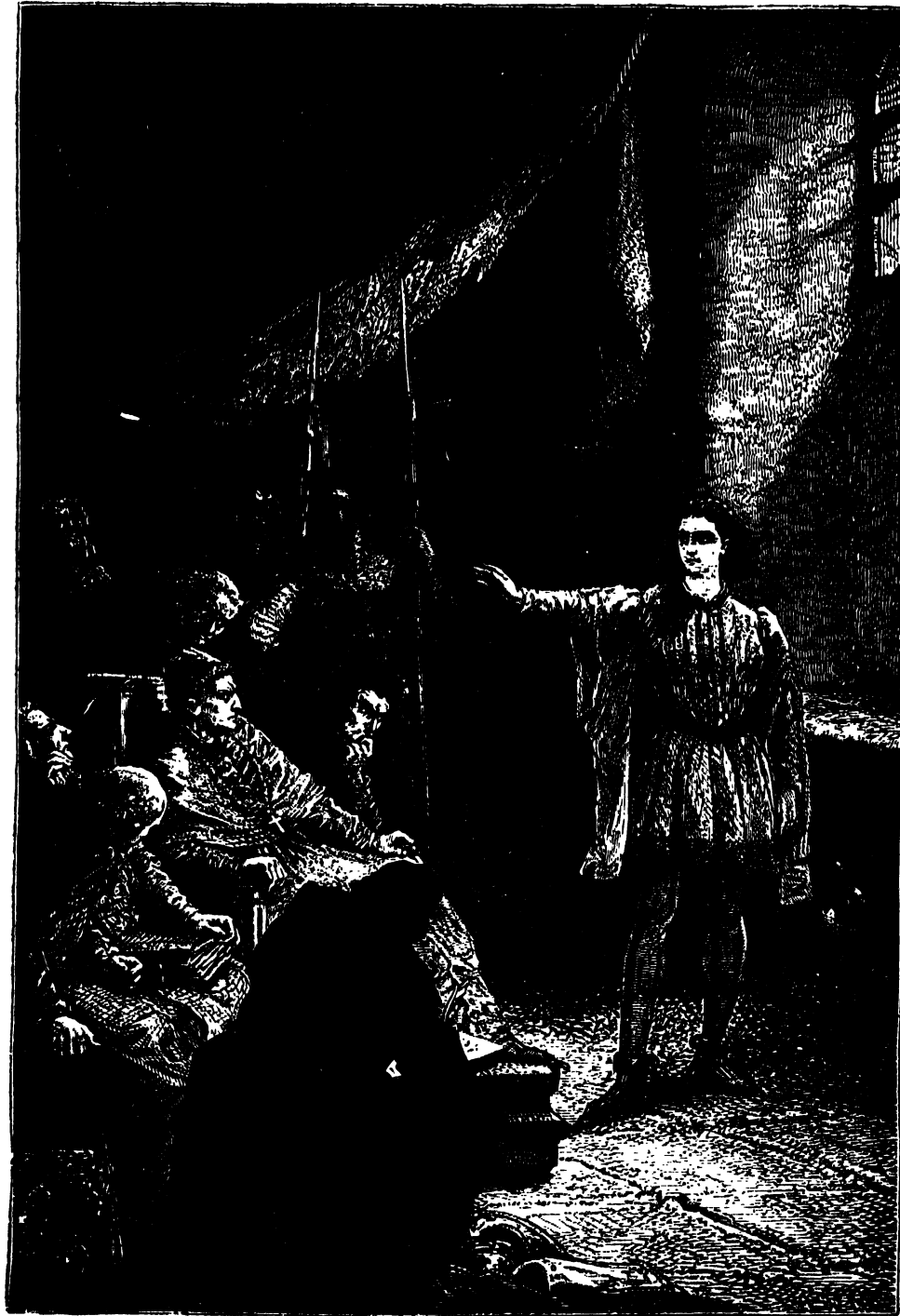
"THEN RUSHED THE STERD TO BATTLE DRIVEN."

but transitory gap. My project was no sooner conceived than executed. Weak as I had just now felt myself, a supernatural tide of strength seemed to come over me: I sprang away with all imaginable impetuosity, and rushed down the lane I have just mentioned. Every one amidst the confusion was attentive to his personal safety, and several minutes elapsed before I was missed.

In the lane everything was silent, and the darkness was extreme. Man, woman, and child, were gone out to view the procession. For some time I could scarcely distinguish a single object; the doors and windows were all closed. I now

chanced to come to an open door; within I saw no one but an old man, who was busy over some metallic work at a chafing dish of fire. I had no

heels. I rushed in; I impetuously closed the door, and bolted it; I then seized the old man by the collar of his shirt with a determined grasp.



CONDEMNED BY THE INQUISITION.

and swore vehemently that I would annihilate him that instant if he did not consent to afford me assistance. Though for some time I had perhaps been feebler than he, the terror that now drove me on rendered me comparatively a giant. He entreated me to permit him to breathe, and promised to do whatever I should desire. I looked round the apartment, and saw a rapier hanging against the wall, of which I instantly proceeded to make myself master. While I was doing this, my involuntary host, who was extremely terrified at my procedure, nimbly attempted to slip by me and rush into the street. With difficulty I caught hold of his arm, and pulling him back, put the point of my rapier to his breast, solemnly assuring him that

room for choice: I expected every moment to hear the myrmidons of the Inquisition at my

no consideration on earth should save him from my fury if he attempted to escape a second time. He

immediately dropped on his knees, and with the most piteous accents entreated me to spare his life. I told him that I was no robber, that I did not intend him the slightest harm; and that, if he would implicitly yield to my direction, he might assure himself he never should have reason to repent his compliance. By this declaration the terrors of the old man were somewhat appeased. I took the opportunity of this calm to go to the street-door, which I instantly locked, and put the key in my bosom. * * * * *

We were still engaged in discussing the topics I have mentioned, when I was suddenly alarmed by the noise of some one stirring in the inner apartment. I had looked into this room, and had perceived nothing but the bed upon which the old man nightly reposed himself. I sprang up, however, at the sound, and perceiving that the door had a bolt on the outside, I eagerly fastened it. I then turned to Mordecai—that was the name of my host: Wretch, said I, did not you assure me that there was no one but yourself in the house? Oh, cried Mordecai, it is my child! it is my child! she went into the inner apartment, and has fallen asleep on the bed. Beware, I answered; the slightest falsehood more shall instantly be expiated in your blood. I call Abraham to witness, rejoined the once more terrified Jew, it is my child! only my child! Tell me, cried I, with severity of accent, how old is this child? Only five years, said Mordecai: my dear Leah died when she was a year old, and though we had several children, this single one has survived her. Speak to your child; let me hear her voice! He spoke to her, and she answered, Father, I want to come out. I was satisfied it was the voice of a little girl. I turned to the Jew: Take care, said I, how you deceive me now; is there no other person in that room? He imprecated a curse on himself if there were. I opened the door with caution, and the little girl came forward. As soon as I saw her, I seized her with a rapid motion, and returned to my chair. Man, said I, you have trifled with me too rashly; you have not considered what I am escaped from, and what I have to fear; from this moment this child shall be the pledge of my safety; I will not part with her an instant as long as I remain in your house; and with this rapier in my hand I will pierce her to the heart the moment I am led to imagine that I am no longer in safety. The Jew

trembled at my resolution; the emotions of a father worked in his features and glistened in his eye. At least let me kiss her, said he. Be it so, replied I: one embrace, and then, till the dawn of the coming day, she remains with me. I released my hold; the child rushed to her father, and he caught her in his arms. My dear Leah, cried Mordecai, now a sainted spirit in the bosom of our father Abraham! I call God to witness between us, that, if all my caution and vigilance can prevent it, not a hair of this child shall be injured! Stranger, you little know by how strong a motive you have now engaged me to your cause. We poor Jews, hunted on the face of the earth, the abhorrence and execration of mankind, have nothing but family affections to support us under our multiplied disgraces; and family affections are entwined with our existence, the fondest and best loved part of ourselves. The God of Abraham bless you, my child! Now, sir, speak! what is it you require of me?

I told the Jew that I must have a suit of clothes conformable to the appearance of a Spanish cavalier, and certain medical ingredients that I named to him, together with his chafing-dish of coals to prepare them; and that done, I would then impose on him no further trouble. Having received his instructions, he immediately set out to procure what I demanded. He took with him the key of the house; and as soon as he was gone, I retired with the child into the inner apartment, and fastened the door. At first I applied myself to tranquillize the child, who had been somewhat alarmed at what she had heard and seen: this was no very difficult task. She presently left me, to amuse herself with some playthings that lay scattered in a corner of the apartment. My heart was now comparatively at ease; I saw the powerful hold I had on the fidelity of the Jew, and firmly persuaded myself that I had no treachery to fear on his part. Thus circumstanced, the exertion and activity with which I had lately been imbued left me, and I insensibly sank into a sort of slumber. * * * * *

Now, for the first time, I was at leisure to attend to the state of my strength and my health. My confinement in the Inquisition, and the treatment I had experienced, had before rendered me feeble and almost helpless; but these appeared to be circumstances scarcely worthy of attention in the situation in which I was then placed. The

impulse I felt in the midst of the confusion in the grand street of Valladolid, produced in me an energy and power of exertion which nothing but the actual experience of the fact could have persuaded me was possible. This energy, once begun, appeared to have the faculty of prolonging itself, and I did not relapse into imbecility till the occasion seemed to be exhausted which called for my exertion. I examined myself by a mirror with which Mordecai furnished me; I found my hair as white as snow, and my face ploughed with a thousand furrows. I was now fifty-four, an age which, with moderate exercise and a vigorous constitution, often appears like the prime of human existence; but whoever had looked upon me in my present condition would not have doubted to affirm that I had reached the eightieth year of my age. I examined with dispassionate remark the state of my intellect; I was persuaded that it had subsided into childishness. My mind had been as much cribbed and impaired as my body. I was the mere shadow of a man, of no more power and worth than that which a magic lantern produces upon a wall.

* * *

I was now once again alone. The little girl, who had been unusually disturbed and roused at an unseasonable hour, sunk into a profound sleep. I heard the noise which Mordecai made in undressing himself, and composing his limbs upon a mattress which he had dragged for the present occasion into the front room, and spread before the hearth. I soon found by the hardness of his breathing that he also was asleep. I unfolded the papers he had brought me; they consisted of various medical ingredients I had directed him to procure; there were also two or three vials containing syrups and essences. I had near me a pair of scales with which to weigh my ingredients, a vessel of water, the chafing-dish of my host in which the fire was nearly extinguished, and a small taper, with some charcoal to relight the fire in case of necessity. While I was occupied in surveying these articles and arranging my materials, a sort of torpor came suddenly over me, so as to allow me no time for resistance. I sank upon the bed. I remained thus for about half an hour, seemingly without the power of collecting my thoughts. At length I started, felt alarmed, and applied the utmost force of mind to rouse my exertions. While I drove, or attempted to drive,

my animal spirits from limb to limb, and from part to part, as if to inquire into the general condition of my frame, I became convinced that I was dying. Let not the reader be surprised at this; twelve years' imprisonment in a narrow and unwholesome cell may well account for so sudden a catastrophe. Strange and paradoxical as it may seem, I believe it will be found in the experiment, that the calm and security which succeed to great internal injuries are more dangerous than the pangs and hardships that went before. I was now thoroughly alarmed; I applied myself with all vigilance and expedition to the compounding my materials. The fire was gone out; the taper was glimmering in the socket: to swallow the julep, when I had prepared it, seemed to be the last effort of which my organs and muscles were capable. It was the elixir of immortality, exactly made up according to the prescription of the stranger.

Whether from the potency of the medicine or the effect of imagination, I felt revived the moment I had swallowed it. I placed myself deliberately in Mordecai's bed, and drew over me the bedclothes. I fell asleep almost instantly.

* * *

My sleep was not long; in a few hours I awakened. With difficulty I recognized the objects about me, and recollected where I had been. It seemed to me that my heart had never beat so vigorously, nor my spirits flowed so gay. I was all elasticity and life; I could scarcely hold myself quiet; I felt impelled to bound and leap like a kid upon the mountains. I perceived that my little Jewess was still asleep; she had been unusually fatigued the night before. I know not whether Mordecai's hour of rising were come; if it were, he was careful not to disturb his guest. I put on the garments he had prepared; I gazed upon the mirror he had left in my apartment. I can recollect no sensation in the course of my life so unexpected and surprising as what I felt at that moment. The evening before I had seen my hair white, and my face ploughed with furrows; I looked fourscore. What I beheld now was totally different, yet altogether familiar; it was myself—myself as I had appeared on the day of my marriage with Marguerite de Damville; the eyes, the mouth, the hair, the complexion, every circumstance, point by point, the same. I leaped a gulf of thirty-two years. I waked from a dream,

troublesome and distressful beyond all description; but it vanished like the shades of night upon the burst of a glorious morning in July, and left not a trace behind. I knew not how to take away my eyes from the mirror before me.

I soon began to consider that, if it were astonishing to me that, through all the regions of my countenance, I could discover no trace of what I had been the night before, it would be still more astonishing to my host. This sort of sensation I had not the smallest ambition to produce: one of the advantages of the metamorphosis I had sustained, consisted in its tendency, in the eyes of all that saw me, to cut off every species of connection between my present and my former self. It fortunately happened that the room in which I slept, being constructed upon the model of many others in Spain, had a stair at the further end, with a trap-door in the ceiling, for the purpose of enabling the inhabitant to ascend on the roof in the cool of the day. The roofs were flat, and so constructed that there was little difficulty in passing along them from house to house, from one end of the street to the other. I availed myself of the opportunity, and took leave of the residence of my kind host in a way perfectly unceremonious, determined, however, speedily to transmit to him the reward I had promised. It may easily be believed that Mordecai was not less rejoiced at the absence of a guest whom the vigilance of the Inquisition rendered an uncommonly dangerous one, than I was to quit his habitation. I closed the trap after me, and clambered from roof to roof to a considerable distance. At length I encountered the occasion of an open window, and fortunately descended, unseen by any human being, into the street.

CONDEMNATION AND DEATH OF SOCRATES.

WE are not informed when Socrates first became distinguished as a sophist; for in that description of men he was in his own day reckoned. When the wit of Aristophanes was directed against him in the theatre, he was already among the most eminent, but his eminence seems to have been then recent. It was about the tenth or eleventh year of the Peloponnesian war, when he was six or seven and forty years of age, that after the manner of the old comedy, he was offered to public derision upon the stage by his own name, as one of the persons of the drama, in the

comedy of Aristophanes, called "The Clouds," which is yet extant. Some antipathy, it appears, existed between the comic poets collectively and the sophists or philosophers. The licentiousness of the former could indeed scarcely escape the animadversion of the latter, who, on the contrary, favored the tragic poets, competitors with the comedians for public favor. Euripides and Aristophanes were particularly enemies; and Socrates not only lived in intimacy with Euripides, but is said to have assisted him in some of his tragedies. We are informed of no other cause for the injurious representation which the comic poet has given of Socrates, whom he exhibits in *The Clouds* as a flagitious yet ridiculous pretender to the occult sciences, conversing with the clouds as divinities, and teaching the principal youths of Athens to despise the received gods and to cozen men. The audience, accustomed to look on defamation with carelessness, and to hold as lawful and proper whatever might amuse the multitude, applauded the wit, and even gave general approbation to the piece; but the high estimation of the character of Socrates sufficed to prevent that complete success which the poet had promised himself. The crown which rewarded him whose drama most earned the public favor, and which Aristophanes had so often won, was on this occasion refused him.

Two or three-and-twenty years had elapsed since the first representation of *The Clouds*; the storms of conquest suffered from a foreign enemy, and four revolutions in the civil government of the country, had passed; nearly three years had followed of that quiet which the revolution under Thrasybulus produced, and the act of amnesty should have confirmed, when a young man named Melitus went to the kingarchon, and in the usual form delivered an information against Socrates, and bound himself to prosecute. The information ran thus:—"Melitus, son of Melitus, of the borough of Pitthos, declares these upon oath against Socrates, son of Sophroniscus, of the borough of Alopece: Socrates is guilty of reviling the gods whom the city acknowledges, and of preaching other new gods: moreover, he is guilty of corrupting the youth. Penalty, death."

Xenophon begins his memorials of his revered master, with declaring his wonder how the Athenians could have been persuaded to condemn to death a man of such uncommonly clear innocence



SOCRATES TEACHING THE YOUTHS OF ATHENS.

and exalted worth. Ælian, though for authority he can bear no comparison with Xenophon, has nevertheless, I think, given the solution. "Socrates," he says, "disliked the Athenian constitution; for he saw that democracy is tyrannical, and abounds with all the evils of absolute monarchy." But though the political circumstances of the times made it necessary for contemporary writers to speak with caution, yet both Xenophon

appointment to magistracy by lot. "Thus," they said, "he taught his numerous followers, youths of the principal families of the city, to despise the established government, and to be turbulent and seditious; and his success had been seen in the conduct of two of the most eminent, Alcibiades and Critias. Even the best things he converted to these ill purposes: from the most esteemed poets, and particularly from Homer, he



• TRIUMPH OF A GRECIAN GENERAL, DURING THE TIME OF SOCRATES.

and Plato have declared enough to show that the assertion of Ælian was well-founded; and farther proof, were it wanted, may be derived from another early writer, nearly contemporary, and deeply versed in the politics of his age, the orator Æschines. Indeed, though not stated in the indictment, yet it was urged against Socrates by his prosecutors before the court, that he was disaffected to the democracy; and in proof, they affirmed it to be notorious that he had ridiculed what the Athenian constitution prescribed, the

selected passages to enforce his anti-democratical principles."

Socrates, it appears, indeed, was not inclined to deny his disapprobation of the Athenian constitution. His defence itself, as it is reported by Plato, contains matter on which to found an accusation against him of disaffection to the sovereignty of the people, such as, under the jealous tyranny of the Athenian democracy, would sometimes subject a man to the penalties of high treason. "You well know," he says,

"Athenians, that had I engaged in public business, I should long ago have perished without procuring any advantage either to you or to myself. Let not the truth offend you: it is no peculiarity of your democracy, or of your national character; but wherever the people is sovereign, no man who shall dare honestly to oppose injustice

of the labors to which he dedicated himself, to infuse principles into the rising generation that might bring about the desirable change insensibly. His scholars were chiefly sons of the wealthiest citizens, whose easy circumstances afforded leisure to attend him; and some of these zealously adopting his tenets, others, merely pleased with the



DEATH OF SOCRATES.

—frequent and extravagant injustice—can avoid destruction."

Without this proof, indeed, we might reasonably believe, that though Socrates was a good and faithful subject of the Athenian government, and would promote no sedition, no political violence, yet he could not like the Athenian constitution. He wished for wholesome changes by gentle means; and it seems even to have been a principal object

ingenuity of his arguments and the liveliness of his manner, and desirous to emulate his triumphs over his opponents, were forward, after his example, to engage in disputation upon all the subjects on which he was accustomed to discourse. Thus employed, and thus followed, though himself avoiding office and public business, those who governed or desired to govern the commonwealth through their influence among the many, might

perhaps not unreasonably consider him as one who was or might become a formidable adversary, nor might it be difficult to excite popular jealousy against him.

By the course of his life, however, and by the turn of his thoughts for many years, he had so prepared himself for all events, that, far from alarmed at the probability of his condemnation, he rather rejoiced at it, as at his age a fortunate occurrence. He was persuaded of the soul's immortality, and of the superintending providence of an all-good Deity, whose favor he had always been assiduously endeavoring to deserve. Men fear death, he said, as if unquestionably the greatest evil, and yet no man knows that it may not be the greatest good. If, indeed, great joys were in prospect, he might, and his friends for him, with somewhat more reason regret the event; but at his years, and with his scanty fortune—though he was happy enough at seventy still to preserve both body and mind in vigor—yet even his present gratifications must necessarily soon decay. To avoid, therefore, the evils of age, pain, sickness, decay of sight, decay of hearing, perhaps, decay of understanding, by the easiest of deaths (for such the Athenian mode of execution—by a draught of hemlock—was reputed), cheered with the company of surrounding friends, could not be otherwise than a blessing.

Xenophon says that, by condescending to a little supplication, Socrates might easily have obtained his acquittal. No admonition or entreaty of his friends, however, could persuade him to such an unworthiness. On the contrary, when put upon his defence, he told the people that he did not plead for his own sake, but for theirs, wishing them to avoid the guilt of an unjust condemnation. It was usual for accused persons to bewail their apprehended lot, with tears to supplicate favor, and, by exhibiting their children upon the bema, to endeavor to excite pity. He thought it, he said, more respectful to the court, as well as more becoming himself, to omit all this; however aware that their sentiments were likely so far to differ from his, that judgment would be given in anger for it.

Condemnation pronounced wrought no change upon him. He again addressed the court, declared his innocence of the matters laid against him, and observed that, even if every charge had been completely proved, still, all together did not,

according to any known law, amount to a capital crime. "But," in conclusion he said, "it is time to depart—I to die, you to live; but which for the greater good, God only knows."

It was usual at Athens for execution very soon to follow condemnation—commonly on the morrow; but it happened that the condemnation of Socrates took place on the eve of the day appointed for the sacred ceremony of crowning the galley which carried the annual offerings to the gods worshipped at Delos, and immemorial tradition forbade all executions till the sacred vessel's return. Thus, the death of Socrates was respite thirty days, while his friends had free access to him in prison. During all that time he admirably supported his constancy. Means were concerted for his escape; the jailer was bribed, a vessel prepared, and a secure retreat in Thessaly provided. No arguments, no prayers, could persuade him to use the opportunity. He had always taught the duty of obedience to the laws, and he would not furnish an example of the breach of it. To no purpose it was urged that he had been unjustly condemned—he had always held that wrong did not justify wrong. He waited with perfect composure the return of the sacred vessel, reasoned on the immortality of the soul, the advantage of virtue, the happiness derived from having made it through life his pursuit, and, with his friends about him, took the fatal cup and died.

HOSPITALITY OF A HEATHEN WOMAN.

BY MUNCO PARK.

THE great traveller had reached the town of Syo, the capital of Bambarra, Africa, and wished to cross the river towards the residence of the king. He says:

I waited more than two hours without having an opportunity of crossing the river, during which time the people who had crossed carried information to Mansong, the king, that a white man was waiting for a passage, and was coming to see him. He immediately sent over one of his chief men, who informed me that the king could not possibly see me until he knew what had brought me into his country; and that I must not presume to cross the river without the king's permission. He therefore advised me to lodge at a distant village, to which he pointed, for the night, and said that in the morning he would give me further instruc-

tions how to conduct myself. This was very discouraging. However, as there was no remedy, I set off for the village, where I found, to my great mortification, that no person would admit me into his house. I was regarded with astonishment and fear, and was obliged to sit all day without victuals in the shade of a tree; and the night threatened to be very uncomfortable—for the wind rose, and there was great appearance of a heavy rain—and the wild beasts are so very numerous in the neighborhood, that I should have been under the necessity of climbing up the tree and resting amongst the branches. About sunset, however, as I was preparing to pass the night in this manner, and had turned my horse loose that he might graze at liberty, a woman, returning from the labors of the field, stopped to observe me, and perceiving that I was weary and dejected, inquired into my situation, which I briefly explained to her; whereupon, with looks of great compassion, she took up my saddle and bridle, and told me to follow her. Having conducted me into her hut, she lighted up a lamp, spread a mat on the floor, and told me I might remain there for the night. Finding that I was very hungry, she said she would procure me something to eat. She accordingly went out, and returned in a short time with a very fine fish, which, having caused to be half broiled upon some embers, she gave me for supper. The rites of hospitality being thus performed towards a stranger in distress, my worthy benefactress (pointing to the mat, and telling me I might sleep there without apprehension,) called to the female part of her family, who had stood gazing on me all the while in fixed astonishment, to resume their task of spinning cotton, in which they continued to employ themselves the greater part of the night. They lightened their labor by songs, one of which was composed extempore, for I was myself the subject of it. It was sung by one of the young women, the rest joining in a sort of chorus. The air was sweet and plaintive, and the words, literally translated, were these:—"The winds roared, and the rains fell. The poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree. He has no mother to bring him milk—no wife to grind his corn. *Chorus.*—Let us pity the white man—no mother has he," &c. &c. Trifling as this recital may appear to the reader, to a person in my situation the circumstance was affecting in the highest de-

gree. I was oppressed by such unexpected kindness, and sleep fled from my eyes. In the morning I presented my compassionate landlady with two of the four brass buttons which remained on my waistcoat—the only recompense I could make her.

A FUNERAL IN ROME.

ONE day, in my way home, I met a funeral ceremony. A crucifix hung with black, followed by a train of priests, with lighted tapers in their hands, headed the procession. Then came a troop of figures dressed in white robes, with their faces covered with masks of the same materials. The bier followed, on which lay the corpse of a young woman arrayed in all the ornaments of dress, with her face exposed, where the bloom of life yet lingered. The members of different fraternities followed the bier, dressed in the robes of their orders, and all masked. They carried lighted tapers in their hands, and chanted out prayers in a sort of mumbling recitative. I followed the train to the church, for I had doubts whether the beautiful figure I had seen on the bier was not a figure of wax; but I was soon convinced it was indeed the corpse of a fellow creature, cut off in the pride and bloom of youthful maiden beauty. Such is the Italian mode of conducting the last scene of the tragi-comedy of life. As soon as a person dies, the relatives leave the house, and fly to bury themselves and their griefs in some other retirement. The care of the funeral devolves on one of the fraternities who are associated for this purpose in every parish. These are dressed in a sort of domino and hood, which, having holes for the eyes, answers the purpose of a mask, and completely conceals the face. The funeral of the very poorest is thus conducted with quite as much ceremony as needs be. This is perhaps a better system than our own, where the relatives are exhibited as a spectacle to impertinent curiosity, whilst from feelings of duty they follow to the grave the remains of those they loved. But ours is surely an unphilosophical view of the subject. It looks as if we were materialists, and considered the cold clod as the sole remains of the object of our affection. The Italians reason better, and perhaps feel as much as ourselves, when they regard the body, deprived of the soul that animated, and the mind that informed it, as no more a part of the departed spirit

than the clothes which it has also left behind. The ultimate disposal of the body is perhaps conducted here with too much of that spirit which would disregard all claims that "this mortal coil" can have to our attention. As soon as the funeral service is concluded, the corpse is stripped and consigned to those who have the care of the interment. There are large vaults underneath the churches for the reception of the dead. Those

prepared for their reception. So much for the last scene of the drama of life.

VANITY OF AN ESQUIMAU WOMAN.

BY CAPTAIN PARRY.

THE Esquimaux exhibit a strange mixture of intellect and dulness, of cunning and simplicity, of ingenuity and stupidity; few of them could count beyond five, and not one of them



A FUNERAL IN ANCIENT ROME.

who can afford it, are put into a wooden shell before they are cast into one of these Golgothas; but the great mass are tossed in without a rag to cover them. When one of these caverns is full, it is bricked up; and after fifty years it is opened again, and the bones are removed to other places

beyond ten, nor could any of them speak a dozen words of English after a constant intercourse of seventeen or eighteen months; yet many of them could imitate the manners and actions of the strangers, and were on the whole excellent mimics. One woman in particular, of the name of Iligluik,

very soon attracted the attention of our voyagers by the various traits of that superiority of understanding for which, it was found, she was remarkably distinguished, and held in esteem even by her own countrymen. She had a great fondness for singing, possessed a soft voice and an excellent ear; but, like another great singer who figured in a different society, "there was scarcely any stopping her when she had once begun;" she would listen, however, for hours together to the tunes played on the organ. Her superior intelligence was perhaps most conspicuous in the readiness with which she was made to comprehend the manner of laying down on paper the geographical outline of that part of the coast of America she was acquainted with, and the neighboring islands, so as to construct a chart. At first it was found difficult to make her comprehend what was meant; but when Captain Parry had discovered that the Esquimaux were already acquainted with the four cardinal points of the compass, for which they have appropriate names, he drew them on a sheet of paper, together with that portion of the coast just discovered, which was opposite to Winter Island, where then they were, and of course well known to her.

We desired her to complete the rest, and to do it *mikkee* (small), when, with a countenance of the most grave attention and peculiar intelligence she drew the coast of the continent beyond her own country, as lying nearly north from Winter Island. The most important part still remained, and it would have amused an unconcerned looker-on to have observed the anxiety and suspense depicted on the countenances of our part of the group till this was accomplished, for never were the tracings of a pencil watched with more eager solicitude. Our surprise and satisfaction may therefore in some degree be imagined when, without taking it from the paper, Iligluik brought the continental coast short round to the westward, and afterwards to the S. S. W., so as to come within three or four days' journey of Repulse Bay.

I am, however, compelled to acknowledge, that in proportion as the superior understanding of this extraordinary woman became more and more developed, her head (for what female head is indifferent to praise?) began to be turned by the general attention and numberless presents she received. The superior decency and even modesty

of her behavior had combined, with her intellectual qualities, to raise her in our estimation far above her companions; and I often heard others express what I could not but agree in, that for Iligluik alone, of all the Esquimaux women, that kind of respect could be entertained which modesty in a female never fails to command in our sex. Thus regarded, she had always been freely admitted into the ships, the quarter-masters at the gangway never thinking of refusing entrance to "the wise woman," as they called her. Whenever any explanation was necessary between the Esquimaux and us, Iligluik was sent for as an interpreter; information was chiefly obtained through her, and she thus found herself rising into a degree of consequence to which, but for us, she could never have attained. Notwithstanding a more than ordinary share of good sense on her part, it will not therefore be wondered at if she became giddy with her exaltation—considered her admission into the ships and most of the cabins no longer an indulgence, but a right—ceased to return the slightest acknowledgment for any kindness or presents—became listless and inattentive in unravelling the meaning of our questions, and careless whether her answers conveyed the information we desired. In short, Iligluik in February and Iligluik in April were confessedly very different persons; and it was at last amusing to recollect, though not very easy to persuade one's self, that the woman who now sat demurely in the chair, so confidently expecting the notice of those around her, and she who had at first, with eager and wild delight, assisted in cutting snow for the building of a hut, and with the hope of obtaining a single needle, were actually one and the same individual.

No kind of distress can deprive the Esquimaux of their cheerful temper and good humor, which they preserve even when severely pinched with hunger and cold, and wholly deprived for days together both of food and fuel—a situation to which they are very frequently reduced. Yet no calamity of this kind can teach them to be provident, or to take the least thought for the morrow; with them, indeed, it is always either a feast or a famine. The enormous quantity of animal food (they have no other) which they devour at a time is almost incredible. The quantity of meat which they procured between the first of October and the first of April was sufficient to have fur-

nished about double the number of working people, who were moderate eaters, and had any idea of providing for a future day ; but to individuals who can demolish four or five pounds at a sitting, and at least ten in the course of a day, and who never bestow a thought on to-morrow, at least with the view to provide for it by economy, there is scarcely any supply which could secure them from occasional scarcity. It is highly probable that the alternate feasting and fasting to which the gluttony and improvidence of these people so constantly subject them, may have occasioned many of the complaints that proved fatal during the winter ; and on this account we hardly knew whether to rejoice or not at the general success of their fishery.

FEMALE SOCIETY IN THE CITY OF BAGDAD.

BY SIR R. K. PORTER.

THE wives of the higher classes in Bagdad are usually selected from the most beautiful girls that can be obtained from Georgia and Circassia ; and, to their natural charms, in like manner with their captive sisters all over the East, they add the fancied embellishments of painted complexions, hands and feet dyed with henna, and their hair and eyebrows stained with the rang, or prepared indigo leaf. Chains of gold, and collars of pearls, with various ornaments of precious stones, decorate the upper part of their persons, while solid bracelets of gold, in shapes resembling serpents, clasp their wrists and ankles. Silver and golden tissue muslins not only form their turbans, but frequently their under garments. In summer the ample pelisse is made of the most costly shawl, and in cold weather, lined and bordered with the choicest furs. The dress is altogether very becoming ; by its easy folds and glittering transparency, showing a fine shape to advantage, without the immodest exposure of the open vest of the Persian ladies. The humbler females generally move abroad with faces totally unveiled, having a handkerchief rolled around their heads, from beneath which their hair hangs down over their shoulders, while another piece of linen passes under their chin, in the fashion of the Georgians. Their garment is a gown of a shift form, reaching to their ankles, open before, and of a gray color. Their feet are completely naked. Many of the very inferior classes stain their bosoms with the figures of circles, half-moons, stars,

etc., in a bluish stamp. In this barbaric embellishment the poor damsel of Irak Arabi has one point of vanity resembling that of the ladies of Irak Ajem. The former frequently adds this frightful cadaverous hue to her lips ; and, to complete her savage appearance, thrusts a ring through the right nostril, pendent with a flat-button like ornament set round with blue or red stones.

But to return to the ladies of the higher circles, whom we left in some gay saloon of Bagdad. When all are assembled, the evening meal or dinner is soon served. The party, seated in rows, then prepare themselves for the entrance of the show, which, consisting of music and dancing, continues in noisy exhibition through the whole night. At twelve o'clock supper is produced, when pilaus, kabobs, preserves, fruits, dried sweetmeats, and sherbets of every fabric and flavor, engage the fair *conviées* for some time. Between this second banquet and the preceding, the perfumed nargileh is never absent from their rosy lips, excepting when they sip coffee, or indulge in a general shout of approbation, or a hearty peal of laughter at the freaks of the dancers or the subject of the singers' madrigals. But no respite is given to the entertainers ; and, during so long a stretch of merriment, should any of the happy guests feel a desire for temporary repose, without the least apology she lies down to sleep on the luxurious carpet that is her seat ; and thus she remains, sunk in as deep oblivion as if the nummad were spread in her own chamber. Others speedily follow her example, sleeping as soundly ; notwithstanding the bawling of the singers, the horrid jangling of the guitars, the thumping on the jar-like double-drum, the ringing and clangor of the metal bells and castanets of the dancers, with an eternal talking in all keys, abrupt laughter, and vociferous expressions of gratification, making in all a full concert of distracting sounds, sufficient, one might suppose, to awaken the dead. But the merry tumult and joyful strains of this conviviality gradually becoming fainter and fainter ; first one and then another of the visitors (while even the performers are not spared by the soporific god) sink down under the influence, till at length the whole carpet is covered with the sleeping beauties, mixed indiscriminately with handmaids, dancers, and musicians, as fast asleep as themselves. The business,

however, is not thus quietly ended. "As soon as the sun begins to call forth the blushes of the morn, by lifting the veil that shades her slumbering eyelids," the faithful slaves rub their own clear of any lurking drowsiness, and then tug their respective mistresses by the toe or the shoulder, to rouse them up to perform the devotional ablutions usual at the dawn of day. All start mechanically, as if touched by a spell; and then commences the splashing of water and the muttering of prayers, presenting a singular contrast to the vivacious scene of a few hours before. This duty over, the fair devotees shake their feathers like birds from a refreshing shower, and tripping lightly forward with garments, and perhaps looks, a little the worse for wear of the preceding evening, plunge at once again into all the depths of its amusements. Coffee, sweetmeats, kalions, as before, accompany every obstreperous repetition of the midnight song and dance; and all being followed up by a plentiful breakfast of rice, meats, fruits, etc., towards noon the party separate, after having spent between fifteen and sixteen hours in this riotous festivity.

SACRIFICE OF A HINDOO WIDOW.

NEWs of the widow's intentions having spread, a great concourse of people of both sexes, the women clad in their gala costumes, assembled round the pyre. In a short time after their arrival the fated victim appeared, accompanied by the Brahmins, her relatives, and the body of the deceased. The spectators showered chaplets of mogree on her head, and greeted her appearance with laudatory exclamations at her constancy and virtue. The women especially pressed forward to touch her garments—an act which is considered meritorious, and highly desirable for absolution and protection from the "evil eye."

The widow was a remarkably handsome woman, apparently about thirty, and most superbly attired. Her manner was marked by great apathy to all around her, and by a complete indifference to the preparations which for the first time met her eye. From this circumstance an impression was given that she might be under the influence of opium; and in conformity with the declared intention of the European officers present to interfere should any coercive measures be adopted by the Brahmins or relatives, two medical officers were

requested to give their opinion on the subject. They both agreed that she was quite free from any influence calculated to induce torpor or intoxication.

Captain Burns then addressed the woman, desiring to know whether the act she was about to perform were voluntary or enforced, and assuring her that, should she entertain the slightest reluctance to the fulfilment of her vow, he, on the part of the British government, would guarantee the protection of her life and property. Her answer was calm, heroic, and constant to her purpose: "I die of my own free will; give me back my husband, and I will consent to live; if I die not with him, the souls of seven husbands will condemn me!"

Ere the renewal of the horrid ceremonies of death were permitted, again the voice of mercy, of expostulation, and even of entreaty was heard; but the trial was vain, and the cool and collected manner with which the woman still declared her determination unalterable, chilled and startled the most courageous. Physical pangs evidently excited no fears in her; her singular creed, the customs of her country, and her sense of conjugal duty, excluded from her mind the natural emotions of personal dread; and never did martyr to a true cause go to the stake with more constancy and firmness, than did this delicate and gentle woman prepare to become the victim of a deliberate sacrifice to the demoniacal tenets of her heathen creed. Accompanied by the officiating Brahmin, the widow walked seven times round the pyre, repeating the usual mantras, or prayers, strewing rice and coories on the ground, and sprinkling water from her hand over the bystanders, who believe this to be efficacious in preventing disease and in expiating committed sins. She then removed her jewels, and presented them to her relations, saying a few words to each with a calm soft smile of encouragement and hope. The Brahmins then presented her with a lighted torch, bearing which, she stepped through the fatal door, and sat within the pile. The body of her husband, wrapped in rich kinkaub, was then carried seven times round the pile, and finally laid across her knees. Thorns and grass were piled over the door; and again it was insisted that free space should be left, as it was hoped the poor victim might yet relent, and rush from her fiery prison to the protection so freely offered. The

command was readily obeyed ; the strength of a child would have sufficed to burst the frail barrier which confined her, and a breathless pause succeeded ; but the woman's constancy was faithful to the last. Not a sigh broke the death-like silence of the crowd, until a slight smoke, curling from the summit of the pyre, and then a tongue of flame darting with bright and lightning-like rapidity into the clear blue sky, told us that the sacrifice was completed. Fearlessly had this courageous woman fired the pile, and not a groan had betrayed to us the moment when her spirit fled. At sight of the flame a fiendish shout of exultation rent the air ; the tom-toms sounded, the people clapped their hands with delight as the evidence of their murderous work burst on their view, whilst the English spectators of this sad scene withdrew, bearing deep compassion in their hearts, to philosophize as best they might on a custom so fraught with horror, so incompatible with reason, and so revolting to human sympathy. The pile continued to burn for three hours ; but, from its form, it is supposed that almost immediate suffocation must have terminated the sufferings of the unhappy victim.

ST. GEORGE, THE PATRON SAINT OF ENGLAND.

SAINTS and miracle-workers flourished abundantly during the Middle Ages, and the imaginations of the people were fired with the recital of marvels more astounding than the highest flights of fancy in the "Arabian Nights." Many of the saints were purely imaginary characters, invented for some special purpose or to suit some particular occasion ; but most of them were real personages whose deeds were excessively exaggerated. A reputation for piety usually carried with it a belief in the ability to work miracles, and if the saint, from honest motives or other reasons, refused to perform them on his own account, they were usually invented for him, either before or after his death ; and these inventions, being of the most vivid and picturesque character, would doubtless greatly astonish the saints themselves if they could but read their own histories.

Saint George was the special or patron saint of Chivalry, and was adopted in a similar capacity by the English at a very early date. He is a prominent figure in the legendary history of the English people, as well as in art, but when we

look for historical facts in his life we are met with almost a total blank. It is probable that he performed some deed of heroism for the relief or protection of some eminent female in trouble, and this grain of reality, through the accretions of the ages, grew into the splendid structure of fancy that now adorns the pages of romance.

Eusebius, the father of ecclesiastical history, mentions a person who is supposed by some to be Saint George. He says that on the promulgation of the edict of the Emperor Diocletian, in the third century, authorizing the persecution of the Christians, "a certain man of no mean origin, but highly esteemed for his temporal dignities, as soon as the decree was published against the churches in Nicomedia, stimulated by a divine zeal, and excited by an ardent faith, took it as it was openly placed and posted up for public inspection, and tore it to shreds as a most profane and wicked act. This, too, was done when the two Cæsars were in the city, the first of whom was the eldest and chief of all, and the other held the fourth grade of the imperial dignity after him. But this man, as the first that was distinguished there in this manner, after enduring what was likely to follow an act so daring, preserved his mind calm and serene until the moment when his spirit fled."

The rather ambiguous closing sentence means in fact that the man who performed so daring a deed was soon afterward tortured to death, according to the usual custom of the times ; and this person has been generally supposed to be Saint George. If so, this is about all we know authentic concerning him.

There are accounts of this saint both in Greek and Latin, the latter pretending to be the composition of a servant of the martyr named Pasi-kras ; but both accounts are highly colored and utterly improbable.

The Greek belongs to the sixth century, and is in substance as follows : Saint George was born of Christian parents in Cappadocia. His father suffered a martyr's death, and the mother, with her child, took refuge in Palestine. At an early age he entered the Roman army, and won a reputation for courage and endurance. At the age of twenty he lost his mother, who left him a large inheritance. He then went to the court of Diocletian, hoping to secure advancement in the profession of arms. But on the breaking out of

the persecutions he distributed his money among the poor, and in the presence of the emperor boldly declared himself a Christian. He was immediately ordered to renounce his faith and sacrifice to the Roman gods, or suffer the consequences. He chose the latter alternative, and with spears against his body was at once thrust into prison. One of the spears, when it touched him, snapped like straw. He was thrown upon his back in the dungeon, his feet and hands made fast to posts, and a heavy stone laid upon his breast, but the power of God was with him and he escaped unharmed. The next day he was bound to a wheel set with blades and swords, but again he was miraculously preserved from harm. The emperor supposed him to be dead; but an angel appeared to St. George, and was saluted by him in the military fashion, after which the angel appeared to Diocletian and made known the condition of the prisoner to him. He was then released from the wheel, and it was discovered that all his wounds were healed. After this he was cast into a pit of quick-lime, but it did not harm him; and two days later, when the emperor sent to have his limbs broken, he was found on his knees praying and perfectly whole. He was next made to run in red-hot iron shoes, but suffered no inconvenience on that account. The following night he spent in prayer, and on the sixth day he appeared before Diocletian walking and unhurt. He was then scourged with thongs of hide until his flesh came off his back, but he was well the next day. On the seventh day he drank the contents of two cups, whereof the one was prepared to make him mad, and the other to poison him, but he experienced no ill-effects from the draughts. He then performed some miracles, raised a dead man to life, and restored life to an ox which had been killed—miracles which caused great astonishment and resulted in many conversions. That night he dreamed that the Saviour laid a golden crown on his head, and bade him prepare for Paradise, by which he knew that his decease was near at hand. He called to him the servant, who claimed to write these memoirs, and commanded him, after his death, to remove his body and his will to Palestine. On the eighth day, by the sign of the cross, he forced the devil inhabiting the statue of Apollo to declare that he was a fallen angel, when all the statues of the gods fell down before

him. This miracle converted the Empress Alexandra; and Diocletian was so exasperated against the truth that he condemned her to instant death. She was executed, with three of her servants, Apollo, Isaac, and Croates, who were converted with her. This empress is commemorated in the Greek Church on the 21st of April; and the names of her servants are entered in the Latin catalogue of martyrs, although she herself was excluded. Two days later St. George died and received his crown.

So much for the Greek legends concerning this saint. The Latin account may be summed up as follows:

The devil urges Dacian, emperor of the Persians, to persecute the Church. At this time there lived at Melitena, with a holy widow, a devout Christian named George. He was subjected to numerous tortures, such as the rack, hot iron pincers, fire, a sword-spiked wheel, shoes nailed to his feet, etc.; he was put into an iron box, set within with sharp nails, and flung down a precipice; he was beaten with sledge-hammers, a heavy stone pillar was laid upon him, a large stone was dashed against his head; he was stretched upon a red-hot iron bed, and melted lead poured over him; he was cast into a well and transfixed with large nails; he was enclosed in the stomach of a brazen bull and placed over a hot fire, after which he was cast into another deep well with a heavy stone around his neck. Each time that he returned from a torment he was restored to full vigor. His tortures lasted for seven years, and we may naturally suppose that he became somewhat hardened to them. He was a tough saint! His constancy and miracles during these long years were the means of converting 40,900 men, besides the Empress Alexandra. The women and children were not counted; he was satisfied with the men, and was very particular to record the exact number. After all this, Dacian ordered the execution of St. George and the empress, and as they died a whirlwind of fire consumed and carried off the persecutor.

All this string of nonsense* was recorded as true history by two of the brothers of the Church; but Pope Gelasius rejected their "histories" as the work of heretics. If the fact were not well attested by the records of infallible history, it

would be impossible to believe that such follies were resorted to, in the early days of the Church, for the conversion of the people.

In Europe the story of St. George became popularized under a totally different form, as far removed from truth as either the Greek or Latin version. It is in substance as follows:

George, tribune, was born in Cappadocia, and came to Libya, to the town called Silene, near which was a ford infested by a monster that had many times driven back armed hosts sent to destroy him. He even had the audacity to approach the walls of the city, and with his exhalations poisoned all who came near. To satisfy his voracity and prevent such unwelcome visits, he was each day supplied with two full-grown sheep. When the sheep were exhausted, the sons and daughters of the people were cast to the dragon, as it was thought better to sacrifice these rather than allow him to destroy the whole town. The lot fell one day on the princess, a beautiful, innocent girl, with golden hair and large, soft

eyes that could melt with tears of pity for the distressed or burn with the heavenly fire of love.



THE KING'S DAUGHTER.

The king covered his child with the royal robes and sent her forth alone to meet the dragon. At this moment St. George was riding by, clad in

glittering mail and armed with a spear; and seeing the maiden in tears, standing on the margin of the pond, with the monster rising out of the thick and murky water to devour her, he commended himself to God, and dashed upon the dragon with his spear in his hand. At one stroke he transfixed the monster, and then bade the princess pass her girdle round it and fear nothing. When this was done the dragon followed like a docile hound, and they led it into the city, where all the people fled from it in terror; but St. George recalled them and quieted their apprehensions. Then the king and all his people, amounting to twenty thousand men, without counting women and children, were baptized, and St. George smote off the head of the monster.

Other versions of the story are to the effect that the princess was shut up in a castle, and that all within were perishing for water, which could be obtained only from a fountain at the base of a hill, and this was guarded by the dragon, from which St. George delivered them.

This story was accepted by the writers of the Middle Ages, and found its way into the records of the Church, the missals and breviaries, whence it was cut out by order of Pope Clement VII., and St. George was simply acknowledged as a martyr reigning with Christ. Calvin was the first to declare his conviction that St. George was a myth, a mere creation of some one's imagination; but his argument was demolished by the learned Peter Heylyn, who proved, to his own satisfaction at least, that the patron saint of chivalry was a reality. We may remark, by way of parenthesis, that it required very little evidence, in those days, to prove an absurdity.

Gibbon identifies Saint George with the Arian Bishop of Alexandria, of that name, whose fame, by the way, was not first-class—not at all becoming that of a saint; though it must be admitted that there were many saints of the Middle Ages whose reputations were not of the most savory character.

The story of this Arian Saint George is in substance as follows:

He was born in a fuller's mill, at Epiphania, in Sicilia. His first occupation was that of purveyor of bacon to the army at Constantinople, where, according to the testimony of Saint Athanasius,

he made large profits, not in the most honest manner. In short, he did what was done by many quartermasters during our late war, enriched himself while serving his country. Being found out, he fled to Cappadocia, where he began to pose as a saint. His religion was of that elastic kind which accommodates itself to circumstances, and he accordingly made a profession of Arianism, because that style of religion was then in fashion at court. He rendered himself useful in certain devious ways, so that his past sins were overlooked and pardoned. He made a pretence of learning, and collected a large library; and was eventually promoted to the throne of Saint Athanasius. His entrance into ecclesiastical authority was that of a barbarian conqueror, and his reign was polluted by cruelty and avarice.

The Catholics of Alexandria and Egypt were subjected to all sorts of outrages; in fact, he oppressed with an impartial hand the various inhabitants of his diocese. As primate of Egypt, he assumed pomp and insolence in his lofty station, but could not conceal the vices of his base and servile extraction. The merchants of Alexandria were impoverished by the unjust and almost exclusive monopoly which he acquired in the sale of nitre, salt, paper, the conducting of funerals, etc.; and it is said that he even condescended to the vile acts of an informer. The pagans excited his devout avarice, and their rich temples in Alexandria were either pillaged or insulted by this haughty prelate, who exclaimed in a loud and threatening tone, "How long shall these sepulchres be permitted to stand?"

But the accession of the apostate Julian caused the downfall of George. He and two of his obsequious retainers, Diodorus and Dracontius, were ignominiously dragged to the common prison. At the end of twenty days, the prison was forced open by an enraged heathen multitude, and the three prisoners were torn to pieces and their bodies cast into the sea.

It is hardly possible that such an infamous character as the one just described, could have been transformed, even with the aid of the most vivid imagination, into a saint; and Gibbon must therefore have made a mistake in confounding the mythical, but just and pure Saint George, with the licentious and tyrannical Bishop of Alexandria.



THE CHALLENGE OF THE KING

A HISTORY OF DUELLING AND SOME FAMOUS DUELS.

THE most ancient and illustrious duel that we have any authentic account of, is the one that was fought between David, the shepherd lad, and the champion of the Philistines. The result, in this combat, was favorable to the cause of right and justice; but it has not been always so in the case of other duels fought since that time.

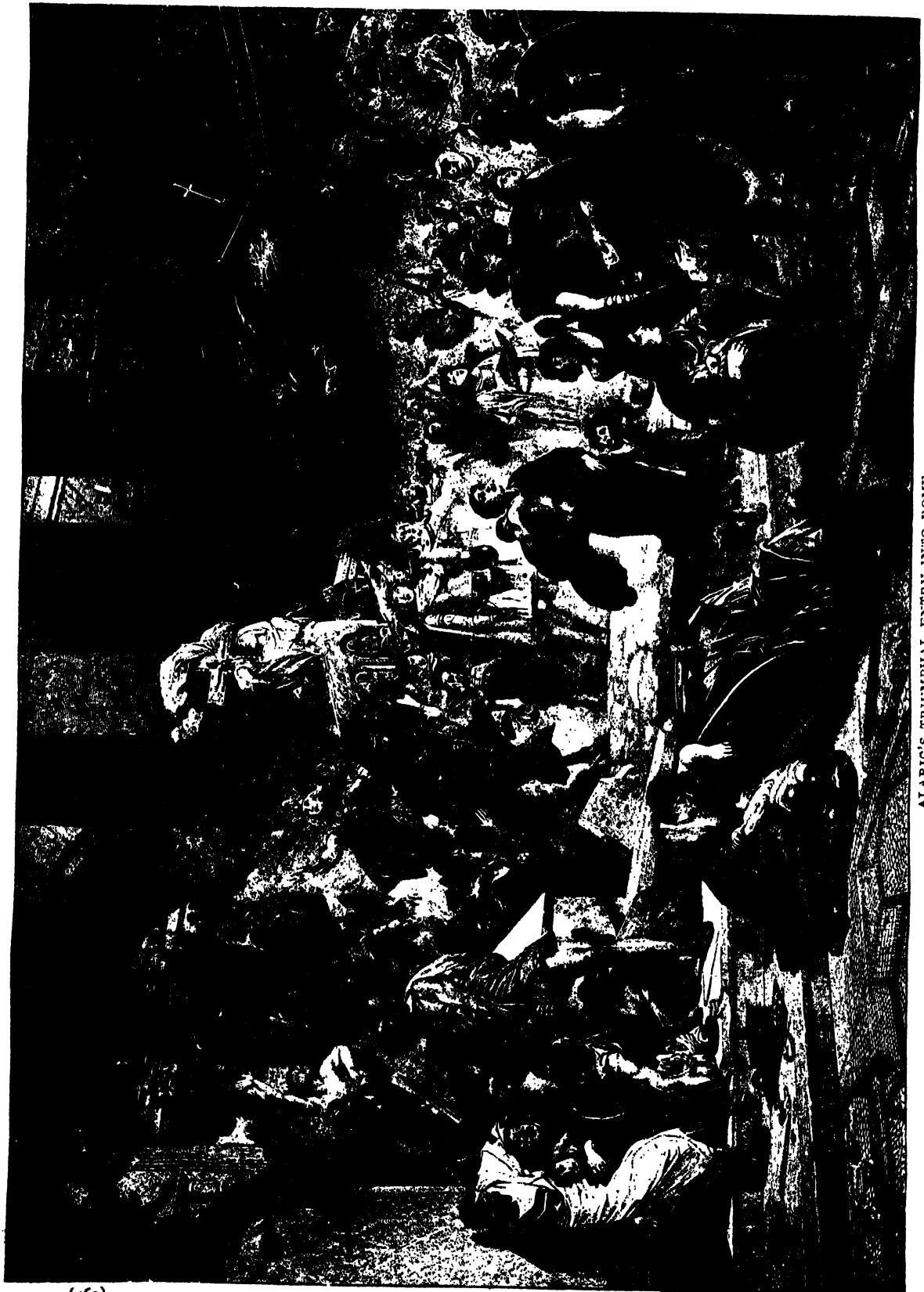
When the northern barbarians overran the Roman empire, they introduced single combats as a proof of divine right, and the ordeal was accordingly accompanied by religious ceremonies. The duel was formally legalized as a decisive test of right, by Gundebold, king of the Burgundians, about the year 500, and Tacitus mentions the custom as prevailing extensively among the Germans previous to that date. During the Middle Ages, duels were patronized by monarchs, and approved as judicial ordeals by the clergy and the courts. By the truce of God of 1041, they were not permitted between Wednesday and Monday, the intervening days being held sacred to Christ's passion. The custom was greatly abused, and various monarchs, at different eras, attempted to curb it or bring it within legal restrictions, but their efforts were not attended with flattering success. In 1386, one Jacques Lagris was accused of violence to a lady. He denied the crime, was forced to accept the ordeal of battle, was overcome, and being adjudged guilty, was hanged; but subsequently another person confessed that he was the criminal. This made a profound impression, and caused the abolition of the judicial ordeal. From this date the character of the duel underwent a complete change, and its subsequent history exhibits it solely in the light of an attempt to obtain satisfaction for an injury, particularly an insult. This idea owes its prevalence largely to Francis the First, of France, who laid down the principle "that the lie was never to be put up with, without satisfaction, except by base-born fellows;" and lies were divided into thirty-two classes, each having its mode of satisfaction. Through the influence of Francis, duelling became a custom throughout his dominions, and it spread from thence to the other continental countries and to England.

International disputes and quarrels were sub-

mitted to the arbitrament of arms, and "the challenge of the king" was the highest form of the duel. It was not the custom for kings to send or accept challenges, except from persons of their own station, so that a kingly challenge usually meant a war between two or more nations. On some occasions, however, they entered the lists and tested their prowess and skill in friendly tournaments with their subjects. Henry II., of France, was mortally wounded in a combat of this kind, which he fought with the Count de Montgomery, a captain of his guard, in July, 1559. The point of the count's lance entered the king's visor, inflicting the wound from which he died.

When Henry III., of France, died, one of his courtiers, anxious to make a display of his loyal grief, swore that he would not survive him, and threw a challenge into the air. Another lord picked it up, and sent him to join his master. Such were the pastimes of the nobility in those days. When Henry the Fourth was challenged, he fought not in person, but by deputy, on the ground that, as there was no person in the kingdom of equal station with himself, he could not personally engage in a combat of that sort. At the same time he was perfectly willing to allow any gentleman who felt himself aggrieved to seek satisfaction by crossing swords with a deputy. This was a comfortable and pleasant way of fighting, and Henry's good sense is highly commendable.

Duelling in France reached its height of savage ferocity under Louis XIII. It was the custom then for the combatants to hold each other by their left hands, while with their right they cut and slashed one another with daggers or short swords. Such duels were bloody and brutal in the extreme, and frequently ended in the death of both parties. Another custom prevailed during the same period of turning the combatants loose in a darkened room, and allowing them to cut one another's throats. A humorous incident is related in this connection. A gentleman had been challenged who was opposed to fighting, and had no desire to take the life of his enemy. Being the challenged party, he had choice of weapons, and he selected pistols, as they were quicker in action and less barbarous than the knife. On being left alone with his antagonist in the darkened room, and desiring to convince him of his friendly intentions in the most emphatic

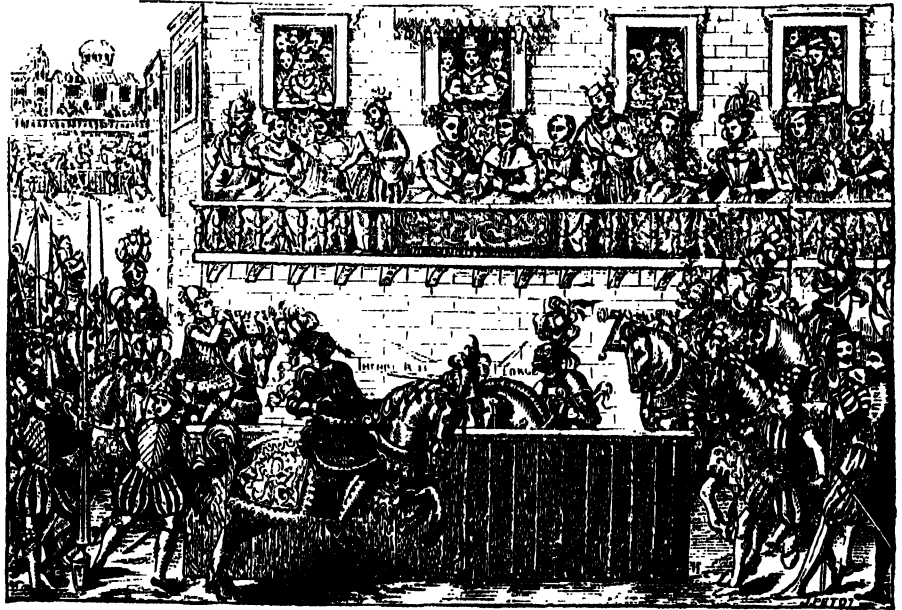


ALARIC'S TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO ROME.

manner, he groped his way to the fire-place and discharged his pistol up the chimney, but unfortunately brought down his opponent, who had taken refuge there.

During the ascendancy of the Puritans in England efforts were made to suppress duelling; it was looked upon as aristocratic, and therefore reprehensible, and the life of every man was said to belong to his country. When the reaction commenced the custom was revived, because of the ascendancy of the military class.

Napoleon was bitterly averse to the code, but public opinion compelled him to tolerate it, even while expressing his contempt for an officer in a fit of passion, he offered him "the satisfaction of a gentleman."



WOUNDING OF HENRY II. IN A TOURNAMENT.



A DUEL, WITH BATTLE-AXES.—(Copy of an engraving of the fifteenth century.)

those who engaged in it. Gustavus Adolphus created a great sensation, and new and severe laws were enacted against duelling. In 1785 a

The first duel in America took place in 1621, at Plymouth, between two serving men. They were tried and sentenced to be tied together neck and heels for twenty-four hours, but a portion of the punishment was remitted. In 1728 two young men named Woodbridge and Phillips fought a duel in Boston Commons, after dark and without seconds. Swords were the weapons used, and Woodbridge was killed. Phillips got on board a man-of-war and escaped to France. This incident

Captain Gunn twice challenged General Greene, the Revolutionary hero, and threatened a personal assault if he refused to meet him. Greene wrote to Washington, and acknowledged that he would accept the challenge if he thought his honor would suffer by a refusal, but that he did not think the circumstances justified an acceptance. Washington heartily approved of his course. Andrew Jackson killed Charles Dickinson in a duel, and was engaged in other "affairs of honor;" yet when he was President in 1830 he caused the names of four naval

evidence of courage to send or accept a challenge but quite the contrary.

The latest noted duel in this country occurred a few months since, in Alabama, between two negroes who were rivals for the affections of the same colored damsel. The meeting took place in the early morning, on the banks of the Tombigbee river. The challenger came on the ground first, where he was surprised to find a large concourse of people whose curiosity had attracted them to the spot to witness the "affair." It could



A TILTING TOURNAMENT OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.—(Copy of ancient engraving.)

officers to be stricken from the rolls because they had engaged in a duel.

At present there are strict laws against dueling in all the States, and public opinion is very decidedly opposed to the custom; so much so, in fact, that those who engage in it are usually subjected to the ridicule and contempt of their acquaintances. It is no longer considered an

be plainly seen that he was greatly agitated over the approaching event, and as the moments went by his cheeks blanched with terror. Finally, when his antagonist, accompanied by his second, appeared, and preparations for the deadly combat were commenced, he could bear the strain no longer. His life seemed dearer to him than ever before, now that there was a chance of

his losing it. He even forgot his honor, and the smile of his dusky Dulcinea, and turning with a frown of terror, he fled from the spot, plunged into the river, and swimming across, sought safety in a dense forest on the opposite side, followed by the shouts and derisive laughter of the amused crowd.

Famous Duel of the 14th Century between Sir John De Carogne and James Le Gris.

"This was the last judicial combat that took place in France under the award of Parliament.

then a young and very beautiful lady, and leaving her safe and comfortable in his castle of Argentiell, he began his journey toward the sea-side. His wife remained in the castle, with her household, living in the most decent and orderly manner, and above all reproach.

At this time there belonged also to the household of Count d'Alençon, a squire named James Le Gris, whom the count loved above all others, and placed the most unlimited confidence in him. This man became infatuated with the beauty



TRIAL OF LE GRIS BEFORE THE COUNT D'ALENCON.

It occurred in 1337, and the peculiar circumstances attending and preceding it, gave it a national reputation. The king and his court were present at the fatal contest, and all the particulars are related in full by Sir John Froissart, from whose writings this account is made up. It was one of the most celebrated duels of the romantic days of chivalry, but is representative of many others of its class, and is therefore entitled to a place in this work.

Sir John de Carogne, having decided to seek glory in the Holy Land, took leave of his lord, the Count d'Alençon, and of his wife, who was

of Lady Carogne, and emboldened by the absence of her husband, he decided to take a mean and dishonorable advantage of her. Accordingly he set out one day, mounted on the finest horse in the stables of the count, and in due time arrived, in full gallop, at the castle of Argentiell, where he dismounted. The servants made a handsome entertainment for him, because they knew he was a particular friend of their master; and the lady, thinking no ill, received him with pleasure, led him to her apartment, and showed him her fancy work, such as ladies delight in. But he was fully intent upon accomplishing his wicked pur-

pose, and begged her to conduct him to the dungeon, claiming that the object of his visit was principally to examine that, as it was built upon a plan somewhat different from others of that period. She readily complied, and led him thither; but they had no sooner entered the dungeon than he fastened the door, and with force and violence accomplished his base purpose.

'This occurred at night'. He then mounted his horse and hastened back to the castle of the Count d'Alençon, in time to attend the rising in the morning. He had arranged matters so that he was seen in the hotel of the castle at four o'clock, which circumstance, in the subsequent trial of the case, was brought up as evidence in his favor.

The Lady de Carogne kept the matter a secret in her own breast for a long time, and until her husband came back from the wars of the Holy Land. When Sir John returned he was joyfully received by his lady and household, who feasted him well, but when they retired at night, she threw herself on her knees and bitterly bewailed the insult she had suffered. Her husband at first could not believe what she told him, but after her repeated assurances and protestations of innocence, he accepted her statement, and believed her implicitly.

On the following day he sent for her nearest relatives, and when they were assembled, he led them into an apartment and told them his reasons for summoning them, and requested his lady to relate minutely everything that had passed during his absence. They were astonished at what they heard, and advised him to refer the matter to the Count d'Alençon. This he did, but the Count, who greatly loved Le Gris, refused to credit the accusation made against him, and appointed a day for the parties to come before him, and desired that the lady might attend and give her evidence against the man whom she thus accused. Le Gris boldly denied the charge, and wondered how he could have incurred the mortal hatred of the lady. He proved by the household of the Count that he had been seen in the castle at four o'clock in the morning, and as the Count himself had observed him in his chamber at nine o'clock, he decided that it was quite impossible for any one to have ridden three and twenty leagues and back again in five hours. He commanded that henceforward all should be buried in oblivion, and under pain of incurring his displeasure nothing

farther was to be done in the matter. Sir John, being a man of courage, and believing what his wife had told him, would not submit to the decision, but went to Paris and appealed to the parliament. The latter summoned James Le Gris, who replied, and gave pledges to obey whatever judgment parliament should give. The cause lasted for upwards of a year, and they could not in any way compromise it, for Sir John was determined that he would pursue the matter until death rather than allow a stain to remain upon his wife's name. This caused the Count d'Alençon to conceive a great dislike for him, and he would have put him to death had he not placed himself under the safeguard of the parliament. The latter at length decided that the case should be settled by an appeal to arms, as a last resort, and Sir John, the squire, and the lady were instantly put under arrest until the day set for the mortal combat.

At this time the king was at Sluys, preparing for an invasion of England, but on hearing of the intended duel, he declared his purpose to be present on that occasion. Accordingly he and his principal officers set out for Paris to witness the combat. On their arrival lists were made up for the champions, in the place of St. Catharine, while scaffolds were erected on one side for the accommodation of the king and his nobles. An immense crowd of people gathered to witness the exciting spectacle. The two champions entered the lists armed at all points, and each was seated in a chair opposite the other; the Count de St. Pol directed Sir John de Carogne, and the retainers of the Count d'Alençon, James Le Gris. On entering the lists, Sir John approached his lady, who was covered in black and seated on a chair, and saluting her said, "Lady, from your accusation, and in your quarrel, am I thus venturing my life to combat James Le Gris: you know whether my cause be loyal and true." To this she replied, "My lord, it is so; and you may fight securely, for your cause is good."

She remained seated, making fervent prayers to God and the Virgin, entreating humbly that through her grace and intercession, she might gain the victory according to her right. Her life depended upon the result, for should her husband lose the victory, he would be hanged and she herself burnt as a criminal. She regretted that she had not kept the matter a secret, and thus

avoided placing herself and her husband in such mortal peril; but it was now too late, and she must abide the event.

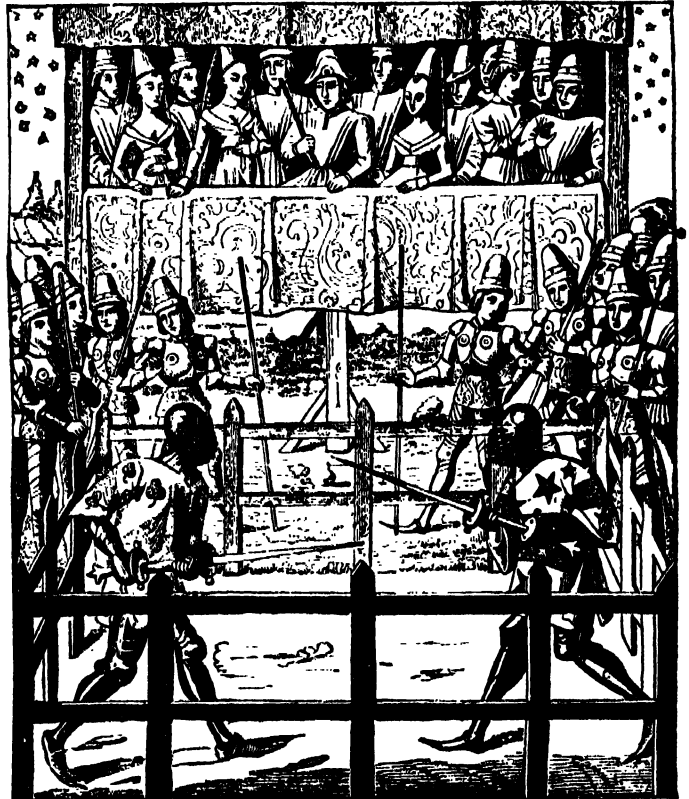
The two champions were then advanced and placed opposite to each other, making a handsome appearance, for they were both expert men-at-arms. The first course was run without either receiving any hurt. After the tilting, they dismounted, and made ready to continue the fight on foot. Both behaved with great courage, but at the first onset, Sir John was wounded in the thigh, which alarmed all of his friends, particularly his wife, who now yielded to despair, feeling sure that Sir John would be overcome; but he nerved himself to a desperate effort, and throwing all his energies into one blow, struck down his adversary, and thrusting his sword through his body, killed him on the spot. He then appealed to the king and the spectators to know if he had not done his duty, and they greeted him with enthusiasm and applause.

The body of Le Gris was delivered to the hangman, who dragged it to Mont-faucon, and there hanged it. Sir John approached the king, and fell on his knees; the king made him rise, and ordered one thousand francs to be paid to him that very day. He also retained him in his household, with a pension of two hundred livres a year, which he received as long as he lived. After thanking the king and his lords, Sir John went to his lady and kissed her, after which they went together to make their offering in the church of Notre Dame, and then returned to their home, where they lived happily for many years.

THE BURR-HAMILTON DUEL.

IN 1803 Aaron Burr was a candidate for Governor of New York, but was defeated by General Hamilton's influence, an unfriendly feeling having existed for many years between the two. After his defeat Burr demanded that Hamilton should disavow certain expressions derogatory to his personal character, which he claimed the latter had uttered during the campaign. Hamilton declined to comply, and a challenge from Burr

followed. Hamilton accepted the challenge, although he utterly condemned the practice of duelling, to which he had already been a victim in the loss of his eldest son, a promising youth of only twenty, who fell in a political duel in 1802. He declared that it was solely in his character as a public man that he accepted Burr's challenge, explaining his position in the following language: "The ability to be in future useful, whether in resisting mischief or effecting good in those crises of our public affairs which seem likely to happen,



DUEL BETWEEN SIR JOHN CAROGNE AND LE GRIS.

would probably be inseparable from a conformity with prejudice in this particular."

In his personal appearance Hamilton is described as being under the middle size, thin in person, and very erect, courtly and dignified in his bearing. His figure, though slight, was well-proportioned and graceful; his complexion delicate and fine; rosy cheeks, and the whole expression of his countenance pleasant and cheerful; his voice musical, and his manner frank and cordial. He excelled equally as a writer and a speaker.

Burr is described as being in the prime of

his manhood, small but well-formed, fair complexioned, and fascinating in his manners. His face was strikingly handsome, with jet black and uncommonly brilliant and piercing eyes. In the drawing-room his manners were singularly graceful, gentle and winning, but in public he assumed an air of haughty superiority. He was a wit, a beau, a good scholar, an unscrupulous lawyer and politician, and a libertine in morals. He had only one legitimate child, a daughter named Theodosia, who was married to Governor Allston,

On this occasion Hamilton was cheerful, and at times even merry. He was urged by his friends to sing the only song he ever sang or knew—the familiar old ballad of “The Drum.” He sang it in his heartiest manner, greatly to the delight of the old soldiers by whom he was surrounded. During the evening Burr was reserved and silent, mingling but little with the company, and taking no part in the general conversation. In fact, as a rule, he was more of a listener than talker, so that on this occasion his silence was less remarked,



MURDER OF HAMILTON.

of South Carolina, and was lost in a storm at sea.

Burr's second was a young lawyer named Wm. P. Van Ness, one of his most attached partisans, and fully as dark, designing, cool, and implacable as his principal. Considerable correspondence took place between the parties, Hamilton endeavoring in every possible way, without going so far as to involve his honor, to bring about a reconciliation, but failing in his purpose, the terms of the meeting were agreed upon, pistols selected as the weapons, and the distance fixed at ten paces.

During the progress of these preliminaries Hamilton and Burr met at a banquet of the Society of the Cincinnati, of which they were members.

He paid not the slightest attention to Hamilton until he began to sing, when he turned, and leaning on the table, looked fixedly at him until the song was finished.

When the fatal morning came, Burr arrived on the ground first, as had been previously arranged. He deliberately took off his coat, surveyed the ground, and then cleared away the brush, limbs of trees, etc. When General Hamilton arrived the parties exchanged salutations, and the seconds proceeded to make their arrangements. The distance was measured and lots cast for the choice of position, and also to determine by whom the word should be given. In both instances the advantage was with Hamilton. The pistols were then loaded, and the parties took their stations. Hamil-

ton's second now explained to the principals the rules which were to govern them in firing, as follows: "The parties being placed at their stations, the second who gives the word shall ask them whether they are ready; being answered in the affirmative, he shall say *Present*; after this, the parties shall present and fire when they please. If one fires before the other, the opposite second shall say, one, two, three—fire; and he shall then fire or lose his shot." The second then took his position, and asked if they were ready; being answered in the affirmative, he gave the word *Present*, when instantly Burr's pistol was discharged. Hamilton was seen to spring upon his toes with a convulsive movement, and reel a little to one side, when his pistol was discharged at random, and he fell headlong on his face, remaining motionless on the ground. The ball from his pistol rustled among the branches some distance over the head of his antagonist. Burr heard it, and coolly looked up and noticed where it had severed a twig. Glancing then at Hamilton he beheld him falling, and advanced toward him with a manner and gesture that appeared to be expressive of regret, but without speaking, turned about and withdrew, being urged from the field by his second. No further conversation took place between the principals, and Burr immediately returned to New York.

Hamilton was borne away in the arms of Pendleton, his second, and his wound was attended to by Dr. Hosack. He had just strength enough to say, "This is a mortal wound, doctor;" when he sank away, and became unconscious. On recovering, his first words were, "My vision is indistinct," but soon after recovering his sight, and observing the case of pistols, with the one that had been used lying outside, he said, "Take care of that pistol; it is undischarged and still cocked; it may go off and do harm—Pendleton knows (attempting to turn his head towards him) that I did not intend to fire at him." The discharge of the pistol was in fact purely accidental, resulting from nervous agitation produced by the wound and his fall. He had offered himself an unresisting victim to the vengeance of Burr, and the unhealthy public sentiment of the times.

Hamilton was tenderly placed in the bottom of a barge, and the party rowed rapidly toward the New York side. On approaching the shore, he requested that Mrs. Hamilton should be imme-

diately sent for, but that the event should be gradually broken to her, and in such a way as to lead her to believe that his wound was not serious. His friend, Mr. Bayard, was standing on the wharf in great agitation, and on seeing Hamilton lying in the boat, threw up his arms and burst into tears and lamentations. Hamilton was immediately conveyed to his home, where he was put to bed, and a consultation of physicians held. They united in the opinion that there was no chance for his recovery; the ball had struck the second or third false rib and fractured it about the middle; it then passed through the liver and the diaphragm, lodging in the first or second lumbar vertebra.

The news of Hamilton's fall and probable speedy death, sped rapidly over the entire country. In New York bulletins, giving an account of his condition, were issued hourly, and kept the city in the wildest agitation. Mrs. Hamilton was overwhelmed with sorrow, but her husband remained calm and uncomplaining, although he suffered intense agony during the remainder of the day and the following night. At his request, he was visited by Bishop Moore and Rev. Dr. Mason. To the former he said: "My dear sir, you perceive my unfortunate situation, and no doubt have been made acquainted with the circumstances which led to it. It is my desire to receive the communion at your hands. I hope you will not conceive there is any impropriety in my request. It has for some time past been the wish of my heart, and it was my intention to take an early opportunity of uniting myself to the church by the reception of that holy ordinance." Bishop Moore observed to him that he must be very sensible of the delicate and trying situation in which he as a minister was placed; that however desirous he might be to afford consolation to a fellow mortal in distress, it was his duty to hold up the law of God as paramount to all other customs, and that he must unequivocally condemn the practice which had brought him to his present unhappy condition. Hamilton acknowledged the propriety of these sentiments, and added, "I have no ill-will against Colonel Burr. I met him with a fixed determination to do him no harm. I forgive all that happened." After some further conversation he received the sacrament with great devotion.

On the following day at 11 o'clock he embraced

his wife for the last time, and then calmly composing himself to die, expired without a shudder or a groan, in the prime of his manhood, being then forty-seven years of age. A week before the time fixed for the duel Hamilton prepared a letter to his wife, to be handed to her in case of his death. In this epistle he assured her that he had striven, by all honorable means, to avoid the meeting, but that he expected to fall in it. He entreated her forgiveness for the calamity his death would bring upon her and her children, and implored her to meet the blow in calm submission to Providence.

Mrs. Hamilton was a woman of rare excellence and dignity of character. She survived him fifty years, dying in 1854 at the advanced age of 97. It is related that after the death of her husband she met his murderer only on one occasion, the incident being described as follows: In the year 1822, she was travelling from New York to Albany, on one of the boats plying the Hudson. At the dinner hour when Mrs. Hamilton was approaching the dining-saloon, and had almost reached her place at the table, she raised her eyes and perceived Aaron Burr standing directly opposite to her, with only a few feet intervening between them. The shock of the unexpected meeting was so great that she uttered a loud scream, fell fainting to the floor, and was carried from the apartment. As soon as she recovered she insisted upon being set on shore at the first landing place, refusing to journey further in the same vessel with Burr. It is said that after her removal from the dining-saloon, he deliberately sat down and ate a hearty meal with the utmost composure.

Public indignation against Burr after the duel knew no bounds. The fact that he had expressed a determination to force the fight, being sure of his ability to kill his antagonist, caused him to be branded as a wilful murderer, and an indictment was found against him; but he escaped by flight and concealment. The day following General Hamilton's death, Burr addressed a letter to Governor Allston, his son-in-law, in which he used the following heartless words: "General Hamilton died yesterday. The malignant federalists or tories, and the embittered Clintonians, unite in endeavoring to excite public sympathy in his favor and indignation against his antagonist. Thousands of absurd falsehoods are circulated

with industry. The most illiberal means are practised in order to produce excitement, and for the moment with effect."

Evil almost invariably meets with its just punishment. Retribution may be slow, but it is terribly sure. In the history of our country the name of Aaron Burr stands even below that of Benedict Arnold, for he was a murderer as well as a traitor, and infamy will be his portion so long as the world may last.

THE DUEL BETWEEN COMMODORES DECATUR AND BARRON.

NEXT to the unfortunate Hamilton-Burr affair, perhaps the most celebrated American duel was the one fought by Commodores Stephen Decatur and James Barron, near Bladensburg, Maryland, March 22, 1820, resulting in the death of the former and the severe wounding of the latter.

The quarrel was an old one, dating back to 1807 and growing out of what is known in our naval history as the "affair of the Chesapeake." On the 22nd of June, 1807, the United States Frigate "Chesapeake," carrying thirty-eight guns, and under the command of Commodore Barron, got under way from Hampton Roads, bound to the Mediterranean, and was almost immediately boarded by a boat from the British ship "Leopard," of fifty guns. The officer in command of the boat's crew presented an order from the Captain of his ship to search the American vessel for some men who were claimed as British deserters. Commodore Barron indignantly and peremptorily refused to submit to such an outrage, and immediately afterward the "Leopard" fired a broadside into his ship. The Chesapeake was not prepared to return it; for, besides her inferior force and poor armament, she was in great confusion consequent upon her leaving port. The guns were loaded, but there were no rammers, wads, matches, gun-locks, or powder-horns at hand. Only one shot was fired from the "Chesapeake" during the action, and it was discharged by means of a coal brought from below. The "Leopard" continued firing rapidly, until Barron, finding that he could make no resistance, ordered his colors struck. The "Chesapeake" received twenty-one shots in the hull, and had three men killed and eighteen wounded, among the latter being Commodore Barron himself.

This unpardonable outrage created intense excitement throughout the United States, and the martial ardor of the people was aroused to the highest pitch. War seemed inevitable, but through diplomacy it was postponed until 1812.

Commodore Barron was tried by court-martial, and found guilty of "neglecting, on the probability of an engagement, to clear his ship for action," and was sentenced to be suspended for five years without pay or emoluments. Decatur was a member of the court-martial, and this was the origin of the enmity between the two, although the court closed its findings on the subject of the personal conduct of the accused in the following terms: "No transposition of the specification or any other modification of the charges themselves, would alter the opinion of the court as to the firmness and courage of the accused; the evidence on this point is clear and satisfactory."

Barron entered the merchant service during his suspension, and remained abroad until 1818, when an attempt was made to restore him to duty, which Decatur opposed. After a long and bitter correspondence, Barron challenged Decatur, the challenge was accepted, and the encounter fixed for March, 1820, at a place near Bladensburg. Both of the principals fell at the first fire, Decatur mortally wounded, and Barron so severely that he was confined to his bed, in great suffering, for several months. Decatur died during the following night, in the forty-second year of his age.

THE CELEBRATED CLAY-RANDOLPH DUEL.

THIS duel arose from a remark made by Mr. Randolph during the course of a speech in Congress on the appointment of Mr. Clay as Secretary of State by President Adams. Randolph characterized it as "the coalition of Bilfil and Black George—the combination, unheard of until then, of the Puritan with the blackleg." This was pretty rough language coming from a man of such prominence as Mr. Randolph; in fact it sounds more like Billingsgate than the utterance of a scholar and statesman; and Mr. Clay could not afford to let it go unnoticed. The challenge followed at once. We quote the history of the duel as recorded by General James Hamilton, of South Carolina, who was present:

"The night before the duel," says General

Hamilton, "Mr. Randolph sent for me. I found him calm, but in a singularly kind and confiding mood. He told me that he had something on his mind to tell me. He then remarked, 'Hamilton, I have determined to receive, without returning, Clay's fire; nothing shall induce me to harm a hair of his head; I will not make his wife a widow, or his children orphans. Their tears would be shed over his grave; but when the sod of Virginia rests on my bosom, there is not in this wide world one individual to pay this tribute upon mine.' His eyes filled, and resting his head upon his hand, we remained some minutes silent. I replied, 'My dear friend (for ours was a sort of posthumous friendship, bequeathed by our mothers), I deeply regret that you have mentioned this subject to me; for you call upon me to go to the field and to see you shot down, or to assume the responsibility, in regard to your own life, in sustaining your determination to throw it away. But on this subject, a man's own conscience and his own bosom are his best monitors. I will not advise, but under the enormous and unprovoked personal insult you have offered Mr. Clay, I cannot dissuade. I feel bound, however, to communicate to Colonel Tatnall* your decision.' He begged me not to do so, and said, 'he was very much afraid that Tatnall would take the studs and refuse to go out with him.' I, however, sought Colonel Tatnall, and we repaired about midnight to Mr. Randolph's lodgings, whom we found reading Milton's great poem. For some moments he did not permit us to say one word in relation to the approaching duel; and he at once commenced one of those delightful criticisms on a passage of this poet, in which he was wont so enthusiastically to indulge. After a pause, Colonel Tatnall remarked, 'Mr. Randolph, I am told you have determined not to return Mr. Clay's fire; I must say to you, my dear sir, if I am only to go out to see you shot down, you must find some other friend.' Mr. Randolph remarked that it was his determination. After much conversation on the subject, I induced Colonel Tatnall to allow Mr. Randolph to take his own course, as his withdrawal, as one of his friends, might lead to very injurious misconstructions. At last, Mr. Randolph, smiling, said, 'Well, Tatnall, I promise you one thing, if I see the devil in Clay's eye, and that with malice pre-

* Randolph's second.

pense he means to take my life, I may change my mind.' A remark I knew he made merely to propitiate the anxieties of his friend.

"Mr. Clay and himself met at 4 o'clock the succeeding evening, on the banks of the Potomac. But he saw 'no devil in Clay's eye,' but a man fearless, and expressing the mingled sensibility and firmness which belonged to the occasion.

"I shall never forget this scene, as long as I live. It has been my misfortune to witness several duels, but I never saw one, at least in its sequel, so deeply affecting. The sun was just setting behind the blue hills of Randolph's own Virginia. Here were two of the most extraordinary men our country in its prodigality had produced, about to meet in mortal combat. Whilst Tatnall was loading Randolph's pistols I approached my friend, I believed, for the last time; I took his hand; there was not in its touch the quivering of one pulsation. He turned to me and said, 'Clay is calm, but not vindictive—I hold my purpose, Hamilton, in any event; remember this.' On handing him his pistol, Colonel Tatnall sprung the hair-trigger. Mr. Randolph said, 'Tatnall, although I am one of the best shots in Virginia, with either a pistol or gun, yet I never fire with the hair-trigger; besides, I have a thick buckskin glove on, which will destroy the delicacy of my touch, and the trigger may fly before I know where I am.' But, from his great solicitude for his friend, Tatnall insisted upon hairing the trigger. On taking their position, the fact turned out as Mr. Randolph anticipated; his pistol went off before the word, with the muzzle down.

"The moment this event took place, General Jesup, Mr. Clay's friend, called out that he would instantly leave the ground with his friend, if that occurred again. Mr. Clay at once exclaimed, 'it was entirely an accident,' and begged that the gentleman might be allowed to go on. On the word being given, Mr. Clay fired without effect, Mr. Randolph discharging his pistol in the air. The moment Mr. Clay saw that Mr. Randolph had thrown away his fire, with a gush of sensibility, he instantly approached Mr. Randolph, and said with an emotion I never can forget:—'I trust in God, my dear sir, you are untouched; after what has occurred, I would not have harmed you for a thousand worlds.'"

Col. Thomas H. Benton was also present at this

duel, and wrote a fuller account of it than that given by General Hamilton. As he mentions several interesting particulars not referred to by General Hamilton, we will give a portion of Col. Benton's statement:

"I have said that the count was to be quick after giving the word 'fire,' and for a reason which could not be told to the principals. To Mr. Randolph, who did not mean to fire, and who, though agreeing to be shot at, had no desire to be hit, this rapidity of counting out the time and quick arrival at the command 'stop' presented no objection. With Mr. Clay it was different. With him it was all a real transaction, and gave rise to some proposal for more deliberateness in counting off the time; which being communicated to Col. Tatnall, and by him to Mr. Randolph, had an ill effect upon his feelings, and, aided by an untoward accident on the ground, unsettled for a moment the noble determination which he had formed not to fire at Mr. Clay. I now give the words of Gen. Jesup:

"'When I repeated to Mr. Clay the "word" in the manner in which it would be given, he expressed some apprehension that, as he was not accustomed to the use of the pistol, he might not be able to fire within the time, and for that reason alone desired that it might be prolonged. I mentioned to Col. Tatnall the desire of Mr. Clay. He replied, "If you insist upon it, the time must be prolonged, but I should very much regret it." I informed him I did not insist upon prolonging the time, and I was sure Mr. Clay would acquiesce. The original agreement was carried out.'

"I knew nothing of this until it was too late to speak with the seconds or principals. I had crossed the Little Falls bridge just after them, and come to the place where the servants and carriages had stopped. I saw none of the gentlemen, and supposed they had all gone to the spot where the ground was being marked off; but on speaking to Johnny,* Mr. Randolph, who was still in his carriage and heard my voice, looked out from the window, and said to me: 'Colonel, since I saw you, and since I have been in this carriage, I have heard something which may make me change my determination. Col. Hamilton will give you a note which will explain it.' Col. Hamilton was then in the carriage, and gave me the note, in the course of the evening, of

* Randolph's servant.

which Mr. Randolph spoke. I readily comprehended that this possible change of determination related to his firing; but the emphasis with which he pronounced the word '*may*' clearly showed that his mind was undecided, and left it doubtful whether he would fire or not. No further conversation took place between us; the preparations for the duel were finished; the parties went to their places; and I went forward to a piece of rising ground from which I could see what passed and hear what was said. The faithful Johnny followed me close, speaking not a word, but evincing the deepest anxiety for his beloved master. The place was a thick forest, and the immediate spot a little depression or basin, in which the parties stood. The principals saluted each other courteously as they took their stands. Col. Tatnall had won the choice of position, which gave to Gen. Jesup the delivery of the word. They stood on a line east and west—a small stump just behind Mr. Randolph. The latter asked Gen. Jesup to repeat the word as he would give it; and while in the act of doing so, and Mr. Randolph, adjusting the butt of his pistol to his hand, the muzzle pointing downwards, and almost to the ground, it fired. Instantly Mr. Randolph turned to Col. Tatnall and said: 'I protest against the hair trigger.' Col. Tatnall took the blame to himself for having sprung the hair. Mr. Clay had not then received his pistol. Senator Johnson, of Louisiana (Josiah), one of his seconds, was carrying it to him, and still several steps from him. This untimely fire, though clearly an accident, necessarily gave rise to some remarks, and a species of inquiry, which was conducted with the utmost delicacy, but which, in itself, was of a nature to be inexpressibly painful to a gentleman's feelings. Mr. Clay stopped it with a generous remark that the fire was clearly an accident; and it was so unanimously declared. Another pistol was immediately furnished; an exchange of shots took place, and, happily, without effect upon the persons. Mr. Randolph's bullet struck the stump behind Mr. Clay, and Mr. Clay's knocked up the earth and gravel behind Mr. Randolph, and in a line with the level of his hips, both bullets having gone so true and close that it was a marvel how they missed. The moment had come for me to interpose. I went among the parties and offered my mediation; but nothing could be done. Mr. Clay said, with that

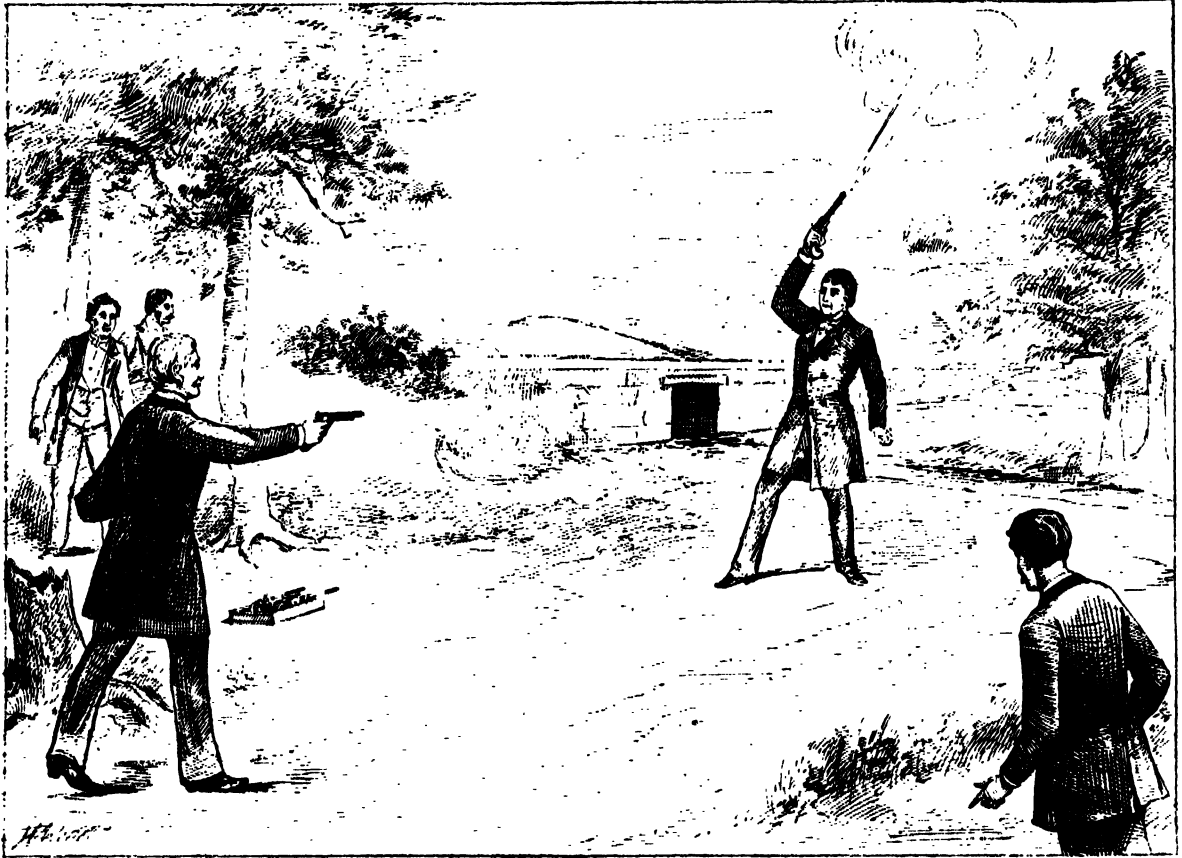
wave of the hand with which he was accustomed to put away a trifle, '*This is child's play*,' and required another fire. Mr. Randolph also demanded another fire. The seconds were directed to reload. While this was doing I prevailed on Mr. Randolph to walk away from his post, and renewed to him, more pressingly than ever, my importunities to yield to some accommodation; but I found him more determined than I had ever seen him, and for the first time impatient, and seemingly annoyed and dissatisfied at what I was doing. He was indeed annoyed and dissatisfied. The accidental fire of his pistol preyed upon his feelings. He was doubly chagrined at it, both as a circumstance susceptible in itself of an unfair interpretation, and as having been the immediate and controlling cause of his firing at Mr. Clay. He regretted this fire the instant it was over. He felt that it had subjected him to imputations from which he knew himself to be free—a desire to kill Mr. Clay, and a contempt for the laws of his beloved State; and the annoyances which he felt at these vexatious circumstances revived his original determination, and decided him irrevocably to carry it out.

"It was in this interval that he told me what he had heard since we parted, and to which he alluded when he spoke to me from the window of the carriage. It was to this effect: That he had been informed by Col. Tatnall that it was proposed to give out the words with more deliberateness, so as to prolong the time for taking aim. This information grated harshly upon his feelings. It unsettled his purpose, and brought his mind to the inquiry (as he now told me, and as I found it expressed in the note which he had immediately written in pencil to apprise me of his possible change), whether, under these circumstances, he might not '*disable*' his adversary? This note is so characteristic, and such an essential part of this affair, that I here give its words, so far as relates to this point. It ran thus:

"Information received from Col. Tatnall since I got into the carriage *may* induce me to change my mind, of not returning Mr. Clay's fire. I seek not his death. I would not have his blood upon my hands—it will not be upon my soul if shed in self-defence—for the world. He has determined, by the use of a long, preparatory caution by words, to get time to kill me. May I not, then, disable him? Yes, if I please.'

"It has been seen, by the statement of Gen. Jesup, already given, that this '*information*' was a misapprehension; that Mr. Clay had not applied for a prolongation of time for the purpose of getting sure aim, but only to enable his unused hand, long unfamiliar with the pistol, to fire within the limited time; that there was no prolongation, in fact, either granted or insisted upon; but he was in doubt, and Gen. Jesup having won the word, he was having him repeat it

knees—not higher than the knee-band; 'for it was no mercy to shoot a man in the knee;' and his only object was to disable him and spoil his aim. And then he added, with a beauty of expression and a depth of feeling which no studied oratory can ever attain, and I never shall forget, these impressive words: '*I would not have seen him fall mortally wounded, or even doubtfully wounded, for all the land that is watered by the King of Floods and all its tributary streams.*' He left me



DUEL, BETWEEN RANDOLPH AND CLAY.

in the way he was to give it out, when his finger touched the hair-trigger. How unfortunate that I did not know of this in time to speak to Gen. Jesup, when one word from him would have set all right, and saved the imminent risks incurred! This inquiry, 'May I not disable him?' was still on Mr. Randolph's mind, and dependent for its solution on the rising incidents of the moment, when the accidental fire of his pistol gave the turn to his feelings which solved the doubt. But he declared to me that he had not aimed at the life of Mr. Clay; that he did not level as high as the

to resume his post, utterly refusing to explain out of the Senate any thing that he had said in it, and with the positive declaration that he would not return the next fire. I withdrew a little way into the woods, and kept my eyes fixed on Mr. Randolph, whom then I knew to be the only one in danger. I saw him receive the fire of Mr. Clay, saw the gravel knocked up in the same place, saw Mr. Randolph raise his pistol—discharge it in the air; heard him say, '*I do not fire at you, Mr. Clay,*' and immediately advancing and offering his hand. He was met in the same spirit. They met half

way, shook hands, Mr. Randolph saying, jocosely, '*You owe me a coat, Mr. Clay*'—the bullet had passed through the skirt of the coat, very near the pocket—to which Mr. Clay promptly and happily replied, '*I am glad the debt is no greater.*'"

DUEL BETWEEN GENERAL JACKSON AND CHARLES DICKINSON.

THIS fatal and historic duel took place on the banks of Red River, in Logan County, Ky., early in the morning of May 30, 1806. Charles Dickinson was a prominent and influential citizen of Nashville, Tenn., but opposed to Gen. Jackson in politics; and according to the deplorable customs of the times, the bitterness and rançor of political antagonism were carried into the personal relations of the parties. Early in the year Dickinson made some disparaging remarks about Mrs. Jackson, which "Old Hickory" immediately resented in his usual determined and vigorous manner. Dickinson offered a satisfactory apology and explanation, which was accepted; but subsequently he repeated the offensive remarks, whereupon Jackson remonstrated with his father-in-law, Mr. Irvin, saying, 'I wish no quarrel with Dickinson; he is used as a tool by my enemies in Nashville, who are urging him to pick a quarrel with me. Advise him to stop in time.' This warning, from so determined and fearless a man, should have been heeded, but it was not. Dickinson continued to find opportunities to make offensive remarks about Jackson and his personal affairs; and finally, on the 10th of January, just before starting for New Orleans in a flat-boat, he wrote to Jackson, charging him with equivocations, falsehood, and cowardice. He did not return from this trip until the 20th of May, when he immediately resumed the quarrel, and wrote a severe attack on Jackson, which was published in a Nashville paper the following day. Jackson immediately challenged him, and the meeting was fixed for the 30th of the month. The place decided upon is a long day's journey from Nashville, and the duellists and their friends had to leave their homes early in the morning of the 29th. Jackson was accompanied only by his second, General Overton, but Dickinson, being a leader of society in Nashville, and standing high in the estimation of many of the principal citizens, was accompanied by a number of his associates. He was a quick and practised shot, and fully ex-

pected to kill Jackson before the latter could fire, so that on his side the duel was little better than premeditated murder. The distance was eight paces, and Jackson's second won the right to give the word, which, however, afforded but little advantage to his principal, who was not familiar with the use of pistols. The moment the word was uttered Dickinson fired, and the ball hit Jackson in the breast, but there was not the quiver of a muscle or a movement of the body to indicate that he had been struck. He was determined that his antagonist should not have the satisfaction of knowing that his shot had taken effect, and his iron will did not falter in this supreme moment. Even Dickinson supposed he had missed his mark, and exclaimed excitedly, "*Good God! have I missed him?*" General Overton knew that his principal was hurt, for he saw the dust fly from the breast of Jackson's coat, and he watched him breathlessly, expecting a tragic result. Slowly and deliberately, like an avenging Nemesis, Jackson raised his pistol and fired, and Dickinson fell at full length upon the ground, mortally wounded. He died that night without knowing that his ball had hit Jackson, for the latter declared "that as Dickinson considered himself the best shot in the world, and was certain of killing him at the first fire, he did not want him to have the satisfaction of knowing that he had touched him." His wound, however, proved more severe and troublesome than was at first anticipated. The ball raked the breast-bone and broke a rib, and it was nearly a month before he could move about without inconvenience and great pain. The wound healed falsely, and he suffered from its effects during the remainder of his life.

Senator Benton, who was intimately acquainted with Jackson, spoke of his remarkable courtesy and chivalrous conduct toward women, in the following language: "There was an innate, unvarying, self-acting delicacy in his intercourse with the female sex, including all womankind. His whole life was continent. If he had been born in the time of Cromwell, he would have been a Puritan. Nothing could exceed his kindness and affection for Mrs. Jackson, always increasing in proportion as his elevation and culminating fortunes drew cruel attacks upon her." It was this chivalrous disposition which caused him to so quickly and fiercely resent the least aspersion against the character or reputation of his wife.

DECATUR'S COMBAT WITH THE ALGERINE CHIEF.

IN 1801 war was threatened between the United States and Tripoli, on account of the piratical course pursued by the armed cruisers of that insignificant power. Commodore Dale, with a squadron of two ships and a sloop-of-war, was sent out with instructions from President Jefferson to blockade the port of Tripoli. Two years later it became necessary to increase this Mediterranean force, and a squadron of seven sail was ordered out, under command of Commodore Preble. In October, 1803, the 44-gun frigate *Philadelphia*, while in pursuit of a small piratical vessel, grounded in the harbor of Tripoli, and becoming unmanageable, her commander, Captain Bainbridge, was forced to surrender his ship and crew at discretion. The Tripolitan authorities treated the officers as prisoners of war, but the men were sold as slaves.

In this emergency, Stephen Decatur, then a lieutenant under Commodore Preble, proposed a daring plan for recapturing or destroying the *Philadelphia*, and the Commodore, admiring the courage of his subaltern, and having great faith in his discretion and good sense, readily acquiesced in the suggestion. The *Intrepid*, a small vessel of only four guns and seventy-five men, which had recently been captured from the Tripolitans, was placed at Decatur's disposal, and under the escort of the *Syren*, one of the vessels of the squadron, proceeded at once from the bay of Syracuse, where the ships were then lying, to Tripoli. The *Philadelphia* was anchored within half-gun shot of the castle, and guarded by several Algerine cruisers and gun-boats. Restoring his little vessel to her former national appearance, and waiting until the shades of evening had settled down upon the bay, Decatur cautiously made his way into the harbor, and between ten and eleven o'clock drifted alongside of the *Philadelphia*. The moment the vessels came in contact, Decatur and his men, with their cutlasses in hand, leaped on board, and in a few moments overpowered and subdued the piratical crew. Twenty Tripolitans were killed, while the Americans did not lose a man. All the batteries in the harbor were instantly opened upon the *Philadelphia*, which rendered the attempt to tow her out to sea so extremely hazardous, that Decatur ordered the ship to be set on fire, and then, ex-

tricating the *Intrepid* from the burning vessel, he sailed triumphantly out of the harbor.

This daring and successful adventure made him the hero of the occasion, and won for him the thanks of his commander and the praise and admiration of his fellow-officers. Congress also voted him the thanks of the nation and presented him with a sword, while the President sent him a commission as captain.

In July of the following year he added another laurel to his wreath of fame in a desperate encounter with an Algerine chief, which is thus described: Commodore Preble, having concentrated his forces at Tripoli, opened a tremendous fire of shot and shell upon the forts and war vessels in the harbor. In this memorable combat Captain Decatur was placed in command of three gun-boats and a bombard, and he handled his forces with such intrepidity and good judgment that the success of the battle was largely due to him. The enemy's boats were moored along the mouth of the harbor, in two divisions, and within musket-shot of their batteries on shore. Decatur determined to carry the eastern division by boarding. In accomplishing this desperate design he had to contend with four vessels against nine, the latter being also protected by shore-batteries; but he rushed to the encounter and overcame the fearful odds with an intrepidity and celerity of movement, which astonished and dismayed the enemy. With his own vessel he boarded and carried two of the Tripolitan boats in quick succession. As he sprang on board the second, he singled out the commander, who was his superior in size and strength, and closing with him they engaged in a fierce hand-to-hand combat with their swords, in which Decatur's was quickly broken. He then grappled with the Algerine, who soon bore him to the deck with his overpowering strength, and was in the act of plunging a large dirk into Decatur's heart, when the latter snatched a pistol from his pocket and shot his adversary dead.

While this was taking place, an Algerine soldier sprang forward and aimed a blow at Decatur with his scimitar, but an American sailor named James, who had already been severely wounded in the arm, observing his commander's peril, threw himself in front of the soldier and saved Decatur's life by receiving on his own person a part of the stroke intended for him. It was one of those



ALONZO CHAPPEL PINK'T.

quick, hot, and decisive combats which so frequently occurred in the old-time sea-fights, and whose results depended as much upon chance as the courage or dexterity of the contending parties.

In 1815 the troubles between the Barbary states and our country were renewed, and Decatur was sent in command of a squadron to enforce a satisfactory peace. He reached Algiers on the 28th of June, and in less than forty-eight hours terrified the regency into accepting his own terms; which were, mainly, that no tribute should ever be required by Algiers from the United States; that all Americans held in slavery should be given up without ransom; that compensation should be made for American property which had been seized; that all citizens of the United States, taken in war, should be treated as prisoners of war are by other nations, and held subject to an exchange of prisoners, and not as slaves.

Having exacted similar conditions from all the other Barbary states, he sailed for home in triumph.

THE HUGUENOTS OF FRANCE, AND CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE OF EUROPE DURING THE REFORMATION.

THE term Huguenot is peculiar in its application by the Catholic party in France to the several branches or denominations of the Protestants who were opposed to them during the religious wars of the Reformation. Its origin is doubtless connected with some important event or circumstance, and as the term will be forever prominently connected with the history of France and the Reformation, it would be interesting to know from whence it came, if it were possible to trace it to the beginning.

William Farel, the First French Reformer.

The Reformation had established itself on a solid footing in Germany, Switzerland and England nearly half a century before it made any headway in France. It is true that the leaven had begun to work, and many devoted Christians were looking forward to the time when "God would renew the world," but no active effort was made to bring about this desired renewal until the beginning of the sixteenth century. There lived at that time, at a small castle near Gap, in Dauphiny, a young man of ardent imagination, fiery temper and energetic character, named William Farel. He was devoted to the religion of the ancient Catholic Church, which was sacred

to him through association, custom, and the established usages of centuries; still, he was ambitious, as all young men have a right to be, of making a mark in the world and winning fame for himself; and this desire was soon strengthened into a decided purpose by the rumors that came to the quiet neighborhood, from time to time, of the glory that was being achieved, in the wars of their common country, by another young man whose home was in the same community, and with whom Farel was intimately acquainted—no less a person, in fact, than the subsequently celebrated Chevalier Bayard. "Such sons," was said in his hearing, one day, "are as arrows in the hand of a giant; blessed is he who hath a quiver full of them!" This saying sank into the boy's heart, and was not forgotten.

Young Farel pressed his father to let him go, too, and make himself a man in the world, and the old gentleman would have willingly permitted his son to take up such a life as Bayard's, but it was toward the University of Paris, "that mother of all the sciences, that pure and shining mirror of the faith," that the young man's aspirations were directed. His father at first opposed his wishes, but afterwards yielded, and about 1510 the youth landed in Paris. From this date we might safely count the beginning of the Reformation in France.

At the University there was a doctor of theology, named Jacques Lefevre, a man already advanced in years, of mean appearance and humble origin, but who for seventeen years had filled the position of professor with credit to himself and the institution he represented. Erasmus said of him: "Amongst many thousands of men, you will not find any of higher integrity and more versed in polite letters;" and Zwingle, who also knew him, wrote: "He is very fond of me; he is perfectly open and good; he argues, he sings, he plays, and he laughs with me at the follies of the world." Between this happy and genial old professor and the fiery young man from Dauphiny, there soon sprang up a warm attachment; they liked one another, and soon became friends. "Never," said Farel, "have I seen a chanter of mass who chanted it with deeper reverence." But this old-fashioned piety did not interfere with the freedom of the professor's ideas and conversations touching either the abuses or the doctrines of the Church. "How shameful it is," he would

say to his young friend, "to see a bishop soliciting people to drink with him, caring for naught but gaming, constantly handling the dice and the dice-box, frequently hunting, hallooing after birds and game, and visiting bad houses. Religion has but one foundation, but one end, but one head—Jesus Christ, blessed forever."

These conversations, and the looseness of morals which he witnessed daily among the clergy, had their natural effect upon the pious and ardent young student, "and in the end," writes Farel,

quences he fled, and travelled in Alsace and Switzerland. In 1532, he was invited to a conference with the Catholics at Geneva. Calvin was there also. The debates grew so stormy that the delegates came to blows, and the civil authorities had to interfere to prevent bloodshed. That was the way they argued religious questions in those times. Each party believed itself right and wholly right, and neither was willing to make any concessions to the other. It has been truly said that there is nothing more dangerous than an honest



SCENE IN DAUPHINY, FRANCE.

"little by little the papacy slipped from its place in my heart; it did not come down at the first shock." But having fallen, it never rose again; and he remained from that time till the close of his life an uncompromising and vehement advocate of reform.

He soon began to preach those doctrines which the Church denounced as heretical, and his fiery zeal drew him into many troubles. One day he interrupted a procession in honor of St. Anthony, laid violent hands upon the statue of the saint, and threw it into the river. To escape the conse-

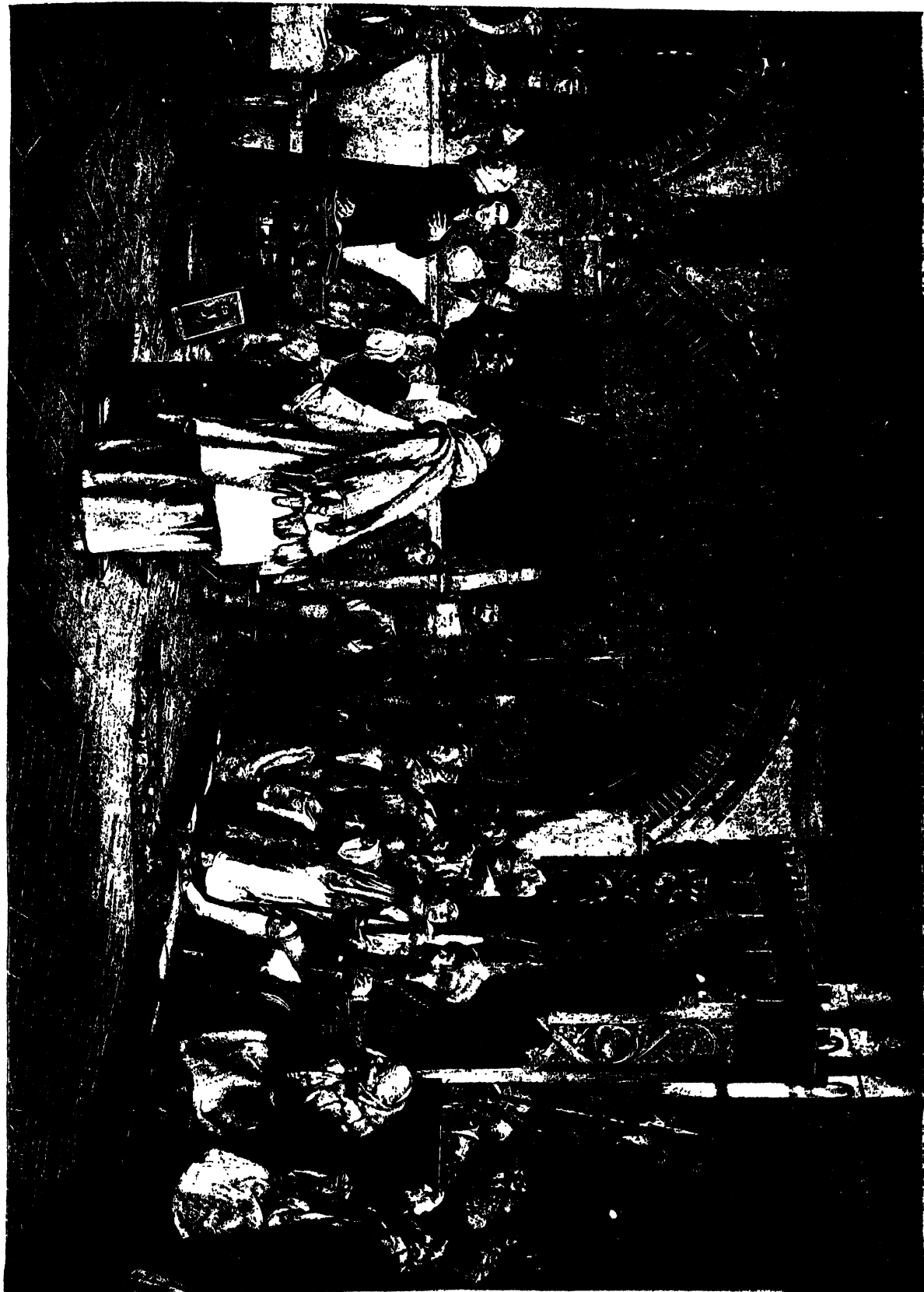
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man engaged in a rascally calling, and during the struggles of the Reformation the opposing factions were not only honest, but terribly in earnest. The most frightful wrongs were committed by both sides, always in the name of religion, and, as they sincerely believed, for the eternal good of those who were punished. The Catholics were no worse than the Protestants; it was a struggle for existence between the opposing factions, and the only reason why more wrongs were committed by the Catholics than the Protestants was because the former were the ruling party and in the



HUGUENOTS DEFENDING THEIR HOMES.

THE CONFERENCE AT GENEVA.



majority. Sleidan, a contemporary historian, says: "The common people in France hold that there are no people more wicked and criminal than heretics; generally, as long as they are a prey to the blazing fagots, the people around them are excited to frenzy, and curse them in the midst of their torments." And the victims just as fre-

banished from the city, but he returned a year later, and in 1536 persuaded Calvin to aid him in organizing a reformed church at Geneva. As usual, in all reforms, some of their members went to extremes, and two years after the organization of the church, a faction known as the "Liber-

times," having gained the upper hand in the election, both Calvin and Farel were banished. The latter went to Strasburg, and having organized a Protestant church there, he passed on into France, to a place called G'ozze, where, in 1543, while preaching to a congregation of Protestants, he was attacked by a body of troops under Claude de Guise, and his people were dispersed, while he was wounded and narrowly escaped with his life. He then settled as pastor of a Protestant congregation at Neufchatel. In 1557, he incurred the displeasure of Calvin and other leaders of the Reformation, by his marriage to a young girl, displaying in this



FAREL'S ESCAPE FROM THE SOLDIERS OF GUISE.

quently cursed and derided their tormentors, until death silenced them. Is it any wonder, then, that when they attempted to settle their differences by argument, they frequently came to blows and ended in riot?

After the incident above referred to, Farel was

instance his usual disregard for the opinions of others. Four years later he returned to his native town of Gap, where he preached with all the violence of his youth, and was arrested and thrown into prison, from which his followers released him by letting him down

from the ramparts in a basket, in imitation of the escape of Saint Paul from Damascus. Farel died at Neufchatel, September 13, 1565. We have given a somewhat extended sketch of this distinguished man, because he was the first prominent leader of the Reformation in France, and also because his character and conduct are representative of the times in which he lived.

Peculiar Conditions and Influences of the Times.

In considering the terrible events of that era, due allowance should be made for the conditions and influences by which the people were surrounded. Monarchs were regarded as of divine appointment, and the maxim that "the king can do no wrong" was universally believed in. Governments were absolute, depending almost entirely upon the will of the kings and emperors, who were usually ignorant men, controlled by the worst passions and the most grovelling superstitions. All learning was confined to the priests, who were but little less superstitious than their ignorant followers. The people were sunk into the lowest depths of ignorance, and their savage dispositions were rendered sanguinary and brutal by their unquestioning faith in all sorts of supernatural follies. All classes, from the educated priests down to the lowest orders of society, were earnest believers in witchcraft and the black art. Even the great leaders of the Reformation, like Luther and Calvin, were not free from these follies. Both of these celebrated characters were pious and earnest believers in witchcraft. Luther not only imagined that he had been honored by a personal visit from the great arch fiend, whom he frightened away by flinging his ink-horn at his head, but he also fancied that the devil and his imps came to his room by night and stole nuts, which they cracked against his bed-posts for the solacement of their monkey-like appetites. If the great and fearless Luther could be so powerfully influenced by such a silly superstition, what should we not expect from the common, ignorant and besotted herd?

The Absurdities of Witchcraft.

A short account of this singular superstition will help to a better understanding of the events of the Reformation, and in some degree excuse the follies and horrors that were enacted, with the utmost sincerity and honesty of purpose, in the holy name of religion. These follies and horrors were the result, not of natural cruelty or

wickedness, but of the sterility and depravity of the uneducated human mind, acting as a blind and unreasoning power.

A belief that certain individuals possessed magical powers, and could exercise a supernatural influence over their fellow-creatures, existed in ancient Rome, and those who practised, or pretended to exercise such arts, were punishable by the civil magistrates. The Romans viewed this folly, as they did nearly everything else, in a purely practical light, and dealt with it accordingly. Nearly, if not quite all, the other ancient nations, not excepting the enlightened Jews, entertained similar beliefs, but none of them were quite as sensible in their treatment of them as the practical Romans. But neither among the Roman nor the Pagan nations of northern Europe was witchcraft considered an offence against religion; in some instances, and indeed in probably a majority of them, the witch was supposed to be influenced by spirits who were friendly to mankind, and the profession, though feared, was held in high honor by the infatuated dupes.

Upon the introduction of Christianity, however, witchcraft assumed a new form, though retaining all its old attributes. Instead of ascribing the supernatural powers of the practitioner to the gods, to Odin, to spirits of good or evil disposition, or to supposed mysteries in nature, the people imputed them to the great arch-fiend of the Scriptures, the common enemy of God and mankind. This potent being, whose power seems to have been regarded as equal to that of Divinity itself, and who owes his origin doubtless to the Zoroastrian belief in the contending forces of light and darkness, with a wicked and malicious desire to destroy all that was good and hopeful in man's destiny, was believed to enter into a compact with the aspiring witch, in which, for an irrevocable assignment of her soul at death, he was to grant all her wishes, and assist in all her malevolent projects. These new features of witchcraft thoroughly changed and prodigiously extended the superstition throughout Europe, and its influences have not entirely disappeared even in this enlightened century, as we see evidenced in the faint belief still existing in signs, omens, lucky and unlucky days, etc., which cling pertinaciously even to the educated classes. From being regarded as sporting jugglery, or trickery in practical magic, and at most only a civil

offence, the superstition was recognized as a crime of the deepest dye, meriting the severest punishment which the combined civil and ecclesiastical powers could inflict.

As the superstition gained force in the Christian world, as it did by slow and successive steps during the entire period of the Middle Ages, that is to say, from about the fifth to the sixteenth century, the devil was gradually transformed, through the commingling of the superstitions of different nations, into an entirely different being, combining some of the characteristics of the Scandinavian Lokke with those of a Satyr of heathen mythology—a person equally wicked and malicious as the sterner spirit of evil, but rendered ludicrous by a propensity for petty trickery, and by such personal adornment as a pair of horns, a cow's tail, and cloven feet. There can be no doubt that the demon of the Middle Ages borrowed these attributes from his human representatives in the old mysteries and plays, where a laudable endeavor was made to render the evil one as ugly as possible. It was supposed, in fact, that he could assume any specious disguise that suited him, but the eye of the initiated observer could readily detect the "cloven foot." Such as he was, he played an important part in the annals of modern witchcraft, which was supposed to rest entirely upon the direct personal agency of himself and the imps commissioned by him. Nor was the supposition confined to the illiterate, or to persons of peculiarly credulous temperaments. Authors, distinguished for sense and talent, record with great seriousness that the devil once delivered a course of lectures on magic at Salamanca, habited in a professor's gown and wig; and that at another time he rented a house in Milan, where he lived in great style, rather imprudently assuming the suspicious but appropriate title of the "Duke of Mammon."

The powers ascribed to this debased demon were exceedingly great. It was believed that through his agency storms at sea or on land could be made to prevail at any time or season; that crops could be blighted, or cattle injured; that bodily illness or injury could be inflicted upon any person who was the object of secret malice; that the dead could be raised to life; that witches could ride through the air on broom-sticks, and transform themselves into the shapes of cats, rabbits, or other animals, at pleasure. On a certain

historic occasion the murrain which swept off more than a third part of the cattle on the British Isles was attributed to the influence of the witches, and many innocent and deserving, but helpless and friendless, old women suffered the horrors of torture and death in consequence.

An old writer, speaking of the powers of witches, says: "1. Some work their bewitchings only by way of invocation or imprecation. They wish it, or will it, and so it falls out. 2. Some by way of emissary, sending out their imps or familiars to cross the way, jostle, affront, flash in the face, barke, howle, bite, scratch, or otherwise infest. 3. Some by inspecting, or looking on, or to glare, or peep at with an envious and evil eye. 4. Some by a hollow muttering or mumbling. 5. Some by breathing or blowing on. 6. Some by cursing and banning. 7. Some by blessing and praising. 8. Some revengefully, by occasion of ill turns. 9. Some ungratefully, and by occasion of good turns. 10. Some by leaving something of theirs in your house. 11. Some by getting something of yours in their house. 12. Some have a more special way of working by several elements—earth, water, ayre, or fire. But who can tell the manner of ways of a witch's working; that works not only darkly and closely, but variously and versatilly, as God will permit the devil can suggest, or the malicious hag can devise to put in practice."

Learned treatises and volumes were composed on the subject of witches and witchcraft, couched in the most self-complacent and pious language, as if the authors were perfectly familiar with all the devious ways and wicked arts of these deceivers of men, and had been divinely commissioned to expose them and warn the less intelligent and more easily influenced portion of their fellow-creatures. The productions of nearly all the Middle Age writers are didactic and assertive in style. They seemed to consider that they perfectly understood every subject which they deigned to write about, and having asserted what they knew to be true, all men were expected to hold their peace and believe. This peculiarity is specially noticeable in the "Institutes" of Calvin. It requires but little study of that ponderous and soporific work to convince the reader that the learned author, at least in his own estimation, was on very intimate and confidential terms with the Creator, and that his assertion of God's will and

purposes was final and irrevocable. Our own amusing and inimitable Cotton Mather, the great clerical Eli Perkins of the seventeenth century, indulged a similar belief in his own omniscience, and favored a gaping world with much wisdom on the subject of witchcraft, in its relations to America, some of which we have copied in these pages for the amusement of the children of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

In the present age of comparative intelligence, it is difficult to understand how human beings could be so deplorably ignorant as to entertain such a gross superstition; but we must remember that the belief was fostered by religious impressions, and that it was long considered a mark of impiety to doubt the existence of witches. In addition to this, the laws of nature were unknown, or but imperfectly understood, and the weak and easily terrified mind of man flew to the conclusion that all evil proceeded from a malignant cause, and that by certain impious dealings it was possible for men to direct that power against their neighbors.

The superstition seems to have approached its highest point about the end of the fifteenth century. Pope Innocent, in his bull of 1484, charged the Inquisitors and others to discover and destroy all such as were guilty of witchcraft. Immediately there followed a regular form of process and trial for suspected witches, based upon the rules and instructions given in the *Malleus Maleficarum*, or a "Hammer for Witches," upon which all judges were called scrupulously to act. Other bulls in enforcement of this were subsequently issued in 1494 by Pope Alexander VI., in 1521 by Leo X., and in 1522 by Adrian VI., each adding vigor to its predecessor, and the whole serving to increase the agitation of the public upon the subject. The results were fearful. A panic fright of witchcraft took possession of society. Every one was at the mercy of his neighbor. If any one felt an unaccountable illness, or a peculiar pain in any part of the body, or suffered any misfortune in his family affairs, or if a storm arose and committed any damage by sea or land, or if any cattle died suddenly, or, in short, if any event, circumstance or thing occurred out of the regular routine of daily experience, the cause of it was attributed to witchcraft. To be accused was to be doomed, for it rarely happened that proof was wanting, or that condemnation was not followed by execution. If

the accused did not at once confess, their bodies were ordered to be shaved and closely examined for "devils' marks;" it being a tenet in the delusion that the devil, on inaugurating a witch, impressed certain marks upon her person; and if any strange mark was discovered, such as a peculiar mole, scar, birth-mark, etc., there remained no longer any doubt of the guilt of the helpless victim. If no evidence of this kind could be found, torture was applied, and this seldom failed to extort the desired confession from the unhappy victim. A large proportion of the accused witches, in order to avoid these preliminary horrors, confessed in any terms which might be dictated to them, and were forthwith led to execution. Others seemed to confess voluntarily, being probably insane or feeble-minded beings whose reason had been distorted by brooding over the popular witchcraft craze, or who in this dangerous manner sought public notoriety. A singular instance of this last phase of the delusion occurred in Scotland during the reign of James VII., afterwards James I., of England, whose mental calibre was well suited to a belief in witchcraft and an unreasoning prosecution of witches. In 1590 this kingly persecutor of helpless old women made a voyage to Denmark, to see, marry, and bring home his appointed bride, the Princess Anne. Soon after his arrival in Denmark a tremendous witch conspiracy against the happy conclusion of his homeward voyage was discovered, one of the principal witches implicated in the affair being Mrs. Agnes Sampson, commonly called the *Wise Wife of Krith*, from her native place. She is described in the records of the trial as "grave, matron-like, and settled in her answers." The king presided in person at the examination, and even superintended the tortures applied to the victims to force their confessions. The statements made by the poor wretches under these circumstances form a singular tissue of the ludicrous and the horrible in intimate union.

"The said Agnes Sampson," so runs the record, "was after brought again before the King's majesty and his council, and being examined of the meetings and detestable dealings of those witches, she confessed that upon the night of All-Hallow-Even she was accompanied, as well with the persons aforesaid, as also with a great many other witches, to the number of two hundred, and that they all together went to



sea, each one in a riddle or sieve, and went in the same way substantially, with flaggons of wine, making merrie and drinking by the way in the same riddles, or sieves, to the Kirk of North-Berwick, in Lothian, and that after they had landed, took hands on the land, and danced this reil, or short daunce, singing all with one voice,

“Cummer, goe ye before, cummer, goe ye;
Gif ye will not goe before, cummer, let me.”

“At which she confessed that Geillis Duncan did goe before them, playing this reil or daunce upon a small trump, called a Jew's-harp, until they entered into the Kirk of North-Berwick. These made the king in a wonderful admiration, and he sent for the said Geillis Duncan, who upon the like trump did play the said daunce before the king's majestie, who, in respect of the strangeness of these matters, took great delight to be present at their examinations.”

In these confessions the witches pandered to the king's vanity on all occasions, probably in the vain hope of mitigating their own doom. Agnes Sampson declared that it was the ardent desire of Satan, their master, to destroy the king, and that this was the sole object of the events just described. “The witches demanded of the devill,” said she, “why he did beare much hatred to the king, who answered, by reason the king is the greatest enemy hee hath in the world.” Such a eulogy from such a quarter could not fail to be exceedingly agreeable to the vanity of the “Scottish Solomon,” but it did not relieve the poor victims from the horrors of the most exquisite tortures. Among other persons who were tried by the king and his council at this time was one Dr. Fian, who seems to have been a man above the average of his day in education and intelligence. The witches, through malice or heedlessness, declared that the Doctor was always a prominent person at their meetings, and this declaration decided his fate. After undergoing the tortures of hanging and “the boot,”* he seems only to have thought how he could best get up a story that would bring him to a speedy death. Thereupon he admitted that he was the devil's “register” or clerk, who took the oaths from all the witches at their initiation, and he avowed having bewitched various persons him-

*An instrument fitted to the foot, which could be compressed by means of screws until it would crush the flesh and bones into a pulp.

self. In proof of the latter statement he instanced a case of a man near Saltpans, whom he had so practiced upon, he said, that the victim fell into fits at intervals. This person, who seems to have been a lunatic, or afflicted with St. Vitus's dance, was sent for, and, as the record states, “being in his majestie's chamber, suddenly he gave a great scritch, and fell into madness, sometimes bending himself, and sometimes capring so directly up that his heade did touch the ceiling of the chamber, to the great admiration of his majestie.” This poor idiotic wretch was soon afterwards, by order of his “most Christian majestie,” strangled and then burnt on the Castle hill of Edinburgh. Dr. Fian was sent to prison, from which he managed to escape, but was soon recaptured and subjected to the most fearful and brutal tortures, as follows: “His nails upon all his fingers were riven and pulled off with an instrument called in Scottish a *Turkas*, which in English are called a payre of pincers, and under everie nayle there was thrust in two needles over, even up to the heads; at all which torments, notwithstanding, the doctor never shrunk a whit, neither would he then confess it the sooner for all the tortures inflicted upon him. Then was hee, with all convenient speed, by commandment, conveyed again to the torment of the bootes, wherein he continued a long time, and did abide so many blowes in them that his legges were crushed and beaten together as small as might bee, whereby they were made unserviceable forever.” And King James not only directed, but was a willing and interested witness of these horrifying details!

Other records of trials and executions for witchcraft, at various periods and in different countries, will serve to still further illustrate the deplorable condition of mankind during the period of the Reformation.

In the single year 1485, Cumanas, an inquisitor, burnt forty-one poor women as witches, in the county of Burlia, having first caused them to be shaven and searched for “witch marks.” He continued the persecutions the following year, and many women fled out of the country.

About the same time another inquisitor burnt a hundred women in the city of Piedmont, and was proceeding daily to burn more, when the people arose and chased him out of the country.

In 1488 a violent tempest of thunder and light-

ning in Constance destroyed the corn for four leagues round. The people accused two poor old women of having caused the storm, and they were accordingly burnt.

About the same time one of the inquisitors came to a certain town which had been almost desolated by the plague and famine. A report was current that a certain woman, buried not long before, was eating up her winding-sheet, and that the plague would not cease till she had made an end of it. The matter being taken into consideration, the chief magistrate of the city opened the grave, and found that she had indeed (so says the record) swallowed and devoured one-half of her winding-sheet. The magistrate, moved with horror at the thing, drew out his sword and cut off her head, and threw it into a ditch, and immediately the plague ceased! After this the Inquisition "sat upon the case," and it was found that she had been long a reputed witch!

In 1524 a thousand persons were burned as witches in the small diocese of Como, and a hundred per annum for several years thereafter.

In 1515 five hundred witches were burned in the city of Geneva, within the space of three months. It is estimated by careful authorities that between 1610 and 1660, a space of only fifty years, over 100,000 persons were executed as witches in Germany alone; and this country, owing to the liberty-loving character of its people, was less affected by the superstition than such nations as France, Spain, Italy, etc. It is safe to estimate that during the entire period of the witchcraft delusion, there were executed for this supposed crime, in all the Christian nations, not less than one million persons, principally helpless old women, who should have excited the sympathies of their persecutors instead of their animosity. But there is no frenzy so unreasoning and cruel as religious frenzy, and its fury is in exact proportion to its sincerity and honesty. Some one who has studied this subject has given a list of the classes of persons who were destroyed as witches in two German towns, and the list is doubtless also representative of the victims in other cities and countries. There were children of nine, ten, eleven and twelve years of age. Boys of noble families, two sons of a Senator; a strange boy who had wandered into the town, and had no visible means of support; a little blind girl; the prettiest girl in Wurtzburg, whose

beauty had excited the envy of her rival, etc., etc. But the greater part of this horrible catalogue was made up of infirm old women and unknown travellers. It should be remembered, also, that these frightful horrors were enacted a hundred years after the death of Luther, when the light of the Reformation had penetrated the mental darkness of all the nations of Europe. This fearful witch delusion was not confined to one denomination or shade of religious belief, but all were alike guilty. Catholics and Protestants, while religiously cutting one another's throats, also vied with each other in their persecutions of the witches. It was the climacteric period of the religious insanity of the Middle Ages.

Some Curious Instances.

The belief in witches and demons seems to have been co equal with the creation of man. The Talmudic stories relate that Adam had a wife called Lilith before he married Eve, and that she bore him nothing but devils. This Lilith, or Lillith, figures in the Middle Ages as a famous witch, and is introduced by Goethe in the Walpurgis night scene in "Faust." The Cabalists made Adam the natural king of the world of spirits before his fall, and described Solomon as an accomplished magician. A similar character is attributed to the latter by Josephus. Other ancient Jewish writers divided demons into nine classes, as follows: 1. False gods of the Gentiles, whose prince is Beelzebub. 2. Liars and equivicators, as the Pythian Apollo. 3. Inventors of mischief and vessels of anger, whose prince is Belial. 4. Malicious, revenging devils, who are governed by Asmodeus. 5. Cozeners, magicians and witches, whose prince is Satan. 6. Devils of the air, spoken of in the Apocalypse, who corrupt the atmosphere and cause plagues, thunders and fires, and whose prince is Meresin. 7. The destroyer, who is called Abaddon in the Apocalypse, and who causes wars, tumults, combustions and uproars. 8. The accusing, calumniating devil, Diabolus, who drives men to despair. 9. Tempters of several sorts, whose prince is Mammon.

Paracelsus, a learned Swiss alchemist and writer of the sixteenth century, declared that the air is not so full of flies in summer as it is at all times of invisible devils. Demons and sorcerers were supposed to celebrate their nocturnal orgies in an assembly called the "sabbat," the time of meet-

ing being made known to them by a peculiar sensation in their "witch-marks," imprinted upon their bodies by the devil. In case of urgency a sheep appeared in a cloud in the sky, which was invisible to all except the servants and ministers of Satan. Before starting on their journey to the place of meeting it was necessary for them to fall asleep for a short time, or close one eye, after which they flew to the "sabbat" through the air, on staves or broom-sticks, or on the backs of subaltern demons, and were often transformed into goats, cats, or other animals. Stolen children were brought to the presiding devil, and forced to swear to renounce God, the virgin, and the saints, and were marked with one of his horns with a sign which they bore during their novitiate. This belief was the cause of the execution of so many children during the prevalence of the delusion.

European nations, as a rule, represented their demons as black, while the African negroes supposed them to be white; the opposite color in each case being selected as the most appropriate for the spirits of evil. An anecdote illustrative of this propensity is related of a negro preacher. In the midst of an energetic sermon he announced to his congregation that hell was an extremely cold place, abounding with frozen lakes and rivers, while icicles as long as his arm hung from the ceilings of the dungeons in which the condemned were confined. At the close of the sermon a white man who was present remonstrated with him, for representing the abode of the wicked as a frozen region, when holy writ declared that it was a lake of fire. "Ah," said he in reply, "it would never do to tell my people that hell is a hot place, for they love a warm climate, and would go there in spite of everything." In other words, the white man's hell is the negro's heaven.

It is asserted that there are still witches in Sweden and Norway who make a living by selling favorable winds to superstitious sailors. Eric IX., of Sweden, called Saint Eric after his death, on account of his efforts to spread Christianity among his people and the barbarians of the adjacent islands, is said to have possessed an enchanted cap, by virtue of which and some magical words, he could command spirits to trouble the air, make the wind blow in whatever direction he pleased, or raise tempests to destroy his enemies.

During the prevalence of the witch superstition

great stress was laid upon certain cabalistic words, the greatest of these being *Agha*. It was supposed that when this word was uttered toward the east it would either drive away malignant spirits or produce marvellous revelations. An incident is mentioned of a child who, having heard some frightful spell muttered, caught the words and repeated them till such tempests and thunderings were produced that a whole village was burned by the lightning. Jacob Boehm, a German mystic and religious writer of the early part of the seventeenth century, declared that he had discovered the original name of the devil, but he could not disclose it without peril to his soul, so tremendous would be its influence. This same Jacob Boehm was a voluminous author of theological works, but his books, like those of so many other writers on kindred subjects, were incomprehensible. This, however, did not hinder them from having many admirers, and after his death a large sect was founded upon a belief in his meaningless ravings.

It was also believed, during the period of the witchcraft delusion, that certain persons had the power to imprison demons and employ their services in whatever manner they might choose. It was supposed that Paracelsus, the Swiss alchemist previously referred to, had a demon confined in the hilt of his sword, but his brother alchemists wisely maintained that it was the philosopher's stone, and no demon at all. Much mediæval wisdom was expended in the consideration of this momentous question, but it could never be fully decided. The magicians of Salamanca and Toledo were supposed to keep their devils confined in finger rings, phials, boxes and caskets, from whence they were sent forth at the will of their masters to do whatever might be commanded of them. The ancient Jews were persuaded that Solomon wore a signet ring, with the hidden name of God engraved upon it, which gave him command of the spirits, and transported him every day at noon into the firmament, where he heard the secrets of the universe, and thus diurnally increased his exhaustless store of wisdom.

At the Council of Antioch, A.D. 341, a special ecclesiastical order was established in the Christian Church, and denominated Exorcists. They are still recognized in the Latin Church as one of the four minor orders of the clergy. It is their office, in the name of God, Christ, and the saints,

and by the use of holy water, the sign of the cross, the recitation of psalms, litanies, prayers, and adjurations, to expel the evil spirits, who, it is believed, by divine permission not only tempt the soul but frequently also possess the body. This belief was general throughout the known world previous to the advent of Christ, and was recognized in the Gospels, where the Saviour is represented as casting out devils and evil spirits. At the time of the Reformation this power, as well as the ability to perform miracles, was claimed as one of the tests of the divinity of the Catholic Church, the Jesuits denying that heretical teachers had ever been able to manifest such power.

The Lycanthropes.

During the eleventh century there appeared a peculiar madness which has been designated as *lycanthropia*. The victims of this strange hallucination imagined that they were dogs or wolves, and no argument or reasoning could convince them to the contrary. It was their custom to lie hid during the daytime, and issue forth with the setting of the sun to howl during the night around graveyards and in desert places. The madness spread through the whole of central and northern Europe, and seemed to be highly contagious. In 1374, during the festivities of midsummer-day at Aix-la-Chapelle, a large troop of infatuated men and women rushed into the city from the adjacent country, and gathering in the public squares and churches danced furiously in circles for many hours, apparently unconscious of the presence of spectators, until they sank upon the ground from exhaustion, where they writhed and groaned in apparent agony. While in this state they professed to see visions of good and evil spirits, to whom they called by name. Skeptics and incredulous spectators who came to witness the phenomenon were themselves infected, and danced and became ecstatic in their turn. Exorcism was powerless against this remarkable infatuation. The victims claimed that their dances were performed in honor of St. John, and they were accordingly designated *Chorea Sancti Johannis*. When it was decided by the Rhenish provinces to banish every person who was attacked, the disease soon disappeared from those regions. It reappeared in Strasburg in 1418, and the victims could do nothing but dance till they were dead or cured. This phase of the malady was entitled *St. Vitus's*

Dance, and it is still recognized as a nervous disorder by physicians of our own times, but is now rarely, if ever, caused by religious excitement. In 1491 the nuns of Cambria were seized with lycanthropia, and for the space of four years ran like wild dogs over the country, sprang into the air like birds, climbed trees like cats, hung on the branches, imitated the cries of animals, and uttered divinations. At last the exorcists took a hand in the matter, and forced the devil to admit that he was the cause of all these strange things; and the secular and ecclesiastical authorities enacted the most severe penalties against such exhibitions, whereupon they soon ceased. Voltaire relates that in the district of Jura, during two years between 1598 and 1600, more than six hundred lycanthropes were condemned to death by one judge.

Manifestations of lycanthropia and kindred manias continued to appear at intervals in different countries, but with constantly decreasing malevolence, until about the middle of the present century. The last well defined case of which there is any record took place in our own country, in Montgomery County, Missouri, about 1850. A young girl named Katy Williamson was subject to attacks of what was known locally as the "jerks," and on a certain occasion, during the progress of a camp-meeting under the auspices of the Cumberland Presbyterians, she became more violently afflicted than usual. Some men standing near began to laugh at her contortions and antics, when she sprang toward them, snapping her teeth and bounding into the air in such an unearthly fashion that the men were badly frightened and ran away. On another occasion the same girl, while under the influence of the mania, threw herself upon the ground, and assuming the motions and appearance of a reptile, horrified all the spectators with her fearful and hideous convolutions.

These later instances were but the last faint struggles of the expiring monster who played such fantastic and fearful tricks during the Middle Ages, the fountain-head of whose vitality had been sapped by the penetrating probe of intelligence and civilization.

Commencement of the Huguenot Persecutions.

Having by this digression shown the lamentable condition of the people of Europe during the period of the Reformation, we will now be



THE EXILES.

better prepared to understand the course of events, and comprehend the frenzy and cruelty of the warring factions.

The first execution of a Huguenot in France took place at Metz in 1525. John Leclerc, a wool-carder of the town of Meaux, seeing a bull of indulgences affixed to the door of the cathedral, tore it down and replaced it with a placard in which the Pope was caricatured and represented as Antichrist. He was arrested on the spot, and, by decree of the Parliament of Paris, whipped publicly three days in succession, and branded on the forehead by the hangman in the presence of his mother, who encouraged him by shouting, "Jesus Christ forever." He was banished to Metz, where, while working at his trade in July of the same year, he heard that a solemn procession was to take place the next day in the environs of the town. In his blind and furious zeal he left his work and broke down the images, at the feet of which the Catholics were to have burnt incense. Being arrested as soon as he returned to town, he did not attempt to disavow the deed, but gloried in it. He was sentenced to the most horrible punishment, which was inflicted in the following manner: First, his right hand was cut off; then his nose was torn out; the skin was torn from his arms with pincers; his nipples were plucked out; his head was confined in two circlelets of red-hot iron, and whilst he was still chanting in a loud voice this versicle from the CXVth Psalm,

"Their idols are silver and gold,
The work of men's hands,"

his bleeding and mutilated body was thrown upon the blazing fagots.

John Leclerc had a younger brother, Peter, a simple wool-carder like himself, who remained at Meaux, devoted to the same faith and cause. He became the first minister of the reformed gospel in France, and forty or fifty faithful members formed the nucleus of the little church which grew up. The meetings were held in the house of an old man named Stephen Mangan, and twenty years after the martyrdom of John Leclerc the membership had increased in spite of all persecutions, until it numbered between three and four hundred persons. On the 8th of September, 1546, the house was surrounded, and nearly sixty men, women and children were taken after a sharp resistance. They were all sent before the Parlia-

ment of Paris; fourteen of the men were sentenced to be burnt alive in the market-place at Meaux, and the sentence was executed in the presence of their wives and nearest relatives, who were compelled by the authorities to be present.

On the death of Henry II., in July, 1559, his eldest son, Francis, ascended the throne and assumed the title of Francis II. He is described as a "boy of sixteen, a poor creature both in mind and body." A little more than a year previous to the death of his father he had married the beautiful but strong-willed, cruel and designing Mary Stuart, of Scotland, who seems to have been greatly influenced by the still more cruel and determined Catharine de Medici, the queen-mother; and during Francis' short and inglorious reign of one and a half years, these two women, aided and abetted by the Guises, deluged France in blood and caused the fires of persecution to burn with renewed vigor.

The romance that has been woven about the life of Mary Stuart, aided by the sympathy arising from her long imprisonment and treacherous death, has caused many historians to mistake her real character; but no one can read the incidents of her brief ascendancy in France, as recorded by M. Guizot, without reaching the conclusion that with similar opportunities and years of experience, she would have fully equalled Catharine de Medici in craft and cruelty.

Deputies from Parliament went immediately, according to custom, to offer their felicitations to the new king, and to ask him "to whom it was his pleasure that they should thenceforward apply for to learn his will and receive his commands." Francis replied: "With the approbation of the queen, my mother, I have chosen the Duke of Guise and the Cardinal of Lorraine, my uncles, to have the direction of the state; the former will take charge of the department of war, the latter the administration of finance and justice;" and M. Guizot adds: "Up to the very last moment, either by themselves or through their niece, Mary Stuart, the Guises preserved their influence over him." When we read of what followed we cease to wonder at the invectives of that stern old patriot and reformer, John Knox, after the establishment of Mary's frivolous court at Edinburgh, or at the subsequent determined course of Elizabeth.

The young king, with his mind groping in the

darkness of his weak understanding, was surprised and horrified at the cruelties enacted in

"but I hear it said that the people are against you only. I wish you could be away from here



DEATH OF HENRY II.

for a time, that we might see whether it is you or I that they are against." But the Guises set about removing this idea by telling him "that neither he nor his brothers would live one hour after their departure, and that the house of Bourbon were only seeking how to exterminate the king's house." The caresses of his young queen added weight to these assertions of her uncles, who made a cruel use of their easy victory. "For a whole month," according to contemporary chronicles, "there was nothing but hanging or drowning folks. The Loire was covered with corpses, strung six, eight, ten and fifteen to long poles." "What was strange to see," says Regnier de la Planche, "and had never been wont under

his name as the head of the government. "I any form of government, they were led out don't know how is," he said to the Guises, to execution without having any sentence pro-

nounced against them publicly, or having the cause of their death declared, or having their names mentioned. They of the Guises reserved the chief of them after dinner *to make sport for the ladies*; the two sexes were ranged at the windows of the castle, as if it were a question of seeing some mummery played. And what is worse, the king and his young brothers were present at these spectacles, as if the desire were to 'blood' them; the sufferers were pointed out to them by the Cardinal of Lorraine with all the signs of a man greatly rejoiced, and when the poor wretches died with more than usual firmness, he would say, 'See, sir, what brazenness and madness: the fear of death cannot abate their pride and felony. What would they do, then, if they had you in their clutches?'"

These "after-dinner drownings," with the young queen, Mary Stuart, a girl of only seventeen, as an interested and amused spectator, present her in a very different light from that in which she has been usually painted, and they go far towards excusing the perfidy of Elizabeth, even if she did bring about the execution of her "fair cousin," as is generally believed, by treachery and deceit.

These were hideous exhibitions of man's depravity, and it costs a pang to record them; but it is right that it should be done, for history is bound to do justice to the crimes and errors of the past, especially when the past had no idea of guilt in the commission of them. They serve as warnings for the future, and create a more kindly spirit toward one another in our desire to atone for the errors of our ancestors.

The foregoing will afford a good idea of how the common people were treated when they fell under the condemnation of the authorities. Neither mercy nor leniency was shown to them. They were subjected to a refinement of barbarity that would have made savages blush, not so much from the cruelty of their adversaries, as a sincere desire to deter others, by the rigor of these punishments, from being influenced by what they religiously believed to be a pernicious and fatal example. Heretics of influence and standing were treated with more consideration in the manner of their punishment, but it was merely a milder means of accomplishing the same end. We have neither the space nor the desire to go through the long lists of horrors that were inflicted upon the

Huguenots during their memorable struggle for religious liberty, but having quoted characteristic examples of the treatment of common offenders, we will now relate an instance in a higher grade of society, and let these stand as representatives of the thousands of similar ones that occurred all over France.

Louis de Berquin was a nobleman, born at Passy, near Paris, about 1490. Remaining a bachelor, and possessed of a patrimonial estate which yielded him a modest income of about \$700 a year, but which was amply sufficient for his needs, he devoted himself to study and the consideration of religious matters with an independence of mind which in due time brought down upon his head the condemnation of the ecclesiastical authorities. Being high in favor with the king, Francis I., he succeeded during the space of about six years in evading the vengeance of the Church, but his weak and vacillating royal friend finally abandoned him to the sanguinary mercy of the ecclesiastics, and on the 16th of April, 1529, he was brought before the court for the last time. "Louis Berquin," said the President to him, "you are convicted of having belonged to the sect of Luther, and of having made wicked books against the majesty of God and His glorious mother. In consequence, we do sentence you to make honorable amends, bareheaded and with a waxen taper alight in your hand, in the great court of the palace, crying for mercy to God, the king and the law for the offence by you committed. After that you will be conducted bareheaded and on foot to the Place de Grève, where your books will be burned before your eyes. Then you will be taken in front of the church of Notre Dame, where you will make honorable amends to God and the glorious Virgin, His mother. After which a hole will be pierced in your tongue, that member wherewith you have sinned. Lastly, you will be placed in the prison of the Bishop, and will be there confined between two stone walls for the whole of your life. And we forbid that there ever be given you book to read or pen and ink to write."

From this horrible and blasphemous sentence Berquin appealed to the king, but the latter was afraid any longer to extend his protection over his old friend; and a few days later the court revised its sentence, and for the penalty of per-

petual imprisonment substituted that of the stake.

We borrow the account of the execution from a letter of Erasmus, written on the evidence of an eye-witness: On the 22d of April, 1529, the officers of Parliament entered Berquin's gloomy chamber. He arose quietly and went with them, arriving at the Place de Grève, where the stake was set, about three o'clock in the afternoon. He wore a gown of velvet, garments of satin and damask, and hose of gold thread. "Alas!" said some as they saw him pass, "he is of noble lineage, a mighty great scholar, expert in science, and subtle withal, and nevertheless he hath gone out of his senses." These expressions reveal the real disposition and compassionate feelings of his adversaries, who felt that it was a painful but religious duty to destroy such a troublesome and hurtful heretic for the glory of God and the preservation of the true faith. Honest and ignorant fanaticism, in its multifarious forms, is the most dangerous power the world has ever had to contend against, and the lessons of the past, if well learned, will save us from the repetition of its follies and horrors in the future.

Berquin remained calm and dignified. No symptom of agitation appeared either in his face or the attitude of his body. He had the bearing of a man who is meditating in his cabinet on the subject of his studies, or in a temple on the affairs of heaven. When the order was given him to dismount from the tumbrel, he obeyed cheerfully and without hesitation; nevertheless he had not about him any of that audacity, that arrogance, which in the case of malefactors is sometimes bred of their natural savagery. Before he died he made a speech to the people; but none could hear him, so great was the noise which the soldiers made according, it is said, to the orders they had received. When the cord which bound him to the post suffocated his voice, not a soul in the crowd ejaculated the name of *Jesus*, whom it was customary to evoke even in favor of parricides and the sacrilegious, to such an extent had the multitude been excited against him by those who are to be found everywhere and who can do anything with the feelings of the simple and ignorant. The smoke and flames soon produced suffocation, and one more pure spirit entered the realms where persecution ceases. "I never saw any one die more Christianly," exclaimed the grand peni-

tentiary of Paris, as he withdrew from the still smoking stake. But the majority of the crowd cried out, "He was a heretic." Others said, "God is the only just Judge, and happy is the man whom He absolves." Some whispered below their breath, "It is only through the cross that Christ will triumph in the kingdom of the Gauls." And their prediction was the true one.

The martyrdom of Berquin put a stop to the attempt at quasi-tolerance in favor of aristocratic and learned reformers which Francis I. had essayed to practise, and persecution thenceforward followed its natural course of riot and civil war, embracing the incidents already mentioned, spreading devastation and slaughter over the green fields of France, and shaking the very foundations of the kingdom for a period of sixty-nine years, until the victory of Henry of Navarre, at Ivry, on the 14th of March, 1590, gave him the power, eight years later, to issue the famous edict of Nantes, guaranteeing religious toleration within the borders of France.

The Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Meanwhile the massacre of St. Bartholomew had taken place in 1572, during the reign of Charles IX., a prince of but little greater mental vigor than his brother, Francis II., and who seems never to have been quite able to decide for himself between Catholicism and Protestantism, but who finally yielded to the strong will of his mother, and allowed events to take their own course. St. Bartholomew was a political, rather than a religious outbreak, and was a result of the bitter rivalries and jealousies existing between the Guises, who were the head and leaders of the "Holy Alliance" or Catholic party, and Admiral Coligny, the leader of the Huguenots. It is so regarded by M. Guizot, a painstaking and unprejudiced Protestant historian, who profoundly studied the subject. But the infamous instigators of this horrible butchery made use of the religious frenzy and inflamed prejudices of the people as a means of carrying out their designs, and for this reason the obloquy attaching to it has been unjustly charged against the Catholic Church.

On the 22d of August, 1572, the day before the massacre, while Coligny was returning on foot from the palace to his home, he was fired upon from the window of a house by an assassin in the

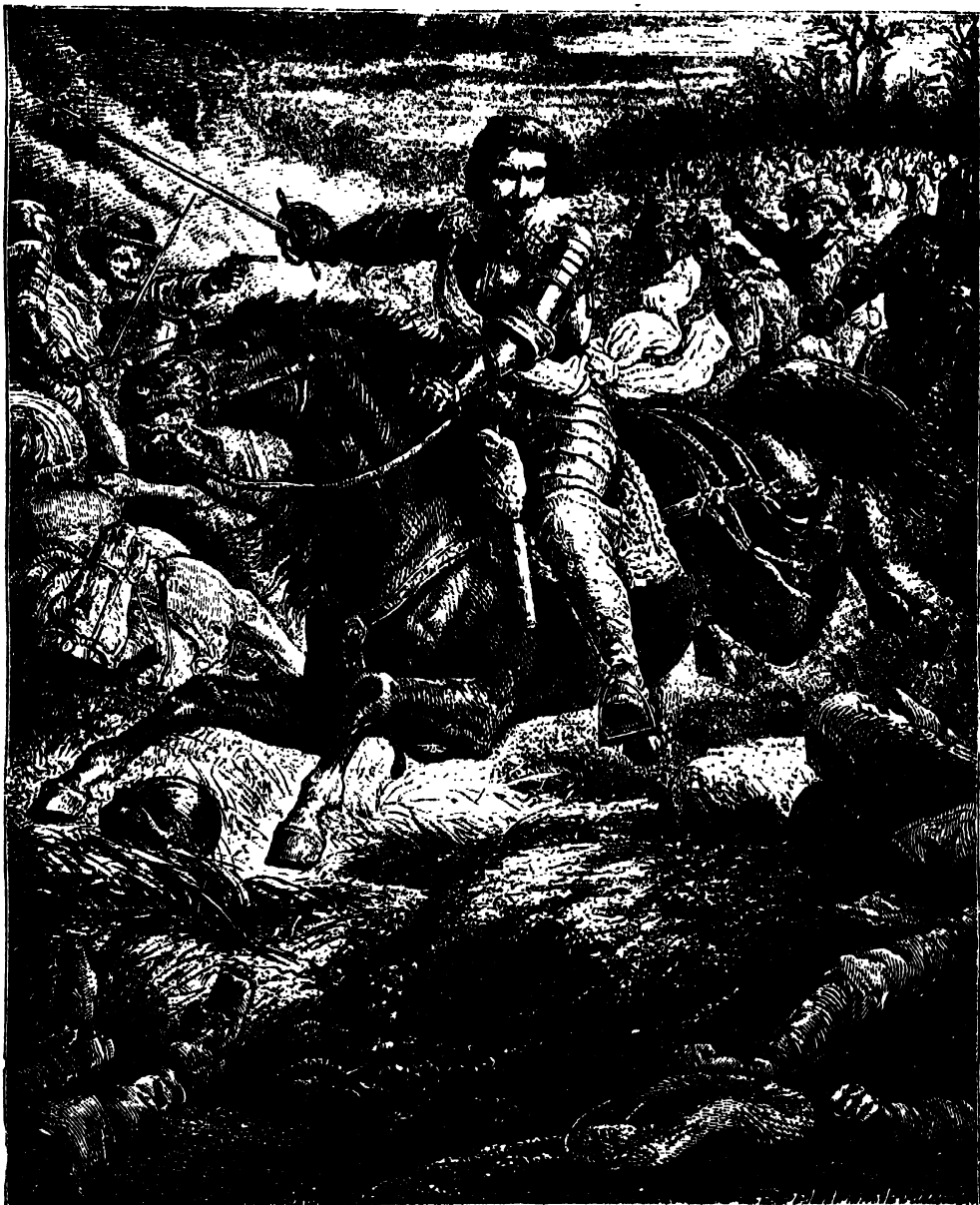
employ of the Guises, and two fingers of his right hand were shot away and a ball lodged in his left arm. The assassin escaped, and Coligny proceeded on his way home, where, after his wounds were dressed, he sought and obtained an interview with the king. About 2 P. M. the latter

called, accompanied by his mother and two younger brothers, the Dukes of Anjou and Alençon, the former of whom subsequently became Henry III., of France. The queen-mother and her younger sons were very unpopular with the Huguenots, many of whom were present at the time, and they did not hesitate to declare, by means of scowls and nods, that they believed them guilty of the attempted murder of their idolized leader. Catharine and the young dukes soon became badly frightened at the ominous appearance of their surroundings, and

availed themselves of the first opportunity to make a hasty departure. The king remained sometime in friendly conversation with Coligny, during which he expressed the bitterest resentment against the Guises, and declared that he would

cause them to be severely punished for their outrageous crime.

On the following day, Saturday, August 23, 1572, in the afternoon, the queen-mother, the Duke of Anjou and several of the Catholic leaders held a secret conference with the king in his



HENRY, OF NAVARRE, AT THE BATTLE OF IVRY.

closet, during which they represented to him that the Huguenots had seized upon this occasion for taking up arms against him; that they had sent dispatches to Germany to procure a levy of ten thousand reiters (cavalry soldiers), and to the

Swiss cantons for another levy of ten thousand foot. Catharine also declared vehemently that the French captains in the interests of the Huguenots, had most of them left Paris to raise levies in the kingdom, while the Catholics, disgusted with so long a war and harassed with so many kinds of calamities, had decided to form a league and elect a Captain-General for the purpose of waging effectual war against the heretics. The whole of France would thus be armed and divided into two great contending parties, between which the king would remain isolated and without any command or authority. "All that is necessary," said Catherine, "is to kill the admiral, the head and front of all the civil wars; the design and enterprise of the Huguenots will die with him, and the Catholics, satisfied with the sacrifice of two or three men, will remain forever in obedience to you." The Duke of Anjou left a written history of this celebrated meeting, and after the address of the queen-mother, he adds: "At the beginning the king would not by any means consent to have the admiral touched; feeling, however, some fear of the danger which we had so well depicted and represented to him, he desired that, in a case of such importance, every one should at once state his opinion." When each of those present had spoken, the king appeared still undecided.

The secret conference then dissolved, but the matter had become a family affair, in which the lives of Catharine and her sons were at stake, and she was too determined a woman to let it drop after having gone so far. In the evening, about nine or ten o'clock, says Marguerite of Valois, the bride of Henry of Navarre and sister of the king, "she sent Marshal de Retz privately to him, who represented that, as his faithful servant, he could not conceal from him the danger he was in if he were to abide by his resolution to do justice on M. de Guise, because it was necessary that he should know that the attack upon the admiral was not M. de Guise's doing alone, but that my brother Henry, afterward king of France, and the queen, my mother, had been concerned in it, which M. de Guise and his friends would not fail to reveal, and which would place his Majesty in a position of great danger and embarrassment." Toward midnight Catharine again went down to the king, followed by her son Henry, and four other councillors.

They found him more put out than ever. "The Guises," said the queen-mother, "will denounce you, together with me and your brother; the Huguenots will believe that you were in concert with the party, and they will take the whole royal family to task. War is inevitable. Better win a battle in Paris, where we hold all the chiefs in our clutches, than put it to hazard in the field." "After a struggle of an hour and a half," continues Marguerite of Valois, "the king, in a violent state of agitation, still hesitated, when the queen-mother, fearing lest, if there were further delay, all would be discovered, said to him, 'Permit me and your brother, sir, to retire to some other part of the kingdom.' Charles rose from his seat: 'By God's death,' said he, 'since you think proper to kill the admiral, I consent; but all the Huguenots in Paris as well, in order that there remain not one to reproach me afterward. Give the orders at once.'" And he went back into his room.

The queen-mother, anxious to profit by the permission thus wrung from the weak, vain and cowardly king in a moment of heat and passion, gave orders on the instant for the signal of slaughter, which, according to previous arrangement, was not to have been given until an hour before daybreak. But she was afraid the king might change his mind, as he actually did a few hours later, and she, therefore, hastened to set the machinery of massacre in motion before he could have time to reflect.

The projectors of the outrage had hastily but carefully prepared for its execution, apportioning out among themselves and their agents the different quarters of the city. The Guises had reserved to themselves a special vengeance in the slaughter of Coligny, and as soon as the signal was given they hastened to his house at the head of a party of their followers. Awakened by the noise around the house and the firing of arquebuse shots in his court-yard, Coligny very well understood what was going to happen. Hastily springing out of bed and putting on his dressing-gown, he stood leaning against the wall, as he said to a Protestant clergyman named Merlin, who was sitting up with him, "M. Merlin, say me a prayer; I commit my soul to my Saviour." At this moment one of his officers rushed into the room and exclaimed, "My lord, it is God calling us!" "I have long been ready to die," said the

admiral, calmly, "but you, my friends, save yourselves if it is still possible." All ran upstairs, and most of them escaped by the roof, except a

German servant, who remained with his master, as little concerned as if nothing unusual were taking place. Two men, inferior servants of the Guises, entered first. One of them, named Behme, came forward, saying, "Art thou not the admiral?" "Young man," said Coligny, "thou comest against a wounded and an aged man. Thou'it not shorten my life much." Behme instantly plunged into his stomach a huge pointed boar-spear, which he carried in his hand, and then hastily withdrawing it, struck him over the head with the weapon. Coligny fell, crying out contemptuously, "If it were but a man!" Others came in and struck him as he lay upon the

all over, my lord," was the answer, and the murderers threw the body out of the window, where it remained for an instant upon the sill, either



DEATH OF COLIGNY.

floor At this moment the Duke of Guise shouted from the court-yard, "Behme, hast done?" "'Tis

accidentally or voluntarily, as of to defend a last remnant of life. Then it fell heavily to the

ground. The two infamous brothers who were waiting for it turned over the corpse, wiped the blood from the face, and said, "Faith, 'tis he, sure enough." Some have said that the duke gave it a kick in the face. A servant cut off the head and took it to the queen-mother, the king, and the Duke of Anjou, who were waiting in the palace of the Louvre.

It will be seen from the foregoing account, which we have adapted from the history of M. Guizot, and which is no doubt a correct statement of the affair, that Catherine de Medici and her son, the Duke of Anjou, afterwards Henry III., were the real projectors of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, which they brought about from motives of cowardice, love of power, and jealousy of Coligny.

As usual with murderers and assassins, they were seized with fright at the first sound of their own crime. We will let the Duke of Anjou tell the story in his own language: "After but two hours' rest during the night, just as the day was beginning to break, the king, the queen, my mother, and I, went to the frontal of the Louvre, adjoining the tennis-court, into a room which looks upon the area of the stable-yard, to see the commencement of the work. We had not been there long when, as we were weighing the issues and the consequences of *so great an enterprise*, on which, sooth to say, we had up to that time scarcely bestowed a thought, we heard a pistol-shot fired. I could not say in what spot, or whether it knocked over anybody, but well know that sound wounded all three of us so deeply in spirit that it knocked over our senses and judgment, stricken with terror and apprehension at the great troubles which were then about to set in. To prevent them, we sent a gentleman at once and with all haste to M. de Guise, to tell him and command him expressly from us to retire into his quarters and to be careful to take no steps against the admiral, this single command putting a stop to everything else, because it had been determined that in no spot in the city should any steps be taken until, as a preliminary, the admiral had been killed. But soon afterwards the gentleman returning told us that M. de Guise had answered him that the command came too late, that the admiral was dead, and the work was begun throughout the rest of the city. So we went back to our original determination and let ourselves

follow the thread of the course of the enterprise."

This picture of these three infamous persons, these vile birds of ill omen, these wretches in human shape, listening to the sounds of cruelty and murder which they had set in motion, and at the same time trembling and cringing with base and ignoble cowardice, is perhaps unsurpassed in the literature of the world.

Once let loose upon the St. Bartholomew, the Parisian populace was eager indeed, but not alone in its eagerness for the work of massacre; the gentlemen of the court took part in it passionately, from a spirit of vengeance, from religious hatred, from the effects of smelling blood, and from covetousness at the prospects of confiscations at hand. The actual number slain will never be known. There is in the account books of the cemetery of the Innocents at Paris a grim and ghastly entry of payment to the grave-diggers for interring 1100 dead bodies that had been stranded at the turns of the Seine; while a well-known author speaks of 4000 corpses that Charles IX. might have seen floating down the river; and the corpses were not all thrown into the river. The number of persons butchered throughout France has been estimated as high as 100,000, and as low as 10,000. The real number was probably between 50,000 and 75,000.

All Europe, Catholic as well as Protestant, cried out with horror at so terrible a massacre, while the infamous authors of it did the best they could to excuse themselves; but history has set the indelible mark of infamy upon them. Charles meanly attempted to throw the blame upon his late friend Coligny and the Guises. On the first day of the massacre, about mid day, his cowardly fears being fully aroused, he ordered his officers to "get on horseback, take with them all the forces in the city, and keep their eyes open day and night to put a stop to the said murder, pillage and sedition arising because of the rivalry between the houses of Guise and Chatillon, and because they of Guise had been threatened by the admiral's friends." On the 25th, two days after the massacre, he wrote to all his agents at home and abroad, affirming that "what had happened at Paris had been done solely to prevent the execution of an accursed conspiracy which the admiral and his allies had concocted against him, his mother and his brothers."

But the avenging ghosts of his murdered subjects rose up before his disordered vision and would not let him rest. "His looks," wrote the Venetian ambassador, a short time after the massacre, "have become melancholy and sombre; in his conversation and audiences he does not look the speaker in the face; he droops his head, closes his eyes, opens them all at once, and as if he found the movement painful, closes them again with no less suddenness. It is feared that the demon of vengeance has possessed him. To tire himself at any price is his object. He remains on horseback for twelve or fourteen consecutive hours; and so he goes hunting and coursing through the woods the same animal, the stag, for two or three days, never stopping to eat, and never resting but an instant during the night." Two years after the massacre he was attacked by an inflammatory malady which brought on a violent hemorrhage. During his troubled sleep he was visited by horrible dreams and bloody visions of St. Bartholomew. He no longer retained in his room anybody but two of his servants and his nurse, "of whom he was very fond, although she was a Huguenot. When she had lain down upon a chest and was just beginning to doze, hearing the king moaning, weeping and sighing, she went full gently up to the bed: 'Ah! nurse, nurse,' said he, 'what bloodshed and what murder! Ah! what evil counsel have I followed! Oh! my God, forgive me then and have mercy upon me, if it may please Thee. I know not what hath come to me, so bewildered and agitated do they make me. What will be the end of it all? What shall I do? I am lost; I see it well!'" And thus he continued to rave until death released his troubled soul. It is said that before his death the blood oozed from his body through the pores of the skin, and he died in the most horrible anguish and terror.

Henry III. succeeded his brother as king of France, and after a short and troubled reign, full of bloodshed and unrest, he was murdered by a monk, who obtained a private audience under the pretence of delivering a secret dispatch. The monk, seeing the king's attention taken up with reading, drew a knife from his sleeve and drove it into Henry's abdomen, below the navel, so deep that he could not withdraw it, and left it sticking in the wound. But the king, with great exertion, drew it out, and struck the monk a blow with the

point of it on his left eyebrow, crying out, "Ah! wicked monk! he has killed me; kill him!" The guards who were near, hearing the cry, ran quickly up, and instantly massacred the assassin, who stretched out his arms against the wall, in imitation of the crucifix, whilst the blows were dealt him. Henry died that night in great agony.

Catherine de Medici, the unnatural mother, the inhuman woman, the prime instigator of St. Bartholomew, died in neglect and obscurity a few months after the death of her son Henry.

And thus perished the three persons who were responsible for the most celebrated massacre that has stained the pages of history!

SOME CURIOUS HISTORICAL FACTS.

Old Laws Regarding Crippled and Deformed Rulers.

THERE were laws among many of the ancient nations prohibiting the succession of a crippled or deformed king to the throne; but by general consent such laws have long since fallen into abeyance. The idea is, by some, traced to the Jewish law, forbidding a person having a physical blemish of any description to officiate at the altar, but it is more likely due to the respect entertained by all savage or half-civilized peoples for manly strength, and the feeling that a deformed man is not a proper person to be a leader of soldiers. It was therefore common among conquerors, when kings were made captives, to put out their eyes, cut off their thumbs, or in some other way to mutilate the body in order that they would never again be able to ascend the throne. Several instances of this are recorded in the Bible, as when the eyes of Zedekiah were put out, a piece of cruelty that in later times was repeated in Portugal, when several deposed kings were thus rendered sightless to take from them all hope of successful rebellion. To such an extent was the notion carried that a Welsh prince was once set aside from the succession because his nose had been broken, and a Spanish prince because he stammered.

* The renowned Sapor, of Persia, was called "Lord of the shoulders," on account of a peculiarity in his method of mutilating his prisoners. He first caused a hole to be pierced in their shoulders, through which a strong cord was passed, by means of which their shoulders were dislocated and they were rendered helpless cripples.

ples for the remainder of their lives. The ancient Jews were noted for their cruelty to their prisoners,

God. It was their custom to put out the eyes of their prisoners, to saw their

bodies asunder, to drive over them with scythed chariots or sharp-toothed harrows, to mutilate them, and to inflict other cruel and barbarous punishments upon them. Their fanatical and fierce cruelty to their enemies was the principal cause of their own ill-treatment when they themselves fell victims to the vicissitudes of war.

Historic Stumbles.

Stumbling at the outset of any important enterprise is regarded as unlucky, for the reason that it is a mistake or accident at the very inception, and few people have any confidence in the well-known adage, "A bad beginning makes a good ending." Several historic stumbles are recorded. Julius Caesar stumbled when landing on the African coast; so did Scipio Africanus; and each had the tact to turn the accident



ANCIENT PERSIAN WARRIORS.

a singular fact when we consider that they claimed to be the special and peculiar people of God. It was their custom to put out the eyes of their prisoners, to saw their bodies asunder, to drive over them with scythed chariots or sharp-toothed harrows, to mutilate them, and to inflict other cruel and barbarous punishments upon them. Their fanatical and fierce cruelty to their enemies was the principal cause of their own ill-treatment when they themselves fell victims to the vicissitudes of war.

to his own account by pretending that he fell on purpose, and by seizing the earth with his

hands claimed thus to take more secure possession. Napoleon stumbled when landing in Egypt, and the fact was remembered after the unlucky termination of that ill-advised enterprise; but William I. of England also stumbled when landing at Bulverhythe, and grasping a stone in one hand and a fistful of grass in the other, shouted, "Thus do I seize this land."

Origin of the Term "Pin-Money."

Pins were introduced into England by Catharine, wife of Henry VIII., and, as then made, were ornaments rather than articles of utility. They were of brass, ivory, silver or gold, were placed in the hair or on various parts of the clothing as articles of jewelry, and sometimes weighed eight or ten ounces. The Spanish manufacturers were allowed to sell them only during the Christmas holidays, and it became the fashion for a gentleman, at holiday seasons, to present the ladies of his family with money to buy pins. On account of their great cost, only the wealthy could at first afford to buy them; and even after pins had become common and cheap, the practice of giving the money continued, and hence the name.

Application of the Title, "Father of His Country."

The title, "Father of His Country," was first applied, according to one historian, to Cincinnatus, but there is much in the story altogether mythical and uncertain. It was undoubtedly applied to Cicero, who lived from B. C. 106 to 43, and broke up the Cataline conspiracy. It was given to Julius Cæsar after the Spanish rebellion, to Augustus, to Cosmo de Medici, Andrea Doria and other distinguished men of different nations. Louis XVI., Henry IV. and Louis XVIII., of France, were styled "Father of the People," as also was Christian III., of Denmark. The title, "Father of His Country," was not the only one bestowed on Washington. He was styled the "American Fabius," from his cautious policy, and from the fact that he never won a battle, but wore out the enemy by harassing campaigns. Lord Byron, in his ode to Napoleon, styles Washington "The Cincinnatus of the West." Vittorio Alfieri, the Italian dramatist, called him the "Deliverer of America." He was styled the "Saviour of His Country" by the newspapers of his own day. "Lovely Georgius" by the British

soldiers, and the "Step-father of His Country" by political opponents during his second term.

What Were the "Middle Ages"?

History is generally divided into three eras or periods—the Ancient, Mediæval (Middle Ages) and Modern. In order that the boundary lines may strike the eye, we will present the matter in the form of a chart, as follows:

Ancient.	{ From the beginning of the human period to the downfall of the Roman Empire in the West.	{ Dawn of time to A. D. 476.
Mediæval	{ From the fall of Rome to the discovery of America by Columbus.	{ 476 to 1492.
Modern.	{ From the discovery of America to the present time.	{ 1492 onward.

This is the accepted form of division. A few historians, however, think that the great migration of the Teutonic tribes, which began about A. D. 375, or 100 years before the fall of Rome, should mark the close of the ancient and the opening of the mediæval period. There are other authorities who prefer to put the end of the mediæval and the beginning of the modern era at the capture of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453, while there are still others who mark the boundary line between the mediæval and modern eras at the discovery of printing by movable types, which occurred between 1423 and 1436.

Paternoster Row.

This is the name of a street in London almost under the shadow of St. Paul's Cathedral. It is so called, according to antiquarians, from the fact that 400 or 500 years ago the makers of rosaries or pater noster lived and had their shops there. As education became general, religious books were added to the stock-in-trade, and in course of time the entire street was given up to publishers' and stationers' establishments. No vehicles were formerly allowed to enter the street, which, although in the midst of a great metropolis, was thus kept quiet, and even at present it is not a general thoroughfare. Many of the essayists and poets of a century ago mention it, and not always in the most reverential terms. As Paternoster Row was the publication centre, so Grub Street, now Milton Street, so called not from the poet, but from a wealthy builder, was the headquarters of the writing fraternity. It

was filled with houses of mean aspect and poor interior, hence the name came to be applied to trashy and worthless productions.

Talented Fathers and Degenerate Sons.

It has often been noted that the sons of remarkable men have generally been of humble abilities, and numbers of instances might be cited from history to prove the truth of the statement. Henry II., of England, was an able man—his son John was quite the contrary; Edward II., a weak prince, was son of the warlike and successful Edward I.; Richard II. was the son of the famous Black Prince. In French history, the effeminate Louis VIII. was the son of Philippe Auguste; Charles the Fool was son of Charles the Wise. In Germany, Henry VI. was the son of the great Barbarossa. The sons of the philosophers were almost uniformly obscure men; the sons of the poets are never heard of. Napoleon's son was crushed by the weight of his father's fame. Lord Chesterfield wrote his inimitable letters to a youth who is not known outside of the pages of that volume, and so on throughout history. On the contrary, a few conspicuous examples have occurred of a talented son equalling or exceeding the achievements of his father. Alexander the Great was son of Philip the Great; Charlemagne was son of Pepin; and the Pitts, father and son, were equally noted in British annals. In America the *dictum* of Lord Bacon, that "great men have no continuance," is verified in the cases of nearly all our noted statesmen. Washington had no children, and, so far as known, there is, with the exception of the Adams family, no lineal descendant of any of his contemporaries or of their great successors, such as Webster, Clay, Calhoun and Benton, now in public life.

Soap Among the Ancients.

The ancients had soap made from the lye of ashes, and Pliny says the German soap was considered the best. A few years ago, a soap boiler's shop was discovered in Pompeii, with some of the soap, which, even after 1800 years' burial, had not lost all its virtue. The price of soap in Pliny's time was, however, very high, and the Romans had a substitute for it in a certain root brought from Africa, which made lather. A kind of glutinous earth was used for cleansing pur-

poses, and fine sand rubbed on the body with the hand was also employed. Soap is twice mentioned in the Bible, the first time by Jeremiah, 600 B. C., who says: "Though thou wash thee with nitre and take thee much soap, yet thy iniquity is marked before me, saith the Lord God." Malachi, 400 B. C., speaks of "fuller's soap," both allusions showing the great antiquity of the article.

The Don Quixote of the North.

Charles XII., of Sweden, was so called on account of his headstrong, impetuous valor, which was seldom restrained, either by considerations of prudence or common sense. He was constantly engaged in some crack-brained enterprise, and willing to venture on the most daring and foolhardy expeditions. At Narva, with 8000 Swedes, he stormed an intrenched Russian camp where 50,000 men awaited his onset. His rashness led to his defeat at Pultowa, and finally to the downfall of Swedish power, for after his death that kingdom, exhausted by his wars, was no longer numbered among the principal nations of Europe.

Meaning of "An Iota."

An *iota* is the smallest letter of the Greek alphabet, corresponding favorably with our letter *i*. It was derived from the Hebrew *jod* and the Syriac *judh*, and employed metaphorically to express the merest trifle. The expression, "not a single iota," is one of the several metaphors which have been used for ages, and, as above mentioned, was derived from the alphabet, as when *alpha* and *omega*, the first and last letters of the Greeks, are employed to express the beginning and the end, as in Rev. i. 2, where we read: "I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last." And, again, as "One jot (jod) or one tittle (point or dot) shall in no wise pass from the law."

Some curious examples of the use of letters as metaphors may be found in the works of Lightfoot and Wetstein. We often hear of a person having a "stigma upon him." A *stigma* was formerly the branding iron used by the Greeks for marking their criminals. It was in shape not unlike a small figure five (5), and was usually applied upon the forehead, cheek, or back of the hand, where it would not fail to be noticed. The

Hebrews are said to have used their final letter, *tau*, for a similar purpose. See Ezekiel ix. 4. In the Talmud it is fabled that the Book of Deuteronomy came and prostrated itself before God and said :

"O Lord of the universe, Thou hast written in me Thy law, but if a testament is defective in some parts it is defective in all. Behold, Solomon endeavors to root the letter jod out of me. Neither shall he multiply wives." See Talmud (Sanhed. xx. 2. Bible, Deut. xvii. 17). "Then," says the Talmud, "the Holy Blessed God answered, 'Solomon and a thousand such as he shall perish, but the least letter shall not perish out of thee.'"

False Christs.

Jesus predicted that many false Christs would come after Him, especially "at the beginning of the end," and He particularly warned His disciples against these impostors. For this reason many devout persons believe, and have believed during the whole period of the Christian era, that the advent of these pretended Christs or Saviours is one of the sure signs that the coming of the real Messiah is near at hand; others, backed by the evidence of history, attach but little importance to the appearance of these impostors, preferring to treat them as deluded fanatics, worthy only of a place in some insane asylum. That there is no "sign" of anything in these appearances, unless it is a sign of a soft spot in the head of the impersonator, may be inferred from the fact that not less than twenty-four different persons presented themselves to the Jews alone, claiming to be Christ returned, between the time of the crucifixion and the year 1682. Many of these "Messiahs" were defended by the Jews at an enormous cost of both life and money. Especially is this true in the case of Coziba of Barchocheba, one of the most popular of the false Christs, who arose as the Messiah of the Jews in the second century after the crucifixion of Jesus (the Jews, of course, put Jesus down among the false Christs), and in whose defence they lost over 600,000 men when the Romans made war upon them in an attempt to put down the popular delusion. In the sixth century a remarkable impostor appeared at Alexandria, in Egypt, claiming to be Jesus of Nazareth returned to earth. He showed scars in his hands and feet

where he said he had been nailed to the cross six centuries before, and called upon the Egyptians to follow him in a revengeful war against the Jews. The chief ruler of Egypt became one of the impostor's followers, and contributed an immense army for the purpose of invading Palestine. Everything was in readiness when the false Christ took down with a fever, and soon died, just as a common Egyptian would have done.

The tenth century was one prolific of false Christs, not less than eight or ten so-called "Messiahs" making their appearance and being ministered to by a greater or less multitude of deluded followers during that century.

From the beginning of the eleventh to the opening of the seventeenth century but few false Christs are recorded. The masses were becoming more generally educated, and, therefore, less likely to become followers of such blasphemers. The extraordinary wiles of Mordecai, a German Jew, who lived in 1682, gained him quite a reputation as a Christ, but he was at last compelled to flee for his life and end his days as an outcast. Moses Charjorn Lazzatto, an Italian, born in 1707, is said to have actually believed himself the predicted Messiah. He wrote a "Newer Testament" and organized a church, but did not make any considerable headway. He died 1740 while making efforts to prove his divine origin.

According to the *Freundenblatt*, of Berlin, a false Christ made his bow in Germany in August, 1872. He called himself "Jekuthiel" (Chronicles vi. 18), King of Israel, and announced that he had come to assume the throne of his empire as the true Messiah. His manifesto, entitled, "To Whom It May Concern," bore a seal which had the crown of David on one side and a Scriptural quotation on the other. He evidently found but few disciples, as very little concerning him ever appeared in the German papers. In 1880, or thereabouts, the mountaineers of West Virginia attempted to create an excitement by pretending to believe in the divinity of one of their number. The year 1888 gave Georgia a trio of false Christs—a woman, a negro by the name of Edward James, and a white man named Dupont Bell. The woman's success in the miracle line gained her a great reputation for a while. James and Bell were both finally committed to the insane asylum.

The latest Messianic excitements have been



FLIGHT OF CHARLES NIL. AFTER THE BATTLE OF PULTOWA.

produced by Schweinfurth, of Rockfort, Ill., who claims that he is indeed the veritable Christ, and has attracted to himself a considerable company of deluded followers—and the expected appearance of the Indian Messiah in the Rocky Mountain regions, which led to the recent deplorable and bloody massacre of a large number of men, women and children belonging to the Sioux tribe. The idea of a Messiah seems to be inherent in the human race, and false Christs will doubtless continue to appear until all men learn to place reason above superstition.

Origin of a Curious Custom.

Many persons have a custom of exclaiming "God bless you," when in the presence of any one who happens to sneeze; and it is probable that very few who use the expression know that there is anything peculiar in its origin. A writer in the Talmud explains this curious custom by saying that, among his people, there was a tradition that before the flood a man never sneezed but once; the shock killed him; but on special supplication by Noah the descendants of that patriarch were allowed to sneeze as often as they pleased, and, in memory of the change, the benediction was always uttered. A more rational account of the origin of so singular a practice is found in the historical fact that in the early days of Athens a species of plague prevailed and depopulated the city. The first symptom of the distemper was a fit of sneezing. When this began, the friends of the afflicted party would offer prayer that the disease might not make its appearance. The practice of making a pious ejaculation continued after the reason for its pronounciation had disappeared, and, like many other superstitious practices, has been kept up by persons who know neither reason for it nor anything of its origin.

John as an Unlucky Name for a King.

John has been a proverbially unlucky name for monarchs. John I. of the Eastern Empire was poisoned by a servant; John IV. was deposed and had his eyes put out; John V. ruled only in name, and was constantly harassed by wars and palace intrigues to assassinate him; John VI. was deposed and died in a prison monastery. The Papal Johns were all unfortunate; three died in prison; one was captured by his enemies and sub-

jected to shameful indignities; one was deposed for sacrilege; one was killed by the fall of a building; one died in exile and poverty. One of the Swedish Johns was defeated in every expedition, another was driven out of the kingdom by his subjects. John I. of France had a short and disastrous reign; John II. was taken prisoner by the English, under the Black Prince, at the battle of Poitiers, and passed many years in captivity. John of England had a singularly unhappy reign, nor was John Baliol of Scotland more fortunate. John Stuart of Scotland was so much influenced by the superstition that, on ascending the throne, he changed his name to Robert, but without result, for his reign was filled with calamities for himself and his country. The ancient belief in this singular superstition may account for the British nation having had but one monarch named John.

Dionysius's Ear.

Near Syracuse, in Sicily, there is a remarkable cave, the work of human art and skill, which was constructed by Dionysius, the Tyrant of Syracuse, who died B. C., 367. This queer excavation is 250 feet long by 80 high, and is shaped very like a human ear. It was, in fact, a scientifically constructed whispering gallery, wherein all sounds, however faint, were reflected to a central chamber. It is said that the tyrant put to death the architect who designed and the workmen who excavated it, in order that its purpose might never be known. In it he imprisoned suspected persons, and in the central chamber passed whole days listening to the conversation of the prisoners in order to ascertain what conspiracies existed against him. The prisoners were chained to the floor at such points as were most favorable for the reflection of their voices to the secret chamber, and the staples with which their chains were secured are still to be seen in the stone. Although time has done much to injure the marvellous contrivance, its powers of reflecting sound are still so good that the lightest whisper may be heard with great distinctness from the entrance to the furthest recess. Its mysterious power was not known until many years after the tyrant's death, and his habit of spying on his prisoners enabled him to reign for thirty-nine years and thwart every plot against him.

Low Opinion of Woman in the Early Days of Christianity.

Before the Christian era woman was regarded by most of the nations as a necessary evil. A

might dispense with his weak and useless companion, who could neither fight nor take part in the councils of the government. In the early

days of Christianity a belief became prevalent among the barbarous people who adopted the new faith that women were the special messengers of Satan and his imps. This belief was founded upon several reasons, which, to the mediæval mind, were sufficiently cogent. Woman, through her weakness in submitting to the evils of the tempter, was directly responsible for all the evil in the world, and would, therefore, be naturally selected by Satan to carry on the work which she had been instrumental in introducing. She was practically under the ban of the Church. Some of the fathers doubted whether she had a soul: others, while



BATTLE OF POITIERS AND CAPTURE OF KING JOHN.

celebrate: a Roman philosopher lamented that nature had not supplied us with some other means of propagating the human race, in order that man

admitting this, affirmed her soul to be of different quality and substance from the soul of man; one father taught that even if admitted to heaven, she

would be placed on a lower plane, and the text, "In my Father's house are many mansions," was quoted to prove that a separate dwelling would be assigned for her use; another called her the "gate of hell;" still another forbade her to comb her hair or wash her face, lest thereby she should lead men to sin. What more natural, therefore, than that she should be selected by evil spirits as their agent for mischief. Little by little the theory grew, until not only had the supposed fact of woman's diabolical possession been fixed, but the limitations of her power were clearly defined. The woman possessed by Satan could do evil, but not good, for when she attempted the latter the devils stopped and chastised her. She could raise storms, blight fields of grain, cause the death of cattle, ruin the health of children, throw adults into convulsions. She could make the most promising undertaking result in loss; could cause the merchant's ships to founder at sea, the king's armies to lose their way on a march. But in spite of all her power, which had been obtained by the sale of her soul to Satan, he always cheated her in the bargain, and although he perforce obeyed her commands, as by contract bound to do, he always contrived that she should remain old, and poor, and miserable.

The Witch's Hammer.

During the famous witch delusion of the Middle Ages, and after the invention of the printing press, a very large proportion of the literature of the day was devoted to a consideration of this subject. The Imperial Library at Berlin contains over 16,000 separate works relating to witchcraft that were issued during the sixteenth century and the titles of nearly 20,000 more. The countries of Europe were literally flooded with this class of literature. The most celebrated of all the publications on this subject was the famous *Malleus Malificarum*, or "Witch's Hammer," a book which is said by a distinguished writer to have caused more misery and bloodshed than any other that ever came from human pen. It was a text book of instruction in witch wisdom, composed by two German inquisitors, Kramer and Sprengel, for their own use in witch-hunting.

The "Hammer" taught the enemies of the witches not only what to do, but how to do it. The motto on its title page was "Not to believe

in witchcraft is the greatest of heresies," and after this menacing declaration, faith in witchcraft was not slow. The most minute directions were given for finding a witch and for determining her guilt when she had been found. After accusation she was stripped naked and her body shaved to ascertain whether there were any witch marks on her person, for it was well understood that the devil always sealed his servants with some mysterious mark which was insensitive to touch. A scar, a burn, a mole, a wen, sent many a hapless creature to the stake. Her eyes were blindfolded, her flesh pricked with pins, and she required to state the exact spot where she felt the pain; if, in the fright and embarrassment, she failed to do so, she was deemed guilty. If she refused to confess her guilt, she was inclosed in a sack and with her hands and feet tied together, was flung into a pond of standing water. If she sank, she was only drowned, and was probably guilty, otherwise God would have saved her from drowning; if she floated, the waters of baptism refused to receive her; she was undoubtedly guilty, and was taken out and burned. In case these tests failed, she was put to various tortures, many of them unspeakably cruel, to compel her to confess; and whether she did so or not there was for her no escape. The judges were solemnly enjoined that a witch was exempt from all ordinary rules of evidence and beyond the reach of human compassion; they were, therefore, to show her no mercy. To denounce a witch was the most meritorious act that could be performed; to speak in behalf of one the most heinous crime.

The Neck Verse.

The first verse of the fifty-first Psalm, reading as follows: "Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness; according to the multitude of thy tender mercies, blot out my transgressions," is called the "neck verse," for the following reasons: Under the old English law the clergy were exempt from civil jurisdiction, and could be punished for crime or misdemeanor only by the ecclesiastical courts, which were noted for their leniency toward clerical offenders. This provision was known by the technical name of "benefit of clergy." When a criminal claimed the benefit of clergy, the verse above quoted was used as a text. If the accused was able to read the verse, his neck was safe, for no civil court

could send him to the gallows. The law exempting clergy from civil penalties was established during the reign of William Rufus, and continued in force till about the middle of the seventeenth century. It was often abused, for kindly disposed clergymen would frequently teach persons unjustly accused the verse in question, and even render them assistance in repeating it in court, but the abuse of the law was the natural result, (1) of a change in public sentiment with regard to the responsibility of the clergy ; (2) of the more general diffusion of knowledge, so that an ability to read was no longer regarded as an evidence of having taken clerical orders.

Christmas.

The institution of this festival in commemoration of the birth of the Saviour is attributed to Pope Telespholus, who died about A. D. 138. The original meaning of the word is "Christ and mass," and at first it was a movable holiday, like Easter, and was celebrated by the Eastern churches in April and May. In the fourth century St. Cyril, of Jerusalem, obtained from Pope Julius an order for an investigation to be made concerning the day of Christ's nativity. The result of the inquiry was an agreement upon the 25th of December, and the decision was universally accepted, although in the opinion of some of the fathers there was no authentic proof of the identification of the day.

The sun-worshippers among the old pagan nations had a festival similar to our Christmas, and many of its features were adopted by the fathers of the primitive Church. The Romans themselves were sun-worshippers, and continued in their ancient faith until the adoption of Christianity as the state religion by Constantine. It was therefore quite natural that some of the ceremonies of the old superstition should be engrafted upon the new religion, especially when the conversion of a large majority of the people was a matter of state policy rather than a change of heart or belief on the part of the pagan masses.

The shortest days of the year occur just before Christmas, and at this season our savage ancestors thought that the sun had been overpowered or conquered by the powers of darkness. But, after a little, in spite of the power of the shadows, the days began to lengthen, and the sun came out victorious over his enemies. When we remember

that our ancestors lived in caves and dens, and that they possessed a degree of intelligence but little above that of the fierce animals by which they were surrounded, and with which they waged perpetual war ; when we consider the cold and gloomy winters through which they passed, and the cloud and darkness and hunger with which they were oppressed, we can easily imagine how they rejoiced when the days began to lengthen, and with what feelings of gladness they greeted the rising sun as he spread his warm and fructifying rays over the landscape, melting the frozen rivers and lakes and clothing the trees and the earth with a new mantle of green. Really, we cannot blame them for worshipping the sun. How their eyes gleamed ; how their hearts throbbed ! The season of Christmas was then associated with the return of life. It was the promise of another spring, of plenty of sunshine and joy. This period has been associated for countless generations with the best sentiments, with the best feelings of the human heart, and no matter whether it has been appropriated by some peculiar form of faith or not, there is the same reason in nature for its celebration that there was before man ever heard of the birth of the Saviour.

According to tradition Christ was born about the middle of the night, and since the sixth century it has been the custom of the Catholic Church to celebrate three masses, one at midnight, another at early dawn, and the third in the morning. During the Middle Ages the festival was observed by fantastic spectacles of dramatic mysteries, performed by personages in grotesque masks and singular costumes, which we see imitated in our modern Mardi Gras festivals. The bishops and lower clergy often joined with the populace in their gay sports, while the songs were enlivened with dances and by the music of tambours, guitars, violins, and organs. During the last days preceding Christmas it is still the custom of the Calabrian minstrels of Italy to descend from the mountains to Naples and Rome, saluting the shrine of the Virgin Mary with their wild music, under the poetical idea of cheering and comforting her until the birth of her Son. Among the other revels of the Christmas season were the famous feasts of fools and of asses, fully described in another portion of this volume, and sometimes called "December liberties," in which everything

serious was burlesqued, inferiors mimicking their superiors, great men playing fools, and all illustrating the proneness of man to occasionally reverse the order of society and ridicule its forms and decencies.

In the Protestant districts of Germany and the north of Europe, Christmas is frequently called the "Children's Festival," and the occasion is enlivened by the bestowal of presents through the medium of the familiar Christmas-tree. The custom formerly prevailed, and is still in vogue in some of the villages of North Germany, of sending all the presents to some one person, who, clothed in a white robe with high buskins, and wearing a mask and an enormous wig, went from house to house, under the title of *Knecht Rupert* (Rupert the servant), being received by the parents at each house with great pomp and ceremony, whereupon he calls for the children, and bestows the intended gifts upon them according to the character which he receives from the parents after severe inquiries. At the conclusion of the festivals a more sombre scene ensues, during which the mother takes occasion to say privately to the daughters, and the father to the sons, what has been observed most praiseworthy and what most faulty in their conduct.

There is a singular old Swedish superstition, preserved in the history of Olans, Archbishop of Upsal, to the effect that at the Christmas festival the men of the cold northern regions were suddenly changed into wolves, and that a great multitude of them went together at an appointed place during the night, and raged so fiercely against mankind and domestic animals, that the inhabitants of that country suffered more from their attacks than they ever did from natural wolves. The superstition is a singular one, and there is no explanation of the cause of its origin.

The practice of decking houses and churches with evergreens at Christmas, is one of the many customs that have come down to us from the ancient Druids, whose temples were in the woods and whose priests wore chaplets of ivy and oak leaves. It was believed that sylvan spirits might flock to the evergreens and remain unharmed by the frost until a milder season.

There is also an old superstition that on Christmas Eve the oxen were always found on their knees, in an attitude of devotion, and that after changing from old to new style in computing

time, they continued to do this only on the eve of old Christmas day. The superstition is derived from the kneeling position assumed by cattle in lying down, and from a tradition which prevailed during mediæval times, that an ox and an ass, which were present at the nativity, fell upon their knees in a suppliant posture, as shown in numerous paintings of the 16th century.

Ships of the Ancients.

People of modern times are justly proud of the wonderful and magnificent specimens of naval architecture that crowd the great ports of the world. If there is anything new under the sun, a first-class ocean steamer, it is believed, is that rarity. In our conceit we recall only the galleys and triremes of the ancients, that scarce ever ventured beyond the coast line, and the small barks in which Columbus and those who followed him conquered a new world and gave commerce its greatest field. But the ancients built many goodly-sized vessels, and made luxury a study on some of them. That much-controverted raft, the ark, is an example of bigness. Her carrying capacity is estimated at about 15,000 tons, smaller, it is true, than that of the Great Eastern, but larger than any of our other modern ships. No less an authority than Lindsay thinks that she was simply a raft of stupendous size, having upon it a structure resembling a huge warehouse. As no means of propulsion were necessary, this description may be correct. The cargo, however, was unique and probably the largest and most valuable ever carried. The description of the ark as given in the Scriptures, makes the vessel about 450 feet in length, 75 feet in breadth, and 45 feet in depth, proportions similar to those now in use to-day for great vessels. But as the agnostic is not sure that this life-boat of the human race ever existed, and as the materialist is sure she never was built, let us take as examples of big ancient ships some other vessels vouched for upon the authority of profane and not sacred writers. The Egyptians, fond of large things and great dimensions, made the largest tonnage vessels of ancient times. Ptolemy (Philopater) would have appreciated the Great Eastern. He was fond of building big boats. One of these is said to have been 420 feet long, 57 feet broad and 72 feet deep from the highest point of the stern. This vessel had four rudders, or what some would call steering

oars, as they were not fastened, each 45 feet long. She carried 4000 rowers, besides 3000 marines, a large body of servants under her decks, and stores and provisions. Her oars were 57 feet long, and the handles were weighted with lead. There were 2000 rowers on a side, and it is supposed that these were divided into five banks. That this extraordinary vessel ever put to sea is doubted, but

stairs and gardens. Another great vessel, historical by reason of its size, is one built by Hiero, King of Syracuse. Her dimensions are estimated to have been large from the description of her cargo and the number of her decks and houses. She is supposed to have been sheathed with lead, and made at least one successful voyage. A full description of her would read some-



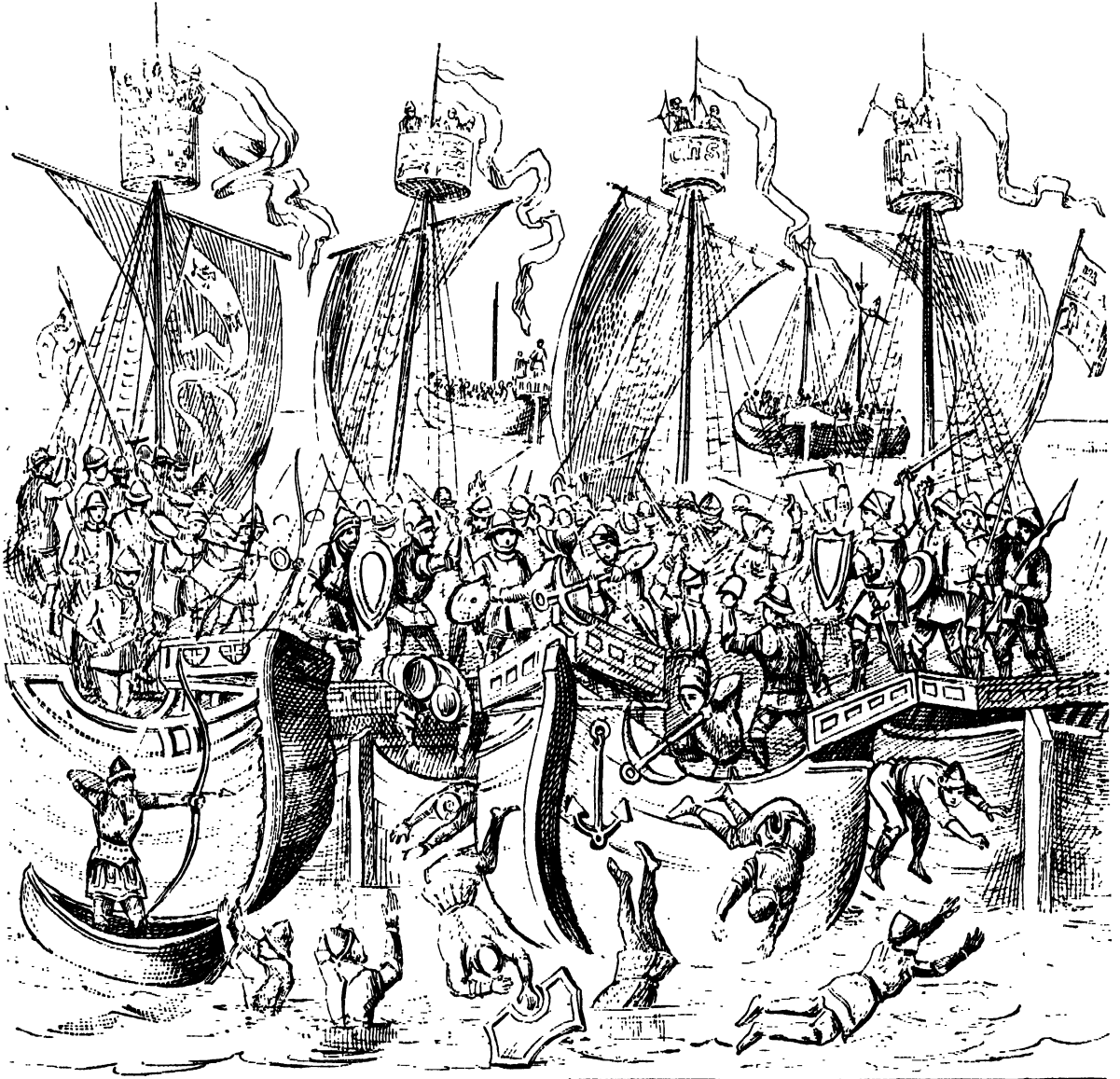
GRECIAN SHIP OF THE HOMERIC PERIOD

that she was launched and used at times, if only for display, several historians are agreed. Another "ship," the *Thalamagus*, built for one of the Ptolemies, is said to have been 300 feet long, 40 feet broad and 60 feet deep. This was a far more magnificent vessel than any previous one. An Alexandrian historian, Callixenus, in describing her, speaks of her having colonnades, marble

what like that of a Long Island Sound or Hudson River steamboat. She had three entrances, the lowest leading to the hold, the second to the eating rooms and the third appropriated to the soldiers. There were thirty rooms, each having four couches for the soldiers; there were fifteen couches in the sailors' supper room, and there were three more cabins, each having three couches. The

floors of all these rooms were laid in stone mosaic work. There was also a temple of cypress inlaid with ivory and dedicated to Venus. The main-mast was composed of a single tree, and the vessel carried four wooden and eight iron anchors. As a freight carrier she would rival

talents, all of which was in addition to the provision required for the crew." These are the notably big vessels of ancient times, but the supposition is that as rulers, whether king or people, were as emulous in those days as these, other big craft were also built. From the foregoing de-



WAR SHIPS OF THE ANCIENTS.—(Copy of ancient engraving.)

the largest of our ocean steamers. It is recorded that one or two of the launches belonging to her would sustain about eighty tons. This vessel is said to have carried "60,000 measures of corn, 10,000 jars of Sicilian salt fish, 20,000 talents' weight of wool, and of other cargo 20,000

talents, all of which was in addition to the provision required for the crew." These are the notably big vessels of ancient times, but the supposition is that as rulers, whether king or people, were as emulous in those days as these, other big craft were also built. From the foregoing de-

These ancient ships, when used for purposes of

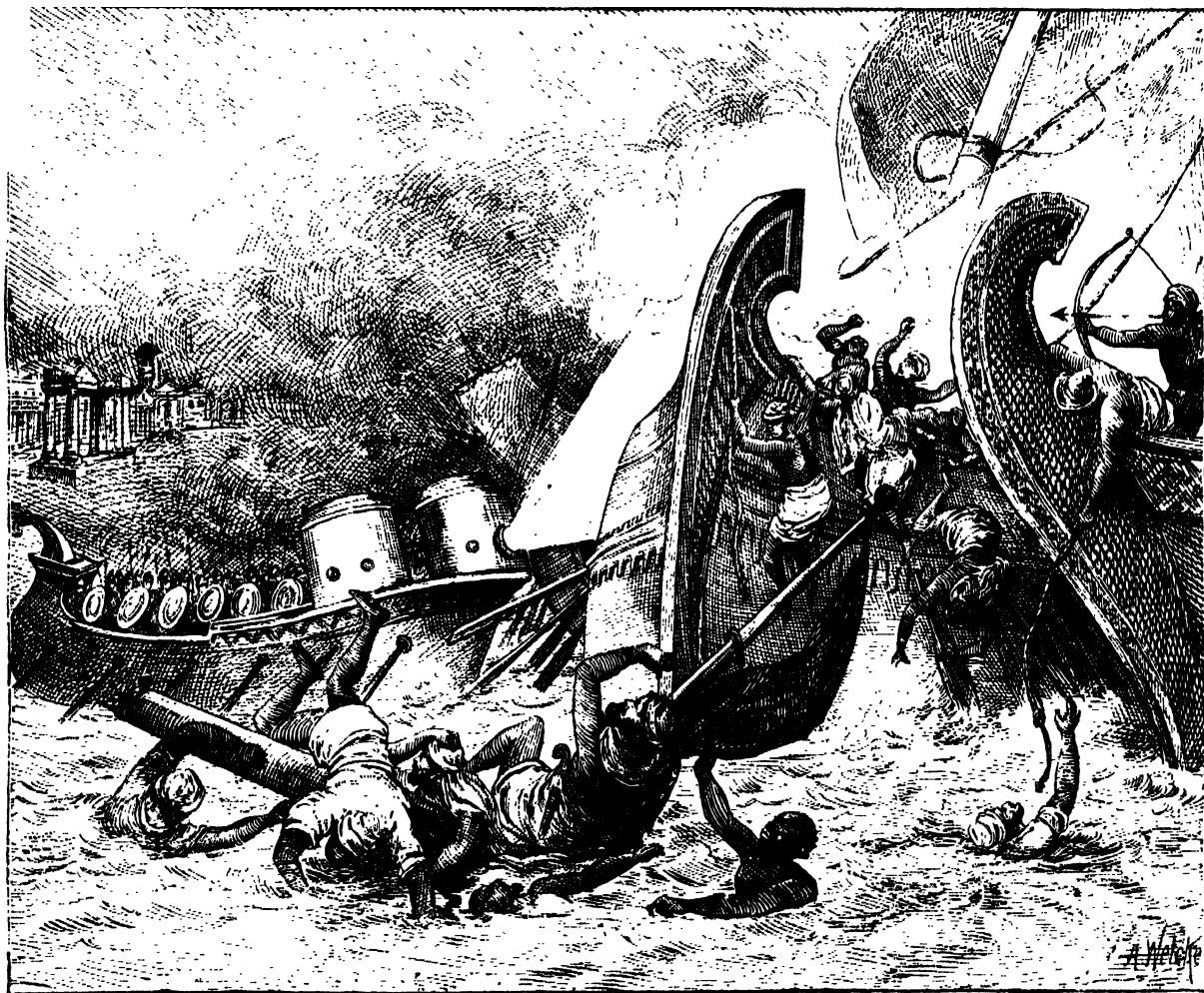
war, were armed with mechanical slings, catapults, trebuchets, and other contrivances which rendered them almost as destructive and formidable as a modern first-class ironclad.

GREEK FIRE.

THE first account we have of the use of this compound as a destructive agent in warfare, was during the siege of Constantinople by the

had the effect of increasing its inflammability. Sand, urine, or vinegar were the only elements that could dampen its fury.

The secret of compounding and directing the devouring flame of Greek Fire was imparted to the Romans by a native of Heliopolis in Syria, named Calinicus, who deserted from the service of the Caliph to that of the Christian Emperor. This discovery or improvement of the military art



DESTRUCTION OF SHIPS BY GREEK FIRE.

Saracens, A. D. 673—679. It was the most fearfully destructive force ever employed in war, and has been designated by the various names of "wild fire," "maritime fire," "wet fire," "fire rain," etc., while the Chinese, with Oriental amplification, applied to it the appropriate term of "the cruel oil of fire."

Owing to its viscid nature it adhered to whatever it touched and water, particularly sea-water,

was fortunately reserved for that distressful period when the degenerate and emasculated Romans of the Eastern Empire were incapable of contending with the warlike enthusiasm and youthful vigor of the Saracens. The secret of the composition was lost soon after the invention of gunpowder rendered its use no longer necessary or desirable, but from the best information still attainable the principal ingredient was naphtha, or liquid bitu-

men, a light, tenacious and inflammable oil, which springs from the earth and bursts into flame as soon as it comes in contact with the air. The Syrian historian Michel gave the name of naphtha to the newly-invented Greek Fire, and abundant supplies of this material were obtainable in the regions lying between the Tigris and the Caspian Sea. The naphtha was mingled with sulphur and the pitch that is extracted from evergreen firs, but by what methods or in what proportions cannot now be ascertained. The mixture produced a thick smoke and a loud explosion, and from it proceeded a fierce and obstinate flame, which not only rose in perpendicular ascent, but likewise burnt with equal vehemence in descent or lateral progress. It was employed with equal effect by sea and land, in battles or in sieges, and was poured from the ramparts in large boilers, or launched in red-hot balls of stone and iron, or darted in arrows and javelins, twisted round with flax and tow, which had deeply imbibed the inflammable substance. Huge bolts of timber, saturated with the oil, were hurled into the ranks of the enemy by means of an engine that acted like a sling; but the most common method was to blow the unquenchable flame through large tubes of copper, fancifully shaped into the mouths of savage monsters, that seemed to vomit streams of liquid and consuming fire, carrying terror and dismay into the hearts of the stoutest warriors. Nothing could resist its fury. Ancient writers describe it as flying through the air like a winged long-tailed dragon, about the thickness of a hog's head, with the report of thunder and the velocity of lightning. The darkness of night was dispelled by the deadly illumination and fearful and inevitable destruction followed in its wake. Veteran soldiers who despised the swords and lances of their enemy, fled in terror from the sight and sound of this mysterious and horrible agent.

In the memorable siege of Constantinople, the land forces of the Saracens were supported by a fleet of eighteen hundred ships, whose masts, in the florid language of the times, covered the waters with a moving forest. This tremendous armada proceeded on a smooth sea, and with a gentle gale, toward the mouth of the Bosphorus, where, to allure their confidence, the Roman commander had caused the chain that usually guarded the entrance to the harbor to be thrown aside; but while they hesitated whether they should seize

the opportunity or apprehend the snare, the ministers of destruction were at hand. The fire-ships were launched against them, the brazen monsters poured forth their torrents of consuming fire, and the Arabs, their arms and vessels, were involved in the quenchless flames. The disorderly and terrified fugitives were dashed against each other or overwhelmed in the burning waves, and out of the splendid fleet of eighteen hundred ships only five small galleys escaped to enter the port of Alexandria and relate the frightful incidents of the destruction of their companions.

The secret of the manufacture and use of Greek Fire was preserved at Constantinople, as the pædium of the state, for a period of more than four hundred years. The fire-ships and other instruments of its use were occasionally lent to the allies of the Empire, but the secret of the combination was never imparted to them. They were told that the mystery of the Greek Fire had been revealed by an angel to Constantine the Great, with a sacred injunction that this gift of heaven, this special blessing of the Romans, should never be communicated to any foreign nation; that prince and subject were alike bound to religious silence under the temporal and spiritual penalties of treason and sacrilege, and that the impious attempt to reveal the mystery would provoke the sudden and supernatural vengeance of the God of the Christian. The awful mystery with which it was encompassed, and the threat of supernatural vengeance to be visited upon the head of any who might presumptuously reveal it, augmented the respect and horror in which it was held by the barbarians, and restrained them for centuries from all attempts at investigating this frightful instrument of death, which they regarded as a special agent of divine vengeance. But the secret was at length discovered or captured by the Mahometans, and in the wars of the Crusades they retorted an invention, contrived against themselves, on the heads of their Christian adversaries.

LEGEND OF THE MOSQUE OF THE BLOODY BAPTISM AT CAIRO.

SULTAN HASSAN, wishing to see the world, and lay aside for a time the anxieties and cares of royalty, committed the charge of his kingdom to his favorite minister, and taking with him a large amount of treasure in money and



jewels, visited several foreign countries in the character of a wealthy merchant. Pleased with his tour, and becoming interested in the occupation he had assumed as a disguise, he was absent much longer than he originally intended, and in the course of a few years greatly increased his already large stock of wealth. His protracted absence, however, proved a temptation too strong for the virtue of the viceroy, who, gradually forming for himself a party among the leading men of the country, at length communicated to the common people the intelligence that Sultan Hassan was no more, and quietly seated himself on the vacant throne. Sultan Hassan returning shortly afterwards from his pilgrimage, and, fortunately for himself, still in disguise, learned, as he approached his capital, the news of his own death and the usurpation of his minister; finding, on further inquiry, the party of the usurper to be too strong to render an immediate disclosure prudent, he preserved his incognito, and soon became known in Cairo as the wealthiest of her merchants; nor did it excite any surprise when he announced his pious intention of devoting a portion of his gains to the erection of a spacious mosque. The work proceeded rapidly under the spur of the great merchant's gold, and, on its completion, he solicited the honor of the sultan's presence at the ceremony of naming it. Anticipating the gratification of hearing his own name bestowed upon it, the usurper accepted the invitation, and at the appointed hour the building was filled by him and his most attached adherents. The ceremonies had duly proceeded to the time when it became necessary to give the name. The chief Moolah, turning to the supposed merchant, inquired what should be its name? "Call it," he replied, "the mosque of Sultan Hassan." All started at the mention of this name; and the questioner, as though not believing he could have heard aright, or to afford an opportunity of correcting what might be a mistake, repeated his demand. "Call it," again cried he, "the mosque of me Sultan Hassan;" and throwing off his disguise, the legitimate sultan stood revealed before his traitorous servant. He had no time for reflection: simultaneously with the discovery, numerous trap-doors, leading to extensive vaults, which had been prepared for the purpose, were flung open, and a multitude of armed men issuing from them, terminated at once the reign and

life of the usurper. His followers were mingled in the slaughter, and Sultan Hassan was once more in possession of the throne of his fathers.

MANNERS IN NEW YORK IN THE DUTCH TIMES.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE houses of the higher class were generally constructed of wood, excepting the gable end, which was of small black and yellow Dutch bricks, and always faced on the street, as our ancestors, like their descendants, were very much given to outward show, and were noted for putting the best leg foremost. The house was always furnished with abundance of large doors and small windows on every floor; the date of its erection was curiously designated by iron figures on the front; and on the top of the roof was perched a fierce little weatherecock, to let the family into the important secret which way the wind blew. These, like the weatherecks on the tops of our steeples, pointed so many different ways, that every man could have a wind to his mind; and you would have thought old Æolus had set all his bags of wind adrift, pell-mell, to gambol about this windy metropolis; the most stanch and loyal citizens, however, always went according to the weatherecock on the top of the governor's house, which was certainly the most correct, as he had a trusty servant employed every morning to climb up and point it whichever way the wind blew.

In those good days of simplicity and sunshine, a passion for cleanliness was the leading principle in domestic economy, and the universal test of an able housewife; a character which formed the utmost ambition of our unenlightened grandmothers. The front door was never opened except on marriages, funerals, New-Year's days, the festival of St. Nicholas, or some such great occasion. It was ornamented with a gorgeous brass knocker curiously wrought, sometimes into the device of a dog, and sometimes of a lion's head; and was daily burnished with such religious zeal, that it was oftentimes worn out by the very precautions taken for its preservation. The whole house was constantly in a state of inundation, under the discipline of mops, and brooms, and scrubbing-brushes; and the good housewives of those days were a kind of amphibious animal, delighting

exceedingly to be dabbling in water, insomuch that a historian of the day gravely tells us, that many of his townswomen grew to have webbed fingers like unto a duck; and some of them, he had little doubt, could the matter be examined into, would be found to have the tails of mermaids; but this I look upon to be a mere sport

putting things to rights, always taking the precaution of leaving their shoes at the door, and entering devoutly in their stocking feet. After scrubbing the floor, sprinkling it with fine white sand, which was curiously stroked into angles, and curves, and rhomboids, with a broom, after washing the windows, rubbing and polishing the

furniture, and putting a new bunch of evergreens in the fireplace, the window-shutters were again closed to keep out the flies, and the room carefully locked up until the revolution of time brought round the weekly cleaning day.

As to the family, they always entered in at the gate, and most generally lived in the kitchen. To have seen a numerous household assembled around the fire, one would have imagined that he was transported back to those happy days of primeval simplicity which float before our imaginations like golden visions. The fireplaces were of a truly patriarchal magnitude, where the whole family, old and young, master and servant, black and white, nay, even the very cat and dog, enjoyed a community of privilege, and had each a prescriptive right to a corner. Here the old burgher would sit in perfect silence, puffing his pipe,



THE BURGHIER.

of faucey, or, what is worse, a wilful misrepresentation.

The grand parlor was the sanctum sanctorum, where the passion for cleaning was indulged without control. In this sacred apartment no one was permitted to enter excepting the mistress and her confidential maid, who visited it once a week for the purpose of giving it a thorough cleaning, and

looking in the fire with half-shut eyes, and thinking of nothing for hours together; the goeode vrouw on the opposite side would employ herself diligently in spinning her yarn or knitting stockings. The young folks would crowd around the hearth listening with breathless attention to some old crone of a negro who was the oracle of the family, and who, perched like a raven in a corner

of the chimney, would croak forth for a long winter afternoon a string of incredible stories about New England witches, grisly ghosts, horses without heads, and hairbreadth escapes and bloody encounters among the Indians.

In those happy days a well-regulated family always rose with the dawn, dined at eleven, and went to bed at sundown. Dinner was invariably a private meal, and the fat old burghers showed incontestable symptoms of disapprobation and uneasiness at being surprised by a visit from a neighbor on such occasions. But though our worthy ancestors were thus singularly averse to giving dinners, yet they kept up the social bonds of intimacy by occasional banquetings, called tea-parties.

As this is the first introduction of those delectable orgies, which have since become so fashionable in this city, I am conscious my fair readers will be very curious to receive information on the subject. Sorry am I that there will be but little in my description calculated to excite their admiration. I can neither delight them with accounts of suffocating crowds, nor brilliant drawing-rooms, nor towering feathers, nor sparkling diamonds, nor immeasurable trains. I can detail no choice anecdotes of scandal, for in those primitive times the simple folk were either too stupid or too good-natured to pull each other's characters to pieces; nor can I furnish any whimsical anecdotes of brag; how one lady cheated, or another bounced into a passion; for as yet there was no jumbo of dulcet old dowagers who met to win each other's money and lose their own tempers at a card-table.

These fashionable parties were generally confined to the higher classes, or noblesse—that is to say, such as kept their own cows and drove their own wagons. The company commonly assembled at three o'clock, and went away about six, unless it was in winter time, when the fashionable hours were a little earlier, that the ladies might get home before dark. I do not find that they ever treated their company to iced creams, jellies, or syllabubs, or regaled them with musty almonds, mouldy raisins, or sour oranges, as is often done in the present age of refinement. Our ancestors were fond of more sturdy substantial fare. The tea-table was crowned with a huge earthen dish well stored with slices of fat pork, fried brown, cut up into morsels, and swimming

in gravy. The company being seated around the genial board, and each furnished with a fork, evinced their dexterity in launching at the fattest pieces of this mighty dish, in much the same manner as sailors harpoon porpoises at sea, or our Indians spear salmon in the lakes. Sometimes the table was graced with immense apple-pies, or saucers full of preserved peaches and pears; but it was always sure to boast of an enormous dish of balls of sweetened dough fried in hog's fat, and called dough-nuts, or oly kocks; a delicious kind of cake, at present scarce known in this city, excepting in genuine Dutch families.

The tea was served out of a majestic delft tea-pot ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses, tending pigs—with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds, and sundry other ingenious Dutch fantasies. The beaux distinguished themselves by their adroitness in replenishing this pot from a huge copper tea-kettle, which would have made the pigmy macaronies of these degenerate days sweat merely to look at it. To sweeten the beverage, a lump of sugar was laid beside each cup, and the company alternately nibbled and sipped with great decorum, until an improvement was introduced by a shrewd and economic old lady, which was, to suspend a large lump directly over the tea-table by a string from the ceiling, so that it could be swang from mouth to mouth—an ingenious expedient, which is still kept up by some families in Albany, but which prevails, without exception, in Communipaw, Bergen, Flat-Bush, and all our uncontaminated Dutch villages.

At these primitive tea-parties the utmost propriety and dignity of deportment prevailed. No flirting nor coquetting—no gambling of old ladies, nor hoyden chattering and romping of young ones—no self-satisfied struttings of wealthy gentlemen with their brains in their pockets; nor amusing conceits and no key divertissements of smart young gentlemen with no brains at all. On the contrary, the young ladies seated themselves demurely in their rush-bottomed chairs, and knit their own woollen stockings; nor ever opened their lips, excepting to say *yah Mynheer* or *yah ja Vrouwe* to any question that was asked them; behaving in all things like decent well-educated damsels. As to the gentlemen, each of them tranquilly smoked his pipe, and seemed lost in contemplation of the blue and white tiles with

which the fireplaces were decorated; wherein sundry passages of Scripture were piously portrayed: Tobit and his dog figured to great advantage; Haman swung conspicuously on his gibbet; and Jonah appeared most manfully bouncing out of the whale, like Harlequin through a barrel of fire.

The parties broke up without noise and without confusion. They were carried home by their own carriages—that is to say, by the vehicles nature had provided them, excepting such of the wealthy as could afford to keep a wagon. The gentlemen gallantly attended their fair ones to their respective abodes, and took leave of them with a hearty smack at the door; which, as it was an established piece of etiquette, done in perfect simplicity and honesty of heart, occasioned no scandal at that time, nor should it at the present—if our great-grandfathers approved of the custom, it would argue a great want of reverence in their descendants to say a word against it.

SAD HISTORY OF THE WIVES OF THE BONAPARTES.

EUGÉNIE MARIE DE MONTIJO, wife of Louis Napoleon, was born at Grenada, Spain, May 5, 1826, just five years after the death of Napoleon I. at Saint Helena. This date, doubly historic for the Napoleonic dynasty by the death of the first Emperor and the birth of the last Empress, has suggested to a French writer some interesting reflections upon the women who have become the wives of the Bonapartes. Not one of these wives was continuously happy, for their passing moments of splendor and joy were expiated by cruel reverses. Other Queens have not been spared, but it seems as though a sort of fatality weighed upon the Bonapartes.

Of the five sons of Charles Bonaparte and Letitia Ramolino, Joseph, the eldest, married Julia Clary, daughter of a rich tradesman of Marseilles. In May, 1808, Joseph was made King of Spain in spite of himself, and started unwillingly for his kingdom, where he was received by his subjects with unequivocal demonstrations of extreme dislike. After coming to grief with the downfall of his powerful brother, Joseph wandered with his wife about the 'two worlds, and finally died at Florence, Italy, leaving a widow, old, isolated and proscribed.

Josephine's fate was still more sorrowful, for she had the bitter chagrin of seeing during five years a foreigner occupy her place at the side of the man she had so fondly loved. Maria Louisa, of Austria, who became Empress after Josephine had been sacrificed, suffered cruelly in her pride, if not in her tenderness, in falling from the dizzy heights where an extraordinary genius had raised her, to the narrow prison of a petty and humiliating principality.

Lucien Bonaparte married, in 1794, an obscure girl named Christine Boyer, by whom he had two sons, and, after her death, in 1802, Alexandrine Joubertson, the divorced wife of a stockbroker. Napoleon was furious, and it was a long while before he forgave his brother for marrying a commoner when he had dreamed of forming royal alliances for his relatives. Alexandrine was beautiful and ambitious, and hoped by her marriage to eventually wear a crown. Lucien's calm and unambitious nature deprived her of this gratification, and she died in oblivion at Sinigaglia, Italy, in 1855, perceiving in the distance the rays of a dawning empire in which she had no place.

The fourth son, Louis, was married against his will to Hortense Beauharnais, daughter of the Empress Josephine by her first husband. prior to this marriage he ran away to Prussia, and, which he had escaped the peril a second time by the expedition to Portugal. But Napoleon set his heart upon this match, and Louis was finally obliged to yield to the despotic will of the master. If the union was an ill-starred one for Louis, it also ended badly for Hortense. Separated from her husband in 1807, she was obliged, three years later, at the marriage ceremony of Napoleon I. and Maria Louisa, to sustain with the other Queens of her family the mantle of the new Empress, who had succeeded her own mother in Napoleon's affections. When the allies entered Paris she was banished from France, and died in exile at the chateau of Arenberg.

Jerome, the younger son, married in 1803 Elizabeth Paterson, of Baltimore, and incurred Napoleon's wrath the same as Lucien had done. But not having Lucien's strength of character he quickly abandoned his young wife, and obeyed all the commands of his powerful brother. Miss Patterson was beautiful and as ambitious as Alexandrine Joubertson, and the disappointment at seeing her marriage treated as naught by the First

Consul, and afterward annulled by the Council of State, cast a blight over her whole life. All the to a great age, she always bore the secret suffering of a victim of despotic power. Catherine of



JOSEPHINE IN HER YOUTH.

flattery and attentions that she received from the highest nobility in Europe after the Emperor's downfall never consoled her. Although she lived

Wurtemberg, whom Jerome took as his second wife, was only for an instant Queen of Westphalia, a kingdom that Napoleon had carved out of



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EUGENIE IN HER GIRLHOOD.

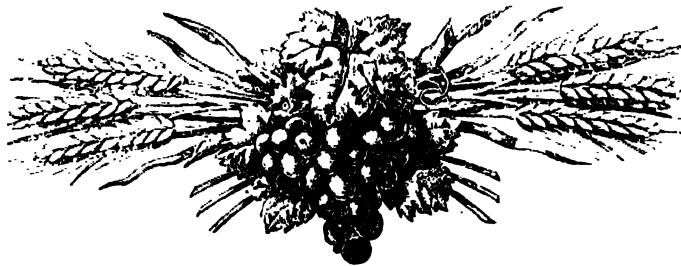
his conquests in Germany, as a wedding gift for his obedient brother. Dethroned in 1813, exiled and reduced to comparative indigence, Catherine wandered with her husband through Austria, Italy and Switzerland, dying at Lausanne thirty years before her sickle companion, who soon consoled himself with a morganatic wife.

The two living examples of the fatality which seems to weigh upon the women whose fortunes have been linked, either by affection or interest, to the Bonapartes, are not less tragical than the others. First in point of years and position is the ex-Empress Eugenie, who, notwithstanding her undoubted nobility, was looked upon almost as an adventuress when she came to Paris with her mother from Madrid, where she had failed to attract any special notice. Her beauty alone captivated Prince Louis Napoleon, who, against all the protests of his political advisers, made her his consort after the *coup d'état*. For thirteen years the life of the Empress was a series of triumphs. It seemed as though the golden dream would never end, when, suddenly, all her hopes were swept away with the rapidity and remorselessness of a thunderbolt. Obligated to quit her adopted country by the aid of the court dentist, she has since passed her life in keeping up a semblance of royalty, first at Chiselmhurst and now at Farnborough, and in wandering from the English mists to the Mediterranean sun, always mourning over the loss of her former greatness and the void made in her declining widowhood by the death of her only son.

If she occasionally visits Paris incognito, she never has the courage to remain long in a capital where at every step she meets visions of her

former splendor and not a few reminders of her terrible downfall.

The Princess Clotilda has never occupied a throne, but her life was associated with a Bonaparte who always hoped that his turn to rule France would eventually come. There is no reason to suppose that her existence would have been happier had the political fortunes of her husband raised her to a higher position. Her marriage with Prince Jerome, son of the ex-King of Westphalia, was a political bargain, the price of which was Italian unification by French arms. Sold by her father when almost a child, sacrificed by her country, deceived and offended by a libidinous husband, the princess was constantly wounded and disdained at a frivolous court where her simple virtues formed a striking contrast not only to those of her husband but to those of the butterflies that hovered about the more brilliant but less straight-laced Empress Eugenie. Obligated by the notorious misconduct of Prince Jerome to live apart from him, the Princess Clotilda retired to the old chateau of Moncalieri, near Turin, where she has resided for the past twenty years. During this time she saw her husband rarely, but when he was taken ill at Rome she did not hesitate to go to his bedside and show an admirable devotion to the end. For all this zeal she had the supreme sorrow of finding that she was insulted in the prince's testament, and disinherited of property that he owed in great part to the liberality of her father and her brother. The Princess Clotilda, who was married when she was 16, is now (1891) 48 years old, but her sorrows have long ago whitened her once blonde hair and given her a prematurely aged look.





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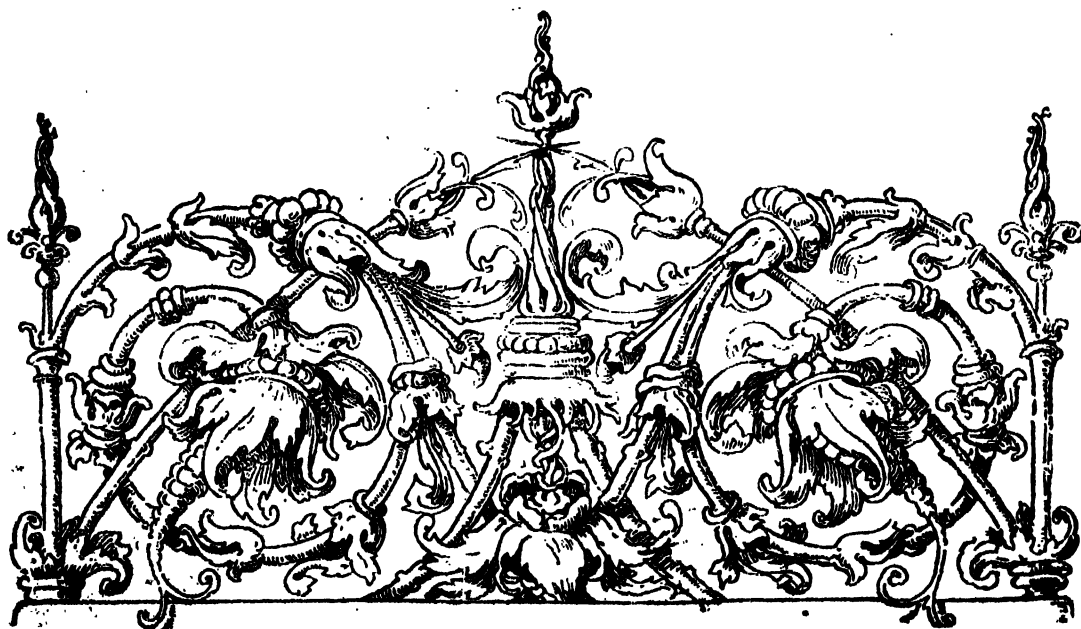


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